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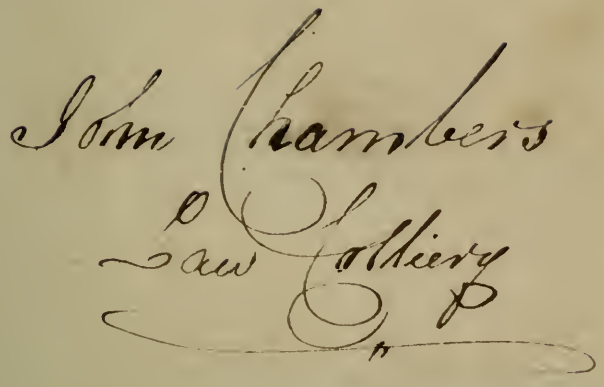
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THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND

AND

FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

"In early life, David kept his father's sheep; his was a life of industry; and though foolish men think it degrading to perform any useful labour, yet in the eyes of wise men *industry is truly honourable*, and the most useful man is the happiest. A life of labour is man's natural condition, and most favourable to mental health and bodily vigour. Bishop Hall says:—'Sweet is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brow or of the mind. GOD never allowed any man to do nothing.' From the ranks of industry have the world's greatest men been taken. Rome was more than once saved by a man who was sent for from the plough. Moses had been keeping sheep for forty years before he came forth as the deliverer of Israel. The Apostles were chosen from amongst the hardy and laborious fishermen. From whence I infer that, when GOD has any great work to perform, he selects as his instruments those who, by their previous occupation, had acquired habits of industry, skill, and perseverance; and that in every department of society *they are the most honourable who earn their own living by their own labour*."—REV. T. SPENCER, A.M.

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THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.
[VOL. VI.—No. 66.—SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1851.]

STUDY AND INTELLECTUAL PURSUITS THE TRUE SOURCES OF HONOUR AND HAPPINESS TO THE MASSES.

We have been gratified beyond measure that the articles which we penned on "*The Working Classes, Languages, and the Exhibition of* 1851," have called forth so much anxiety for assistance and direction in the study of French, &c. Having for years laboured to raise the masses in every respect and in every particular, it was not a little pleasing to find that what we have said in their favour has been so well supported by themselves. We have before mentioned, that having stated our views to a lady who was a proficient in French, Italian, &c., she immediately, without being requested to do so, offered to take a class of operatives, on the condition that they should teach others. A little boy who could pronounce French pretty well was admitted among them, that he might at intervals assist them in their studies. The undertaking proceeds admirably, and we have the testimony of the lady that her pupils are going on exceedingly well. Her many engagements prevent her from meeting them more than once a week, but still their progress is such as to gratify their benevolent preceptress. We again allude to this fact, because, in almost every neighbourhood, there are persons who, if they chose, might greatly improve themselves by teaching others.

We have nearly all our life been engaged in tuition of various kinds, and we can assure our friends that we have always gained more than we have given away. The things that we know best and feel the greatest pleasure in are those which we have taught most. God has so constituted us, that one of our highest sources of happiness is first to understand a subject, and then to communicate what we know. It is no common relief to impart to others what we have studied ourselves. Thoughts pent up in the soul become our tormentors. Many a man has gone mad because he acquired so much information and communicated so little. Talking and teaching would have saved his brain and his life. Food that is not digested and assimilated becomes putrid, and produces disease and death; and it is the same with knowledge. Keep it to yourself, and it will be your curse. Your soul will be cumbered and injured by it. Your various ideas may grow into mental *fungi*, or some other excrescences which will prove fatal to your intellectual health; but give currency to your opinions: if they are worth anything they will live, and if not they will die; in either case you will be benefited. The sooner our good thoughts germinate in other hearts, and our erroneous ones are consigned to oblivion, the better.

We may thus add to our profit, increase our pleasures, and, if ambition be our besetment, we may even gratify our pride; for nothing will render an individual more respected than the gratuitous communication of valuable instruction to the working classes. Notwithstanding all that has been said concerning the ingratitude, rudeness, and carelessness of our operatives and peasants, there is nevertheless a deep conviction among them that

"*Learning is most excellent.*"

They perfectly agree with Solomon, that "it is not good for the soul to be without knowledge;" and, therefore, they highly esteem any one who will try to raise them from their present ignorance and its consequent degradation. We have always been grieved for both parties, when we have seen the rich and the learned stand

aloof from the poor and the uninstructed. The former have been quite as much injured as the latter. Mistrust, contempt, and haughtiness, are anything rather than pleasurable feelings; and the want of proper information in the masses is a greater loss and scourge to their wealthier neighbours than it is to themselves. If those who have riches and titles would lay aside the foolish pride which these too often engender, and labour in every way in their power for the physical, mental, political, and moral elevation of their poorer brethren and sisters, the good effected would be incalculable, and the honour would also be all that ambition could desire. The working classes, when treated well, are the most grateful and generous portions of the community, and especially so if the efforts made are directed to the cultivation of their tastes, the enlargement of their minds, and the improvement of their morals. Would that these hints might awaken some of those who have learning, leisure, and talent lying fallow, to bestir themselves on behalf of the progress of knowledge, and to employ their gifts for the benefit of those who are not so highly favoured; but who are nevertheless a most important branch of the community, which would increase in value by every addition made to their mental and moral resources. To our working friends we say,

I. THAT INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL ELEVATION IS EVERYTHING.

People cannot become respectable or happy by *stature*, *corpulency*, or *beauty*. There was nothing mental or morally valuable in the obesity of Lambert, or the gigantic stature of Goliah of Gath. The Scripture designates an obtuse intellect and a hard heart by the word "*grossness*" or "*fatness*." And there is something natural in the metaphor, because, in the merely oleaginous parts of the body, you have neither nerve, muscle, nor bone, and therefore nothing which mind can use; and further, it is well known that many corpulent persons are very inactive, and very difficult to move. And as for bulkiness generally, every one will allow that one such little man as Dr. Watts is worth a million of the sons of Anak, of Og, King of Bashan, or the giants before the flood. And as for beauty, or handsomeness, some of the finest men have been the greatest scoundrels:—and history tells us that Helena, the beauty of the Greeks, was no better than she should be; and Mythology attests that Venus, the loveliest of the goddesses, was a being of the most abandoned character. On the other hand, it has often been found that little, deformed, ugly, sickly, pale, skin-and-bone sort of people have not unfrequently been among the cleverest geniuses. We do not make these remarks to condemn stout, tall, or beautiful figures and forms; but to show that there is no talent, intellect, or morality in these outward and bodily accidents.

Neither is there any real elevation in *wealth* or *titles*. The history of hundreds of men and women who have had a profusion of these would not bear the light, and could hardly be read in a pandemonium without making demons blush: and as for pleasure, we all know that lords and *millionaires* have generally far less real enjoyment than our poorest peasants and operatives. We shall never rise beyond the philosophical declaration of Watts—

"The mind's the stature of the man."

And it is a pleasing thought that there is no limitation to the dimensions, proportions, and loveliness of mind, but those which we ourselves impose. A person may be lame from accident, or be born with an unhealthy body, but *soul* deformity is our own work. We can make ourselves mentally and morally ugly—deformed

or miserable—but then we can also do the reverse. The poorest person can become intelligent, amiable, honourable, and happy. We want no superior food or clothing for the accomplishment of this object. Noble ancestry, princely fortunes, or royal patents are not required; nothing is demanded but that we should cultivate our intellects and guard our hearts. And for these purposes GOD has placed at our disposal everything that we need.

We want our working friends to reflect on the great truth that in their souls they have all the capabilities necessary for their elevation, and that everything depends upon the cultivation of their minds. Here nothing is accidental, nothing is effected without labour. Fortunes may come to us unexpectedly, and the pauper of to-day may be the 'squire of to-morrow. But this can never be the case with respect to mental elevation. Here the man that rises must raise himself, whether he be a monarch, a lord, a mechanic, or a labourer. Intellectual gifts and endowments cannot be bequeathed, nor do they drop from heaven like hailstones. When Sir Isaac Newton died, he could bequeath his wealth to his friends; but he carried his intellectual gifts with him. And if we would be like him, we must labour as he did. All great men and women have toiled hard for their laurels. There is no "royal road" to intellectual eminence. You must learn the alphabet before you can read, and understand the notes before you can sing scientifically, and study grammar, or you will never be an intelligent grammarian. French cannot be acquired without effort, nor mathematics without travelling through the whole course of definitions, axioms, postulates, propositions, and theorems. Bacon made himself; so did Milton, Shakspere, Watt, Arkwright, Dr. Lee, and others. In fact, all the distinguished persons who adorn the page of history became what they were by hard labour; and it is a pleasing thought that most of them rose, notwithstanding the adverse circumstances which beset their path and opposed their rising. Many of the obstacles which stood in their way are now removed; we have no longer to learn Greek from a Latin grammar, or to read science in a dead language, and out of a large folio. But still, if the path is easier, we cannot reach the end without travelling over it. Even steam does not annihilate distance. London is as far from Edinburgh as ever, and the number of miles must be passed if we go from the one city to the other. So the mental ground must be travelled. If you would be intelligent, great, and good, you must study; and everyone who thus labours aright may excel. Heaven is as liberal in its gifts to the child of a pauper as it is to the offspring of a prince; and our age is peculiarly bountiful in the stores of learning and science that it throws into the lap of the poor man. The mill boy and mill girl can now surpass Solomon in knowledge, and can rise to almost any point of intellectual and moral dignity; but then they must raise themselves.

II. We want our working friends to see that ALL REAL AND LASTING GOOD AND PLEASURE MUST BE IN THE MIND.

It is not the world without, but the world within, that creates our happiness or our misery. It is not what we possess, but the view that we take of our possessions, that pleases or torments us. Alexander is said to have wept that he had not more worlds to conquer. His ambition was to shed blood, and desolate the earth. Lazarus, full of sores, at the rich man's gate, and Paul and Silas in prison, were ten thousand times more happy than the son of Philip of Macedon. We all live on ideas. It is as true in common things as in religion, "Man does not live by bread alone." His thoughts transport him with joy, or torment him with anguish;

they render him firm or fickle; gentle or furious; angry or placid; kind or cruel; rude or polished; vulgar or polite; a savage, a barbarian, a Pagan, a Turk, a Jew, a Mohammedan, a Christian, a scholar, a philosopher, a poet, or a divine. His thoughts are his food, his physic, his estate, his riches, his empire, his world. They kill him or keep him alive. They are his poison, or his nutriment; his music or his distraction; his angels to bless, or his fiends to curse; his joy or his sorrow; the wings by which he soars to heaven, or the millstone that sinks him to perdition. Strange that an invisible something which we cannot see, nor touch, nor measure, nor weigh, should be endowed with such capabilities! It is so light that the body is as heavy after it has fled as it was before. It is so small that it can dwell in the contracted frame of a dwarf, and yet it is so large that it can embrace and carry the universe in its intellect. What treasure was hoarded up in the minds of Shakspere, Milton, Sir Isaac Newton, and others. These men indeed had mental food that the world knew nothing of, and lived in a paradise of their own creation. That fellow-traveller of mine on the other seat of the railway carriage does not speak. He sits like an inert mass of breathing flesh and blood; often his eyes are nearly closed, and he seems half-asleep; the outward man has no attractions, and may be almost offensive: but what if I could look into his soul, how the scene would change! Perhaps, as we have often found in such persons, he has a mind well stored with all kinds of information, so that he could converse with us on almost any subject. He is ready to enter the mine, fathom the ocean, or soar to the planets and the stars. He can discuss science, history, poetry, theology, and morality, and scarcely a subject comes amiss to him; and even while he seemed so dull, his spirit was regaling itself in an Eden of beauty and glory. He is willing to talk, he loves society, but he can live alone. He has such stores within, that you cannot confine him in a prison or a dungeon. Those thoughts of his cannot be chained; in spite of every effort of a tormentor, they would plant their own paradise, and dwell in that spiritual world which they can create at will and in an instant, out of their mental stores.

We do not wish to be tedious, or we could enlarge on this topic indefinitely; but we want our readers to know that all real satisfaction and pleasure must be *in the mind*, and that they can all create for themselves a world of beauty and loveliness even in the midst of poverty, disease, and death. But to accomplish this, they must *read* and *think*, and thus furnish their intellects with a good store of ideas. We need not say that bad notions or sentiments are not worth having. He who reads what is trashy and immoral, or associates with foolish companions, is as silly as the man who fills his bags with common pebbles or sand when he might load them with gold or with diamonds. But only let our operatives peruse and study what will enlarge, edify, and bless their minds, and then they will always have riches and a heaven within, of which no one can deprive them.

RESIN.—The resins are secretions of plants; they are first in a fluid state, but become solid, either by the evaporation of their more volatile parts, or by the absorption of oxygen. They cannot be dissolved or mixed, except with spirits or oil; and by this they are distinguished from *gums*, which may be dissolved in water. When a large portion of oil is present, the resins are in a fluid condition, and they are then called turpentine.

THE YOUNG CHEVALIER.—Chap. III.

Charles Edward entered Edinburgh, as has been already stated, on Tuesday, the 17th of September. On the following Thursday Sir John Cope disembarked his troops at Dunbar. He had marched in all haste from Inverness to Aberdeen, thence sailed to Dunbar, and, being there joined by the runaway dragoons, now proceeded, without loss of time, to the neighbourhood of the capital to give battle to the Chevalier. On Friday, the 20th, the two armies came within sight of each other, Cope's being then posted near the village of Preston, and the insurgents advancing to them. It was an anxious hour for Charles. Now for the first time the undisciplined troops were to meet, in deadly conflict, the well-trained army of his rival, a part of which had already distinguished itself on the Continent. Were his fond hopes about to be scattered like the mountain mist, or were they this day to rise higher than ever? There was no faltering on his part. With a proud glance over the lines of his followers, he drew his sword, exclaiming, "My friends, I have thrown away the scabbard." A shout expressive of determination equal to his own was the significant reply. In a little while another shout, but coming from two different quarters, is heard. It is the stern greeting of the opposing hosts as they come in sight of each other—man deliberately bent on the destruction of his brother man!

At this moment both armies were in high spirits, and apparently eager for action. Cope's troops were protected on nearly all sides by the villages of Preston and Cockenzie, park walls and the sea. It seemed a particularly secure though confined position, but was a very bad one for what turned out to be the principal work of his army—running away. The insurgents had secured, to their great satisfaction, a gentle rising ground; but on examination they discovered that a morass, which it would be dangerous to cross while exposed to the fire of the enemy, interposed between them and the royal troops. On this account Charles was obliged to delay the attack, which he was eager to make that afternoon.

The English general was strongly urged by the brave and excellent Colonel Gardiner to charge the enemy at once, and not subject his troops to the disheartening feeling that they were compelled to stand on the defensive, thus betraying the fears of their leaders. Cope was, however, resolved not to move, and that night both armies bivouacked in the open fields, Charles and his officers making their beds in a field of cut peas, like the humblest of their followers. To the hardy Highlanders the cold of a frosty autumn night was a very slight inconvenience, but not so to the more luxurious Southern soldier.

The chief difficulty of the insurgent leaders was how to get at the enemy. During the night this difficulty was obviated by a young man of the name of Anderson informing Lord George Murray that he knew a path by which he could conduct them to the royal army. Accordingly the troops were roused, quickly formed in order of battle, and, under the darkness of the early morning, swiftly and silently marched to their awful work. Cope had provided means to prevent a surprise, and received intelligence of the enemy's movements in time, and only in time, to form his lines in the direction in which they were coming. A heavy mist, which had hitherto prevented the two armies seeing each other, cleared away before they came into actual conflict. "Some of the Prince's officers," we are told, "afterwards acknowledged that, when they first saw the regular lines of the royal army, and the level rays of the new-risen sun reflected at a thousand points from the long-extended series of muskets, they could not help expecting that the wavering, unsteady clusters into which their own line was broken would be defeated in a moment, and swept from the field."

It was the Prince's anxious wish to lead on his army himself, a proposal his officers positively refused to accede to, declaring that, if he persisted in it, they would disband their troops, and return home; for on his life all depended, and if that were taken victory would be to his adherents as fatal as defeat. To such reasoning Charles yielded, and took his place, on this anxious day, a little way in front of the second line, in the midst of a small guard. The right wing of his army was composed of the various M'Donald regiments, the left of the Camerons and the Stuarts of Appin, and the centre of the Duke of Perth's regiment and the Macgregors. The Duke of Perth commanded the right wing, Lord George Murray the left. The second line, composed chiefly of other clan regiments, was placed under the command of Lord Nairne. The whole numbered under 3,000; and, as the victory was won before the second line could come into action,

the number really engaged in the fight on the Chevalier's side is said not to have exceeded 1,500. Their arms were of the most motley description—muskets, broad-swords, targets, and scythes fastened to long poles, or any other offensive weapon on which they could lay hold.

The royal army, which consisted principally of various infantry regiments, was nearly equal to the insurgents in number, and much better armed. The right wing was protected by Gardiner's dragoons, the left by Hamilton's.

"Follow me, gentlemen; and, by the blessing of GOD, I will this day make you a free and happy people!" was the Prince's pithy address to his troops as they were about to charge. One moment for prayer—ah! how much needed in this fearful hour. Every bonnet is off—every eye upturned—these stern men utter a short prayer, and then rush on with the resistless impetuosity of their own mountain streams.

Their mode of fighting was sufficiently appalling even to brave troops. "They advanced with the utmost rapidity towards the enemy, gave fire when within a musket length of the object, and then, throwing down their pieces, drew their swords, and, holding a dirk in their left hand along with the target, darted with fury on the enemy through the smoke of their fire." The battle began with the Camerons, who, attacking the dragoons on the right of the royal army, were astonished to find that these doughty warriors waited to discharge but a few shots, when party after party wheeled about and fled. Hamilton's dragoons and the infantry followed the example, without even attempting a show of resistance, with the exception of one small party of infantry, who redeemed the day from utter shame. Alone they fought, scorning to turn their backs to the enemy. Colonel Gardiner, shamefully deserted by his own troops, placed himself at the head of this gallant little band, crying out, "Fire on, my lads, and fear nothing!" In an instant the brave and good old man was struck by one of the terrible scythes, followed by a blow from a Lochaber axe. He was carried from the field in a state of insensibility, to expire in a neighbouring house.

Cope, with a few of his officers, vainly endeavoured to rally the dragoons in an adjoining field. At the first sound of firing from the insurgent army, they again took flight, and the unfortunate general, giving up all hope, galloped off with them, bringing everywhere the first news of his own defeat.

The greater number of these cowards got clear off by the roads which opened from the extremities of the park walls, but the ill-fated infantry, shut in by these walls, were cut down and taken prisoners in great numbers. Of nearly two thousand of these poor men, scarcely two hundred escaped. The slain are computed at 400, including six officers.

The rebels lost four officers and thirty privates, with eighty men wounded in all. The last words of one of their officers furnishes a singular and painful proof of the ruling passion strong in death. The captain of a Macgregor regiment, a son of the celebrated Rob Roy, having fallen covered with wounds, contrived to raise himself on his elbow, and call out, almost with his last breath, to his men, "Look ye, my lads, I'm not dead—by —— I shall see if any of you does not do his duty!"

The victory of the insurgents was most signal and complete. In their shameful flight the enemy left all behind, and Charles's stores were not a little increased by the spoil; the military chest of the royal army, containing £4,000, besides their cannon, baggage, and tents, having fallen into his hands.

In the first flush of triumph the elation of the Prince was great. Laughing heartily, he repeatedly called out, "My Highlanders have lost their plaids." A loss which his faithful Celts took good care to repair by unbounded plunder, extending their attentions in this way even to the country people who came to the field as spectators. No wanton cruelty, however, can be laid to their charge; on the contrary, except in the matter of plunder, they behaved with great kindness and humanity to their fallen foes, in which their Prince and officers showed them the most honourable example. Charles immediately despatched a message to Edinburgh for surgeons to assist those already on the field, and had the wounded on both sides most carefully tended. Many of the sufferers in the royalist army were carried into Colonel Gardiner's house, which was quite near.

On the evening of this eventful day Charles wrote a letter to his father, which exhibits his character in a very amiable light. "If I had obtained this victory," he says, "over foreigners, my joy would have been complete; but as it is over Englishmen, it has thrown a damp upon it that I little imagined. The men I have defeated were your Majesty's enemies, it is true, but they might have become your friends and dutiful subjects when they had got their eyes opened to see the true interest of their country, which you mean to save, not to destroy.

"'Tis hard," he observes, "my victory

should put me under new difficulties which I did not feel before, and yet this is the case. I am charged both with the care of my friends and enemies. Those who should bury the dead are run away, as if it were no business of theirs. My Highlanders think it beneath them to do it, and the country people are fled away. However, I am determined to try if I can get people for money to undertake it, for I cannot bear the thought of suffering Englishmen to rot above the ground. I am in great difficulties how I shall dispose of my wounded prisoners. If I make a hospital of the church, it will be looked upon as a great profanation, and of having violated my manifesto, in which I promised to violate no man's property. If the magistrates would act, they would help me out of this difficulty. Come what will, I am resolved not to let the poor wounded men lye in the streets, and if I can do no better, I will make a hospital of the palace, and leave it to them."

The next day, Sunday, the 22nd, the streets of Edinburgh, instead of being filled, as usual, with quiet worshippers, rang with the sound of the bagpipes, and the tread of armed men, as the victorious army returned to the capital. With becoming moderation, the Chevalier forbade all public demonstrations of joy, because the victory gained had been over their fellow-subjects.

He had also the evening before been considerate enough to send messages to the ministers of the town, assuring them of his protection, and requesting them to conduct public worship as usual; an invitation which they did not think proper to comply with. They afterwards sent to him to inquire whether they were at liberty to pray for the king, as before; to which the Prince justly replied, that to grant such a request would be virtually to renounce the claims he had come to establish, but that they might rest assured they should not be troubled for any imprudent language they chose to use. Even this moderate reply was not sufficient to satisfy the recreant pastors, whom no promises could induce to return to their flocks during the occupation of the capital by the rebels.

Three honourable exceptions should be mentioned. Mr. Hay, of the Tron Church, and Messrs. Macvicar and Pitcairn, of the neighbouring parish of St. Cuthbert's. Macvicar seemed to possess the courage which the king's soldiers had unfortunately lost. He stoutly asserted in his sermons the right of King George to the throne, and that in presence of some of the Highland army, who were moreover edified by the following curious addition to his usual prayer for the king: "Thou knowest what king I mean. May the crown sit long easy on his head. And for this man that is come amongst us to seek an earthly crown, we beseech thee in mercy to take him to thyself and give him a crown of glory." The Prince is reported to have laughed heartily when informed of the petitions of the worthy minister on his behalf.

The absence of their pastors was not the only grievance the good people of Edinburgh had to complain of at this time. The town was sorely disturbed and plundered by persons wearing the white cockade, some of whom probably did belong to the rebel army, but the greater number were suspected to be common robbers, who had assumed the Chevalier's badge as a means of immunity. These irregularities Charles exerted himself strenuously and in good faith to suppress. His own wants, however, compelled him to burden the people heavily, exacting large sums from Edinburgh, Leith, Glasgow, and other places, for the support of his troops. But the chief ground of alarm to the harassed citizens was the position of hostility which the army in the town and the garrison in the castle held to each other.

Charles forbade intercourse or traffic to be carried on with the castle, and the governor threatened if the blockade were not removed, to bombard the town and lay it in ashes. The Chevalier, though he well knew that the citizens were no friends to him in their hearts, was the first to yield to their remonstrances. Another generous and noble trait of his conduct at this period is thus related by Sir Walter Scott, probably from the memoir of Maxwell of Kirkconnel, where the particulars are minutely detailed: "When the Chevalier proposed to the Court of London to settle a cartel for prisoners, and when that proposal was refused, he was strongly advised to consider those English captives who were in his hands as hostages for the lives of such of his own party as might become prisoners to the enemy. But Charles uniformly rejected this proposal, declaring that it was beneath him as a prince to make threats which he did not intend to execute, and that he would never, on any account, or under any provocation, take away the lives of unoffending men in cold blood, after having spared them in the heat of action."

Once more a court graces the ancient halls of Holyrood, and the long-deserted palace is again gay with all the trappings of royalty. Levees are held in the morning, councils in the forenoon, and balls given in the evening. The Prince usually dines with his officers in public, and fre-

quently visits his camp at Duddingstone, where he keeps up with the soldiers the kind and condescending intercourse which has so strongly bound them to him. In fact, nothing is left undone to ingratiate himself with all classes of the people. For the ladies he dresses with studious care, appearing at his evening entertainments sometimes in the English court dress, and again with a Tartar coat of the finest silk, and "crimson velvet breeches." He flatters the national pride by declaring that if the British Crown were his, Scotland should be his Hanover, and Holyrood his Herenhausen, a reference to king George's partiality to his German dominions—the occasion of much offence to his British subjects. The manner of the Young Chevalier is full of grace and courtesy; his conversation polite and affable. And then his friends boast that this dignified Prince with all his elegant accomplishments, can make his bed of a bundle of straw, with the open field for his chamber, can eat his dinner in four minutes, and gain a battle in five. No wonder that with so rare a combination of good qualities, he should become a popular idol. Good honest Duncan Forbes laments that after the battle of Preston, "all Jacobites, how prudent soever, became mad; all doubtful people became Jacobites, and all bankrupts became heroes, and talked of nothing but hereditary rights and victory; and, what was more grievous to men of gallantry, and if you will believe me, much more mischievous to the public, all the fine ladies, if you will except one or two, became passionately fond of the young adventurer, and used all their arts and industry for him in the most intemperate manner."

The character of Charles Edward, like that of many, both better and worse men, has been very differently represented. According to the extreme Jacobite, he was the most elegant of gentlemen, the warmest friend, the most magnanimous enemy, the bravest in fight, the wisest in council. The extreme royalist denied him the possession of any good qualities, save an handsome person, and prepossessing manners. All else that seemed good was alleged to be effected from motives of policy. Even his personal courage has been most unjustly doubted. Now that the dust of party feeling has been completely cleared away, most of those who take pains to inquire into the history of the last rebellion, will allow that, during its progress, the character of this unfortunate Prince stands out as that of a chivalrous, brave, honourable, and humane, but very rash man. It was no doubt his interest to appear generous and forgiving, but there is an uniformity in his conduct in this respect, which leads to the conclusion that it was dictated as much by inclination as policy. It is certain that he gave offence to many of his friends by what they considered excessive and ill-judged lenity. To others he seems to have given offence from a very different cause. There were a few amongst his followers who hinted that his friendships were not particularly warm, nor his gratitude, &c., for services rendered him, very ardent. Such was his overweening idea, they said, of the claims of his family on the devotion of its adherents, that he thought little of all the sacrifices they could make for it. They ought to regard themselves as honoured and happy in laying down life and fortune, and all that is dear to man, for the sake of their liege sovereign. A heavy drawback this, if true, on the Prince's heart as well as head.

But the most important question remains. What is he as a Statesman? What are his ideas of the relative position and duties of kings and subjects? How does he conduct himself at the Council Board? There his fitness for kingship can best be determined. Let us hear the account of one of his own followers, Lord Elcho.

"The Prince (he writes) formed a council, which met regularly every morning in his drawing-room. The gentlemen whom he called to it were the Duke of Perth, Lord Lewis Gordon, Lord George Murray, Lord Elcho, Lord Ogilvie, Lord Pilsligo, Lord Nairne, Lochiel, Keppoch, Clanranald, Glencoe, Lochgarry, Ardshiel, Sir Thomas Sheridan, Colonel O'Sullivan, Glenbucket, and Secretary Murray. The Prince, in this council, used always to declare what he himself was for, and then he asked everybody's opinion in their turn. There was one-third of the council whose principles were, that kings and princes can never either act or think wrong; so, in consequence, they always confirmed whatever the Prince said. The other two-thirds, who thought that kings and princes thought sometimes like other men, and were not altogether infallible, and that this Prince was no more so than others, begged leave to differ from him when they could give sufficient reasons for their difference of opinion. This very often was no hard matter to do, for as the Prince and his old governor, Sir Thomas Sheridan, were altogether ignorant of the ways and customs of Great Britain, and both much for the doctrine of absolute monarchy, they would very often, had they not been prevented, have fallen into blunders which might have hurt the cause. The Prince could not bear to hear anybody differ in

sentiment from him, and took a dislike to everybody that did; for he had a notion of commanding his army as any general does a body of mercenaries, and so let them know only what he pleased, and expected them to obey without inquiring further about the matter. This might have done better had his favourites been people of the country; but as they were Irish, and had nothing to risk, the people of fashion that had their all at stake, and, consequently, ought to be supposed prepared to give the best advice of which they were capable, thought they had a little to know, and be consulted in, what was for the good of the cause in which they had so much concern; and if it had not been for their insisting strongly upon it, the Prince, when he found that his sentiments were not always approved of, would have abolished this council long ere he did.

"There was a very good paper sent one day by a gentleman in Edinburgh, to be perused by this council. The Prince, when he heard it read, said that it was below his dignity to enter into such a reasoning with subjects, and ordered the paper to be laid aside. The paper afterwards was printed, under the title of the Prince's Declaration to the People of England, and is esteemed the best manifesto published in those times, for those that were printed at Rome and Paris were reckoned not well calculated for the present age."

Alas! with all his amiable qualities, Charles Edward is a true Stuart. The obstinate vice of his family has set its mark on this scion also. Let his gallant enterprise succeed, and England shall have to fight her battle for freedom o'er again.

THE SPRING IS COMING.

The Spring is coming! Through the air
The winds the welcome tidings bear,
And softly breathing on the face—
Health-bringing is their sweet embrace—
They murmur of the sunny time,
The flowery fields, and vernal prime;
And as they sweep the earth along,
"Spring, Spring is coming!" is their song.

The Spring is coming! Every tree
Gives sign of Summer pageantry,
And buoys our hope through every hour
With promise of the future flower;
While fancy hears the rustling leaves,
And garlands for the loved one weaves,
And to the speechless lends a tongue,
And "Spring is coming!" is their song.

The Spring is coming! Hill and plain
Echo to each the joyous strain;
The birds, in tuneful revelry,
Hold love's soul-raising jubilee,
And fill the fragrant air around
With ear-intoxicating sound;
And this the lay they ever sing—
"The Spring is coming—welcome Spring!"

The Spring is coming! Sons of toil,
Now from the city's wild turmoil
Away, away into the fields,
And taste the joy that Nature yields!
Away, and spend the leisure hours
With birds and trees, and streams and flowers;
And with the whole in chorus sing—
"The Spring is coming—welcome Spring!"

The Spring is coming! LORD, we praise
Thee for the promise of these days,
When Nature's universal voice
Bids man with hope and trust rejoice—
And all Thy works the life renew
Which at the first from Thee they drew:
And loud in harmony we sing—
"The Spring is coming—welcome Spring!"

JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD

HISTORICAL BUILDINGS.—We must not lightly yield our historical memorials. Good modern buildings may (the authorities willing, and a proper course adopted) be obtained at any time; but our ancient landmarks for history, prompters of thought, stone story-tellers speaking the mind of earlier periods—the autographs of a nation (so to speak)—cannot be manufactured to order, or recovered when once suffered to fall away; the value of such things to the country cannot be calculated; and they should be watched by the country with the greatest jealousy, and maintained with the greatest care.—*The Builder.*

POPULAR PHYSIOLOGY.

THE LUNGS, THE ORGANS OF RESPIRATION.

All organised bodies are subject to decay, even while actively engaged in performing the functions of life. One of the chief products of that decay is carbonic acid, the removal of which from the system is essential to health and vital action. This removal is effected by the agency of the lungs, which are made up of a countless number of little air cells; and between the atmospheric air, which is taken into these cells at every breath which we draw, and the blood, there is nothing interposed but a very thin and delicate membrane. To meet the air alternately moved into and out of the cells of the lungs, the blood is sent from the right ventricle of the heart in slow and steady streams through the pulmonary capillaries. By this contact of the blood and the air in the lungs, the composition of both is changed. Not only is the atmospheric air warmed, but its carbonic acid is increased, its oxygen diminished, and there is more of the watery vapour. The carbon discharged from the lungs of a man in good health is from eight to nine ounces in the twenty-four hours. Let a hundred such individuals be shut up together in a room for three hours, and during that space of time not fewer than one hundred ounces of carbonic acid must be evolved; and what is the consequence? The air which is breathed being impregnated with carbonic acid, the quantity of carbon exhaled becomes, with every successive respiration, less and less. It has been found by experiment that, when fresh air is taken in at each inspiration, thirty-two cubic inches of carbonic acid may be exhaled in a minute; while, in those cases in which the same air is breathed repeatedly, the quantity of carbonic acid emitted in the same period may not amount to one-third. And if it be true that however often the same air may be respired—should it be respired till it is no longer capable of sustaining life—it never becomes charged with more than ten per cent. of carbonic acid, we see the necessity of a constant supply of fresh air by means of free ventilation. The discomfort inseparable from a crowded audience in a church, lecture-room, or theatre, which is not provided with sufficient ventilation, is due in great part to the continued respiration of the same air, which has become loaded with carbonic acid. Nor can it be denied that the habitual respiration of such air in the narrow and pent-up dwellings of the poor, or in crowded factories and workshops, has a tendency to impair health, diminish mental activity, and even deteriorate the moral sensibilities.

Repeated experiments have brought out the fact that the blood comes to the lungs charged with carbonic acid, which it gives up, and receives oxygen in its stead. According to the law of mutual diffusion, the quantity of oxygen absorbed, or drawn from the atmospheric air, exactly replaces the quantity of carbonic acid set free. But for this change in the composition of the blood, all the functions of life would soon be arrested. Put a fish in water which is impregnated with carbonic acid, and its death is almost instantaneous. Introduce the human being into some crowded room, in the atmosphere of which there is wanting a due proportion of oxygen, or in which there is the presence of carbonic acid in excess, and fainting ensues. Let the blood be denied its contact with the atmospheric air, and life will speedily ebb and disappear. The blood stagnates in the small capillary vessels of the lungs—the heart has not sufficient force to drive the blood through those capillaries—the air included in the lungs loses more of its oxygen, and becomes overcharged with carbon, and at last the blood becomes so venous, that the pulmonary circulation is altogether suspended, and death follows.

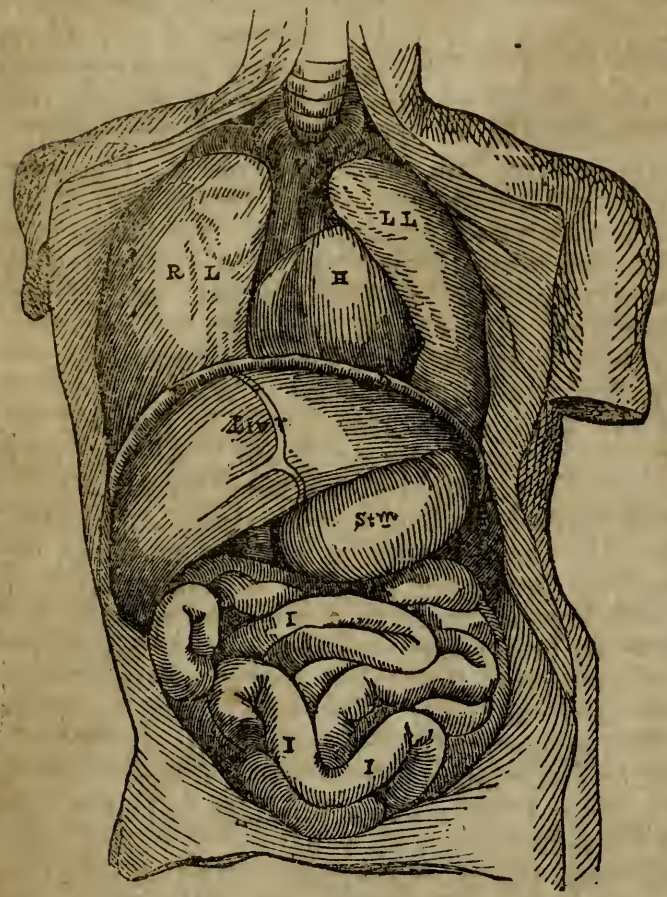
"About one-third of human existence is passed in the sleeping apartment; and, in the case of the great majority, their circumstances are never so injurious to health as during the hours they are shut up in their bedrooms. The room inhabited in the day time is generally ventilated by the fire and the draught up the chimney, and by the frequent opening of the door, and its furniture is not so prejudicial to the circulation of air. But the bedroom remains unopened for hours together; most of its vents are carefully stopped up to exclude the air, because it is

cold, and the space around the sleeper is often still further circumscribed, by curtains and testers, till the couch of repose resembles a funeral catafalque. When the room itself is large, these ugly contrivances convert the bed into a closet. A canary bird, suspended at the top of such a bed, within the curtains, dies suffocated in a few hours. But the atmosphere of the whole apartment, long before morning, becomes highly mephitic, from the consumption of its oxygen, the formation of carbonic acid, and the exhalations from the lungs and the relaxed skin. The occupant sleeps heavily, and awakes pale, languid, and unrefreshed, for the system has been oppressed, not only by the poisons which such an atmosphere has forced it to retain, but, most likely, by the re-admission of much that had been discharged by the breath—for the lungs are organs of absorption as well as of exhalation. Sleep, in such circumstances, partakes of the nature of insensibility; it would have been lighter, shorter, and invigorating, had there been provision for an adequate supply of pure air, and the removal of what had become contaminated. With the present construction of houses, some draughts into the bed-chamber should be courted, for, if fresh air keeps coming in, foul air must be continually going out. All that need be cared for is, to prevent a cold current from playing on the face, which can be easily managed by choosing a good situation for the bed, or by a single curtain suspended from a rod along the ceiling."* If the quantity of air that is changed in the lungs in each act of ordinary tranquil breathing may be estimated at from twenty to twenty-five cubic inches in the case of healthy, young, and middle-aged men; if each individual respire or draw his breath eighteen times every minute; if at each respiration a pint of air is introduced into the lungs, making eighteen pints in a minute, or upwards of two hogsheads in an hour, or more than fifty-seven in twenty four hours; and, if to meet and appropriate this immense volume of air, the heart sends to the lungs at each pulsation two ounces of blood, that is, one hundred and forty-six ounces, or about a gallon every minute—two hundred and fifty pints in an hour, or nearly eleven thousand pints in twenty-four hours—it follows that nothing can be more essential to health and life than good air. The atmosphere affects the blood with which it comes into contact, and the state of the blood conditions and determines all the functions of the system. Now the atmosphere itself may be deteriorated and poisoned. It is a fact not to be overlooked, that the formation and liberation of carbonic acid goes on with great rapidity after death, both in the plant and in the animal, and therefore all animal and vegetable substance in a state of decomposition should be removed from the human dwelling, and not be suffered to accumulate in the neighbourhood of living men. It gives birth to disease; and in not a few diseases to which flesh is heir the tendency to decomposition in both the solids and the fluids is, to non-professional readers, almost incredible; the evil spreads, and pestilence and death assert their dominion over the habitations of men. A great deal has been said and written about Sanitary Reform. It has been taken up by the councils, corporations, and the Government of the country. In such hands it will be a comparative failure. It is the business of the people. It is the vocation and the duty of every individual man. Let each remove himself to the farthest possible distance from all impurity and filth. Let him select the cleanest and best-aired neighbourhood for his home. Let him encourage no nuisance within his home, or around it, or near it. Let him daily inspire a free atmosphere, and then the blood, freed from its excess of carbon, and supplied with fresh oxygen from the inspired air, will bound through the system with unchecked activity, and give such an elasticity to the frame as shall make the man buoyant almost as an angel.

Care should be taken that nothing be allowed to interfere with the action or free play of the lungs. The lungs, which are of a soft and spongy texture, and which,

* GOOD HEALTH: the possibility, duty, and means of obtaining and keeping it," pp. 83, 84.—We have made this extract purposely to recommend every one of our readers to purchase this admirable little volume. It is published by the London Religious Tract Society, and may be had for a few pence. We have reason to believe that it is the production of a man of high character, and of great professional eminence.

with the heart between, fill up the whole cavity of the chest, as may be seen in the annexed cut,* are composed of an infinite number of air cells—some say six hundred millions; at each inspiration these cells become filled, and, as a consequence, the lungs expand. With this expansion nothing should be allowed to interfere. Whatever impedes it, either in dress or position, is prejudicial to health: stays, corsets, and tight waist-bands act most injuriously, and, by compressing the chest, or preventing its full dilation and play, give rise to consumption. "The muscular power of the spine, shoulders, and waist, is sufficient of itself, if allowed its full scope and play, to support the figure, and preserve it as the Creator of all *good* things was pleased to fashion it. But art having introduced a different fashion of its own, the civilised female world (savage nations in this matter being more rational) have forsaken Nature for it, and prefer foreign support to native strength, not only at the expense of good taste (for Nature is by far the most elegant modeler), but, unfortunately, often also at the expense of health. This is at once clearly apparent from the fact that the natural form of the cavity of the chest is an upright cone, the base of which is *below*, at the waist; whilst the figure of a fashionably-cut corset, on the contrary, is that of an inverted cone, having the base *above* or at the shoulders, so that the broadest portion of the lungs within the chest is compressed into the narrowest part of the stays—a fact which, as the most prejudiced wearer must admit, *may*, and, as experience tells us, *does*, embarrass the functions of respiration. As the wearing of these appendages to dress commences in early life, they might at least be constructed upon a more rational principle, bearing in mind that God made the female figure what *it ought to be*, but that the corset-maker too often makes it what *it is*."



It is a most painful fact that in our country some sixty thousand of the population—and these chiefly among the young and the most gifted—annually fall victims to pulmonary consumption. It is the disease of England, and the English people are only beginning to learn how to ward it off, or keep it in check. There can be no doubt that the first importance is to be attached to a healthy original formation of the lungs themselves. No fact is better established than that which proves the hereditary transmission from parents to children of a constitutional liability to pulmonary disease, and especially to consumption. Parties in whom it is well known are the seeds of this disease ought never to enter into the marriage compact. It is bad enough for one of the parties to have such a tendency; but when both are affected, the marriage bed becomes the certain grave of the offspring. The contracting

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*R L, the right lobe of the lungs; L L, the left lobe; H, the heart; V, the great arteries; D D, the diaphragm, a muscle separating the chest from the lower regions; Liv., the liver; Stm., the stomach; G, the duodenum, or beginning of the small intestines; III, the intestines or bowels

The Stomach, to bring it into view, has been brought lower down, and the Liver is somewhat higher, than are found in their natural position in the body.

of marriages before the physical system has been fully matured and consolidated is another frequent cause of inducing this malady and of shortening life. "Many young people of both sexes fall sacrifices to early marriages, who might have withstood the ordinary risks of life, and lived together in happiness if they had delayed their union for a few years, and allowed time for the consolidation of their constitutions."

Next to the healthy structure of the lungs themselves, are those exercises which favour the free expansion of the chest. If grief and fear, and other depressing passions of the mind retard the circulation, impair respiration, lower vitality, and render the body more susceptible of disease, then it becomes a duty to cherish all those emotions which will call into exercise our physical powers and functions. There is true philosophy in a good laugh, and it contributes to health; so does singing, cheerful conversation, good society, and whatever can excite the more pleasurable feelings of the soul. It is true that we cannot always be gay and merry; still we may give attention to health. Pure air is essential to life, and what is more invigorating than a good walk into the open field of Nature, or, if we cannot always get abroad, "the lungs may be exercised indirectly by such kinds of bodily or muscular exertion as require quicker and deeper breathing; and directly, by the employment of the voice in speaking, reading aloud, crying, or singing. In general, both ought to be conjoined. But where the chief object is to improve the lungs, those kinds which have a tendency to expand the chest, and call the organs of respiration into play, are to be especially preferred. Rowing a boat, fencing, quoits, shuttle-cock, and the proper use of the skipping-rope, dumb-bells, and gymnastics are of this description. All of them employ actively the muscles of the chest and trunk, and excite the lungs themselves to freer and fuller expansion. Climbing up hill is, for the same reason, an exercise of high utility in giving tone and freedom to the pulmonary functions. Where, either from hereditary predisposition or accidental causes, the chest is unusually weak, every effort should be made from infancy upwards to favour the growth and strength of the lungs by the habitual use of such of the above-mentioned exercises as can most easily be practised. The earlier they are resorted to, and the more steadily they are pursued, the more certainly will their beneficial results be experienced."

The physicial education of man has been too much and too long overlooked. It now begins to form a part of our more improved educational processes. The gymnastic exercises through which children go, not only aid in the development of the bodily frame, but tend very much to give an impulse and even an additional force to mental activity. We would advise the working men of England to send their children only to those schools in which physical training is combined with mental and moral instruction. Their children will be more healthy, more active, and will learn more. Nor let parents overlook the simple principles we have laid down for the preservation of health and the prolonging of life.

THE MAHOGANY TREE.—From an early period this tree was used by the Spaniards for shipbuilding. The first mention of it occurs in the letters of Cortez to the Emperor Charles V. of Germany. It was used by Cortez in the construction of the vessels which were built for the expedition of discovery to the New World, between the years 1521 and 1540. In 1597, mahogany was used in the repairs of Sir Walter Raleigh's ships in the West Indies; and Captain Dampier, in 1681, speaks of mahogany, then called *cedar*, as being "very fit for building." It was first imported into England in its unmanufactured state in 1724, a few planks being sent to Dr. Gibbons, of London, by a brother who was a West Indian Captain. The doctor was at that time erecting a house in King-street, Covent-garden, and gave the planks to the workmen, who rejected them as being too hard. The doctor's cabinet-maker was then employed to make a candle-box of them, but as he was sawing up the planks, he also complained of the hardness of the wood; but when the box was finished, it outshone in beauty all the doctor's other furniture, and became an object of exhibition and curiosity. The wood was then taken into favour. Dr. Gibbons and the Duchess of Buckingham had bureaux made of it, and the despised mahogany became an article of luxury.

THE OPPRESSED NEEDLEWOMAN.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

SOME people seem to think that they pay too much for everything, and that it is a positive duty to employ those who will work the *cheapest;* they are never satisfied with anything that is not a bargain, and although the money saved is very often of but little importance to them, they rejoice in these little acts of parsimony as commendable domestic economy, disregarding the privations of those whom they compel to labour for reduced wages.

Mrs. Willoughby was a person of this description: she lived sumptuously, her daughters dressed elegantly; we will not call them extravagant, because people who have plenty of money are not obliged to give an account of their expenses to their neighbours. They were, however, discussing the very subject themselves, when a servant entered and presented a seamstress's bill. The nicely-folded paper attracted the attention of the family, and, having glanced at the amount, Mrs. Willoughby exclaimed,

"Dear me, how high!"

They then proceeded to examine the contents of the bundle which accompanied the bill.

"The work is done beautifully," said Henrietta, "how delicately it is hemstitched; it is done so much better than I can make it look, that I will never attempt anything of the sort again."

"But you forget," said Mrs. Willoughby, "that it costs a large sum to pay for all the sewing of a large family, even if it were done at the cheapest rate."

"I wonder," said Sophia, a tall, graceful girl of sixteen, to the little waiting seamstress in the entry, "I wonder what you would charge to make papa ten shirts? I have engaged to have them done by the first of May, and it is a long job and so vexatious, I wish I could transfer them to you to finish."

The child was sent home to inquire of her mother what she would charge to make ten linen shirts, with hemstitch fronts and with nicely-stitched wristbands? It was not long before she returned, and in her artless way replied,

"Mother said she would charge two-and-sixpence; but if the young ladies would not give that she would say two shillings a-piece, rather than lose the job."

Amused with the simplicity of the poor child, Sophia pretended that two shillings was all that she expected to give; she had hoped to get them done for eighteenpence. Thus, that which ought to have excited sympathy was immediately seized upon as the means of a bargain; and as, like most bargain-hunters, she did not scruple at equivocation, the little child was told that Mrs. Simpson got work done much cheaper; forgetting to mention that Mrs. S.'s shirts were cotton, and that very common work was put in them. After some hesitation the bundle was brought down and despatched to the seamstress, Sophia saying, as the pale child of the needlewoman left the room,

"Now my poor head and eyes will be relieved."

And through the busy noisy street the child passed on to a humble court in the south of London, where in one small room her widowed mother and two young children grappled with the hard fate of poverty. They had seen "better days," and in their poor dwelling there were still some trifling articles that told of better fortune in the days gone by.

"Do you think, mother," said little Ellen as she brought in the work, "the young lady really *thought* she ought to get the shirts made for eighteenpence a piece? She *said* she did; but, mother, she did not know how hard it is to keep on sewing every day, and all day long, and sometimes through the night, or else she never would have said so."

The mother brushed a tear away, saying, "No, child, she never *sewed for a living.*"

"And, mother, she told her sister she was so glad to get rid of the tiring work, and she said her father would never know but every stitch was done by her, and that she should clear eighteenpence a piece by them. What could she mean?"

The widowed mother had heard before of such deception, but she refrained from telling her child that the young lady was to receive three-and-sixpence for each shirt. She felt that her business was to complete the work as soon as possible, and at once commenced cutting out and getting the plainer parts ready for Ellen to hem. But it was weary work—stitch, stitch, stitch; her eyes were weak from continual use, and when the long job was patiently accomplished, who could tell the aches and pains by which it was attended, and how wearily the aching head lay down?

Long before the promised time Ellen carried home the shirts. Miss Sophia severely scrutinised them, examining the bosoms, looking at the gathers, next at the stitching, finally tossing them in a heap, saying,

"Tell your mother they are worth no more than eighteenpence each, and I will pay you that if she will receipt the bill."

The child returned with a heavy heart to tell the sad news. The seamstress wept, and her tears fell faster as she looked at a small picture of her husband which hung upon the wall. "If *he* were but alive," she said, "I should have some protector from wrong usage. Fifteen shillings for ten shirts! Here, Ellen dear, bring me back just what Miss Willoughby pleases to give; but say, mother has toiled very hard, early and late, upon them."

Ellen did so, and Sophia paid her the amount, adding, "This is a great deal of money for poor people to spend—it will buy you a number of calico dresses."

"But mother's rent is due," said the child.

"Pshaw, rent is nothing; make your landlord trust you." And so saying she left the room.

The seamstress never closed her eyes that night. Think you no unseen eye kept watch? Think you the oppressed will never be vindicated—that the poor and the needy have no helper? There is a husband for the widow, and a father for the fatherless.

Some days had passed but the "bargain" had not been forgotten; and when one morning Miss Charlotte Wickham called in to gossip about fashionable friends, and the scenes of gaiety and pleasure which constituted their "world," the shirts were exhibited by Sophia, and the story of their cheapness told. "And where did you get this beautiful fan?" asked Charlotte, "it is really elegant;" and she lifted from the table a fan of very beautiful workmanship.

"I saved it," replied Sophia, "from money father gave me to make these shirts. I put them out at half-price; only think of that; was it not a bargain? and he never knows it to this day."

Poor girl! your fan should be used as a screen to hide the hard spot in your heart. PROSPERITY NEVER LONG FOLLOWS IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF OPPRESSION.

DIGGINGS.

"SMALL, BUT GOLDEN, GRAINS."

A man may buy gold too dear.

He that will not look before him, will have to look behind him.

A wild goose never laid a tame egg.

Poverty makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows.

The wise man knows he knows little; the fool thinks he knows all.

A needy man's budget is full of schemes.

To him that wills, the way is seldom wanting.

The friar preached against stealing when he had a pudding in his sleeves.

A hasty man never wants woe.

Of a bad paymaster get what you can, though it be but a straw.

Eagles fly alone, but sheep flock together.

A horse is neither better nor worse for his trappings.

Every fool can find faults that a great many wise men cannot mend.

Little and often fills the purse.

Trust not the praise of a friend, nor the contempt of an enemy.

Daub yourself with honey, and you will have plenty of flies.

All are not saints who go to church.

If you would know a bad husband, look at his wife's countenance.

Say-well is good, but do-well is better.

The dinner over, away go the guests.

Buy what you do not want, and you will sell what you cannot spare.

He who remains in the mill grinds, not he who goes and comes.

When the pirate promises masses and wax, the vessel is in a bad plight.

When a river does not make a noise, it is either empty or very full.

Do on the hill as you would in the hall.

The way to Babylon will never bring you to Jerusalem.

He that is always in the valley will never get over the hill.

Worth has been underrated ever since wealth was overvalued.

A nod from a lord is a breakfast for a fool.

A little time may be enough to hatch a great deal of mischief.

The shortest answer is doing the thing.

Accusing is proving, when malice and power sit judges.

A soldier, fire, and water soon make room for themselves.

He who will stop everybody's mouth must have a great deal of meal.

If you trust before you try, you may repent before you die.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE KAFFIR WARS.

If our readers take a map of Africa they will see a point of land a little to the left of its southernmost or bottom extremity marked Cape of Good Hope, which is the seat of the principal town, or capital, of the colony bearing that name. The inverted triangle, forming the lower portion of the continent, of which Cape Town may be re-regarded as the "apex," constitutes the country of Hottentots, and has been for many years under the government of Great Britain. South Africa was, however, originally colonised by the Dutch, and the descendants of the first settlers still form a numerous and important part of the community. Before the formation of the European settlements, this district was thinly peopled by a race of savages, divided into tribes, which were distinguished by the names of Gonaquais, Namaquais, Tambouches, Antenaquais, &c.

The Cape of Good Hope was discovered in the year 1493, by Bartholomew Diaz, a Portuguese Admiral. He first gave it the name of Cabo dos Tormentos, or Cape of Plagues, because of the tempestuous weather which appeared to prevail in its vicinity; but by the authority of John, the King of Portugal, that designation was changed to the one it now bears. The first settlement of the Dutch East India Company was effected in the year 1650. As early as 1695 the British, in course of war, made themselves masters of the territories belonging to this colony; but it was not until the year 1814 that the whole were formally and finally ceded to them by the Dutch authorities. Having at length obtained permanent possession, the English Government defined the extent and dimensions of the province as follows:—From Cape Point to Kaffirland (on the east or right hand as you look at the map) 580 miles; and from Cape Point to the river Koussie, on the west coast, 520 miles; extending into the interior some two or three hundred miles, or further than has ever been explored, and giving a total area of more than 120,000 square miles.

In addition to Cape Town, Graham Town, King William Town, and other considerable urban settlements, have from time to time been made. The cultivation of the soil, and the breeding and pasturage of cattle, have gradually been extended into the interior by the farmers, and at several distant points military posts or forts have been established for the protection of the settlers, and missionary stations for the instruction of the natives.

The population of the globe is distributed with great inequalities. The countries of what is popularly denominated the Old World are for the most part densely peopled, whilst in other parts large districts of fertile territory are untrodden by the foot of any but a few thinly-scattered and wandering tribes. Colonisation is the great instrument of Providence for the diffusion of the human family over the surface of the earth; and as we hear of the rich prairies of America, the deserts of Africa, and the boundless plains of Australia, being gradually peopled and brought under the cultivation of man, we should rejoice at so manifest a fulfilment of the great and benevolent purpose of GOD. It must, however, be remembered that the aborigines of every land have the first right in its soil; and in every effort to plant new settlements these native rights should be respected with the most scrupulous fidelity. The history of colonisation has in too many instances been a history of cruelty and fraud. The instances crowd with fearful accumulation on our memory in which civilised and Christian men have coolly defended and resolutely pursued the policy of "extermination" against harmless and helpless tribes of aborigines.

The Hottentot nations bordering on the Cape colony were originally mild, honest, and inoffensive. Subjugated, and indeed virtually enslaved by the European settlers, they have now lost the better features of their character, and become greatly depraved, being for the most part careless, unfaithful, and idle.

To the east of the colony, however, inhabiting the country extending from the boundary of the Cape of Good Hope upwards to Delagoa Bay, are found some races of native inhabitants in every respect differing from the Hottentot tribes, being as superior to them in point of physical conformation as in intellectual powers and the qualities of enterprise and courage. We refer to the Caffres, or Kaffirs, whom travellers describe as tall and robust in person, and sober, active, and industrious in habit. Less nomadic or wandering than other of the native nations, they are inclined to a pastoral life, and seldom change their settlements unless compelled to do so by superior force. They have manifested a strong inclination to the pursuits of commerce, and are fond of bartering the productions of their country, which consist chiefly of the feathers of ostriches, the tusks of elephants, hides, and gums, for the ornaments, the hardware, and other

productions of Europe. The Kaffirs of both sexes are accustomed to clothe themselves in a leathern cloak, which they call a kaross, the women wearing in addition a petticoat of the same material, and the men arming themselves with the spear and musket. They present none of the features of the negro race, their complexion being of a bright copper hue, their forehead high, and their nose aqueline. The word Kaffir signifies an unbeliever, and the name was originally bestowed on these tribes by the Mussulmans.

The entire subjugation of this bold and warlike nation, or the maintenance of friendly relations with them, is of the highest importance to the Cape colony itself, but it is of yet greater consequence to the peace and industrial development of Natal and other infant settlements. The former of these alternatives—in itself a policy of injustice, and necessarily of vast expense—has been almost uniformly the favourite object of both the Dutch and English governors of the South African colonies. Conciliation has been lauded in proclamations; but it has been pursued fitfully, injudiciously, and, worse than all, insincerely. Our entire treatment of the Kaffir nation has been calculated to arouse the suspicions, the jealousies, and the resentment of a susceptible and warlike race. By turns we have flattered them and threatened, petted and punished; at one time addressed them as allies and friends, and at others wounded their susceptibility by arbitrarily deposing their native chiefs, and kindled their sense of injustice by forcibly dispossessing them of their territories. And the results we are now experiencing in a succession of desolating wars, which must inflict great and lasting injury upon the British colonies, check, probably for years, the tide of emigration, entail both upon the mother country and its settlements immense sacrifices of life and of money, and in addition to all these consequences, give birth to others which ought not to be regarded as less serious by a civilised people, and condemn the Kaffirs themselves either to utter extermination or to a prolonged and deepened condition of barbarism and degradation. It is a sad and humiliating reflection, that on whatever new land the foot of the white man has trodden in the pursuit of commercial enterprise, he has done little in his treatment of its aboriginal people but made them the enemies of his race and his arts.

But a few years have passed away since a Kaffir war desolated the provinces of the Cape but lately brought under the power of cultivation, and inflicted on the English people a burden of two millions sterling; and from the accounts which have recently reached us, it appears but too probable that for many months to come similar scenes will be enacting, a fresh and still more extensive outbreak having occurred, in which the natives display greater boldness, better discipline, and more skilful strategy than in any of their previous warlike operations. Let us briefly retrace the antecedents of this struggle.

With the Dutch treatment of the Kaffirs we have little concern, except in so far as it laid the foundation of suspicions and enmity toward the European settlers. In the official correspondence of the Dutch governor, as far back as the year 1652, we find the ease with which the natives might be "deprived" of ten or eleven thousand head of black cattle, and the way in which "many savages might be taken without resistance, in order to be sent as slaves to India, *as they always come to us unarmed*," coolly discussed. Let our readers be satisfied with one further quotation, brief, pithy, and significant, as an indication of the policy from which the "savages" of South Africa received their first impressions of the character of the white man. Recommending that six thousand or eight thousand beasts should at once be taken from them, the Governor writes, "There is opportunity enough for it, as they are not strong in number, and very timid..... And since not more than two or three men often graze a thousand cattle close to our cannon, who might be easily cut off; and, as we perceive *they place great confidence in us*, we allure them still with show of friendship to make them the more confident." We have not heart to detail the cruelties of the treatment inflicted on these poor creatures by their hard taskmasters. It may be safely fancied, when such counsels as we have quoted were suffered to prevail.

When the English obtained the possession of the colony, they unhappily followed too closely in the footsteps of their predecessors. The "extirpation" of the Bushmen was the object avowedly pursued; and in its furtherance, parties of armed men, denominated commandos, were sent out to devastate their villages, seize their cattle, and destroy their crops. It is true these excursions were ostensibly intended to avenge some depredation alleged to have been committed by the natives; but it is no less true that provocations of this kind were not always waited for,—that they were too frequently but forged excuses for the indulgence of a spirit of lawless rapine, and that even in cases where offence really existed, it was retaliated with a relish for plunder and with an excess of cruelty that could not fail to leave behind a rankling sense of

wrong and a thirst for vengeance. The natives were driven further and further from their old haunts into the interior of the country; and with such cordial alacrity were they hunted down that, at the beginning of the present century, it was confidently predicted that their total extinction would soon be effected.

The British claims to the Kaffir country were founded upon a cession said to have been made by a portion of one of the tribes, in the absence of the chief, to the Dutch. The enforcement of their claim was commenced in the year 1811, and the process of *clearing the country of the natives*, conducted, it is confessed, with attendant circumstances of great and unnecessary cruelty. The huts were burned, the crops overrun with herds of cattle, and 30,000 Kaffirs forced by troops over the Great Fish River (the boundary of the territory said to have been ceded), leaving behind them their flocks and unharvested food; and, to add to the horrors of the scene, many of the women and children, the aged and infirm, were left behind to die of hunger, or fall before their pursuers.

Here is a dark page in the history of British colonisation—sins committed in the wilfulness of power against the weak and helpless, whose atonement is being exacted at our hands. As only could be expected, retaliation became a fixed idea in the Kaffir mind. Instead of peaceable and useful neighbours, as justice and kindly treatment might have made them, the Kaffir hordes became dangerous to the settlers. To guard against their incursions, forts and military settlements were multiplied, and the practice resorted to of exciting disunion and rivalries amongst the native tribes. Chieftains were deposed by British authorities, and others nominated in their stead, amongst a nation as susceptible of the independence of its institutions as any of the free states of Europe. Expeditions were fitted out by English soldiers to enforce the claims of these usurpers, and resistance punished by new rapine and spoliation. Such were the events which provoked the first great Kaffir war; the tribes, in as great a force as they could muster, descending and attacking the settlement of Graham's-town. They were repulsed and partly destroyed by British artillery, their chiefs taken prisoners, and 30,000 head of cattle seized.

It is not our province to detail military operations, nor do we propose to write a history of the political administration of the Cape and its surrounding settlements. It will be sufficient to state that since the last Kaffir war, the uniform cruelty that had previously been displayed to the native tribes has been varied by attempts to win their confidence. Such efforts could only have been made successful by consistency and long perseverance, in memory of the innumerable causes that had been given for distrust. It is not strange that the victims of long ill-treatment should learn to regard even the look and language of kindness with suspicion. Confidence is not to be won by caprice and fitfulness. Sir Harry Smith, the present governor of the Cape, has learned this lesson. Indeed, admitting that his efforts to conciliate and benefit the natives during the last three years, had been everything that generosity and prudence could dictate, it can excite no surprise that when, at so early a period after the commencement of this policy, measures were taken of hasty and arbitrary severity, bearing the look of direct interference with the traditional and cherished privileges of the tribes, old misgivings should be suddenly awakened, and the bitterness and enmity of past days revived. Such measures were the deposition of two of the native chiefs, Sandilli and Anta, and the appointment of British nominees to rule in their stead. Whatever cause of resentment these men may have afforded to the authorities, the Kaffirs were probably unable to understand; perhaps they cared not to enter into the merits of the dispute. At all events it would seem that the feelings, which amongst more civilised peoples are honoured with the names of national susceptibility and loyalty, were of paramount influence. The warriors rallied round their deposed chiefs, the example of revolt against the old enemy of the Kaffirs—the white settlers—was extensively followed, the memory of a thousand wrongs, it may be,—which a brief season of juster treatment was insufficient to efface,—was revived, and a general attack on the British forces and settlements was the result, causing a lamentable loss of life and a sad destruction of property. It is anticipated that the war, thus unhappily commenced, will be long and sanguinary, the natives being conscious that it is their last struggle for independence, and the colonists persuaded that in complete subjugation alone can there now be any hope of security and peace for the future. The disposition is general to make this conflict *the last*.

The conviction entertained by the settlers is perhaps correct. We fear it is too true that the opportunity for conciliation is passed, and that the Kaffir will now continue to be a determined enemy as long as any remnant of power is left in his hands. It is thus that in human policy wrong begets the necessity of wrong, and one injustice becomes the parent of a thousand.

In writing thus, it has not been our purpose to deny that the Kaffirs have faults. They have had few opportunities of making progress in the arts of civilisation. Naturally warlike, although not indisposed to the peaceful pursuits of agriculture and commerce, they have been quick to feel an injury, and not slow to avenge it. Retaliation has been the first thought under the consciousness of wrong. Considering all the circumstances of their connection with the white man, their enmity to his race can excite no surprise. Their only uniform and consistent friend has been the missionary; and his interference for the protection and social elevation of the Bushman has been angrily resented. We have before us a letter addressed to Sir Peregrine Maitland by a man of education and standing—a "gentleman," as he ostentatiously announces, of ample means and good connections, who signs himself "Aug. Jos. Tancred, D.D." One sentence will show the animus of the writer. It is as follows:—"Nothing but an entire subjugation of the Kaffir tribes, and full compensation for losses, ought ever to satisfy the inhabitants. No patched-up agreements; no more treaties. . . . We must guard against future experiments. No more missionary intermeddling; what have they to do with worldly or diplomatic affairs?" "The bane of this colony for years was to allow missionaries to intermeddle in any matter bordering on diplomacy." The only intermeddling thus deprecated was in protestation against the fraud and cruelty of which the natives were the victims, and the exertion of a just and merited influence with the authorities to secure some respect for the properties and rights of these down-trodden tribes. That the conduct of the missionaries in this matter should create displeasure among a certain class is not surprising, when we find that the small and uncertain attempts at conciliation which had been recently made were thus spoken of by the same writer:—"They who held the destinies of the colony perhaps imagined, as many philanthropists imagine at this moment, that the unsubdued and abject condition of the savage is his best and natural state; libeling at once the justice of GOD and falsifying the very intentions of the Deity in furnishing man with intellect and memory, and vesting him with great responsibilities for their exercise." Subjugation by fire and sword may indeed be a means of improving memory by giving it accumulated wrongs on which to exercise itself; but the philanthropist may stand excused from selecting slaughter and rapine as the first step towards raising the savage from his "natural state," and fulfilling the "intentions of the Deity."

WORKING MAN'S GARDEN.

FIRST WEEK IN APRIL.

The gardener must expect no idle hours in April; everything demands his care and attention, from the compost heaps in the yard, to the fine healthy trees in the garden, which are already clothing themselves in beauty, and in their half-expanded foliage, exhibiting the attractiveness of youth and freshness.

SEEDS TO BE SOWN.

Sow turnips to succeed those sown last month; if possible, let the soil be sandy or gravelly, with a proportionate mixture of loam, for if it is either very heavy or too rich, it imparts a rank taste to the vegetable, and causes the flower to form too soon. Choose showery weather for sowing the seed, or immediately after rain.

Sow Cos and other large lettuces in order to have a succession. A few dozen grains of each kind will be sufficient, as one-eighth of an ounce would yield between two and three hundred plants. Let the soil be moist, but not wet nor heavy, and when the plants have attained to the height of five inches, thin them to four inches apart.

SOW RADISH, RAPE, AND MUSTARD SEED; a little of each. A bed of radishes four feet long will require at this season one ounce of seed. If sown too thick it will run to a great height, or become woody; and if not well and regularly watered in dry weather, the flavour will be injured. Rape vegetates quickly in almost any light soil: the seeds must be sown thickly, and may be either left uncovered, or be covered with about half an inch of vegetable mould. Water is indispensable, and a fine net, or light branches, to protect the seeds from the ravages of the birds. Mustard is sown and raised in exactly the same manner as rape; but when the crop is being gathered for use, care must be taken not to pull up the plants, which should be held in one hand, while cut to about one-half their length with a sharp knife. They should

be well rinsed in clear water and made use of as soon as possible. When gathered for a few hours they become tough, and if allowed to lie in water they lose much of their flavour.

Sow full Crops of Savoys, that you may have a sufficiency for autumn and winter use. Let the soil be richly manured, raked smoothly, and after the seed is put in, be beaten with the back of the spade, and then be lightly, but evenly strewn over with soot.

CROPS TO BE THINNED.

The Celery sown in February and March should now be pricked out into a bed of rich light earth, and watered daily till they have taken root. The large healthy plants only are to be drawn and transplanted; the smaller must remain in the seed-bed to get strength.

Radishes — Carrots — Parsnips— Onions—and Leeks, should at once be thinned out. Stirring the ground between the plants promotes their growth and destroys the weeds.

Use the Hoe between the rows of peas and beans, and draw up the earth to their stems. Also between the cabbages in the forward crops, choosing dry weather; and between the cauliflowers which were planted either in autumn or early spring. After a shower of rain draw the earth up to their stems, taking care not to let any fall into the hearts, as it would cause them to decay. Let the hoe be likewise used freely amongst the crops of winter onions, spinach, &c.

BEDS WHICH REQUIRE WEEDING.

From every part of the garden remove docks, dandelions, and all similar weeds, but attend particularly to the beds in which you have the early spring crops.

VEGETABLES IN SEASON, AND WHICH OUGHT TO BE FOUND IN EVERY COTTAGE GARDEN.

Sprouts of brocoli, cabbages, and savoys, are now very good, if gathered before they run to seed. Young onions, leeks, scalions, chives, sage, and rosemary, are fit for use, and carrots and parsnips, which have been preserved in sand. Young carrots sown in autumn are now in perfection, and so are all sorts of young salad herbs, spinach, radishes, coleworts, parsley, and beet, which were grown in sheltered beds of moist earth. Thyme, winter savory, pot-marjoram, brown-Dutch, and cabbage lettuces, on warm borders under shelter, are now fit for use, and early cabbages which have escaped the frost.

Let us now see what is required in other parts of the garden.

FRUIT-TREES.—STRAWBERRIES.

Keep the borders near the fruit-trees free from weeds and all large-growing plants, as they rob them of their nourishment; and in soils which are apt to bind, loosen the surface well with a fork, and spread a light coating of rich well-rotted manure.

Let the beds of strawberries be freed from weeds, and the runners be taken off, and if the season is very dry, let them be well and regularly watered.

INSECTS.

Look carefully to the young fruit-trees, and if you find them infested with insects, wash them with tobacco-stalks, or syringe them well with tobacco-water; this will cure them effectually, but if you have a large garden and many trees, it is better to adopt at once the following method:—

Procure three large vessels, each capable of containing a hogshead of water, place these in a corner of the garden, and put into one of them two pecks of fresh roach lime, and as much soft water as will fill it. Stir it occasionally during three days, and on the fourth draw off the clear water into one of the other vessels, and again fill with water from the stream. Repeat this until you have one hogshead of clear lime-water, to which add four pounds of flour of sulphur, and four pints of tobacco-liquor; let it stand for two days, and then draw it off into the third vessel, when it is ready for use, and will cure trees, no matter how badly affected either by insects or mildew. It is applied most readily with a syringe, or a man on a ladder may throw it on the trees with a fine-rosed watering-pot.

As a preventive, the best time to use it is in spring, as soon as the leaves are sufficiently expanded, or when the fruits are fairly set. A sprinkling given before the buds burst is also a good protection against attack; but for this purpose the liquor must be lowered in strength by adding plain water, and should always be applied before eight o'clock in the morning, in order that the trees may get perfectly dry by noon.

EVERGREENS.

If you have any evergreens in the gardens or in the grass-plots in front of your cottages, this is a fit time for removing them, should you desire it; only be careful to perform the work in a cloudy or rainy day, as the sun injures the fibres of the

roots in a very short time. As soon as they are transplanted water them abundantly, and then strew litter all round, to remain as a protection against both cold and heat, for about a month.

HARDY ANNUALS.

You may now sow in the borders all such annuals as do not require artificial heat; for instance, candy tuft, Venus's looking-glass, lupines, sweet-peas, Tangier peas, Lobel's catch-fly, convolvulus minor, and dwarf lynchnis. All these should be sown in patches, scattering the seed lightly, andw hen they are come up, only a few plants in each patch should be left to flower. We shall now close this chapter in the words of one of our favourite poets, the good bishop Mant:—

"Is there a heart that beats and lives,
To which no joy the spring-time gives?
Alas in that unfeeling heart
No love nor kindliness hath part;
Or chilling want, or pining care,
Must brood, or comfortless despair.
Blest, who without profane alloy
Can revel in that blameless joy;
More blest in every welcome hour,
If spring-time smile, or winter lower,
Who round him scattered hears and sees
What still the excursive sense may please,
Who round him finds, perchance unsought
Fresh matter for improving thought;
And more, the more he looks abroad,
Marks, owns, and loves the present GOD.

THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

WE are happy to announce that our Registration scheme is now moving on apace. The accommodation entered in the uniform tariff department (in which, it will be remembered, the charges are fixed at 1s. 3d. per night for bed, and 1s. for breakfast) is steadily augmenting; besides which, we have on our books a large amount of accommodation, the charges for which have been determined on by the parties who are providing it. The fears we at one time entertained, that no resources sufficiently ample for the reception of such an influx of visitors would be found to exist, are being gradually dissipated. At any rate, we are less apprehensive than we were, and have no doubt that, with proper forethought in making timely arrangements, and availing themselves of the plans that are being put in practice to facilitate their proceedings, the great majority of our friends will be able to secure accommodation of a suitable and convenient kind. The Classified Register will present an abundant field from which to make choice. Such items as the following will be found in full force:—Bedroom and breakfast, 20s. per week. Two bedrooms and use of sitting-room, one guinea. Two double beds: terms for bed and breakfast, each person, 2s. 6d. One bedroom, and use of sitting-room, 14s. per week. Breakfast, if required, 1s. each.

On one point we must again and again repeat the caution we have already given, on no account to leave the task of seeking lodgings to be attended to after arrival in town; and not less emphatically must we urge our readers not to let the choice of accommodation go out of their own hands. If they knew, as we do, what sort of places are being fitted up in some localities, they would feel the reasonableness of our warning. We do not hesitate to describe much of the "accommodation" (as it is called by courtesy) that is preparing as of the most wretched description, utterly unsuitable for the reception of any parties who have been accustomed to a decent home. We look with extreme suspicion on the proposals some speculators have issued, to include travelling, lodging, &c., all under one general charge; in fact, to undertake "to do" for a man by wholesale. It is probably into such holes as we have our eye upon in making the above observations, that the unsuspecting visitor will be pushed who thus consents to place himself in the hands of men whose first object will be to make as much money out of him as possible.

With the means of information now within reach, and the channels of communication that have been opened, there will indeed be no necessity for adopting any such course. Every man can see and act for himself. Our Classified Register will be issued in the course of the present month, and the few extracts we subjoin will

serve to convey an idea of the nature and extent of the knowledge it will furnish for the guidance of our friends :—

In the neighbourhood of Cavendish-street, Marylebone, suite of rooms : Two bedrooms, drawing and sitting-rooms, use of kitchen, and attendance, two guineas per week. In Holborn : Bed, 1s. 6d. per night; breakfast, 1s. : dinner, 1s. 6d. ; servants included. Omnibuses to the Exhibition every minute. At Chelsea ; One sitting-room and bedroom, 16s. per week ; one ditto, 14s. Hackney-road, suite of rooms : Sitting-room and bedroom, with attendance, 21s. per week. At Stepney : Two sitting-rooms and three bedrooms, 64s. per week. In the same neighbourhood : One sitting-room, two bedrooms, 34s. per week. In Bloomsbury : Single bedroom, 2s. per night ; beds for two persons, 2s. per night, including attendance. All meals provided on moderate terms. Omnibus to the Exhibition, 3d. At Holloway : Four bed-rooms and three sitting-rooms. Plate and linen. No attendance. Ten guineas per week. In Cheapside : Boarding, 4s. 8d. per day each person, including boot-cleaning and attendance. Brompton : Terms for each bedroom and use of sitting-room, 30s. per week ; with attendance, 40s. per week. Mile-end-road : Two sitting-rooms and five bedrooms ; two kitchens. Terms as agreed on. Kingsland-road : One bedroom and use of sitting-room, 14s. per week. Breakfast if required, 1s. each. Overlooking Surrey Zoological Gardens : Front parlour and bedroom, 30s. ; back parlour and bedroom, 20s., including attendance. Within a threepenny ride to the Exhibition.

These illustrations we might multiply indefinitely ; but a few will serve as a sample as well as many. It will be seen that every class of accommodation is included, some scarcely exceeding in its charges the fixed tariff itself. It is evident, therefore, that forethought alone is necessary to prevent inconvenience, and that, with a proper exercise of this, every man will be able to suit himself.

Other preparations for the Exhibition are progressing with great rapidity. The Glass Palace, inside and out, presents a scene of amazing activity. We have endeavoured below to give a hasty sketch of the state of things at the time we write.

WHAT IS DONE, AND WHAT IS TO BE DONE.—At present the progress made in the preparations is, of all the subjects connected with the Exhibition, by far the most important. There can be no doubt that, whether every part of it is ready or not, the opening will positively take place on the 1st of May. There is as little question that an amount of work remains to be accomplished in the interval which it is quite bewildering to think of. Still, that it can and will be done, is not disputed ; and those who have all along watched the progress of this gigantic undertaking are looking forward with no small interest to the spectacle which the last days of preliminary arrangement will present. There will be such a race against time as never perhaps was witnessed in the industrial world before, and the muscles of thousands of workmen will be strained day and night to the uttermost, that our reputation for punctuality may not be tarnished. Since the beginning of October much has been achieved. Many difficulties have been overcome, and vast progress has been made. An edifice has grown up as if by enchantment, within which labour will find a splendid home, and where British industry may not be ashamed to encouuter in peaceful rivalry the rest of the world. But it is not enough to build—we must fit up the interior, decorate, and furnish it, before we can receive our friends with becoming hospitality. The Crystal Palace, with its eighteen acres of space, its interminable rows of columns, its immense avenues, its miles of counters, and its enormous canopy of glass, is no ordinary structure to finish off. The painting of it internally is still far from being completed. Many of the stalls are yet to be fitted up, and all have to be covered with cloth or calico. The exhibitors must arrange their glass cases and stands, and clear away the piles of packing-cases in which their goods are brought in. Covering the roof of the building is another thing to be done. The approaches for the public are still unfinished, and the exterior decoration has only been begun. A hundred different tasks call for immediate attention, and admit of no delay. If the plans contemplated are carried out in their integrity, the next few weeks will witness an expenditure of energy and labour such as has rarely been displayed on one undertaking. Already the efforts made visibly gather in intensity along the whole western

division of the building, comprising the East India Company's and the Colonial specimens. Next comes the fine arts section. Beyond, and to the western extremity of the building, lie the allotments for our diversified native industry, and in every corner of that vast space busy hands are ceaselessly engaged in the work of preparation and arrangement. Stalls are erected, goods brought in, foundations securely laid. On the south side the familiar forms of our agricultural implements, and the staring colours in which they are painted, are scarcely concealed by the packing which envelopes them — scarifiers and harrows struggle to get free from their bandages, and to try conclusions on the floor of the Exhibition. In the central divisions contributors are taking up their allotments and preparing them for the reception of their goods. On the north side, and especially in the department of the machinery in motion, great progress is made. Two-thirds of the underground work, in the laying of foundations, have been completed; and there is every reason to believe that the anticipations of a splendid show in this portion of the Exhibition will be fully realised. The machinery for cotton, woollen, silk, and flax fabrics will be in every respect worthy of our high manufacturing reputation, and will be distinguished more by its recognised excellence and the adoption of the latest improvements than by any startling novelty of invention. The wool fabric machinery is more divided than the rest, and is, in consequence, rather behind-hand. The permament way for the locomotive department of the Exhibition is being rapidly prepared, and will include, we hear, engines from all the great makers, except Mr. Stephenson. In the section of marine steam-engines the foundations are in progress. Outside of the building the boiler-house, for supplying steam to the machinery in motion, has been commenced. Every part of the work in this great and important division of the Exhibition is rapidly and satisfactorily carried forward; and the public will hear with pleasure that, on a point where our industrial reputation is least exposed to rivalry, and therefore most secure, we are not likely to suffer from delays in the preparation.

The following replies were in type last week, but necessarily omitted then from want of room. We now give them; but, according to the announcement we have already made, Notices to Correspondents, on all subjects connected with the Exhibition, will in future be inserted in THE STANDARD OF FREEDOM *instead of* THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND.

AN EXHIBITOR.—The statement which has appeared in the papers, respecting the pricing of goods to be exhibited, is entirely without foundation. The report has its origin in *La Presse* newspaper of the 11th inst.; it was there asserted that the Royal Commissioners had authorised exhibitors to affix tickets of prices to their productions: instead of this the rules state—"Prices are not to be affixed to the articles exhibited, although the articles may be marked as shown for economy of production. But as the cost at which articles can be produced will, in some cases, enter into the question of the distribution of rewards, the Commissioners, or the persons intrusted with the adjudication of the rewards, may have to make inquiries, and possibly to take evidence, upon the subject; still they do not consider it expedient to affix a note of the price to the articles displayed. When the exhibitor considers the merit of his article to consist in its cheapness, and founds a claim on this ground, he must state the price in the invoice sent to the Commissioners. Should any exhibitor desire to employ a servant of his own to preserve or keep in order the articles he exhibits, or to explain them to visitors, he may do so after obtaining permission from the Commissioners. Such persons, however, will in all cases be forbidden to invite visitors to purchase the goods of their employers, the Exhibition being intended for the purposes of display only, and not for those of sale; any violation of this or any other rule must lead to their exclusion from the building."

GEOFFREY.—Various and contradictory are the reports concerning the etymology of the word London. Camden supposes the City derived its name from the British word *Llhwn*, a wood, and *dinas*, a town; others suppose that the name is derived from *Lhong*, a ship, and *dinas*, a town; the name would then signify a city or harbour for ships. The Romans called it *Londinium*.

AN OPTICIAN.—Yes; in the central passage the foundation is being laid for a monster telescope, which will be erected by Mr. Ross, the optician, who has constructed the glasses for it, one of which will be twelve inches in diameter. The iron work comes from the establishment of Messrs. Ransom and May, of Ipswich.

X. Y. Z.—The great organ to be exhibited will be erected at the west end of the galleries, directly facing the great central avenue; workmen are busily engaged in rearing it. It will be of extraordinary dimensions and great alleged power. It has been constructed by Mr. Willis, of Manchester-street, Battle-bridge, and will weigh more than thirty tons. It rests upon the ordinary supports of the gallery, extending over little more than one of the twenty-four feet bays, and when finished will offer an unanswerable refutation of the groundless doubts and fears in which some persons have indulged respecting the stability of these portions of the building.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.—No. VII.

Bring me some bread, and some wine, and some meat. I ask *pardon.*
Apportez-moi du pain (mas.) *et du vin* (mas.) *et du viande* (fem.) *Je démande pardon.*
You are (have) wrong. There is some *milk* in *my* *cup.* Is there any
tort. *lait* (mas.) *mon* (mas.) *tasse* (fem.)
ma (fem.)
(some) *chocolate* in the house? Yes; there is (*of it*) *a little.* Yes; there is (*of*
chocolat (mas.) *maison* (fem.) *oui* *un peu*
it) *a great deal.* No; there is not any (*there not is of it not.*) *Your* *dinner* is
beaucoup. *votre* (sing.) *diner* (mas.)
vos (plu.)
ready, but your *guests* are not ready. He is a *good* man,
prêt (mas.) *convive* (sing.) *prêts* (mas. plu.) *bon* (mas.) *homme* (mas.)
prête (fem.) *convives* (plu.) *bonne* (fem.)
but she is not a good woman. Bring me my hat. Bring me my good hat.
femme (fem.) *chapeau* (mas.)
It is not *here.*
il (*he, the hat*) *ici.*

We can here, as well as later, mention one most important rule, which may seem strange, but at least is easy. In English, a pronoun agrees with the gender of the *possessor*—in French, it always agrees with the gender of the thing possessed or referred to, and with its number too. For instance, the masculine *son* means *his* or *her*, according to what you speak of; and the feminine *sa* means *her* or *his*, just in the like manner. Thus *femme* (the French for *woman*), being also employed to signify *wife*, the French for "*his* wife" is "*sa* femme," because *femme* is a feminine word. So, the French for "*her* husband" is not *sa mari* (the last word is pronounced *marree*), but *son mari.* "Her father" is *son pere?* "Her mother" is *sa mere;* "*his* mother" is also *sa mere*, and "his father" is *son père.*

Souper (supper) is masculine; therefore "she has eaten *her* supper" would of course be rendered in French by *elle a mangé son souper.*

"*His* daughter," the reader would now immediately know, should be rendered by *sa fille*, not *son fille;* and "*her* son," by *son fils* (pronounced *fee* or *feess*, as you like, the latter being a little more usual). Thus, also, though it may be a woman who speaks, she must say *mon frère* (brother) and *ma sœur* (sister, pronounced like our "sir," but longer), quite irrespectively of the person speaking or possessing, and with exclusive reference to the object possessed or spoken of. No one attending to these little points will feel the slightest difficulty in construing the following French:—

"Mon frère et sa femme, *avec* (with) son fils et sa fille, ont accompagné le Général à l'Exposition en Hyde Park."

Vraiment means *indeed*, or *really*, &c., and is pronounced *vraymong.* *Bien-aise* is the idiom for "very glad," and is pronounced *bee-an aze.*

"Vraiment! ont ils été à l'Exposition? Je suis bien aise de *cela* ("that," and pronounced *slah*).

If you want to say, "I am very glad of it," the little word *en* must come into requisition; but be sure to put it before the verb.

"J'en suis bien aise."

Pourquoi means why, and is pronounced *poorquawe.*

"Pourquoi *en* êtes vous bien aise?"

Where we say, "I am very glad to see you," the French say, "I am very glad *of* to see you;" and the "you" (*vous*) is placed immediately before the verb "to see" (*voir*), instead of after it—thus: *Je suis bien aise* DE *vous voir.* So in every other case, where *bien aise* is used before another verb: "I am very glad to meet you here"—*Je suis bien aise* DE *vous rencontrer ici.* Precisely in the same way is "I am sorry"—*Je suis faché*—employed. Thus: "I am sorry to meet you in this house"—

—*Je suis faché de vous rencontrer dans cette maison.* "I am sorry to speak to you thus"—*Je suis faché de vous parler ainsi.*

The same rule holds good of a vast number of other words, when followed by a verb in the infinitive; as, "I am ashamed (have shame) to accompany you"—*J'ai honte* DE *vous accompagner.* "I am afraid (have fear) to meet him"—*J'ai peur* DE *le rencontrer.*

"I beg you to speak to my father"—*Je vous prie* DE *parler à mon père.*

"I beg you to lend ten shillings to my brother"—*Je vous prie* DE *prêter dix shillings à mon frère.*

In the same way, if you are pressing a person to do something, you say, not as in English, "I beg you," but "I beg you *of it*;" or rather, according to the literal construction, "I you of it beg"—*Je vous* EN *prie.*

"Eat a little, I beg you"—*mangez un peu, Je vous* EN *prie.* Of course you might also very properly couch the last sentence—*Je vous prie* DE *manger un peu.*

"Take a little more, I beg" (or, "I beg you")—*prenez un peu plus, Je vous* EN *prie.*

In fact, this turn has somewhat the force of our "pray," only that we generally place "pray" at the beginning of the sentence. "Pray take a little more wine"—*prenez un peu plus de vin, Je vous* EN *prie.*

The reader perceives, in the last example, that the French say, "a little more *of*:" and this also is a point worthy of early attention. It applies very generally. They say, not "how much cheese?" but, "how much *of* cheese? how much *of* money?" &c. &c.—*combien* DE *fromage, combien* D'*argent*, &c.

When *combien* is used in the sense of "how many," the same method holds. "How many men?—*combien* D'*hommes?* "How many women?—*combien* DE *femmes?* "How many men are employed at the Great Exhibition?—*combien* D'*hommes sont employés à la Grand Exposition?* "How many men are there in England?"—*combien* D'*hommes y a-t-il en Angleterre?* "How much money have you in your pocket?"—*combien* D'*argent avez-vous dans votre poche?*

There is no term in French like our "the man's." For instance, "the man's work" must be rendered in French "the work of the man"—*le travail de l'homme;* "the mother's duty"—*le devoir de la mère.*

When the substantive has been already mentioned in the sentence, a pronoun does duty, instead of a repetition of the same word; as, "the book is my mother's"—*le livre est* CELUI *de ma mère* (the book is that of my mother.") "The meat is my dog's"—*la viande est* CELLE *de mon chien.*

Livre, being masculine, requires *celui; viande*, being feminine, is represented by *celle. Cela* means "that" in a different sense, indefinitely—"*that thing.*"

This *horse* is my *brother's;* but the *cow* is my father's. Will
ce (mas.) *cheval* (mas.) *est* *frère* (mas.) *vache* (fem.) *voulez-*
cette (fem.)

you (to) accompany *your sister* to the *bridge?* I am sorry (of) *to find your* father so
vous *votre sœur* *pont* (mas.) *trouver votre* *si*
sick.
malade.

We proceed to give another tense of the first conjugation—the *future tense indicative.* As the verb in which we will exhibit this tense, let us take *pleurer*, "to weep, to cry;" *avoir pleuré*, to have wept; *pleurant*, weeping, &c.

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION
I shall weep	*Je pleurerai*	*Zhe plūrrurray.*
Thou shalt weep	*tu pleureras*	*tu plūrrurrah.*
He shall weep	*il pleurera*	*eel plūrrurrah.*
We shall weep	*nous pleurerons*	*noo plūrrurroang.*
You shall weep	*vous pleurerez*	*voo plūrrurray.*
They shall weep	*ils pleureront*	*eel plūrrurroang.*

Precisely similar is this tense in all the other regular verbs which end in *er* in the present tense infinitive; as *J'accompagnerai*, &c., "I shall accompany;" *Je marcherai*, &c., "I shall walk;" *Je mangerai*, &c., "I shall eat;" *Je parlerai*, &c., "I shall speak;" and so on through them all. It is desirable to note what is changed

or added with respect to the present infinitive. In the future indicative, for instance, *ai* is added for the first person singular, *as* for the second, &c. Thus, knowing that *blâmer* (pronounced *blahmay*) means "to blame," you would instantly perceive what *Je blâmerai* signified. "I will blame you"—*Je vous blamerai*· "my father will blame me"—*mon pere me blamera* and "they will blame him"—*ils le blameront*," &c. &c.

There are many things in this lesson calculated, if the reader attentively learns them, to forward him rapidly and materially.

We now proceed to do what want of space compelled us last week to defer. Among several letters which we have received, two only appear to require a particular notice.

Our Liverpool correspondent will find the queries in his short note virtually answered in the body of the last lesson.

With respect to the long, courteous, and intelligent letter of "B. H———s," we must say a few words. He confines himself almost exclusively to the question of pronunciation—the thing of all others most hard to convey by writing, just as perhaps other points are best so conveyed. The rules laid down in the first lesson are the best general rules. Afterwards, in giving the sound of special words and phrases, we merely try to offer an approximation to the *rapid tones* which the learner will hear from the mouths of Frenchmen in conversation. Our correspondent need not term himself stupid for the pronunciation he would use in *général*. He is substantially right; but in actual talking, his mode would practically prove not rapid enough. For that reason only, we *deviated* into the more careless but more usual sound.

As to *r* being uttered at the end of words, he has misunderstood us. It is one of the consonants that are not mute, *as a rule;* but it does not follow that it is always sounded. In the present infinitive of the verbs of the first conjugation, and in many other instances, it is mute. As to "*qu'est ce qu'est*," he will find we have made no omission. The pronunciation no doubt ought to be *kaiss kay;* but in the quick utterance of our neighbours, it sounds like *kess kay*. It is the *ce* which causes the *s-like* sound; *qu'est* alone would be pronounced *kay*. Therefore, where is the omission? Why give the *kess* a second time, when there is but one *ce* (which *ce* is virtually as though it were preceded immediately by the *e* in *est*, the *st* being mute)? In "*bien*," the blending of the previous vowel with the *e* alters the effect of the *n* on the latter. *Voilà mon texte*, means "behold my text."

We have not seen the articles about which our correspondent questions us; but there is too obvious and manifest a quackery in the promise to make Englishmen pronounce French like native Frenchmen, by means of written instructions. After a dozen years' residence in France, and continual attention during the whole period, an Englishman is still at once detected by his utterance and accent. What *we* promise is to enable you to read, to write, and to speak French, *so as to understand and be understood*, and with strict correctness. We can no more drive the *native accent* into you all of a sudden, than we could make you as dark as they are in Languedoc and Provence, by a correct description of people's complexion in those sunny and delightful provinces.

In answer to J. R——n K——y, we have to say that the rule is as stated in Lesson I.; the *e* is not sounded at all, unless when marked with an accent at the end of words of two syllables and upwards. The pronunciation of *votre*, *quatre*, and *montre* would perhaps be best described thus—*voatr*, *moantr*, and *kattr*. This is more unmistakable than what we first gave. Seventy-one being expressed by *sixty eleven* (*soixante-onze*), seventy-two, seventy-three, &c., are expressed by "sixty-twelve," "sixty-thirteen," &c. &c., down to eighty, *quatre-vingt*.

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

s. noun-substantive; *a.* adjective; *ad.* adverb; *v.a.* verb-active; *v.n.* verb-neuter.

CA'MERA LU'CIDA, and CA'MERA OBSCU'RA, *s.* literally, the *light* and *dark chamber;* the names given to two methods, very like in principle, of throwing images of external objects upon a plane or curved surface, for the purpose of drawing or amusement. In the first of these contrivances there is no *chamber*—but, as it was last invented, and as its predecessor had been called *Camera Obscura*, it was called *Camera Lucida*. The *Camera Lucida* consists of a glass prism of four irregular sides, mounted on a brass frame, supported by telescopic brass tubes, with an eye-piece furnished with a convex lens, through which the paper and the points of the pencil are seen, and the image traced. The *Camera Obscura* consists of a darkened room or box, furnished with a convex lens, through which the light is admitted; at the proper focus is placed a screen of ground glass, or other material, upon which the external image falls.

CAM'LET, *s.* stuff made of wool and silk, or wool and cotton.

CAM'OMILE, *s.* a bitter physical herb.

CAMP, *s.* an arrangement of tents for soldiers or others.

CAMPAIGN', *s.* the period during which an army keeps the field.

CAMPAN'ELE, *s* an Italian term, signifying a tower for bells, or a church steeple. The word is derived from *campana*, a bell.

CAMPANO'LOGY, *s.* the art of ringing bells.

CAM'PHIRE, CAMPHOR, *s.* a white resinous gum, extracted from trees growing in Japan. It has a strong and peculiar odour, and is much used in medicine, in various stages of what are called nervous disorders.

CANA'ILLE, *s.* a French word, used to describe the lowest class of people.

CANAL', *s.* an artificial channel filled with water, usually formed in order to make a cheap and easy means for the conveyance of goods. Sometimes canals are formed for the purpose of watering lands, or of supplying towns with water; also for ornamental purposes in parks and large gardens.

CAN'CEL, *v. a.* to blot out, destroy, make void.

CAN'CER, *s.* a disease of a malignant character, which cuts away the flesh. The word also signifies a *crab-fish*, and is used to describe the *Crab*, the fourth constellation of the Zodiac.

CANDELA'BRUM, *s.* a stand with branches for candles or lamps.

CAN'DENT, *a.* hot, burning, fiery, shining.

CAN'DICANT, *a.* growing white, whitish.

CAN'DIDATE, *s.* one who applies for a place or situation.

CAN'DLE, *s.* the name given to a long cylinder of tallow, spermaceti, or wax, with a wick, or thread of cotton passing through the centre, used for the purpose of diffusing light.

CAN'DLEMAS, *s.* the feast of the purification of the Virgin Mary, February 2, which was formerly celebrated with many lights in churches.

CAN'DY, *v.* to preserve with sugar; to congeal.

CA'NINE, *a.* having the properties of a dog.

CAN'ISTER, *s.* a tin box, in which to hold tea or other dry articles.

CAN'KER, *s.* a worm, a disease, an eating humour; *v.* to grow corrupt, to corrode, to pollute.

CAN'NEL-COAL, *s.* a hard fossil coal that burns readily, and throws out a great light.

CAN'NIBAL, *s.* a man-eater.

CAN'NON, *s.* a large gun.

CANNONA'DE, *v. a.* to batter with cannon; *s.* an attack with heavy artillery.

CANOE', *s.* an Indian boat rowed by paddles.

CAN'ON, *s.* a rule, a law; the book of Holy Scripture; a dignitary in cathedrals. *Canon-law* is a collection of ecclesiastical decisions and rules for the regulation of the polity and discipline of the Church. Canon in *Mathematics* means a set of mathematical tables; in *Music*, it means a composition, generally vocal, sometimes in two, but commonly in more parts, in which, with one exception, precisely the same melody or subject is given to every part.

CANON'ICAL, *a.* regular, ecclesiastical, agreeing with the canons or rules.

CAN'ONIST, *s.* one skilled in canon-law.

CAN'OPY, *s.* an ornament, or cloth of state, spread over the head of a monarch or president. In Gothic architecture a canopy means the covering over a niche in which a statue is placed, intended as a niche of

honour. The same term is used to denote the sky, as a canopy or covering over the head of universal nature.

CANO'ROUS, *a.* musical, tuneful, loud.

CANT, *s.* a whining pretension to goodness; affectation of superior sanctity; the jargon of low-lived persons. In geometry or building a *cant* means an angle, a corner.

CANTA'BILE *s.* (in music) a graceful, melodious movement.

CAN'TALIVERS, *s. pl.* plugs to contain a spout; brackets or projections of wood, stone, or iron, to support cornices, balconies, &c.

CANTA'TA, *s.* an air or song; a grave piece of music.

CANTEEN', *s.* a small wooden or tin vessel, in the form of a bottle, to contain liquor for the use of soldiers on the march, or travellers; also a place in connection with barracks, where a licensed person, called a suttler, is allowed to sell liquors and various provisions to the soldiers, under certain regulations.

CANTHA'RIDES, *s. pl.* Spanish flies, used to raise blisters.

CAN'TICLE, *s.* a song of Solomon; a pious song.

CAN'TO, *s.* part of a poem, section, division.

CAN'TON, *s.* the division of a country; a clan.

CANTON'MENT, *s.* the situation which soldiers occupy when quartered in different parts of a town, or when dispersed in villages.

CAN'VAS, *s.* a coarse stiff sort of cloth.

CAN'VASS, *v.* to sift, to examine, to debate, to solicit votes, to sue for honours.

CANZONET', *s.* (in music) a short song; the term is now applied chiefly to songs for a single voice.

CAOUTCHOUC (pronounced *kowtchouk*), *s.* India rubber, an elastic gum obtained from various tropical plants, especially the *ficus elastica*, of South America.

CAPA'CITY, *s.* ability, sense, state, space.

CAP-A-PI'E, *ad.* (French) from head to foot.

CAPAR'ISON, *s.* a superb dress for a horse.

CAPE, *s.* literally, *a head;* a point of land projecting farther into the sea than the general line of the shore; the neckpiece of a coat.

CA'PER-TREE, *s.* a shrub growing in the south of Europe, the buds of which are generally pickled and used as sauce.

CA'PIAS, *s.* (*legal*), a writ for the arrest of a person.

CAP'ILLARY, *s.* a small blood-vessel; *a.* fine, minute, resembling a hair. This remark is generally applied to delicate tubes which have a very small bore.

CAP'ILLARY ATTRACTION is the power that fluids have of rising above their level in fine tubes or pipes. By this attraction water is sucked up in sugar, sponge, and other porous articles.

CAP'ILLARY VESSELS are blood-vessels of the human body, so called from their hair-like minuteness. Under the ordinary condition of the circulation, the blood flows through these capillary vessels by the force communicated to the circulating fluid by the contraction of the heart. This is a *vital* endowment, and all undue stimulation, whether from sudden emotions or the use of strong drinks, ought to be carefully guarded against.

CAPILLA'IRE, *s.* (French) a syrup used in summer drinks.

CAP'ITAL, *s.* a principal sum; stock; a large letter; the upper part of a column or pillar; the chief city, as LONDON is the *capital* of England.

CAP'ITAL, *a.* chief, principle; fine; criminal in the highest degree, deserving death; hence the term "*capital punishment.*"

CAP'ITALIST, *s.* one who possesses much money.

CAPITA'TION, *s.* a numbering of heads.

CAP'ITOL, *s.* a temple celebrated in the history of Rome, dedicated to Jupiter, where the senate assembled. The principal buildings of the *modern* Capitol consist of three palaces, the work of Michael Angelo, forming three sides of a square, in the middle of which stands the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius.

CAPIT'ULAR, *s.* a body of statutes; a member of a cathedral chapter.

CAPIT'ULATE, *v. n.* to yield, or surrender, upon certain terms.

CA'PRICORN, *s.* the *tenth* constellation in the Zodiac, the Goat, the Winter solstice.

CAP'SICUM, *s.* bird-pepper; a plant the seeds of which when dried and ground are called *cayenne* pepper. The entire pods are frequently pickled, and form a warm, stimulating condiment.

CAP'SIZE, *v. a.* to upset, to overturn.

CAP'STAN, CAP'STERN, *s.* an engine used in drawing up great weights, as anchors, &c.

CAP'SULE, *s.* a vague name given by botanists to any kind of dry seed vessel containing many cells and seeds. It usually opens by valves.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR
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LEARNING AND THE MASSES.

You would suppose, to hear some people talk, that every learned man was a villain; for we are still met, almost everywhere, with the remark, that, if the people are thoroughly instructed they will not work, but will become the pests of society, so that we shall not be safe in our beds. And yet, at the very time that you are cautioned against everything but a pitiful and homœopathic education of the poor, and are told that you must give them only infinitesimally small portions of truth, you have at the same time a voluminous parade of prison statistics, to show how few of the culprits can read, or read well, and that *ignorance* and *crime* go together! Our age is thus a marvellous one. It can blow hot and blow cold with the same breath. When it wants to get up a Government job, that it may lavish £16,000 or £20,000 a year on favourites, as commissioners and inspectors, who will support Parliamentary profligacy, it hunts after all the intellectual and moral pollution of the gaols, that it may frighten the people into acquiescence with heavy taxation; but you have hardly paid your money, before hundreds of voices cry, Shame at you! for being such an enemy of the country as to wish to spoil cooks and housemaids, artisans and labourers, by making them learned or righteous overmuch!

Now, as we hear all these awful predictions against learning, you might suppose that education was one of the most corrupting things in the land; and that our Bridewells would be thronged with scholars, philosophers, men of science, and divines. Of course, if this reasoning is correct, your virtuous and pious people will be found among those who can neither read nor write. What a wonder that Sir Isaac Newton was not transported, and that Shakspere and Milton were not hung! seeing their profound learning, science, and philosophy must so far have depraved their hearts and polluted their lives. We can hardly be said to be jesting in these observations; because, if learning is a bad thing to the poor, it can scarcely be fit for the rich, for this plain reason, that the more persons are instructed the worse they will be! Instead, however, of the individuals who argue against the reading and tuition of the masses, believing their own reasoning, they actually feel surprised that an educated man or woman should be guilty of any breach of the laws, or be transported for their vices. They will tell us that policemen and magistrates are not needed for the nobility, the 'squires, and the gentry, for that these are so well educated that they can take care of themselves! Such are some of the inconsistencies and absurdities which we are doomed to hear in these enlightened days, concerning the effects of learning on different members of the community; for we are flatly told that the very tuition which elevates the rich would be the corruption and ruin of the masses!

It is a pleasing thought that our operatives and labourers are giving to these insinuations their best confutation. We have in our fields and workshops men and women who do not eschew learning, nor trample science in the dust; and yet they are allowed to be among the most industrious, intelligent, economical, respectful, and moral of their associates and shopmates. And we believe a time is coming when reading and study shall banish rudeness and vice from the land, lock up our prisons, and give our policemen, gaolers, and judges a perpetual holiday. We are glad to know that so many of our operatives are now devoting themselves to the

acquisition of language as one of the most delightful and profitable branches of study; and, without at present ranging further into the various fields of learning, we shall finish our paper with a few remarks to encourage our working friends to persevere in the pursuit of this valuable branch of knowledge.

I. ALL LANGUAGES ARE FULL OF POETRY.

We are not referring to poetical works, such as Milton, Horace, Virgil, or Isaiah; but we mean to say that in almost every word there is the spirit and essence of poetry. Nearly all the terms that are used to designate thought and mind are metaphorical, and consequently consist in similitudes and comparisons, and we need not add that these are the most extensive staple of the poet. It is true, we cannot always, in consequence of our ignorance, trace the word to its root, and to its original idea; but there are few cases in which we can do this when we are not struck with the appropriateness, and perhaps beauty, of the expression. The term "*mellifluous*" means, literally, "*flowing with honey*," and, applied to language, intimates that the tongue and the conversation are as sweet and delightful as the delicious substance which is here referred to; and the expression also forcibly reminds us of "the land flowing with milk and honey," and thus unfolds to us a world of poetic sentiment.

"*Man*" is a very common word, but if investigated would be found to have a host of near and interesting relations. "*Mens*," "the mind," the Greek "*men*," indeed the Hebrew "*amen*," which signifies what is "real, substantial, and true" —the term "*menos*," "mind, ardour of mind, anger, force, strength, vigour, impetuosity"—"*meno*," "I remain," and its offspring, "permanence, mansion, manse,"—"*upomene*," "patience, constancy, perseverance,"—and the old Gothic "*mind*," which means "image, and the imagining being"—and our good friend, "*mean*," to "signify,"—are only a few of the terms sprung from the same root as "*man*," and suggest to us volumes of thought, more or less related to the original idea of a substance which is real—the same from age to age—a thing of vigour, courage, constancy, thought, and imagination. We might have added that "*manus*," "the hand," the most cunning, or kenning, member of the body, is evidently from the same stock. The Latin "*vir*," a "man," the cousin-german of "*vis vires*," "*fero*," "*gero*," and hosts of distinguished kinsmen in most of the languages of the world, contains in itself the same essential idea as "man."

The Latin "*homo*," "a man," and the French "*homme*," may seem to be of a less noble origin, seeing both sprung from "*humus*," "the ground;" but here also we can trace a relationship with our first parent; for "*Adam*," "the ground," and "*homo*," "*homme*," "*uomo*," "*hombre*," "*humus*," "the ground," are the same in sense if not in sound; and then the fact that such a machine of bones, members, muscles, sinews, nerves, brain, senses, form, strength, and beauty should be constructed out of such a material, is not one of the least interesting subjects for meditation, science, philosophy, poetry, and song.

Our readers will perceive that we are touching upon a subject of almost infinite extent—one, in fact, too vast to be fully written upon, and therefore we can go no further. Our object in these remarks has been to show our working friends that *language* presents a field of thought and of study of boundless dimensions, and that there is hardly a new word they acquire in English or French but increases their mental resources and power, and adds vigour, or is adapted to add vigour, to their mental and moral influence. Good thoughts and appropriate words are the glory of man, and the only legitimate weapons and implements by which the

human family are to be emancipated and elevated. We knew a mechanic who often had, like his shopmates, a *Saint Monday;* but then, instead of spending it in a public-house or a bowling-green, he generally devoted it to inquiring into the sense and roots of words: and the consequence was that he became a public speaker, and a person of considerable influence among his own order and other branches of the community.

II. In language you have the world of thought made visible and audible.

When a man speaks or writes, he turns his soul inside out, and sometimes the exhibition is not over flattering, and certainly scarcely fit for the Crystal Palace. However, what is in must come out. You cannot take a shirt from a naked man, nor have gold from a pocket that carries nothing but copper. "Out of the abundance" or the poverty—the piety or depravity—the elegance or the vulgarity "of the heart, the tongue speaks," and the pen writes. Hence you have the minds of all men in their language. Thoughts and feelings are so marvellously embalmed in words, as to preserve their life and spirit. Milton lives in the "Paradise Lost," Virgil in the "Æneid," and Homer in the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." Aye, the very best of these men, the very quintessence of their greatness and goodness, is preserved in their verse. An evening with the "Paradise Lost" is far more interesting than a month would have been with Milton himself. Great men live in their writings. Neither Newton, Bacon, Isaiah, David, nor Moses are dead. A library is a world of intellectual and spiritual pyramids, in which the souls of the men of all nations and ages still live, and speak, and act. Their tongue is the medium through which they still converse with us. It matters not that the people have left no "Iliads" or "Georgics;" their language itself is a literary monument, and tells how they enunciated truth and error, vice or virtue; how they uttered their thoughts; and how much science, taste, and poetry there was among them. Their dialects are the mental and moral engines they employed, and through which their souls are even now transparent. Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Arabic, and all the dead and living languages in the world, are a sea as clear as crystal, in which we behold the inmost souls of the men and women of all ages and countries. We shall never understand the intellectual philosophy and metaphysics of universal man until we have studied his various modes of expression as seen in the languages of our world. To dissect the *body* of an ancient Arab or Egyptian, we must have his veritable corpse; but we can anatomise and analyse his *soul*, although it has been in eternity for the last four thousand years. His buildings, his paintings, his sculptures—but more than all, and better than all, his language—fully reveal to us his inner man, both intellectually, socially, morally, and religiously. In studying Italian, we see the Italians; in studying German, the Germans; and in learning French, the French. Every word is a double reflecting mirror, exhibiting at the same time the material and the spiritual world; and thus countries, nations, people, and individuals are beheld in their speech and dialects.

III. No person can study another language without great advantage.

Hence we recommend our friends to be instant in season and out of season in this employment. We should advise them never to stop. As soon as they have mastered French, let them turn to German, or Italian, Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Arabic, Hindostanee, or Chinese, not, of course, forgetting for a moment their own. Nothing can be more profitable than to always have a language on the stocks. Every new tongue gives us a new intellectual view of the world and truth; and

therefore enlarges the mental survey and power of the student. He has more thoughts and more words, and therefore is mentally a stronger man. It is an advantage to see truth in an English dress, but it will be an additional one to be able to add all the information which may be obtained from French; and if we can go on from language to language, we shall find that every new dialect is a new light. It will generally be perceived that any book read in another language beside our own will become more impressive and interesting. This is especially the case with the Scriptures.

We make these remarks because nothing is more common than for persons to ask, Of what *use* is French, German, Latin, Greek, &c.? They seem to imagine that unless you are put in such a position as to require that you should speak those tongues, they will be of very little good. We have before stated our belief that a time is fast coming when the brotherhood of universal man shall be everywhere recognised, and consequently intercourse with all nations will be common. We are not always to be afflicted with ministers who, by means of standing armies and tariffs, shall divide the human race. Men who legislate for blood, that they may find places and pensions for their relatives and favourites, shall not always govern the realm. "*The peacemakers,*" emphatically called in the Gospel "the children of God," are yet to have the sceptre put into their hands, and to rule the world for its general good. But were no such time to dawn, and were mankind to remain as divided as now, still the study of all the languages of earth would be a most important pursuit, as tending greatly to enlarge the intellect, purify the taste, and increase the power of expressing every shade of thought and feeling. Volumes might be written on the advantages which we have derived, and are yet destined to derive, from Latin and Greek; and we trust that our working friends will not allow labour, or even poverty, to rob them of those advantages for mental improvement which our age so happily presents.

THE USEFUL MORE ENDURING THAN THE BEAUTIFUL.—The tomb of Moses is unknown, but the traveller slakes his thirst at the Well of Jacob. The gorgeous palace of the wisest and wealthiest of monarchs, with the cedar, and gold, and ivory, and even the great temple of Jerusalem, hallowed by the visible glory of the Diety himself, are gone, but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as ever. Of the ancient architecture of the Holy City, not one stone is left upon another, but the Pool of Bethesda commands the pilgrim's reverence to the present day. The columns of Persepolis are mouldering into dust, but its cisterns and aqueducts remain to challenge our admiration. The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins, but the Aqua Claudia still pours into Rome its limpid stream. The Temple of the Sun at Tadmor in the wilderness, has fallen, but its fountain sparkles as freshly in his rays, as when thousands of worshippers thronged its lofty colonnades. It may be that London will share the fate of Babylon, and nothing be left to mark its site save mounds of crumbling brick-work. The Thames will continue to flow as it does now. And if any work of art should still rise over the deep ocean of time, we may well believe that it will be neither a place nor a temple, but some vast aqueduct or reservoir, and if any name should still flash through the mist of antiquity, it will probably be that of the man who in his day sought the happiness of his fellow-men rather than the glory, and linked his memory to some great work of national utility and benevolence. This is the true glory which outlives all others, and shines with undying lustre from generation to generation—imparting to works something of its own immortality, and in some degree rescuing them from the ruin which overtakes the ordinary monuments of historical tradition, or mere magnificence.

THE YOUNG CHEVALIER.—Chap. IV.

"Onward!" was the sole watchword of Charles Edward. With a handful of men he had done wonders, and he seemed now to believe that they could effect miracles. No sooner had he won the battle of Preston, or Gladsmuir, as the Highlanders called it, than he would fain march at once into England. But the project was too wild to be listened to by his chiefs. A considerable portion of his small army had, according to use and wont, returned home to deposit their spoils; and to enter the sister kingdom with such forces as were now under their command would be, his officers contended, to march to certain destruction.

The impatient Prince was therefore constrained to remain six weeks in Edinburgh, during which he received several important accessions from amongst the lowland nobility and gentry. The great mass of the people of all ranks, however, continued to regard his pretensions with anything but favour. They were not to be deceived by the fair promises of Stuart proclamations.

In the meantime, forces were gathering on all sides. The whole kingdom was the scene of anxious preparations for a great struggle. At Newcastle, Marshal Wade was forming a large army with which to march into Scotland. The King's second son, the Duke of Cumberland, an able officer, was recalled from the Continent, with many of the best troops, to meet the pressing danger at home. And some weeks later, when Charles had actually penetrated into England, a third army assembled on Finchley Common, of which the King was to take the command himself. Alas! for our little band of brave Highlanders! How are they to meet such an overwhelming force? Even in their own land enemies are rallying against them. By the exertions of President Forbes, several regiments of loyal Highlanders are raised, called Independent Companies, and are stationed in Inverness under the command of Lord Loudon. These companies, however, gather but slowly—for the hearts of the Highland people generally are with the daring young Prince.

For him reinforcements are collecting at Perth, under the command of Lord Strathallan, and his own army in Edinburgh has, by the end of October, increased to nearly six thousand men. And now his impatience can no longer be restrained. Come what will, he is determined to march into England at once. His officers are still averse to so bold a step; but Charles argues that, once they cross the borders, his English friends shall certainly flock to his standard; that by that time the expected French descent on the English coast may have taken place; that the King's troops shall fear to draw their swords against their lawful Prince; and that Heaven itself will fight for his just cause. These last considerations were not likely to have much weight with such a man as Lord George Murray. However, he proposed a compromise—that, instead of seeking Wade, they should try to evade him, and slip into England by the western frontier, where there were no preparations made to oppose them.

On the 31st of October Charles left Edinburgh, and his army divided into several parties, and, taking different roads, the better to deceive the enemy as to their real route, marched to the Border. On the 10th of November they appeared before the fortified town of Carlisle, which on the 15th surrendered to them. Thence Charles sent a letter to Lord Strathallan to join the main army in England, with all the troops which he could collect, without delay—an order which his lordship thought proper to neglect, so that the Perth reinforcements remained in their quarters, to the great chagrin of the Highland portion of the troops, who burned to share the dangers and the honours of their brethren in England.

Leaving a garrison in Carlisle, the insurgents marched on, passing through Preston, Manchester, and many other towns, till, on the 4th of December, they reached Derby, having, by an artful manœuvre, managed to evade the Duke of Cumberland's army, then in Staffordshire, as they had done before to Wade's, farther north. They were now within 127 miles of the Metropolis, had penetrated thus far without opposition; and Charles and his soldiers were in the highest spirits at the idea of speedily possessing themselves of the Metropolis. Not so the leaders of his army. They had not failed to remark, with gloomy forebodings, that, though they had marched through the counties represented as being most favourable to the Stuart family, not a single person of distinction had joined them, and, indeed, but few recruits of any kind; whereas their army had been diminished considerably by desertions, a thousand having fallen off between Edinburgh and Car-

lisle. In these circumstances, they thought it high time to make a determined stand. At a council of war, held on the morning of the 5th December at Derby, the members gave it as their unanimous opinion that they should make good their retreat to Scotland while yet it was possible to do so. They represented to the Prince that the hopes by which they had been induced to enter England had not been realised—there had been no English rising, and no French invasion. Now their little band, numbering under five thousand men, were about to be surrounded by three armies, amounting in all to thirty thousand soldiers—that, even if they should give the Duke of Cumberland battle, and obtain a victory, it must be with such loss as to render them utterly unfit to meet the other army ready to oppose their approach to the capital—that to proceed, therefore, was to ruin their cause and destroy themselves. Whereas, they continued, by returning to Scotland, where several thousand additional troops were already waiting to join them, they could maintain themselves in unbroken strength till such time as, by means of French reinforcements and a further gathering of native troops, they might meet the enemy with a hope of success. Nothing could be more distressing to the Prince than this proposal. To his sanguine mind nearness to his object was in proportion to his nearness to the capital. He reasoned with his officers, and condescended to beseech and implore them to advance—but all in vain. In his view everything depended on going forward; in theirs there was no hope but in retreat. At length, finding all his efforts useless, he told them that this time he submitted to their decision, but henceforward he would call no more councils.

On the morning of the 6th, while it was yet dark, the retreat commenced. When, at daybreak the soldiers discovered by the surrounding objects that they were retreating, their chagrin was extreme. They, much more than their officers, had shared the sanguine anticipations of the Prince, and now could sympathise in his disappointment. His dejection was visible to every eye. The hopeful spirit which had hitherto sustained him in the midst of peril and fatigue, now utterly forsook him. He seemed to think that the knell of his fortunes had sounded, and that effort was useless. Ever before—the first ready, and the most active in the march—now at one point and then at another—walking beside his men, and conversing in the most affable manner with all around him—his presence as a genial and cheering spirit was felt throughout the whole army. But from the sad morning of the 6th all was changed. Charles was the laggard of the army, frequently detaining his guard long waiting for him, and then, sadly and silently, riding to the position assigned him among the troops. Bitter, indeed, must have been his reflections during these weary marches. Five months before, he had landed, almost alone, on a distant part of the kingdom, and found his enterprise considered so desperate by the best friends of his house, that he was urged to abandon it. Nevertheless, he had persevered, and attained such wonderful success, that in this short period he had marched over Scotland as its sovereign, possessed himself of its capital, and then penetrated into England so far as to be little more than a hundred miles from the great Metropolis of the empire. And now, just as he thinks that by one other bold stroke all is gained, he is compelled, as it appears to him, to relinquish the great advantages he has obtained—with the prize in sight, he is not permitted to put forth his hand to grasp it.

That this retreat destroyed all chance of success to the Chevalier, is certain. What might have been the result, had his own bolder counsels been followed, it is impossible to say. It might have been, as his officers feared, total destruction, or, as is supposed by most of those who have written of this period, it might have been success. That such an issue was considered possible by those most interested in doubting it, is ascertained by the popular rumours of the day, which relate that the King had his most valuable effects put on board his yachts, which were kept in readines at the Tower stairs to sail with him at a moment's warning; and that the Duke of Newcastle, one of the Secretaries of State, shut himself up for a day, deliberating whether he ought not at once to declare for King James. Whatever exaggeration there may be in these statements, it is certain that the greatest alarm pervaded all ranks. The Bank was saved from failure only by the ruse of paying in sixpences to persons in its confidence, who, going out at one door and entering by another, were paid over and over again with the same money, and thus prevented others getting access. Shops were shut, and many of those who could retired to the country, carrying whatever of their property was portable with them. Charles's cause now owed as much to the unreasonable and excessive fears of its enemies as it had done at the commencement to their unreasonable contempt. Weak in itself, his little army

became strong by the terror of the foe. But the first backward step dispelled this terror. Its audacity heretofore had secured for it uniform success. Now the spell was broken, and men regained the power of reason and comparison, by which they discovered that five thousand men—however heroic and devoted—were not sufficient to resist the will of a great people, and force an unwelcome king upon them.

In other ways this retreat was disastrous to the cause of the Stuarts. Just at this juncture, many of the English and Welsh Jacobite gentry are said to have determined to join a cause so gallantly conducted, and were actually on their way to the Prince; and France, which had shortly before despatched a small reinforcement to Scotland under the charge of Lord John Drummond, was making preparations for an effective descent on the English coast, when the news of the Prince's retrograde movements stopped all. The British Jacobites returned home, thankful that they had not actually committed themselves, and the French Government found other occupation for its men and money.

Nor was this master grievance the only source of anxiety and vexation to Charles. There was disunion in his camp. At an early period jealousies had sprung up between the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray, which were cherished by Murray of Broughton, the Prince's secretary, from a dread of Lord George's superior abilities; and to his selfish interference is ascribed the unfortunate circumstance of the Chevalier's being led to entertain most unjust suspicions of the fidelity of his ablest officer. The common impression that this little army was really "a band of brothers," united in devotion to a cause which they considered a just one, is quite a mistake, soon dissipated by a closer acquaintance with the real facts of the case. That the great body of the common soldiers and some of their leaders were sincerely and enthusiastically attached to the Stuart interest is certain; but the Culloden papers prove no less conclusively that many of the important personages who took part in this rebellion, were prompted by no feelings of mistaken loyalty, but by a mistaken view of the course most likely to promote their own interests, that being the guiding-star on the occasion.

The retreat was admirably executed, Lord George Murray taking the post of danger and of honour in the rear. Though passing through a hostile country, and pursued by the Duke of Cumberland with his cavalry, the insurgents marched with the greatest order and deliberation, and permitted the enemy to gain no advantage over them. Once only the foes actually met, when a skirmish took place between the rearguard of the Prince's army and the advanced troops of the Duke's forces. The Highlander's obtained the victory; and if the Prince had sent back to Lord George Murray the assistance he asked, that general believed he could have made bold William of Cumberland himself and most of his officers prisoners. This skirmish took place on the 18th, at Clifton, near Penrith. On the 19th the insurgents reached Carlisle, which they left the next day, and, crossing the Esk, again trod on Scottish ground.

Edinburgh, on getting rid of its troublesome visitors, had gladly returned to its allegiance to King George, and was now occupied by a portion of Marshal Wade's army: so the Chevalier was obliged to look elsewhere for quarters. Passing through Dumfries, from which he exacted a heavy contribution, partly in consideration of his own necessities, and partly as a punishment for its known and active whiggery, he proceeded to Glasgow to play the same part, for the same reasons, there. This rising town, famed for its dislike of the Jacobites, was now compelled, very much against its inclination, to repair the sad waste which the English expedition had made in the habiliments of the rebel troops. Coats and shirts, shoes and stockings, in many thousands, were required from the industrious citizens for their unwelcome visitors, who found, however, little enough of voluntary kindness or encouragement in their present quarters.

The first warlike attempt of the insurgents after their return to Scotland was directed against Stirling Castle, to which they laid seige—an ill-chosen employment for such troops as Charles commanded. His army was now greatly increased by the reinforcements which had been collecting in Scotland, and the arrivals from France, during his absence—the latter, however, being of no great importance. Of the new Scotch troops, a large number consisted of Frasers, led by the eldest son of the notorious Simon Lord Lovat. This aged nobleman, the head of the great clan Fraser, was a near neighbour of Duncan Forbes, and was as remarkable for low cunning and unprincipled selfishness as the good President was for uprightness and patriotism. Lovat, whose sole guide was self-interest, found himself in a sore dilemma on the present occasion. He had given private assurances of support to the Stuarts, for which he was to be created

Duke of Inverness; but such engagements were nothing to him. At one and the same time he writes to Forbes, bewailing the wickedness and folly of the rebels, and loading him with protestations of personal affection and respect, and to Charles with professions of zeal for his service, and the request that he would furnish him with a warrant to obtain possession of the person of the President, dead or alive. But the most atrocious part of his conduct was his treatment of his own son, a youth of eighteen, whom he compelled to lead out the clan for the Chevalier's service, and then hypocritically laments his sad lot in having an undutiful son, who, taking advantage of his years and feebleness, leads his vassals to rebellion. By this duplicity the wretched man thought he had secured himself, whatever might be the result. If the enterprise of Charles succeeded, he should reap the fruits of his friendship; if it failed, the unnatural parent trusted that the penalty due to the guilty father would fall on the innocent son. Poor man! his cunning over-reached itself. The blow fell on the right head, and an ignominious death closed his long career of crime.

The Duke of Cumberland followed the insurgents no farther than Carlisle, which he re-took, and then returned southwards with a part of his army to guard against the invasion by France, which was still feared. The other portion of his troops was sent forward into Scotland, under the charge of General Hawley, to whom was intrusted the command of all the forces in that part of the kingdom. Hawley was a brave man; but, unlike most brave men, of a temper at once boastful and cruel. For the Highlanders he entertained the most thorough contempt, and hesitated not to ascribe Cope's misfortunes to his own mismanagement. He would speedily disperse the contemptible rabble! And, to give public proof of his confidence of victory, as well as to illustrate his own savage disposition, he caused gibbets to be erected in Edinburgh, before he left that city, on which to hang his rebel prisoners when he returned.

Charles, being informed of Hawley's movements, determined, with his usual promptitude, to advance and meet him. Both armies numbered about eight thousand, Charles having left one thousand of his men before Stirling Castle. Hawley's army, of which thirteen hundred were cavalry, was encamped near Falkirk. The Chevalier assembled his upon Plean Moor, about seven miles distant. The preliminary arrangements of the Prince were worthy of the ablest general, while Hawley failed to exercise the most ordinary watchfulness. The poor man had fallen into a snare, little calculated, one would think, to act on a man of his savage temperament, but which, nevertheless, did take effect. Callander House, the seat of the Earl of Kilmarnock, was near his camp. The noble owner was an officer in the Chevalier's army, induced by the influence of his wife, who, like most of the ladies, was a devoted Jacobite, to join a cause which cost him his life. To her shrewd woman's head it occurred that she might do farther service to the Prince by trying to fascinate the opposing general. Accordingly, Hawley was invited to her mansion, and so enchanted by the attractive manners and conversation of the countess as to forget that the enemy was at hand. No doubt, his contempt for the Highlanders, whom he believed incapable of attacking his troops—the heroes of Dettingen and Fontenoy—made him the more negligent. He was destined to a rough awakening!

About noon on the 17th of January, 1746, Charles set his army in motion. A small body was sent forward on the direct road to Falkirk, another made as if it would return to Stirling, while the main body, under Lord George Murray, marched rapidly by a circuitous and unobserved route towards a rising ground about two miles from Hawley's camp, similar to the ground from which they had charged with so much success at Preston. The ruse succeeded. The attention of the royalists was directed to the party on the high road, and a message sent to Callander House, to Hawley, to inform him of their movements. He, loth to leave, simply sent orders that the men should put on their accoutrements, but not get under arms. Shortly after, however, the real route of the insurgents was discovered, when the royal army was quickly formed into line, and an urgent message despatched for the careless general, who, at last fully alarmed, was seen galloping, bare-headed, to his troops. Hawley at once saw that Charles's design was to attain the heights of Falkirk Moor, and he instantly gave orders to his troops to march thither, and possess themselves of the ground before the Highlanders could reach it. It now became a race between the two armies, and very closely run it was. The insurgents had, however, rather the advantage, and the royal army were obliged to take up a position somewhat lower than that occupied by the foe, with the farther disadvantage of having a ravine interpose between part of their line and the enemy. The ground, they at once saw, was very

unsuitable for their movements. To add to their misfortunes, a tremendous storm of wind and rain blew right in their faces, almost blinding them by its violence. In these circumstances, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the battle commenced, and in less than ten minutes was decided. The right wing of the insurgents—the brave Macdonalds—speedily repulsed the dragoons who commenced the engagement by charging them. The cowards of Preston now became the cowards of Falkirk. The third regiment of dragoons behaved somewhat better; but ere long gave way likewise, and were followed by the great body of the army, who, finding their firelocks rendered useless by the rain, and quite disheartened, fled to Falkirk, carrying poor Hawley with them. Three regiments of the royalists, who outflanked the Prince's forces, alone stood their ground, and manfully repulsed their pursuers. So great was the confusion created by the storm and the darkness which accompanied it, as well as by the impetuosity and disorder of the pursuit on the part of the Highlanders, which their officers in vain endeavoured to restrain, that even the victors were at first doubtful whether the day was theirs. As the Jacobite song has it—

Says brave Lochiel, "Pray have we won?
I see no troops—I hear no gun."
Says Drummond, "Faith, the battle's done—
I know not how nor why, man;
But, my good lads, this thing I crave—
Have we defeat these heroes brave?"
Says Murray, "I believe we have;
If not, we're here to try, man."

But, tried they up, or tried they down,
There was nae foe in Falkirk town,
Nor yet in a' the country roun',
To break a sword at a' man:
They were sae bauld at break o' day,
When tow'rd the west they took their way;
But the Highlandmen came down the brae,
And made the dogs to blaw, man.

Won they certainly had. Hawley and his army rested not that night till they had placed ten miles between them and the insurgents; leaving their baggage, after an unsuccessful attempt to fire it, for spoil to the enemy. Hawley gave his loss in all, killed, wounded, and missing, at 280, but it is supposed to have been much greater. Amongst the killed was a large number of officers, including the brave Sir Robert Munro, of Fowlis. The insurgent army had 32 men killed, and 120 wounded. As Hawley was not so fortunate as to get rebels to hang, he employed his gibbets for the execution of his own runaway soldiers, to the disgust of the good people of Edinburgh. They remarked that the hapless general, when he re-appeared amongst them, looked even more wretched than Cope had done after the battle of Preston. Nevertheless, he endeavoured to represent the matter in as favourable a light as possible, and made out so plausible a story as to leave it doubtful whether he had gained or lost. But the public were not to be imposed upon by his glosses. The alarm which the retreat from Derby had allayed was now renewed. At Court and elsewhere, all faces gathered darkness;—all except Sir John Cope, who looked perfectly delighted when the news reached London of the defeat of his successor. He now ventured to show himself openly in the streets of London, which he had scarcely done before since the battle of Preston.

The Duke of Cumberland was immediately hurried off to Scotland to command in person, and made the journey between London and Edinburgh in four days, which, in those times, was wonderfully rapid travelling. Early on the morning of January 30, he reached Holyrood Palace. Three hours for rest, and then to business with his generals. The courtesies due to the loyal inhabitants succeeded, and next morning the ardent soldier hastened to pursue his foe.

THE CHARM OF AN OLD HOUSE.—I love old houses best, for the sake of the odd closets and cupboards, and good thick walls that don't let the wind blow in, and little out-of-the-way polyangular rooms with great beams running across the ceiling—old heart of oak, that has outlasted half a score generations—and chimney-pieces with the date of the year carved above them, and huge fireplaces that warmed the shins of Englishmen before the house of Hanover came over. The most delightful associations that ever made me feel, and think, and fall a dreaming, are excited by old buildings—not absolute ruins, but in a state of decline. Even the clipped yews interest me; and if I found one in any garden that should become mine, in the shape of a peacock, I should be as proud to keep his tail well spread as the man who first carved him.—*Southey's Life and Correspondence.*

AN AMERICAN'S DESCRIPTION OF MANCHESTER.

A FEW years since I visited the town of Manchester, for it had not then arrived, large as it was, at the dignity of a city. It is situated on the little river Iswell, and almost in the centre of a large plain, a wilderness of houses of all sizes and of all dimensions, and all looking dark and gloomy as prisons. There are colossal buildings constructed of dark grey stone, whose stories are piled one upon another, until the upper windows are so distant that they resemble pigeon-holes. Church spires here and there vary the dark monotony, and immense factories or mills loom up in all directions, while their tall chimneys belch forth incessantly volumes of the blackest of all possible smoke, from which a sooty shower of flakes falls on streets and on passengers, until they partake of the general dingy hue. Wherever you go is heard the whizzing of innumerable wheels, the smoking of steam-pipes and the dull rumble of monstrous drags and waggons. Trade there reigns lord of the ascendant, and Commerce holds its head-quarters.

To form any just idea of the magnitude of Manchester, and of the character of its population, it should be entered towards evening. Then every mill is illuminated; and as their countless windows blaze forth, they present a brilliant spectacle. The black walls are no longer seen, and the canopy of smoke which overhangs all is no longer distinguishable by the eye. At the corners of nearly all the principal streets are gaudy buildings, with enormous lamps, and into these gin palaces, as they are called, a continual stream of living beings enters. And, oh! what a wretched procession! Old men and little children, drabbish women and young girls, youths of besotted appearance, and men in the very flower of life, bowed down to the dust, energies quenched, strength prostrated, minds half destroyed. Just follow me into a Manchester gin palace, and let us watch for a moment what is going on.

Behind a bar, decorated richly with carvings and brass-work, multiplied by numerous mirrors in costly frames, with three or four showy-looking and flashily-attired females, occupied incessantly in drawing from enormous casks—gaudily painted in green and gold, and bearing seducing names—glasses of spirits, which are eagerly clutched by the trembling fingers of those who crowd round the counter, gasping as if for breath for the stimulus of drink. Look at their red half-raw lips, their glaring lack-lustre. Listen to their ribald speech and their profane oaths; see how perseveringly those retailers of liquor smile on the victims who swallow the poisons of which they are the purveyors. How minute are some of the glasses on the counter: those are for the children's "drops," and when the mills are out, hundreds of the wretched-looking little creatures will visit the gin-shop for their *farthing* glass. In such places as these fortunes are made very speedily; for as yet Temperance Societies have done but very little for the factory people.*

And then stand near one of the factory gates as the people are leaving work. It is a horrible—nay, a revolting sight! There you may see misery and wretchedness in their most forbidding aspect. Gaunt and half-clad women rush, like mad creatures, from the doors, and hasten home, where their half-idiotic children have been lying, since they left them in the morning, half stupified with Godfrey's cordial. It is painful to think how many children in Manchester are annually killed off by laudanum also. And slatternly girls take their way to filthy houses, whilst troops of little children, many of them maimed and deformed, crawl painfully along to their half-satisfying meal; children who have never known what childhood always should enjoy—fresh air and wholesome food and kind treatment. Such are some of the features of Manchester as they strike a stranger.

* We believe we are correct in stating that the Temperance Movement in Manchester has, within the last twelve months, received a new impulse. In the *Teetotal Times* for this month, it is stated that about 150 temperance meetings are now held in Manchester weekly, which are well supplied with local advocates, and occasional lecturers of eminence. Amongst those who have been induced to adopt the principle of total abstinence, are to be found men and women, some of them from sixty to seventy years of age, congregated in the various meeting rooms, *for the purpose of learning to read and write*, and their progress is marked by the eagerness which they manifest to take home a volume from the Temperance library. Children once neglected are now cared for; and homes, once miserable, have become the abodes of peace and comfort.

EXHIBITION TALES.

EMMA RICHMOND.

FIVE-AND-THIRTY years have passed away since first I saw thy venerable pile, Netley Abbey. I was little beyond a boy then. My feelings were all fresh; my imagination was vivid; my mind was as elastic as my tread; and out of the drapery supplied by a heart overflowing with warm emotion, I clothed all nature with an ideal loveliness, which looked most charmingly in my eyes. Happy days! never, alas! to return. Happy days, in which I had no suspicion, knew no fear, had suffered no disappointment, and believed all things and all persons to be as fair and as good as they appeared. It is a pleasing thought which paints man's condition in heaven as a perpetual youth.

Much as my early enthusiasm was owing to my natural endowments, no small influence must be attributed to the outer world in the midst of which my boyhood was spent. Smiling then is the aspect of nature. That fine broad sheet of ever-moving water; those well-wooded shores; the handsome mansions and pretty cottages by which those shores are diversified and adorned; and then that ivy-covered ruin, nestling in trees and brushwood, as if seeking a defence against further dilapidation;—these objects, together with the rural village of Hythe for my centre, and the New Forest, with its fine old trees, its deer, its oxen, and its native breed of horses, and here and there its antique towns, full of historic memories—these objects combined to stamp on my impressible mind a love of natural scenery, to which I owe a large portion of the happiness of my life, and, though then I knew it not, exerted over me a refining and expanding influence, which went far to fix my choice of a profession, in which I could indulge, and have fully indulged, my love of all things beautiful. Of all the interesting objects of that interesting locality, no one made so deep an impression on me as Netley Abbey. The image of those fine ecclesiastical remains stands in my mind now as fresh and distinct as on the evening of the day when I first beheld them. Uniting in themselves, as they pre-eminently do, the beautiful and the venerable, carrying the mind back to days and scenes which, to the young student of history, add the poetry of fancy to the poetry of religion, and embowered in leaves, branches, and trunks, through which the softened atmosphere beams sweetly, and brings shaft, column, and arch into deep and impressive shadow—those ruins were, and in imagination still are to me, an object at once inciting, soothing, and gratifying, so as to fill, satisfy, and yet enlarge my heart. But, be it known, the Netley of those days is not the Netley of the present hour. Several times since have I visited the ruin, and every time, alas! have I found changes to deplore. At first those changes affected to be improvements—as if man's hand could amend what the hand of Time had made beautiful! On the last occasion I found that the spirit of cupidity had taken rude possession of the place. The abbey was converted into a kind of beer-shop! Then—oh, horrid!—I heard the creaking fiddle, and saw a circle of half-intoxicated dancers, and heard their noisy laugh and their clumsy joking. Scarcely could I believe my senses; and, though I had come from far to view my beloved old Netley, and could hardly tear myself away without some survey of nooks and corners, every inch of which I was acquainted with, yet very soon was my face set toward Southampton, and truly was I glad to find my steps bearing me from what I could not but regard as a desecrated place. In these feelings others probably could share to only a small extent. There is in Netley Abbey a source of charm peculiar to myself. There first I became acquainted with her who was my wife, the affectionate and beloved mother of my child—but who now, alas! is no longer at my side. No few of the sunny spots of a courtship ten years in duration, are for ever in my mind associated with Netley Abbey as it was.

A short while since I paid a visit to those parts. I knew that my wife's mother was still alive. I knew she was supported by her youngest daughter. I wished to see them both. I thought it likely that the sight of places and persons that would recall the memory of other days might assuage the sufferings I endured from the recent loss of one who through many long years had been a lover and a friend. I arrived late one evening in the beginning of October. The weather was fine, and I had preferred accomplishing the last part of my journey on foot, in order that I might have full leisure to survey and tarry amidst scenes and objects which Mary and myself had again and again looked on with young eyes and fond hearts. Well was I repaid, especially as the evening shades grew longer and deeper. How deep and mellow those autumnal tints! what diversity of hues, and how beautifully blended or contrasted!

And then, as I came near human dwellings, how glad was I to find and recognise old friends—here in a farm-house, there in a clump of cottages; a little further on, in a hedge, a barn, a particular tree, a breed of cows. "Thanks, thanks!" said I; "change has not ventured hither—all here is as I left it; while the North has been turned upside down, my own South country is as rural and as charming as ever." I would almost have believed that the men and women I saw I had seen before. "Surely that young blowsy farm-servant I know very well: those red brawny arms bare almost to the shoulder; that broad, ruddy, passive-looking face; that clumsy gait; that blue-striped apron, check bedgown, and small white cap. O yes! the same was here thirty years and more ago; at any rate the genus is the same, whoever the individual may be: names are small matters—that aggregate of qualities I can swear I saw in this place some six lustres since."

As I stood at the cottage-door waiting for permission to enter, I heard a low moaning noise, which gave me pain, and excited my apprehensions. Lifting the latch, and for a second holding the door ajar, I saw, in a small room, so sweetly clean and bright that you could have eaten your food on any part of it, a young woman, about three and twenty, whom I immediately recognised as my wife's sister, and an old woman with her head bent down on her knees, whom I took to be her mother. Emma Richmond, neatly attired, sat at a small round table, which had been scrubbed till it was as white as snow. Her eyes and hands were most intently occupied in sewing. Every now and then there appeared something like a momentary pause, as if she expected some one. Mrs. Richmond continued to emit a low continuous moaning, which was expressive of half pleasure, half pain. Evidently my tap had not been heard. I advanced into the room. Emma, starting up, advanced towards me, but immediately receded. No, I was not the person on whom her mind was running.

"I beg pardon," I said; "you do not know me—how should you? The last time I was here you were a little girl."

The moaning in the chimney corner stopped.

"*Can* it be you, Mr. Henry?" Emma asked.

At the mention of my name the old woman arose, and looking me full in the face, exclaimed, "Yes, it *is* he."

"Be seated," both added at the same moment.

While refreshments were providing, I began to converse with my friends. One topic, my own loss, was tacitly avoided, as if by common consent.

"I am sorry," I said, "to find you, Mrs. Richmond, so low in spirits. I was not aware that you were suffering under dejection."

"Nor is she," interrupted Emma; "at least, it is only on certain occasions that she is downcast. To-day is the anniversary of father's death, and we always have kept it in solitude and silence. The last two or three years it seems to darken mother's spirits a good deal. Ever since noon has she sat there moaning, and never moved until you came in. It distresses me, but what can I do?"

"Nothing," interposed Mrs. Richmond; "nothing, nothing," added she, in softening, melancholy tones. "No; no one can do anything for me on this side the grave. I am not unhappy, for that dear girl does everything in her power to make me happy! and very great is thy power, Emma! Bless thee, my girl, for all thou hast done! Hard work thou hast had to keep this our old house over our heads. Mr. Henry, except that ten pounds a year that you send us, Emma has done it all."

"No, no, mother; don't forget what father left."

"Father left thirty pounds and this cottage. The thirty pounds are gone long ago, and the cottage would have been gone too but for thee, my dear child."

"Well, well, say no more about it.—Dear me, how the wind blows! I am afraid we shall have a stormy night."

Saying these words, Emma Richmond slightly coloured. She paused for a moment, and then took her part in the conversation. Yet I could not but observe that she seemed uneasy. More than once her words failed her. Twice she snuffed out the candle. Her ear from time to time was turned towards the door.

"You, Mr. Henry," said Mrs. Richmond, after a long and involved speech about her deceased husband, which seemed to give her feelings relief—"you can tell us all about this great affair that Prince Albert has put forward—what do you call it?"

"The Great Exhibition?"

"Yes, that is it; well, now, I want Emma to go up to London on the occasion; poor thing, she wants a change; she has hard work, William,—Mr. Henry, I mean."

"No, no, mother, William it must be; old names bring back old days."

"Well, William, Emma has a hard lot; not that she thinks it hard, dear girl, but still it *is* hard: she is up by five in the morning; winter and summer 'tis all alike; and never, save on Sunday nights, is she

in bed till twelve, and when work presses she has no bed at all. You see she has the household business, washing and all, as well as her sewing. And now, I say, she shall go to London. It will not cost much. We have one pound three-and-sixpence in store, and I reckon that we can save sixpence a week or more between this and then."

"I wish," I interposed, "that it was in my power to contribute to so desirable an object; but you know, mother, how small is my income, and my expenses have of late been very great. Dear me, what a gust of wind."

"Aye, aye, the old cottage has stood many such a gust; but we had the thatch repaired last summer, and we're in no danger."

"Would there was no danger anywhere else," interrupted Emma.

"Well, my child, there's a GOD over all; he will do what is best, and the wind as well as the sea is in his keeping.—But, as I was saying, William, I want Emma to go to this Exhibition. She is not what she was. I don't mean in character, for she is kinder and more attentive than ever. But she is worn down, and her spirits are not so good as they were; I am afraid her health has suffered, and I am sure she cannot go on this way long without a change; but there it's no use *my* talking; I've said these things to her again and again, and she won't promise; do you try what you can do, William."

I had a long conversation with Emma, in which evey position I took was well supported by her mother. At length, towards midnight, Emma was talked into surrender, and gave a promise that she would make preparations for visiting London some time in the ensuing summer. The promise gave Mrs. Richmond great satisfaction; and we all retired to bed well pleased with the result.

"It has been a dreadful night, Emma," I said, as I sat down to the breakfast table.

"Yes," she replied: "the storm has kept me awake from the moment I lay down."

At that moment a loud knock was heard at the door. Immediately after entered a young girl, her eyes staring wildly, and her complexion pale as death.

"Brother"—she gasped out.

"Lost?" asked Emma, and fell back lifeless on the floor.

The scene, at first an enigma to me, soon revealed itself. And now Emma's agitation the previous evening, as well as her sleeplessness, was explained.

Richard Shaw, to whom, as I learnt, Emma was betrothed, had (he was a ferryman) gone the day before to convey a party of holiday-keepers from Hythe to Netley Abbey. Festivity threw their return late. In the evening a violent storm came on. On the passage back, the party perished. Next morning the boat was found stranded on the shore.

For three days Emma uttered no word. So quiet did she lie on her bed that she scarcely seemed to live. Meanwhile, her mother appeared as if endowed with a new life. She became active and almost cheerful. Whatever was required in the way of domestic duty she promptly and effectually accomplished. Down stairs early in the morning, she got breakfast ready, and made the room clean and neat. When dinner-time came, there was on the table a frugal, well-cooked meal. The evening fireside retained its full share of comfort.

At length Emma asked for a cup of tea. Encouraged by this token of returning activity, I inquired after her health.

"Well," she simply replied.

I again asked whether I could procure her anything, and received in answer a bare but earnest "No!"

I found that it was in vain to try to engage her in conversation, and left her room. The next morning, to my great surprise, I found Emma, and not her mother, busy with household cares.

"How glad I am to see you here, Emma," I said.

"It was full time; at last I grew ashamed of my selfishness, and GOD gave me strength to rise and relieve mother of labours to which she is quite unequal."

"You have suffered a painful bereavement: I deeply feel for you."

"I know you do, and I thank you from my heart; but excuse me if I ask you not to mention the subject again. I cannot talk on it, and it will spare my feelings if others are so kind as to avoid the topic. One thing, I may add, I have in my solitude reflected on the future; I see what my course is, and what my duty is; it is GOD'S will that I should live exclusively for dear mother, and I hope I shall have grace given me so that I may fulfil my part."

"Does this mean that you decline all recreation?"

"It means that I do not leave this village so long as mother is alive."

"But you now want a change more than ever."

"Mr. Henry, do not urge me; I cannot leave her. I should not have a moment's happiness during my absence."

"Surely you might find a neighbour—"

"O yes, more than one that would do their best; but their best will no longer satisfy me. The night you came I thought

the matter could be easily arranged; but I have changed my mind."

"Take time for consideration."

"Mr. Henry," replied she, in a tone of deepened earnestness, "words are useless, it's a matter of feeling with me; no power could take me alive from under this roof, so long as my dearly beloved mother is here. And, believe me, it is in no spirit of self-will, still less of heavy dejection—and yet it is a loss," she suddenly sobbed out, bursting into tears;—"but in a few days I shall be more calm."

Since the time when these words were uttered, I have received several letters from an old and respected friend, who lives within a few doors of Mrs. Richmond. Emma, I learn, is no less diligent than before, but more placid. It would seem as if a source of solicitude had been removed. Her whole manner gives the idea of a contented, happy person. The stream of her life, which was before divided, has become one again. Her whole soul is bent on ministering to her mother. Not that she does not feel and deplore the loss of one who was full worthy of her; but Emma's is a religious as well as affectionate soul. She is, therefore, well assured that her bereavement has good in it; that good she is anxious to discover, and make her own. Bowing, therefore, in reverent love to the great Disposer of Events, she gives all her heart to her duties, in the discharge of which she has found a blessing, the greatest blessing on earth—namely, a mind rapidly coming into harmony with the will of GOD.

Many, very many, will be the disappointments connected with the "Great Exhibition." Some may be as severe as that endured by Emma Richmond. Few, if any, can be more severe than hers. But none of those disappointments will be without a beneficial result, if they are borne in the spirit in which Emma is living day by day. The happiness of life depends not on Exhibitions, nor on extraordinary things of any kind, but on a proper regulation of the affections, and on the full engagement of all our faculties in some course of duty. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." So declares the Scripture; experience says, "Amen."

Good in this world is never unaccompanied by evil. This Exhibition, useful as it is sure to be, may have bad effects on ill-balanced minds. Many it will set a longing for what they cannot attain; the disappointment of others it will sharpen. It may produce in our people a general unrest and craving. Therefore have we told the story of Emma Richmond. Happy those who can be happy in their duties, the every day routine of life; who are happy without thinking about it; who are happy in the discharge of their duties almost without knowing why or wherefore—like the child in the following lines, taken from a very interesting and instructive little volume ("Poems for my Children, by Mrs. Hawkshard.") *

She was a simple village child,
Meanly but cleanly clad;
A pitcher of the rudest kind
Within her hands she had.

"I've come," she said, "for many a mile,
To seek St. Ronan's well,
Because it hath a healing power,
The country people tell.

"My mother hath been ill long time;
But if she drink, they say,
Of this good water, it will take
Her sickness quite away."

She filled her pitcher at the well;
Then, at the old man's knee,
She knelt, and said, "A blessing grant,
Good father, unto me."

"And art *thou* happy, little maid?"
The aged hermit said,
As on her curling locks his hands
To bless her forth he spread.

"Happy," she said: "what does it mean?
I labour all the day;
But when the old tree's shadow falls
I run abroad to play.

"I work for mother; when I'm good,
At night she gives a kiss;
I know not what the 'happy' means,
Unless that it be this."

The old man sighed: "Sir Knight," said he,
"We've sought in different ways—
I in this forest's solitude,
Thou 'midst the great world's praise—

"For happiness, but found it not.
But without search or thought,
This little child hath found her bliss
In doing what she ought."

* Simpkin and Marshall, London.

FINGER NAILS.—Experiments have shown that a man's nails grow their complete length in four months and a half. A man living seventy years renews his nails 186 times. Allowing each nail to be half-an-inch long, he has grown seven feet and nine inches of finger nail on each finger, and on fingers and thumbs an aggregate of seventy-seven feet and six inches.

WORKING MAN'S GARDEN.

Second Week in April.

SOWING SEEDS.

All seed-sowing must be completed within this week or the next, otherwise onions, carrots, and the earlier kinds of peas, cabbages, brocoli, &c., will prove failures. Two sowings of peas, and the same of broad beans, should be made in the course of this month, and at intervals of ten days small quantities of lettuce, spinach, radishes, and onions should be sown, and also a little Normandy cress, to be used as salad, may be made to occupy any shaded spare corner.

CELERY.

The main crop of celery may now be sown, though some gardeners will wait for the summer months: whichever time, however, is made choice of, the following method of cultivation will be found worth attention:—

First choose a piece of warm rich ground, and clear it carefully from all rubbish; then mark it with a line into beds six feet broad, and having alleys between them of about eighteen inches. Let good rotten dung be then laid on the beds, and let them be trenched one spade deep, putting the dung in thick layers under each spit as the work advances, by which means it will be kept near the surface, and will be found in every direction by the fibres in their search for nourishment.

This done, let deep drills be formed from east to west, or across the beds, with the drawing hoe, at the distance of sixteen inches asunder, the earth from which should be raised into as high ridges as possible in the distances. This serves two purposes; in the one case by acting as a sort of shade that would contribute to promote the retentiveness of moisture to the newly-established plants; and of the other mention shall be made by and bye.

So much having been completed, let the plants be set in the ordinary way, when they require no more care, except abundant watering, and frequent weeding with the hoe, until the plants are almost fully grown. At that time procure a quantity of litter or damaged hay, or any other compact weedy rubbish that is not too succulent, and having bound up each plant separately but loosely with strands of bass, let the litter or hay be put up to the sides, as in the way of earthing, to the depth of about twelve inches. *This will exclude the light, which is all that is required*, particularly if pressed closely round the plants; and the facility with which this can be done, and preserved so, will be in proportion to the height to which the ridges between the drills are raised, which is the second reason alluded to above.

Additions of materials must be repeated as the stuff sinks, or the plants elevate themselves, until the spaces between the rows are completely filled to a considerable height. After the lapse of the usual time, the result of this method will be a fine crop of well blanched celery.

SCARLET-RUNNER.

The scarlet-runner should now be sown; it is both an ornament to the garden, and affords a favourite vegetable. This kind of bean may be planted in any soil which is not very damp. Each bean should be set three or four inches asunder, in drills two inches deep, and have a covering of earth of the same depth. Some gardeners sow them along by a wall, and train them on strong pack-thread; others set them beside the gravel walks, and train them up sticks six or seven feet high, bent so as to form an arch; and many plant them in double rows in beds, and train them to poles. They are a very profitable crop, and will bear both flower and fruit all through the season, until killed by the autumn frosts.

THE DWARF KIDNEY-BEAN.

One of the best kind of beans is the "dwarf prolific kidney-bean." It should now be sown in drills, not too near each other, or near those of peas or beans, to avoid the shading which they would occasion to, or would receive from, other rows. A light rich soil is indispensable, and to have them in perfection it will be necessary to open trenches about four inches deep, to dig in some good manure, to draw back the earth over it, and then to open drills with the hoe two inches and a-half deep, and set the beans in them. For the first crop sow the "Speckled Dwarf;" for the second, the "Negro;" and for the last, which should be put in the ground in the middle of July, the "Dun-coloured" and the "White Canterbury."

CARROTS.

Sow during this week the "orange" and the "long red" carrot seed. Let the ground be particularly well dug, and have every lump broken, that the roots may have full liberty to run down long and straight, and not be turned aside, or caused to fork by the clods. Sow the seeds evenly with the hand, and rake them in, but previously to

raking, if the ground be very dry and light, the seed may be trodden in evenly and regularly. Carrot seeds have numerous little forked hairs on their borders, by which they adhere; and therefore they should be well rubbed between the hands and mixed with sand before they are sown.

The plants as they rise should be kept clear of weeds, and when three or four inches in height they should be thinned out to intervals of four inches, and again at different thinnings to distances of six, eight or ten inches. The produce of these latter thinnings will supply the table until the main crop is fit for use in September.

PARSNIPS.

This is the time for sowing a full crop of parsnips, the last that can be put in until next February. They require more room than carrots, but in all other respects they may be cultivated in the same manner. In thinning, they should be first left in pairs, and when six inches high, the weakest of each pair ought to be drawn. The "hollow crowned" and the "Guernsey" are the best kinds.

FRUITS.

Finish grafting fruit-trees this week if possible, and if you have any tender wall-fruit, protect the opening blossoms from the frost by sticking small branches of spruce fir about the trees. These answer quite as well as netting or canvas; but whatever protection is used should be removed daily, and replaced at night.

All fruit-trees inoculated the last summer, and which have succeeded, should now have the stocks cut down to three or four inches above the bud. If this is neglected the buds will die away as the season advances; or if, perchante, they send forth shoots, they will be so weakened by the growth of the stock as to be of little account.

If you have any young fruit-trees, observe to water them in dry weather, and if the leaves are at all curled, pour water all over the branches; this may also be practised to great advantage on old trees, but it must never be done in the heat of the day, lest the sun scorch the leaves, nor late in the evening, for fear of frost.

FLOWERS.—PERENNIALS—BIENNIALS.

During this week, if the weather continues dry, sow hardy perennials and biennials—for instance, Canterbury bells, sweet Williams, pinks, carnations, hollyhocks, French honeysuckles, stock gilliflowers, wallflowers, centaureas, everlasting pea, with many others of which the seed merchant will offer you a choice. In sowing these be careful to avoid the two very common errors, of sowing too thickly, and covering too deep. The largest require not more than an inch of fine mould as a protection from the atmosphere, and a stimulant to vegetation, and the smaller should be *merely covered.*

TULIPS—AURICULAS—RANUNCULUSES—CARNATIONS—ANEMONIES.

Tulips require protection from the light frosts of April, which may be easily afforded them by forming an awning of flexible sticks and matting or oiled paper. There are endless varieties of tulips, but they are all propagated, either by sowing the seeds, or planting the off-sets. They look very pretty in cottage gardens when arranged in clumps in the borders, but those who have large gardens generally prepare separate beds for their reception. There are many instances on record of a bed of these flowers being valued at a thousand pounds.

Auriculas are now coming into bloom, and as they are well worthy of care, we would advise our friends to bestow a little on them ungrudgingly. If the weather is dry, they must be well watered every second day; but if it is cold and wet, they must be sheltered by a little awning. If more than one flower stem appear to each plant, they should be removed, and on the one allowed to remain, only eight or ten flowers ought to be left. Auriculas grown in the open border must be taken up and parted every third year.

RANUNCULUSES.

The soil about the necks of Ranunculuses should now be pressed firmly down with the hand; and where worms are troublesome, the beds may be sprinkled with lime-water.

CARNATIONS.

The Carnations are now beginning to shoot up their long slender stalks, and require to be fastened to slight straight sticks to prevent their being broken by the wind. There are three chief divisions of this flower—the "Flakes," the "Bizares," and the "Picotees." The "Flakes" have two colours only; the "Bizares" have two upon a white ground; and the "Picotee" is white, edged with red, purple, or some other colour. Much of the beauty of a carnation depends on its opening regularly; and in order to insure this, some slit the bud gently with a needle on the opposite side to that which has begun to open naturally; others tie a piece of silk round the bud as far down as it ought to open; and others cut a hole in a card and slip it over the bud before it expands, drawing it up as the flower opens. This latter method is the best, as the petals conceal the card,

which perfectly preserves the shape of the flower.

ANEMONIES.

Press the earth firmly round them, and if the weather is very severe, protect them from its effects. They look beautiful in clumps; even the commonest single ones are worthy of care.

THE DOUBLE FAULT.

A Tale for Children.

"Why, Arthur!" exclaimed Mrs. Mason, on coming into the room where she had left her two boys playing, and finding one of them there with a bunch of flowers in his hand. "How came you to pull my flowers. Hav'nt I positively forbidden you to do so?"

"I did not do it, mother! I did not do it. It was John."

"Where is John?"

"He's in the yard."

"Call him in," said Mrs. Mason.

While Arthur was at the window, calling to his brother, Mr. Mason, the father, came into the room.

"John has been pulling my flowers. Isn't it too bad, that a boy so large as he is should have so little consideration? They were coming out into bloom beautifully."

Just then John entered, with a bunch of flowers also in his hand.

"John, how came you to pull my flowers?" said Mrs. Mason. "You knew it was wrong."

"I did not think, when I pulled off a rosebud and two or three larkspurs," replied John.

"Two or three larkspurs and a rosebud. Why, your hand is full of flowers."

"O, but William Jones gave me all but the larkspurs and the rosebud. Indeed, mother, I didn't touch any more; and I am sorry I took them; but I forgot it was wrong when I did so."

"But Arthur says you pulled that large bunch in his hand."

"Arthur knows I didn't. He knows he pulled them himself, and that I told him he'd better not do it; but he said he had as much right to the flowers as I had."

Mr. and Mrs. Mason both looked at Arthur in surprise and displeasure. His countenance showed that he had been guilty of wrongly accusing his brother.

"Is it true that you did pull the flowers, Arthur?" asked his mother.

But Arthur was silent.

"Speak, sir!" said his father, sternly, "did you pull the flowers?"

"Yes, sir."

"And then falsely accused your brother of the wrong you had done. That my boy should be guilty of an evil act like this! I could not have believed it! It is a wicked thing to lie, to hide a fault, simply; but falsely to accuse another of what we have ourselves done, is far more wicked still. Can it be possible that a son of mine has fallen so low? It grieves me to the heart."

Mr. Mason spoke as he felt. He was deeply grieved. Nothing had occurred for a long time that so hurt him. He loved honesty and truth—but how opposite to both had been the conduct of his boy!

"Go to your chamber and stay there until I see you or send for you," he said; and Arthur retired in shame from the presence of his parents and the brother he had so meanly attempted to injure. Of course he felt very unhappy. How could he feel otherwise? The rebuking words of his father fell like heavy blows upon his heart, and the pain they occasioned was for a long time severely felt.

What punishment the parents thought it right to inflict upon Arthur we do not know. But, no doubt, he was punished in some way as he deserved. And, besides this, he had the still severer punishment which always follows that meanest fault of which any one can be guilty—that of accusing another, and innocent person, of what we have ourselves done.

Bad as this fault is, it is, alas! too common. But no manly, honest, truthful boy will be betrayed into it. To the better impulses of our young readers, who have been so wicked as to fall into the sin, either from sudden impulse or deliberate purpose, we would earnestly appeal, and beg of them to think more wisely and act more justly in the future. No cause is ever made better, but always worse, by a falsehood. Even where detection does not follow, suspicion is almost always created. For it is impossible for a boy to tell a lie without betraying it in the face or voice, and causing a doubt to pass through the minds of his parents, and set them to make inquiry into the truth or falsehood of what he has stated.

Truth—the open, bold, honest truth, is always the best, always the wisest, always the safest, for every one, in any and all circumstances. Let no boy deviate from it a line, even though he have been guilty of a fault. Better, a thousand times better, is it to own the wrong and keep a clear conscience.

THE PORTFOLIO.

BOOKS.—In the year 1471, when Louis XI., of France, wanted to borrow the works of the Arabian physician, Rhasis, from the Faculty of Medicine, at Paris, he was compelled to deposit, by way of pledge, a large quantity of valuable plate, and he was also obliged to procure a nobleman to join with him in a security or deed, by which he was bound to return it under a very considerable penalty. About the commencement of the fourteenth century there were only four classics in the Royal library at Paris; there was one copy of "Cicero," "Ovid," "Lucan," and "Boethius." So late as the reign of Henry VI. it was ordered by one of the statutes of St. Mary, Oxford, that no student should occupy in that library above one hour at most.

DAGGER MONEY.—When the judges enter the town of Newcastle upon-Tyne to hold the assizes for the County of Northumberland, they are each presented with £1 10s., that being the value of a gold coin of James II., and which is called "dagger money." This custom had its origin in the necessity of presenting the judges with daggers and other weapons, in order that they might protect themselves from the attacks of the moss-troopers who infested the borders during that reign. When there are no capital convictions, the judges are presented with white kid gloves.

HIRELING.—This term is usually employed in an opprobrious sense; but why? We are all, or nearly so, hirelings; hireling lawyers, hireling Prime Ministers, hireling doctors, hireling lords of the Admiralty. Few things worth mentioning are now done gratuitously. Hireling does not impose dependence; the obligation is reciprocal. If I receive your money, you receive my services; and one may be as necessary and indispensable as the other.

CENTIPEDES.—The grass land at Cyrene is much infested by a dark coloured centipede, almost black, with red feelers and red legs. In taking up the mats in the tents several of them are sure to be found, and there is great difficulty in killing them. Any part which may be separated from the rest of the body will continue to run about as if nothing had happened; and were the animal divided into twenty pieces, each part would travel about as if in search of the others, without any one of them seeming to be injured. The only way by which they can be killed is by crushing the head, which effectually destroys life in every other part instantaneously.

POWER OVER THE DIRECTION OF BALLOONS.—A respectable political refugee, who was professor in one of the principal Universities of Europe, professes to have found, upon mathematical calculations, the solution of the problem of air navigation. A model of his invention has already been constructed, and it will soon be exposed to the public. When executed, his plan, even for the simple material dimensions of the contrivance, will throw into shade all previous attempts of the kind. His flying machine will be eighteen times larger than the celebrated Sotomayer's balloon.

MONEY, WEIGHTS, AND MEASURES.—POUND is derived from the latin word, *pondus*. OUNCE, from *uncia*, or twelfth, being the twelfth of a pound troy. INCH, from the same word, being the twelfth of a foot. YARD, from the Saxon word, *gyrd*, or *girth*, being originally the circumference of the body, until Henry I. decreed that it should be the length of his arm. The Penny, or Sterling, was cast with a deep cross in the beginning of the reign of William the Conqueror, so that it might be broken in half, as a HALF-penny, or in quarters, for *Four*-things, or *Far*-things as we now call them.

SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

The etiquette or the rules to be observed in the royal palaces is necessary, writes Baron Bienfield, for keeping order at Court. In Spain it was carried to such lengths as to make martyrs of their kings. Here is an instance, at which, in spite of the fatal consequences it produced, one cannot refrain from smiling:—

"Philip III. was gravely seated by the fire-side. The fire-maker of the Court had kindled so great a quantity of wood that the Monarch was nearly suffocated with heat, and his *grandeur* would not suffer him to rise from the chair; the domestics could not presume to enter the apartment, because it was against the *etiquette*. At length the Marquis de Pota appeared, and the King ordered him to damp the fire; but he *excused* himself, alleging that he was forbidden by the *etiquette* to perform such a function, for which the Duke d'Usadda ought to be called upon, as it was his business. The duke was gone out; the *fire* burnt fiercer, and the King endured it rather than derogate from his *dignity*. But his blood was heated to such a degree, that an erysipelas of the head appeared the next day, which, succeeded by a violent fever,

carried him off in 1621, in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

"The Palace was once on fire; a soldier who knew the King's sister was in her apartment, and must inevitably be consumed in a few moments by the flames, at the risk of his life, rushed in and brought her highness safe out in his arms; but the Spanish *etiquette* was here wofully broken into! The loyal soldier was brought to trial, and, as it was impossible to deny that he had entered her apartment, the judges condemned him to die! The Spanish Princess, however, condescended in consideration of circumstances to *pardon* the soldier, and very benevolently saved his life!"

PROCESS OF ENGRAVING UPON IVORY.

The *Revue Scientifique* of Paris gives the following exposition of the interesting processes of ivory engraving:—

The process used to cover ivory with ornaments and designs in black, consists in engraving in the ivory itself, and then filling in the designs with a black hard varnish. To obtain finer and more regular designs, the ivory is to be covered with the common ground, and by means of the point the designs are engraved upon it. They are then eaten in by a solution formed as follows:—

Fine Silver.....	6	grammes.
Nitric Acid.....	30	,,
Distilled Water.....	125	,,

At the end of about a half-hour, according to the depth to be given, it is to be washed with distilled water, and dried with bibulous paper. The design is then exposed for an hour to the solar light, and the layer of wax is removed by essence of turpentine.

The design has then a black colour or a dark brown, which blackens entirely at the end of one or two days. Other colours may be produced, by replacing the solution of nitrate of silver by a solution of gold or platina in aqua regia, or of copper in nitric acid.

FLEXIBLE IVORY.

It has lately been made apparent that ivory, hitherto considered the hardest kind of bone, may be rendered perfectly flexible by subjecting it to the action of hydrochloric acid. By steeping ivory instruments, toys, tubes, &c. in acid partially diluted with water, the phosphate of lime, which forms one of the component parts of all bony structures, is extracted; and thus, while reclaiming their shape and texture, the ivory becomes perfectly flexible and elastic. This flexibility, however, only remains for a short time, and it may be restored by wetting the ivory, either by immersion in water or by surrounding it with damp linen or sponge, as frequently as may be required.

PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

THERE is a grand philosophy
In every little thing,
Which doth, though *how* we cannot see,
Some hidden lesson bring.

The little rain-drop from the cloud,
The light and fickle air,
Are preachers both, who speak aloud
Of some mysterious care.

The little nut, the tiny seed,
The bud upon the tree;
Are tongues that tell the tender heed
Of One we cannot see.

Yet who can read those things aright
With man's Philosophy?
Who tell how bursts the seed to light,
To make the glorious tree?

O, he alone reads all aright
Who knows these things were given,
To teach us, by the sense of sight,
The change from earth to heaven.

THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

The past week or two has been a more than usually busy period. Large numbers of the foreign exhibitors have arrived, and have been actively engaged in making their arrangements, and in some instances settling their differences, both with the Commissioners and among themselves.

Great apprehensions have been entertained of the possibility of rendering the roof of the Glass Palace waterproof. During the heavy storms that marked the latter part of the month of March, the whole was very severely tested, and the leakage that prevailed very considerable. This was in great measure owing to the number of broken panes, through which the rain fell freely; but it was also partly occasioned by the want of tightness in the putty work, and the failure of the Paxton gutter to act as efficiently as had been anticipated. We are happy to say that all doubts of the practicability of remedying these defects may now be dismissed. The broken glass is being repaired; and, for the rest, a new and thick substantial coating of white paint is expected to bid defiance to all the efforts of the most violent rain to find an entrance.

In the interior arrangements very much has still to be done. It has, however, been finally determined that nothing shall prevail to delay the opening beyond the time originally appointed, the first day of next month. It is exceedingly difficult to understand how chaos can be reduced to order between this time and then; but as the thing has been decided on by men who are not accustomed to fail, we look with confidence to its being done. The Commissioners, we know, are of opinion, that however difficult it may be to bring that vast assemblage of objects and commodities into shape and order within the ensuing month, any inconvenience is preferable to a postponement of the Exhibition and an apparent breach of faith, however involuntary, with the exhibitors and the public. This definitive resolution of the Commissioners has been announced by placards in red letters on the external hoarding of the edifice.

Our own scheme of registration is proceeding admirably. Great additions are made daily to the lists on our books, and the same variety of accommodation we illustrated last week continues to prevail. With the results of the enterprise so far, we are wholly satisfied. We feel more and more convinced that it will prove a great public convenience, and save some thousands of our friends a large amount of anxiety, trouble, and disappointment.

In order to save some of the enormous labour of the Executive Committee, and to give a greater variety to the Exhibition, different courts or quadrangular spaces have been allotted to different bodies of exhibitors. The Austrians are about to furnish a suite of four rooms; a cotton-spinner, from Lancashire, will exhibit the whole process of the cotton manufacture in another; and a similar space has been given to Messrs. Pugin, Hardman, of Birmingham; Crace, Minton, and Potter, to fit up a mediæval court, or chamber, in which one side will be hung with church furniture, the three remaining sides with domestic furniture of the same era, and in the middle there will be a mixture of flowerpots, fonts, arm-chairs, tables, &c., which will remove the impression of a strictly ecclesiastical character in a secular exhibition.

The Council of the Society of Arts have determined to appropriate their rooms in John-street, Adelphi, to the hospitable duties which the international character of the Great Exhibition suggests. As a first step in that direction, they have elected all the representatives of foreign countries at the Exhibition honorary members of their body, and they have decided on the formation of reading and writing rooms for the use of our visitors from abroad. They consider that their offices will form a convenient and central spot, to which the letters of foreign exhibitors may be directed; and they propose to hold weekly *conversaziones*, at which many of our visitors will probably attend. As the Exhibition is, to a certain extent, the offspring of the society, this attempt to fill up agreeably the gaps which the attractions of the world's fair may still leave unsupplied cannot be too highly praised.

THE REPRESENTATION OF BRITISH INDUSTRY.

At an early period of the proceedings connected with this undertaking some fears were entertained that the great manufacturing branches of our industry would not be so fully represented at the Exhibition as its friends might wish, and that our manufacturers would decline to respond to the invitation which had been given to send their productions to the Exhibition. Whatever might have been the grounds for entertaining such an opinion at that period, there are certainly none for supposing that that important branch of our national industry, manufactures, will be inadequately represented. The cotton manufactures will occupy, of floor and hanging space, 7,175 square feet; woollen and worsted, 13,009; silk, 4,119; flax and hemp, 17,128; mixed fabrics, 25,239; shawls, 16,818; printed fabrics, 16,679; and clothing, 3,577. The total amount of space, therefore, occupied by these eight classes of textile manufactures is not less than 103,744 feet.

In Class XI., cotton manufactures, the towns which exhibit to the largest extent are —the Metropolis, occupying 1,652; Glasgow, 1,648; Manchester, 1,431 feet; and Bolton and Carlisle each occupying about 1,000 square feet. The fittings in this class are in an extremely forward state, and in a very short time the arrangements will be fully completed; and a considerable amount of space in its neighbourhood is devoted to a supplementary allotment for linens and damasks, the space required for those articles being greater than can be given in the flax and hemp department.

In the woollen and worsted manufactures the town of Galashiels is the largest contributor, occupying 2,016 feet of hanging space. The towns next in order are Stroud, Elgin, Kendal, Stirling, Paisley, the Metropolis, and Oxford. The fittings in this class, also, are in a forward state. The arrangement for the display of the Galashiels tartans is of a very superior character. In Class XIII., silk manufactures, the Metropolis contributes the largest amount; the Spitalfields stall will be highly attractive. Manchester also sends very largely, as does Macclesfield. The show of ribbons from Coventry will be on a very extensive scale; and the case for their reception is now completed. Class XV., that of shawls, has been added to the silk class; the space required for Paisley shawls being 11,030 feet, for those of the Metropolis, 5,788 feet. The effect of the whole arrangement of these two classes will be extremely elegant. A magnificent sign trophy of a novel character has been arranged by Mr. Wallis for the central avenue, in connection with articles to be exhibited in these classes.

In the flax and hemp class Belfast is the largest contributor, the next in order being Leeds, the Metropolis, Dunfermline, Barnsley, Dundee, and Bridport.

The preparations for the Belfast exhibitors are on a large scale, as the size of some of the damask table-linen required such an arrangement. The Dundee fittings are very complete, and the Knaresborough arrangement, though small, will be very effective. The Barnsley manufacturers unite to illustrate their trade.

The cities of Glasgow and Dublin furnish the largest proportions of exhibitors in the class of mixed fabrics; and a highly-interesting display, in which Irish poplins will occupy a distinguished position, will be made. It is intended to show a loom at work, in this class, weaving poplins with gold tissue, by the side of which will be placed a beautiful statue of Hibernia.

Of printed fabrics, Manchester furnishes sufficient to occupy, 7,276; Glasgow, 5,152; and the Metropolis, 4,108 feet. The printed fabrics will be generally of the usual character of British prints, though in some instances it is expected that a decided superiority to previous productions will be displayed. Nearly the whole of the fittings are completed in this class.

The largest portion of space in Class XX., clothing, is devoted to the Metropolis, the space occupied being 1,700 feet. Leicester and Nottingham are the next largest contributors. The counters in this class have been chiefly erected by the Commissioners, owing to the miscellaneous character of the contributions.

The hosiery trade will be well represented by Nottingham and Leicester; and the glove trade by Worcester, Limerick, and Yeovil. An interesting exhibition of hats will also form a marked feature, together with a beautiful display of the products of the highlands of Scotland.

The whole of the arrangement of the space in the eight classes of textile manufactures is under the superintendence of Mr. Wallis, assisted by Mr. W. Hawkins. Owing to the large amount of hanging space which was required for the display of these articles, it was found a matter of extreme difficulty so to arrange the space allotted to the classes as to afford the required convenience. The ingenuity and great practical knowledge of Mr. Wallis have, however, enabled him most successfully to overcome the difficulty, and to insure that the textile manufactures of the country shall be worthily represented in this great gathering of the industry of all nations.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.—No. VIII.

FRENCH INTO ENGLISH.

(Note—m. will denote masculine; f. feminine; s. singular; p. plural.)

J'ai grand *appétit* (m.). Un grand appétit est une *preuve* (f.) *qu'* *on* est *bien-*
appetite *proof* *that* *one* (a person) *well*
portant. Ma sœur a *de l'* appetit; *elle* a *même* faim. Mon *petit* (m.) *garçon* (m.) a *mangé*
in health. *some* *she* *even* *little* *boy* *eaten*
toute (f.) la viande (f.) *que* vous *lui* avez *donnée.* Ma petite *fille* (f.) n'a pas *encore* mangé
all *which* *to him* *given.* *girl* *yet*
son souper. *Qu'est* *ce que* vous avez *là?* C'est la *huitième leçon* (f.) *française* (f.) J'aime
What is *it that* *there* *eighth* *lesson* *French.* I like
mes (p.) leçons francaises (f. p.). De *quel* (m.) *pays* (m.) êtes vous? Je vous aime.
my *what* country
Je ne vous aime pas. Mon père m' aime. Aimez vous votre *petit* (m.) *cousin* (m.) *Henri?*
me *your* *cousin* *Henry?*
Aimez vous votre *petite* (f.) *cousine* (f.) *Marie?* J'aime Henri; et j'aime Marie; j'aime
cousin Mary
Marie *plus que* vous. J'aime *à travailler, quand* je suis *payé pour* mon (m.) *travail* (m.)
more than *to work* *when* paid for work
L'homme *qui paye bien* est bien *servi.*
who pays well *served.*

We will say a word presently about the various meanings which one French term, especially "*que*," often has. First, however, let us give the counterpart, or pendant, of the preceding Exercise, and pay attention to some

ENGLISH INTO FRENCH.

(Turns like those we give in brackets must be used in French, instead of our idioms.)

The man *who* likes to work is the *only* man who *deserves* [*of*] to eat. *If* you work,
qui *seul* (m.) *merite* *de* *Si*
seule (f.)
you are *sure* to have an appetite [*of the appetite*], and *also wherewithal* to *satisfy it.* *Be-*
sur (m.) *aussi* *de quoi* *le contenter.* *En*
sides, you will gain [*of the*] *knowledge;* and [*the*] knowledge is *capable* of effecting [*of to effect*]
outre vous gagnerez *savoir* (m.) *capable* *d'effectuer*
many things [*much of things*]. *Since* you were *here.*
beaucoup de choses. *Depuis* QUE *ici.*

The reader will have perceived that *que* or *qu'*, standing for *que*, which is pronounced like the first two letters in *cur*, means "a variety of things." This being so, he must always apply the rule we have so often laid down—that is, to consider which of the various significations of any given word will make sense in the place where it occurs. Here, as we see, *que* has the force of our English "since." In other cases, it means "that," as, *je pense que*—"I think that," &c. Sometimes, again, it means "which," not the interrogative "which," not the "which" in asking questions, but the relative "which," as, *le cheval que j'ai*, "the horse which I have." Finally, it may mean "than;" as, *vous êtes plus riche que moi*, "you are more wealthy than I;" *Je suis moins riche que vous*, "I am less wealthy than you." (Here we may remark in a parenthesis, though it relates more to the English grammar than to French, that it is entirely wrong to say, as many people do, "*than me*," "*than him*," &c. "Than" does not govern the accusative case in English; and therefore you should say "than I," "than he," &c.)

Although *que* is good French for "than" in most cases, a different word is used when "than" immediately precedes a number. In that case the word is *de*, which more usually, as the reader knows, signifies "of." But the rule of asking oneself which meaning makes sense, will always and quickly guide one out of such perplexities. *Moins de huit mois*, "Less than eight months;" *plus d'un an*, "more than a year," &c.

As we have been questioned, in a private letter from one of our students, respecting the apparently discrepant manner in which we have used the word "*que*," we have thought it necessary thus to explain at once its various meanings. There is one other still of a very remarkable kind. It has the force, in certain circumstances, of our "*how*." We say the *force* of our "how," for it is evident that the phrase is but an idiom, in which other words are omitted which would enable "que" to retain the meaning of *that*, without altering the general sense. Here is an example of what we allude to:—"How good you are!" For this the French say, QUE *vous êtes bon*" (literally, "that you are good"). Now it seems as if this idiom were but an abridgement or shortening of some such ancient form of expression as "most true is it *that you are good;*" or, "one may see *that you are good.*" Again: "How beautiful this country is!" must be translated QUE *ce pays est beau* ("that this country is beautiful"). "How pretty she is!" *Qu' elle est gentille*—or *jolie*—("that she is pretty"). "How agreeable it is!" *Qu' il est agréable* (literally, "that it is agreeable"). "How you annoy me!" *Que vous m'importunez* ("that you me annoy"), &c. &c.

To a woman you would of course say, for "How good you are!" *Que vous êtes* BONNE—not *bon*, as that is masculine. Always attend to the genders.

Even all this does not exhaust the seemingly endless significations of *que*. We have seen that it has two meanings in the single phrase QU' *est ce que*, first signifying "what," and in the second instance "that." It also signifies *what* when this word is used as an exclamation, at the end of which exclamation there is a verb; as, "What a fine man he is!" QU' *il est un bel homme!* (literally, "that he is a fine man"); "What a fine woman she is!" QU' *elle est une belle femme!* ("that she is a fine or beautiful woman"); "What a fine horse he has bought!" QU' *il a acheté un beau cheval!* ("that he has bought a fine horse"); "What a fine horse she has bought!" QU' *elle a acheté un beau cheval!* ("that she," &c.); "What a pretty girl she is!" QU' *elle est une jolie fille!* ("that she is," &c.); "What a charming present you have given me!" QUE *vous m'avez donné un cadeau charmant!* ("that you we have given a present charming"); "What an ugly face you have when you are in a passion!" QUE *vous avez un vilain visage, quand vous êtes en colère!* ("that you have an ugly face when you are in passion"); "What a troublesome man you are!" QUE *vous êtes un homme importun!* ("that you are a man troublesome"); "What a stormy night it was!" QU' *elle était une nuit orageuse!* ("that it was a night stormy"); "What slaves the Russians are!" QUE *les Russes sont des esclaves!* ("that the Russians are some slaves"); "What clever people the French are!" QUE *les Français sont des gens habiles!* ("that the French are some people clever").

If, however, no verb be in the exclamation, then *que* may be dismissed from duty; and tired enough it ought to be. Thus: "What a fine horse!" QUEL (m.) *beau cheval* (literally, "what fine horse!") "What a beautiful woman!" QUELLE (f.) *belle* (f.) *femme!* ("what beautiful woman!") "What fine horses!" QUELS (m. p.) *beaux* (m. p.) *chevaux* (m.p.)! "What fine women!" QUELLES (f. p.) *belles* (f. p.) *femmes* (f. p.), &c. &c.

It may now be well to say something about the manner of asking a question in French. In questions we make continual use of "do" and "did," "is," "are," "was," and "were." "*Are* you coming?" "*Do* you like it?" "*Did* he say anything?" &c., are phrases of momently recurrence among us. As we before remarked, the French in such cases are obliged to say, "Come you?" "Like you it?" "Said he anything?" &c. But there is an additional peculiarity of construction into which they are drawn by the nature of their language. They do not say, for instance, "Is your brother the inventor of that design?" but, "Your brother, is he the inventor of that design?" or else, "Is it that your brother is the inventor of that design?"

The former term ("your brother, is he," &c.,) is the one on which we particularly wish to fix the reader's attention; for it is absolutely necessary to familiarise oneself completely with it, if one desires to converse in French. Remember, therefore, that you must always alter such an English form as this, "Is Prince Albert in London?" into the French form, "The Prince Albert, is he in London?"—

"Will the Queen go to Scotland?" must in French run, "The Queen, will she go to Scotland?"—"When will the Premier return?" must be changed to "The Premier, when will he return?" and in all such sentences a similar rule must be observed. It is seldom, except when the pronouns "you," "I," "he," "they," are the subject of the question, that the latter preserves the direct shape which it bears in English. "Is he in England?" would literally run in the same order in French; that is, *Est il en Angleterre?*

"Has the Emperor of Russia been in England?" *L'Empereur de Russie, a-t-il été en Angleterre?* (literally, "the Emperor of Russia, has he been in England?") "Has your father dined?" *Votre père, a-t-il diné?* ("your father, has he?" &c.) "Has your little sister studied the French language?" *Votre petite sœur, a-t-elle étudié la langue Française?* ("your little sister, has she?" &c.) "Is your little boy well advanced in his studies?" *Votre petit garçon, est il bien avancé dans ses études?* ("your little boy, is he?" &c.)

"*At home*," in French, if referring to a man, is *chez lui;* if referring to a woman, is *chez elle;* if referring to several individuals, some of whom are males, is *chez eux*; if referring to several, all of whom are females, is *chez elles;* if referring to people in general, is *chez soi.*

"Is your father at home?" *Votre père, est il chez lui?*" "Is the lady at home?" *La dame, est elle chez elle?* "Are your sisters at home?" *Vos sœurs, sont elles chez elles?* "Are your brothers and sisters at home?" *Vos fréres et vos sœurs, sont* ILS *chez* EUX! "People are at home at this hour." ON *est chez soi à cette heure.*

You may also use the term *à la maison* (literally, "at the house"); for *à* means "at," as well as "to," just as *de* means "from," as well as "of."

Another point worth noting, is, that where a town is mentioned by name, it is better in French to use the word *at* than the word *in;* for example, an Englishman would say, "Such a one is *in* London," whereas a Frenchman would express it, "Such a one is *at* London." The French for *at* is, we have already said, the same as for *to (à*, pronounced *ah);* and the general meaning of the sentence, or what is called the "context," must reveal in which sense the word is applied. We have abundance of the same ambiguity in English. To "*repair*," may, for instance, imply locomotion, or it may imply amendment, just according to what follows. The cobbler, after repairing your boot, repairs with it to your house.

"Will the Americans come to the Great Exhibition?" *Les Americains, viendront-ils à la Grande Exposition?* "Where is your husband?" *Votre mari, où est il?* "He is in Liverpool." *Il est à Liverpool.*

We now continue our conjugations. Here is the present tense, conditional mood, as it is called, of *danser* (to dance), *dansant* (dancing), *dansé* (danced):—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
I should or would dance	*Je danserais*	*zhe dongsurray.**
Thou shouldst or wouldst dance	*tu danserais*	*tu dongsurray.*
He should or would dance	*il danserait*	*eel dongsurray.*
She " "	*elle danserait*	*el dongsurray.*
We " "	*nous dansérions*	*noo dongsurree-oang.*
You " "	*vous danséries*	*voo dongsurree-ay.*
They " "	*ils* (or) *elles danseraient*	*eel, el, dongsurray.*

Every other regular verb ending in *er* in its present infinitive, forms its "conditional" like the sample we have just given; and every other tense of *danser* is formed like those of the other verbs alluded to. The reader now knows *all* the tenses of the indicative mood—present, imperfect, perfect definite, perfect indefinite, and future, with one tense more of another mood, the conditional. This last mood has only two tenses, that just given, and one that need not be given, because it is formed

* Remember what we have said already: in pronunciation the "g" has but a very faint sound.

from *avoir*, and the past participle of whatever other verb you may be using. Let us then look at some more tenses of *avoir*. The future is—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
I shall or will have	*J'aurai*	*zhoray.*
Thou shalt or wilt have	*tu auras*	*tu orah.*
He shall or will have	*il aura*	*eel orah.*
She ,, ,,	*elle aura*	*el orah.*
We ,, ,,	*nous aurons*	*noos oroang.*
You ,, ,,	*vous aurez*	*voos oray.*
They ,, ,,	*ils* (or) *elles auront*	*eels, els, oroang.*

The "Conditional" is—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
I should or would have	*J'aurais*	*zhoray.*
Thou shouldst or wouldst have	*tu aurais*	*tu oray*
He should or would have	*il aurait*	*eel oray.*
She ,, ,,	*elle aurait*	*el oray.*
We ,, ,,	*nous aurions*	*noos oreeoang.*
You ,, ,,	*vous auriez*	*voos oree-ay.*
They ,, ,,	*ils auraient* / *elles* ,,	*eels oray.* / *els oray.*

Now the reader will perceive why we said it was useless to give the other tense of the conditional mood of *danser*, or of any similar verb. That tense is, for instance, "I would have danced." Now, is it not quite clear that the French *must* be *j'aurais dansé*, &c. &c. ?

"If I had been at the ball, I would have danced." *Si j'avais été au bal* (m.), *j'aurais dansé.* "He would have danced, but he was ashamed." *Il aurait dansé, mais il avait honte* (had shame). And so on.

The present participle of *avoir* (to have) is *ayant* (having), pronounced *a-yong*; the past participle is *eu* (had), pronounced somewhat like the *i* in *sir*, only with a faint mixture of *u* in it. The present participle of *être* (to be) is *étant* (being), pronounced *ayttong*; and the past participle is *été* (been), pronounced *ayttay*.

PRIZE EXERCISES.

By the publication of our Lessons in French, we may be said to have opened a class for the study of that language; and as that class bids fair to be the largest that was ever undertaken, we are anxious that our *curriculum*, or course, shall have every possible stimulus to honourable emulation, and especially that stimulus which the good old custom of awarding *Prizes* to merit is sure to impart. Our scholars are a very large proporcion of the *reading* people of the three kingdoms; and as we are sincerely and zealously anxious that this large body of pupils should be truly benefited by our labours, we lose no time in making the present announcement. We propose to give, at the end of some future lessons, some *Exercises* of English to be turned into French, and of French to be turned into English, strictly based upon the instructions we may have previously given. These exercises will not be interlined with such helps as we give in the lessons; but we have, as we believe, made our teachings so simple and so gradual, that few persons who study them, with even ordinary care, will have any difficulty in understanding them, and in insuring to themselves the most valuable results. As the success of the student depends much on the instructor, so the pleasure, and even the success of the instructor, depends much on the pupil. We will aim to do *our* part—let each student be anxious to do *his*.

As to the Prizes, they will consist of valuable French works, which will be awarded, on certain conditions, to those who shall send us the best translations of the exercises we may furnish. The principal condition is, that the translator shall be one who knew nothing of French till he met with our lessons, and who has acquired his knowledge of the language by his study of those lessons. He must truly and honestly satisfy us upon this head, after we have declared his translation to be the best. The translation must, if sent by post, be *prepaid*.

We shall shortly furnish a more detailed account of our plan. For the present, we shall be glad to see how many of those *who began with us* can manage (though not for a prize) to put into English the following:—

Le grand général Français, Turenne, était un homme qui aimait ses soldats (*soldiers*); et ses soldats l'aimaient. Il donnait de l'argent aux pauvres (*les pauvres—the poor*): et il ne désirait pas manger, quand il n'y avait pas du pain pour les autres (*un autre—another*). Il y a des hommes d'un caractère (*character*) bien plus mauvais. Il y a des rois qui n'aiment pas leurs (*their*) sujets (*subjects*); des maîtres (*masters*) qui n'aiment pas leurs serviteurs (*servants*); des maris qui n'aiment pas leurs femmes; des pères qui n'aiment pas leurs fils; et des fils qui n'aiment pas leurs pères. Mais Turenne était bon fils, bon sujet, bon maître, et bon général.

In answer to *Le Petit Garçon*, who has written to us (and who must not write himself *petite garçon*, for *garçon* is masculine, and *petite* is feminine), we give the pronunciations of *y a-t-il*, *y avait il*, and *il y en a:* they sound, *ee-aht eel*, *ee avvayt eel*, and *eel ee ong ah.*

Want of space compels us to defer our answer to J. C———e, of Manchester.

Erratum.—In Lesson VII., read "la *grande* Exposition" for "la *grand* Exposition."

The Bee.—The bee affords us a moral, though it be not that which worldly wisdom commonly assigns to it. We have, in the first place, cause of thankfulness in the delicate food with which it supplies us. "The bee is little amongst such as fly; but her fruit is the chief of sweet things." (Eccles. ii. 3.) And the Almighty has, in many senses, and in no common cases, supplied the houseless and wanderer with "wild honey and a piece of honeycomb, and honey out of the stony rock." And "a land flowing with milk and honey," has been from the first a type of another and better country. And the little honey-maker is itself, indeed, one of the most wonderful proofs of the goodness and power of God. That within so small a body should be contained apparatus for converting the "virtuous sweets" into one kind of nourishment for itself, another for the common brood, a third for the royal, glue for its carpentry, wax for its cells, poison for its enemies, honey for its master, with a proboscis almost as large as the body itself, microscopic in its several parts, telescopic in its mode of action, with a sting so infinitely sharp, that were it magnified by the same glass that makes a needle's point seem a quarter of an inch, it would yet itself be invisible; and this, too, a hollow tube—that all these varied operations and contrivances should be inclosed within half an inch of length, and two grains of matter, while in the same "small room" the "large heart" of at least thirty distinct insects is contained—is surely enough to crush all thought of Atheism and Materialism.

Be Quiet.—1. Because fretting, fuming, bluster, and noise, will not help you out of your present vexation, or aid you to gain one of your purposes.—2. Because with quietness and composure, you will be in possession of your temper, and can calmly use your own judgment, two of the best agencies for helping any man out of trouble.—3. Because if you fume, and fret, and snap, you will certainly set the same things agoing all about you. A fretful temper is a firebrand, and it seldom fails to find combustibles. As a dozen will gape when one sets the example, so a dozen will growl with impatience when one sets the tune. If you do not want a concert of such music as people in a snappish mood make, don't be a leader of the choir.—4. Be quiet, because so many people are not so. There are so many things to disturb people's composure, and so many to justify giving way to the temptation, that we can find lots of fretful people in all directions. Now it is a comfort to find a fair flower in the desert. Be one, reader—by taking everything pleasantly. Be it that the wind is east—the roof leaky—the sidewalk slippery—the door was left open—the debtor refused you, and the creditor oppressed you—the villain slandered you, and so on; the more the storms, the nobler the oak that stands firm amidst them all.—5. Quietness, in opposition to a restless and complaining spirit, is a very beautiful ornament of character. An eminent judge of such matters has said, "a meek and quiet spirit is of great price." We had better fall in with that opinion, and add this beautiful and precious jewel to the other excellencies which may be now shining in our characters.

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

s. noun-substantive; *a.* adjective; *ad.* adverb; *v.* verb; *v.a.* verb-active; *v.n.* verb-neuter.

CAP'TAIN, *s.* a head; the commander of a ship of war, a troop of horse, or a company of foot.

CAP'TION, *s.* the act of taking any person.

CAP'TIOUS, *a.* catching at mere trifles; peevish, cross, surly.

CAP'TIVE, *s.* one taken in war; a prisoner, a slave.

CAP'TOR, *s.* one who takes prizes or prisoners.

CAP'TURE, *s.* a prize; *v.* the act of taking a prize.

CAPUCHIN', *s.* a friar; a woman's cloak with a hood.

CAR'AT, *s.* a small weight used for gold and jewels. In the sense in which the word is most used, it means the twenty-fourth part of any weight of gold or gold alloy. If such a weight be all gold, it is said to be twenty-four carats fine; if one-third only be gold, it is said to be eight carats fine.

CARAVAN', *s.* a large carriage; also, a travelling body of merchants, or pilgrims, who join in company for the purposes of convenience or safety. In Eastern countries caravans have both a commercial and religious character.

CARAVAN'SERA, *s.* a public building erected for the conveniency of eastern travellers, where they may lodge and board.

CAR'AVEL, CAR'VEL, *s.* a light old-fashioned ship.

CAR'BINE, *s.* a short musket.

CAR'BON, *s.* the pure part of charcoal; that is, of wood burnt without contact with the air. Carbon, in its purest crystallised state, is known as the diamond. Ivory black is the carbon of bones, lamp black of oil, and soot is the carbon of coals. It is found, in a more or less pure state, in several vegetable, animal, and mineral bodies.

CARBONA'CEOUS. *a.* containing carbon.

CAR'BONATE, *s.* a compound formed by the union of carbonic acid with different bases: thus are produced carbonate of lime and carbonate of soda.

CARBON'IC ACID, *s.* an acid compound, formed by the union of carbon with oxygen. It gives pungency to malt and other liquors. It is found also in spring and well water. An atmosphere containing more than its natural quantity of this gas is unfit for respiration. When accumulated in mines, wells, confined rooms, or brewers' vats, it is called *foul air;* it extinguishes combustion, and has often proved fatal to life.

CAR'BOY, *s.* a large foreign vessel for holding coarse liquors, oils, &c.

CAR'BUNCLE, *s.* a precious stone; a pimple, or boil.

CAR'BURET, *s.* a substance formed by the combination of carbon with earth, metals, or alkali.

CAR'BURETTED-HY'DROGEN, *s.* gas formed of hydrogen and carbon; fire-damp; in certain forms used for gas-lights.

CAR'DAMOM, *s.* a medicinal seed brought from the East Indies.

CAR'DIAC, *a.* cordial, strengthening, cheering.

CAR'DINAL, *s.* a dignitary of the Romish Church, next in rank to the Pope; also, the name of a woman's cloak.

CAR'DINAL *points*, *s.* east, west, north, south.

CAR'DINAL virtues, *s.* chief virtues; as faith, hope, charity, prudence, temperance, justice, fortitude, &c.

CARD'ING, *s.* the dressing of wool.

CARDI'TES, *s.* inflammation of the heart.

CARDOON', *s.* a species of wild artichoke.

CAREEN', *v.* to stop leaks by caulking.

CA'RET, *s.* a mark in writing, thus (ʌ), to denote that something written above, or in the margin, is wanting.

CAR'GO, *s.* a ship's lading, or freight.

CARICATURE', *s.* a ludicrous, satirical, or extravagant representation, in which the features of the physiognomy, the expression of the passions, the natural defects and habits of the body of the person represented are exaggerated, so as to produce a grotesque figure.

CAR'INATED, *a.* like the keel of a ship.

CA'RIOUS, *a.* rotten, decayed, putrified.

CARL, *s.* a mean, rude man; a clown, a churl.

CAR'LINGS, *s.* timber lying fore and aft in a ship and framed into the beams.

CAR'MAN, *s.* one who drives or keeps carts.

CAR'MELITE, *s.* a begging friar.

CARMIN'ATIVE, *s.* medicine having the property of expelling wind from the stomach, or relieving spasms.

CAR'MINE, *s.* a beautiful red or crimson colour, obtained from cochineal.

CAR'NIFY, *v.n.* to form flesh.

CAR'NIVAL, *s.* (from the Italian *Carnevale*, or "farewell to flesh.") It is a season of feasting, dancing, masquerading, and buffoonery, which begins on the Feast of the Epiphany, or Twelfth-day, and ends on Ash Wednesday, when it is succeeded by the austerities of Lent.

CARNIV'OROUS, *a.* (in zoology) a term generally applicable to any creatures that feed on flesh or animal substances, but more frequently applied to that order of quadrupeds which prey upon other animals.

CARNOS'ITY, *s.* a fleshy excrescence.

CARO'CHE, *s.* a carriage for pleasure.

CAR'OL, *s.* a song of joy, praise, or exultation. The term is now applied chiefly to the religious songs in celebration of the season called Christmas.

CAR'OMEL, *s.* the smell exhaled by sugar when at a calcining heat.

CAROT'ID, *a.* belonging to the two arteries in the neck, which convey the blood from the heart to the brain.

CAROU'SAL, *s.* a feast, festival, drinking bout.

CARPA'THIAN, *a.* belonging to a range of mountains called the *Carpates*, bordering on Poland.

CAR'PENTER, *s.* an artificer in wood; a builder.

CAR'PET, *s.* a covering for a floor, made of various materials.

CARPOL'OGY, *s.* a description of fruits.

CARRONADE', *s.* a short iron cannon.

CAR'TE-BLANCHE, *s.* *(French)* a blank form, to be filled up with conditions entirely at the option of the person to whom it is sent; the phrase is used to denote unconditional or unqualified terms.

CARTEL', *s.* an agreement between nations at war relative to the exchange of prisoners.

CARTE'SIAN, *a.* relating to the philosophical system of Descartes.

CARTHU'SIAN, *s.* a monk of the *Chartreux* (in England corruptly called *Charterhouse*). The Carthusian Order of Monks was one of the most strict of the religious orders.

CAR'TILAGE, *s.* commonly called *gristle*, a tough substance, in closeness and compactness something between the membranous and bony structures of the body.

CARTOON' *s.* literally *a large paper.* The word is used by artists to signify the full-sized drawings or studies, made in chalks or body-colours, upon stiff paper, preparatory to executing any large work, either in oil colour or fresco. The finest specimens of cartoons are those executed by Raffaell d'Urbino, seven of which are to be seen in Hampton Court.

CARTOU'CH, *s.* a case to hold musket and other balls.

CAR'TRIDGE, *s.* a paper case to hold gunpowder. *Cartridge paper* is the name given to certain stiff, whited-brown papers.

CARV'ER, *s.* a sculptor; one who cuts either marble or wood; one who cuts up meat at the table.

CARYA'TES, CARYAT'IDES, *s. pl.* female figures in long robes, used in place of columns, to support entablatures and other parts of ancient buildings.

CASCADE', *s.* a cataract, a waterfall.

CASCARIL'LA, *s.* the bark of a tree, called *croton Cascarilla*, growing in the equinoctial parts of America; it is used medicinally as a valuable aromatic and tonic.

CASE'-HARDEN, *v.a.* to give a surface of steel to pieces of iron, by which they are rendered capable of receiving great external hardness, whilst the interior portion retains all the toughness of good wrought iron.

CA'SEIC-ACID, *s.* the acid substance extracted from cheese.

CASE'MATE, *s.* a kind of vault or arch in stone or brick work.

CASE'MENT, *s.* a window opening upon hinges.

CASE'-SHOT, *s.* balls, stones, iron, &c., put into cases to be discharged from cannon.

CASHIER', *s.* a cash-keeper; *v.a.* to discard.

CASH'MERE SHAWLS, *s.* shawls manufactured from Thibet wool at Cashmere, the chief of the Alpine valleys of the Himalaya range of mountains.

CASQUE, *s.* a helmet, a head-piece.

CAS'KET, *s.* a small box or chest for jewels.

CAS'PIAN, *a.* pertaining to the Caspian sea, a large lake between Persia and Astracan.

CASSA'TION, *s.* a *legal* term, denoting the annulling or reversal of a judicial sentence.

CAS'SAVA, or CAS SAVI, *s.* an American plant, from the roots of which *Tapioca* is prepared, and other nutritious pastes.

CAS'SIA, *s.* a fragrant aromatic spice, greatly resembling cinnamon, and commonly substituted for that article.

CAS'SIDONY, *s.* a precious stone; also, the name of a plant.

CASSI'NO, *s.* a room for dancing, &c.; also, a game at cards.

CASS'OCK, *s.* the under vestment of a priest.

CAST, *s.* that which is cast in a mould; usually applied to works in plaster of Paris. The art of casting in metals is termed *founding*.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.
[VOL. VI.—No. 68.—SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1851.]

HEAVEN HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES.

One of the fabulists of old introduces a wagoner, with his wheels fast in the ruts and the mire. The poor fellow, frightened out of his wits, falls down on his knees, and beseeches Hercules to come to his aid. He was going to do nothing *himself*, and hoped that an instant miracle would rescue him from his difficulty. But the tale goes on to narrate, that the god thundered out of Heaven, and said, "Thou fool, first whip thy horses, thyself try at the wheels, and then Hercules, being invoked, will be present to aid thee." We have hosts of miracle-mongers now, who want heaven and earth to combine to help them out of troubles from which they could soon escape, if they would only use a little exertion. We wish our working friends to feel that, if ever they rise, they must raise *themselves;* and further, that they can better their condition if they will. Man is a being with ten thousand resources at command. In rescuing himself from his perplexities, he can beat the conjuror hollow, only that there will be no legerdemain in his achievements. All will be "fair and above board." Myriads are ruined by their dependence upon others. They look to almost everybody and everything except to themselves; and, as a consequence, never do anything for themselves, and at last die in despair.

"*Something will turn up*," says one, "and then I shall be better off." What the "*something*" is to be, nobody can tell; nor has even the dreamer himself imagined, only it is sure to be something very good which will relieve him from all his difficulties. Hundreds wait for these happy turns of fortune, and ruin themselves by their false hopes. We find Infidel and Believer, Pagan and Christian, equally duped by this folly. The one trusts in fate, and the other in Providence; but both without any foundation. It would be well for these idlers to reflect that the days of fortune-telling, astrology, and miracles are gone by. Pitchers full of guineas are now rarely found in old cupboards, holes in the wall, or buried in the garden. Most of these have already been discovered, and the cash spent. You might now dig till doomsday without finding a Queen Anne's sixpence, so that you can earn ten thousand sooner than you will pick up one. It is said that in the former times when an old gentleman, who had several lazy sons, was dying, he told them that all his property was hidden in a field, and if they would obtain it, they must dig deeply. No sooner was he buried than they procured spades and went to work; but all in vain, for they found no urns filled with gold. But there was one advantage,—the land, from being so well worked, yielded more than double its usual produce, and amply repaid them for their labour, and taught them a golden lesson into the bargain; for now they perceived that industry was better than a legacy, and that muscle and mind were the best fortunes. So we say to all our friends, "Go to work; never spend an idle hour; body and soul will be all the healthier and stronger for plenty of exercise; and if you only use them properly, you may make for yourself as good a fortune as heart can wish, and all the more precious for being of home manufacture."

Hundreds have gone barefooted to the workhouse in consequence of waiting for dead men's shoes. They have an uncle, or a sixth or seventh cousin of the same name, who is vastly rich, has no children, and perhaps will put them in his will. Already in imagination they ride in their carriages, and have all the good things of this world at command. They build castles all the day long, and have golden

dreams at night. We once knew a man who had ruled his planet, and was so sure from astrology that all was right, that he asked us to lend him a considerable sum on his lucky stars, and promised very large interest. However, we were not so sanguine as he, nor had we any money to spare; and events proved that there was some flaw in the calculations, for the relation died, and was so little affected by Mars, Jupiter, or Venus, that he left his property away from the family of our prophet. Only the other day we received a letter by post from a working man, complaining bitterly of a wealthy relation, a rich spinster, who was enormously opulent, and as parsimonious as she was opulent, but at her death forgot all her poor kinsfolk, and bequeathed large sums to build or endow churches. We also were not long since at a funeral, attended by miserable mourners, who had never worked because they expected large riches from their relations, and now were disappointed and sunk into the depths of poverty. The Bible says, "Cursed is the man that trusteth in man;" and the text is fulfilled every day, and in the case of none more thoroughly than of those who wait for legacies, and wish their relations in heaven that they may enjoy a heaven upon earth in eating and drinking the money of their glorified friends. Depend upon it, that it is a thousand times better to *make* a fortune than to inherit one. We like home-baked bread, home-fed pork, home-spun flannel, home-grown potatoes, and, among all the rest, there is nothing sweeter or dearer than a home-made fortune. It is always taken more care of, and spent a great deal better. And then if Cousin Thomas should put us into his will, well and good; and if he does not, we shall not cry over it, nor load his memory with curses for neglecting to give us a portion of his wealth.

Girls are said to have exuberant fancies, especially if they have pretty faces and tolerably good figures. They never look in the glass without foretelling that some gentleman or 'squire will be sure to marry them. Every penny is spent on ribbons and outside garniture, so that they have more flashy gowns than useful garments. They have often very high expectations, and dress to the tip-top of their means, and sometimes a good deal beyond, and along with all, perhaps, become rather idle. They are too pretty to work. Alas! alas! what tales could be told of the results of this folly. We have seen some without a character, some go to the Union, and some to an early grave, in consequence of this absurd dreaming. Somehow or other, gentlemen in our time do not often fall in love with factory-girls, milliners, or ladies'-maids. One Duchess of St. Alban's sprung from the daughter of an apple-woman, is a fact which hardly occurs once in a couple of centuries. A fortune generally goes further than features or figure in gaining a husband.

We have often wished that half of our *novels* were burnt. We believe that they have been the ruin of thousands. The love tales and romantic matches of poor girls with rich 'squires have turned many a woman's head. Hopes have been raised, not one in a thousand of which have ever been realised, while the poor deluded victims have become quite useless to their families and to society. We must banish such sickly trash and such deceptive hopes from the world before we shall make much progress. Women as well as men should resolve to rise *by their own efforts*, intelligence, and character. Nothing can be more ruinous than for girls to look to a husband to make their fortunes. Such females are generally not worth having, and often ruin their husbands and beggar their children. We trust that a time will come when no young man will think of marrying a wife who is not distinguished for intelligence, industry, and economy, and who has not laid by a

little money in the savings' bank ; or, at any rate, has given ample proofs that she would have done so if she had not been hindered by events beyond her control. Our readers know that we want every one to rise, and especially our female friends. Society cannot make progress without the co-operation of women ; while on the other hand, when their assistance and influence shall be secured, we shall go on at a railroad speed. We are not of those who say to the operative or mechanic, to the factory girl, or the housemaid, Be content with your lot. Our exhortation to all is, *Mend* your circumstances if you can—use all honest, rational, and honourable means to become independent of the smiles or frowns of the world ; but don't expect miracles : make your fortunes with your own hands, and then you will have no one to thank but Providence, and will enjoy the fruits of your industry, though comparatively small, far more than you would ten times as much which had cost you no labour.

As a people, we have suffered enormously from our dependence upon Parliament. We have crowds among us who expect to be enriched by the Government. "What will Parliament do?" is a common question ; although the experience of ages shows that it will do as little as possible. So that here we have no ground of hope, and never perhaps less than at the present time. It is rare to hear a sound principle of justice enunciated in our Houses of Parliament. The popular voice has done more for us than any just appreciation of sound political economy. Whigs and Tories have bid for popularity by redressing grievances which they loved, and whose injustice they were too blind to perceive. But even if our statesmen were angels, they could do little for us, unless we resolved to raise and elevate *ourselves*. We have in our hands the lever, the fulcrum, the weight, and the power ; and, if we determine to benefit ourselves, we can. It is said of Sir Robert Peel's father, that he determined to rise, and he did so. There is a great lesson taught us by this resolve. We may not, it is true, become baronets, great capitalists, or landowners, nor is it at all desirable that we should ; but we can increase our intelligence, become sound in our morals, economical in our habits, industrious in our occupations, skilful in our trades or callings, and thus secure a good character, and make provision for the future, so as never to be suppliants to the relieving officer, nor the inmates of a Union.

To our young men and young women we say again, Resolve to rise. You have at command all the means of intellectual, social, political, and moral elevation. You, if you choose, may surpass even the nobility in intelligence, independence, and morality ; and having this pre-eminence, you may look on coronets as mere baubles. Good men need no other nobility than that which goodness confers ; intelligent and honourable women require no titles. Weighed in the balances of common sense, these empty names are of no value. No man can have his mind, his morals, or even his property improved by being made a lord. What if the Queen used her prerogative, and elevated to the peerage all the operatives of both sexes in our factories ! The dignity would be nothing worth : it would make them neither wiser, more wealthy, happy, nor religious. But when men and women increase in intelligence, in industry, and economy, they benefit themselves and society, and thus become their own benefactors and the benefactors of the world.

We might have enforced the subject of this paper by showing that in our country there is no rank, except that of the monarch, but may be eventually obtained by the children of the poorest inhabitant of the land. It was the boast of one of our Lord Chancellors that his father's house was a most "*illustrious*" one, for it was

so poor and dilapidated that the sun shone into all the rooms through the chinks in the walls. The sons of other poor men have risen to the most elevated posts, and may rise again. But we dwell not on this point. We should consider it a crime to hold out such hopes as a motive for study, diligence, or good behaviour, or to lay any stress on the dignities to which we have referred. In our estimation, an honest, intelligent, industrious, and trustworthy operative is a thousand times more honourable, and far more valuable to the country, than any mere man of title can be. We have titles in profusion, and have had them for centuries without their conferring any advantage on the country which might not have been enjoyed to as great an extent if these honours had never existed. The Queen can make peers, but she cannot make intelligent, honourable, and happy citizens. We must create these ourselves. The patent for these dignities is in our own hands, and we must resolve to raise ourselves, or be for ever fallen.

THANKSGIVING FOR SPRING.

LORD, we bless thee for the spring,
In its gladness gladly sing;
Opening buds, and lengthening days,
Join with man to utter praise.

Tree, and bird, and stream unite,
Earth to grace, and man delight;
Song and beauty now combine,
Hourly chanting "We are thine!"

Let the fulness of thy love,
Every soul to bless thee move;
Let thy gladdening spirit flow
Through the hearts of all below.

Spring-time let it be to all—
Wise and simple, great and small;
Man and Nature then shall be,
LORD, in fellowship with thee!

JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD.

ON SEEING CHILDREN AT PLAY.

BY WILLIS, AN AMERICAN POET.

I love to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet gray;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And it makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore years,
And they say that I am old;
And my heart is ripe for the reaper, Death,
And my years are well nigh told.
It is very true—it is very true,
I'm old, and "I bide my time!"
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.

Play on, play on, I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go;
For the world, at best, is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low;
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way;
Yet it wiles my heart from its dreariness,
To see the young so gay.

THE YOUNG CHEVALIER.—Chap. V.

After the battle of Falkirk, the insurgents resumed the siege of Stirling; and, while thus engaged, heard of the expected arrival of the Duke of Cumberland. Charles and his officers were again at issue as to the course which it was proper to take. The Prince, to whom bold measures were ever the most welcome, wished to remain and fight the royal army. The chiefs advised a speedy retreat to the Highlands, whither the Duke could not follow them at this season of the year. Their army, they represented to Charles, had suffered greatly from desertion, and it would be impossible for them to assemble more than 5,000 men to meet a force double that number which accompanied Cumberland. In spring they believed they could muster 10,000 brave fighting men, independently of any foreign supplies; and meanwhile they could employ the troops they had in taking the Government forts in the Highlands. The Prince's secretary relates, that when his master received the document which contained this opinion of his officers, his rage exceeded all bounds, and he knocked his head on the wall till he staggered, bitterly inveighing against Lord George Murray.

It was peculiarly unfortunate that Charles Edward felt least disposed to confide in those who had risked most for him, and were every way best qualified to give him sound advice. He was fully endowed with the kingly propensity of making favourites of sycophants: hence his former tutor, Sir Thomas Sheridan, and the Irish officers belonging to the French service, who were in the army, were privileged to hold that place in the Prince's confidence which, for the sake of his own cause, had better have been bestowed on the Scottish leaders. This time, however, he was obliged to submit.

On the 31st of January it was determined that the retreat should commence next morning, and an order given that the army should muster at nine o'clock. Though the reason for this mustering was not made public, a suspicion of the design arose in the minds of the soldiers, and with a fear very unusual to them, they waited not for the appointed hour, but just as they could, before daybreak, set their faces northward, making a disorderly flight rather than a deliberate retreat. At Crieff they were re-assembled, and the route determined on. The clans were to proceed through Athol, by the direct Highland road, under the command of the Prince, and the low country regiments and horse to take the coast road by Aberdeen, under the charge of Lord George Murray—both parties to meet in the neighbourhood of Inverness as their final destination. The Highland capital itself was not open to them, Lord Loudon having occupied it with the Independent Companies, amounting to 2,000 men.

On the 6th of February the Duke of Cumberland reached Perth, and finding both parties of the rebels several days' march before him, he gave up the pursuit in the meantime. A few days after, the royal army in Scotland was reinforced by the arrival of the Prince of Hesse, King George's son-in-law, with five thousand troops from the Continent. Cumberland marched to Aberdeen by the same road which Lord George Murray had taken. He reached that city on the 25th of February, and there he quartered his troops for six weeks.

This time was not passed idly by his opponents in the Highlands. The fame they had already earned was well sustained by various successful attacks on the forts and strongholds of the Government all around the country. Lord Loudon was frightened out of Inverness under circumstances which must have afforded many a good laugh to his enemies. On the 16th of February Charles reached Moy-hall, sixteen miles from Inverness, the seat of the Laird of Mackintosh. This gentleman took the Government side, and was at this time from home in its service; but his lady, a most devoted Jacobite, had raised the clan on behalf of the Chevalier; and though she provided them a colonel in the person of Macgillvray of Drumnaglass, she herself rode frequently at their head with a man's bonnet on, and pistols at her saddle bow, and well deserved the title by which she is still known in the neighbourhood, Colonel Anne. While Charles was this lady's guest, Lord Loudon conceived the design of ending the war by taking the Chevalier prisoner. For this purpose, at nightfall of the 16th, he left Inverness with 1,500 of his loyal Highlanders, and proceeded as quietly as possible on the road to Moy. His intention had transpired, however; and at five the next morning, a messenger, all breathless with haste, reached the castle with the intelligence that the Earl of Loudon was not more than a mile distant. The Prince was instantly roused and sent off to a place of safety. But his enemy was

not destined to reach Moy-hall. Lady Mackintosh, with true soldierly vigilance, had the night before sent five men, headed by the blacksmith, to guard the road to Inverness. The blacksmith was a clever fellow; and hearing of Lord Loudon's approach, determined to try if he could not out-manœuvre him. He directed his men to place themselves at short distances from each other near the road, to fire separately when the enemy was near, and then raise the war-cries of the Camerons and M'Donalds, calling on the clans to rush on and oppose the villains who were coming to seize their Prince. The trick was completely successful. The advancing party hearing the names of Lochiel, Keppoch, and other chiefs called out, and bagpipes playing the various clan gatherings, thought that the whole insurgent army was upon them, and fled in the utmost confusion. The Master of Ross, who afterwards spent many years in military service, used to declare that in all the dangers he had passed through, he never found himself in so sad a plight as at the rout of Moy. Even when the panic-struck party got to Inverness, they did not consider themselves safe; and hastened, by crossing Kessoch Ferry into Ross-shire, to place an arm of the sea between themselves and the enemy. On the 18th the Prince having assembled a considerable force, marched to Inverness, to return Lord Loudon's intended visit, but to his surprise, he found an unoccupied town, of which he was permitted to take quiet possession.

No doubt the able generalship of the blacksmith was well rewarded by his brave mistress. Many amusing anecdotes are related of the curious position in which this lady and her husband now stood to each other. On one occasion Mackintosh, being taken prisoner, was brought into the presence of his wife in her military capacity, when she saluted him with, "Your servant, captain!" To which he immediately replied, "Your servant, colonel!" The Prince considerately placed him in her custody, assuring him, "that he could not be in better security, or more honourably treated."

This Amazon was not the only Highland lady who could resort to extreme measures for the beloved Prince. General Stewart, in his sketches of the Highlands, referring to President Forbes's complaints of the violent Jacobitism of the ladies, says—"One of the ladies noticed by the President, finding she could not prevail upon her husband to join the rebels, though his men were ready, and perceiving one morning that he intended to set off for Culloden with the offers of his service as a loyal subject, contrived, while making tea for breakfast, to pour, as if by accident, a quantity of scalding hot water on his knees and legs, and thus effectually put an end to all active movements on his part for that season, while she despatched his men to join the rebels under a commander more obedient to her wishes."

From February to April the rival cousins kept their respective quarters at Aberdeen and Inverness—the fiery Duke waiting impatiently for such weather as should render it prudent to seek his enemy amongst the Highland hills. On the 8th of April he marched his army northwards; and that nothing might be wanting which could contribute to their comfort or strength, a number of victual ships sailed along the coast beside them, ready to send provisions on shore whenever they were needed. The 15th the army spent at Nairn, a small town about twenty miles from Inverness, holding a feast in honour of their royal commander's birthday.

That day Charles was anxiously reviewing his troops on Culloden Moor, five miles from Inverness. They were not in good condition to meet the enemy. Many large parties were absent, and though messengers were despatched for them, some days must elapse before they could all be assembled. And still more grievous, those regiments which were on the spot, were much weakened from want of sufficient food. This seems to have been the result of strange mismanagement in the commissariat department; for it is affirmed that in Inverness there was meal sufficient for a fortnight's consumption, while on this important day the insurgent soldiers' entire allowance was one small loaf each of the worst description of bread. On the preceding day Charles had drawn off his forces to this moor, which was now fixed on as the field of battle. Hitherto, the Highlanders had been particularly fortunate in their ground, but on this occasion their usual sagacity failed them. Culloden, or Drummossie Moor, though boggy in some parts, and with slight hollows, was still enough of a plain to permit cavalry and regular troops to act with effect, and thus the Highlanders were deprived of the great advantage they should have had if drawn up on the hilly ground on the neighbourhood, where they could attack without difficulty an enemy nearly helpless in such a situation. Lord George Murray objected to the ground chosen, it is said, by O'Sullivan, but was over-ruled, chiefly as he thought by the influence of Sheridan and the French officers. The reason assigned for choosing Culloden was, that

thus Inverness would be protected. On this busy day a l aring step, but one which, if it could be carried out, was likely to be successful, was proposed and agreed to,—a night attack on the Duke of Cumberland's camp. The insurgent's army, of whom only about half could be assembled, the others having wandered off in search of food, was divided into two columns—Lord George Murray leading the first, Charles, the second. They set out at eight o'clock in the evening, hoping to reach the camp about midnight, as only nine miles lay between them. But for the sake of secrecy they were obliged to leave the high road and take difficult boggy paths, which, with an extremely dark night, made their progress so slow, that at two in the morning they were yet three miles from their destination. It was now evident that their attack could not be made before daylight, and the sound of drums from the distant camp warned them that its tenants were not off their guard.

To proceed in such circumstances would have been the extreme of rashness; and Lord George, whose column was far in advance of the other, ordered a retreat. Disheartened and mortified, the poor fellows retraced their steps, and at seven o'clock reached their former position on Culloden Moor, quite exhausted from want of food, want of sleep, and the fatigue of their difficult march. Some went to sleep, others wandered off in search of provisions, while Charles and his officers went to Culloden, where they were glad to get a little bread and whiskey.

Thus dawned the eventful 16th of April, 1746, whose sun was destined to see the hopes of the Stuarts for ever extinguished. Lord George Murray, fully impressed with the folly of meeting the enemy in the present condition of the insurgent army, made a last attempt on this morning to persuade the Prince to avoid an immediate engagement. He proposed that they should cross a small river near, called the Water of Nairn, and post themselves on ground beyond, which he had sent two officers to examine the day before, and which they reported to be most favourable for the operations of Highland troops, and there wait for the Duke. Thus they should have a great advantage of ground; should gain time for the army to rest; and, if they chose, might avoid a battle for some days, when they were certain of large reinforcements, which were now hastening to join the main body. Cluny Macpherson with his clan, and the Master of Lovat with an additional party of Frasers, were on their way to them; and it was hoped that the Earl of Cromarty with the Mackenzies would soon be up.

But Charles was deaf to all remonstrance; and encouraged by the concurring opinion of his favourite advisers, he was resolved that fight, then and there, they should. The reasons he assigned were, that a retrograde movement would discourage his troops, who might perhaps disband; and that, by a change of position, Inverness, where his stores and baggage lay, would be exposed to the enemy. An over sanguine disposition, and a blind and unreasonable confidence in the power of his troops, whatever strength was brought against them, led the Chevalier into the fatal mistake of forcing on an engagement at this unpropitious moment.

Meanwhile, the duke's army was deliberately advancing, and messengers were despatched to Inverness to recall the parties who had wandered thither for provisions, and who, just as they were about to satisfy the cravings of hunger, were obliged to return to very different work. The weary sleepers were disturbed as unceremoniously, and the whole available host was speedily formed into order of battle. The right of the front line was composed of the Athol men and Camerons; in the centre were the Frasers, Mackintoshes, and various other clans; on the left the three Macdonald regiments of Clanranald, Glengarry, and Keppoch. The second line, which was completed with difficulty, was formed of the low country and foreign regiments. Four pieces of cannon were placed in the centre, and the same number at each extremity of the front.

This arrangement, which was a good one for bearing an attack, had one unfortunate circumstance connected with it. The great clan of the Macdonalds in former battles composed the right-wing of the insurgent army, an honour which they asserted was their right since the days of Robert Bruce. And now they were filled with indignation and resentment at being placed on the left, which they regarded as not only an insult to themselves, but also an ill omen to the fate of the day.

Opposite this exhausted army of 5,000 men stood Cumberland's host, composed of various English and Scottish regiments, numbering in all 9,000 strong, fresh, and vigorous men, with an admirably-served artillery. This is not the place to give minute descriptions of military dispositions—suffice it to state, that the duke's arrangement showed him to be a most able general. Aware of the danger of having his front line broken by the impetuosity of a

Highland onset, he so arranged that the centres of the regiments of the second line were behind the vacant spaces which divided the regiments forming the first line, and the third line stood in the same position to the second; so that if the enemy succeeded in breaking any one regiment there were two ready to supply its place. Two canon were placed between every two regiments of the first line.

Thus the armies stood facing each other. The insurgents, whose good fortune seemed to desert them entirely on this important day, were annoyed by the wind blowing in their faces, and spent some time in vain attempts to change their position. Just at this point an affecting incident occurred, exhibiting strongly the devotion to the cause for which he fought, which animated the Highland soldier. It is thus related by Brown, in his "History of the Highland Clans:"—"Conceiving that by assassinating the Duke of Cumberland he would confer an essential service to the Prince, a Highlander resolved, at the certain sacrifice of his own life, to make the attempt. With this intention he entered the English lines as a deserter; and being granted quarter, was allowed to go through the ranks. He wandered about with apparent indifference, eyeing the officers as he passed along; and it was not long till an opportunity occurred, as he conceived, for executing his fell purpose.

"The duke having ordered Lord Bury, one of his aides-de-camp, to reconnoitre, his lordship crossed the path of the Highlander, who, mistaking him from his dress for the duke (the regimentals of both being similar), instantly seized a musket which lay on the ground, and discharged it at his lordship. Fortunately, he missed his aim, and a soldier who was standing by immediately shot him dead upon the spot."

Charles rode along his lines, animating the spirits of the troops, and reminding them of the glorious days of Preston and Falkirk, and then retired, attended by a small guard, to a slight eminence in the rear. Duke William also remembered those days, though he mentioned them not; but he gave the significant order, that if any felt reluctant to fight they should immediately retire. He told his men to trust chiefly to their bayonets, and allow the Highlanders to mingle with them that they might "know the men they had to deal with." It was a moment of intense anxiety to both the young leaders (the two princes were about the same age). A father's crown trembled in the balance!

The battle commenced by the Highlanders firing their canon, but it was so wretchedly ineffective that no execution was done. The royal artillery returned a tremendous fire, to which the Prince nearly fell a victim. A man holding a led horse was killed at his side, and Charles was bespattered by the mud which the balls raised. With frightful impatience the Highlanders stood under this fire, eagerly waiting the order to advance. At length Lord George determined to charge, seeing it was evident that the duke's army would not move; but ere the command could be given, the Mackintosh's burst from the line and rushed forward. The other clans followed, all but the Macdonalds, and the charge became general, except at the left wing. "The action and event of the onset were," says Mr. Chambers, "throughout quite as dreadful as the mental emotion which urged it. Notwithstanding that the three files of the front line of English poured forth their incessant fire of musketry — notwithstanding that the cannon, now loaded with grape-shot, swept the field as with a hail-storm—notwithstanding the flank fire of Wolfe's regiment—onward, onward went the headlong Highlanders, flinging themselves into, rather than rushing upon, the lines of the enemy, which indeed they did not see for smoke till involved among their weapons. All that courage, all that despair could do, was done.

"It was a moment of dreadful and agonising suspense; but only a moment—for the whirlwind does not reap the forest with greater rapidity than the Highlanders cleared the line. Nevertheless, almost every man in their front rank, chief and gentleman, fell before the deadly weapons which they had braved; and although the enemy gave way, it was not till every bayonet was bent and bloody with the strife.

"When the first line had been thus swept aside, the assailants continued their impetuous advance till they came near the second, when being almost annihilated by a profuse and well-directed fire, the shattered remains of what had been but an hour before a numerous and confident force, began to give way. Still a few rushed on, resolved rather to die than forfeit their well-acquired and dearly estimated honour. They rushed on, but not a man ever came in contact with the enemy. The last survivor perished as he reached the points of the bayonets.

"The persevering and desperate valour displayed by the Highlanders on this occasion is proved by the circumstance, that at one part of the plain, where a very vigorous attack had been made, their bodies were afterwards found *in layers three and four deep;* so many it would

appear having in succession mounted even a prostrate friend, to share in the same inevitable fate. The slaughter was particularly great among the brave Mackintoshes, insomuch, that the heroic lady who sent them to the field, afterwards told the party by whom she was taken prisoner, that only three of her officers had escaped."

The offended Macdonalds, meanwhile, sullenly kept their ground, and refused to advance. The Duke of Perth implored them to follow their companions, telling them that if they fought with their usual bravery, they would turn the left into a right, and he would change his name for that of Macdonald. But in vain. One of their own chiefs, the brave Keppoch, was not more successful, and with a cry of agony, that the children of his clan had forsaken him, he rushed on almost alone to his death. There the proud clansmen stood, bearing the fire of the enemy without flinching, but making no movement till they saw their army routed, when they marched off the field in an orderly manner. It has been supposed that if they had joined in the first attack, thus making the onset simultaneous along the whole line, the fate of the day might have been reversed.

"It was indeed," continues Mr. Chambers, "a complete rout. The mountaineers had done all that their system of warfare taught them, and all that their natural strength enabled them to perform. They had found this vain; and all that then remained was to withdraw. Charles saw the condition of his troops with the despair of a ruined gamester. He lingered on the field in the fond hope that all was not yet lost. He even moved to charge the enemy, as if his own single person could have availed against so big a destiny. Confounded, bewildered, and in tears, it required the utmost efforts of his attendants to make him forego his once splendid hopes by a retreat; and he at last only left the field, when to have remained would have but added his own destruction to that of the many brave men who had already spilt their hearts' blood in his cause."

The retreating army divided into two parties: one, which included the Prince, crossed the water of Nairn and took the road to Badenoch; while the other fled in the direction of Inverness. The pursuit, principally directed against the latter party, from the facility which the ground afforded, was merciless. Four of the five miles which intervene between the battle-field and Inverness, were strewn with the bodies of the slain. The total loss on the insurgents' side was never exactly ascertained, but it is agreed that it could not be less than a thousand—a fifth of the whole army. Of these, many were officers, including amongst the distinguished persons, Lord Strathallan, Macgillvray of Drumnaglass, and, as already mentioned, Macdonald of Keppoch. On the other side, the whole loss, killed, wounded, and missing, was 310.

The cruelties of this day, and of the following months, have gained for Cumberland the unenviable name of "the butcher." The third day after the battle, soldiers were sent to the field, to kill any of the few wounded creatures in whom life might still be found. While on this brutal mission, they discovered a hut with a number of the wounded in it; and with a cruelty passing belief, these monsters set fire to the place, planting themselves as a guard round it, to prevent the possibility of any poor wretch escaping the flames. To excuse these atrocities, it was pretended that an order was found, signed by Lord George Murray, commanding the insurgents to give no quarter. But there is no evidence that such an order was ever given: it is all but certain that the whole story was a fabrication.

INFLUENCE OF A SMILE.—It is related in the life of the celebrated mathematician, William Hutton, that a respectable country woman called on him one day, anxious to speak to him. She told him, with an air of serenity, that her husband behaved unkind to her, and sought other company, frequently passing the evenings from home, which made her feel extremely unhappy, and knowing Mr. Hutton to be a wise man, she thought he might be able to tell her how she could manage to cure her husband. The case was a common one, and he thought he could prescribe for it without losing his character as a conjurer. "The remedy is a simple one," said he, "and I have never known it to fail. *Always treat your husband with a smile.*" The woman expressed her thanks, dropped a courtesy, and went away. A few months afterwards she waited on Mr. Hutton with a couple of fine fowls, which she begged him to accept. She told him, while a tear of joy and gratitude glistened in her eye, that she had followed his advice, and her husband was cured. He no longer sought the company of others, but treated her with constant love and kindness.

GLEANINGS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

For many years I have been in the habit of keeping a common-place book, and every evening entering therein, in my own style, an account of any remarkable fact that had excited my observation throughout the day. I have thus accumulated several volumes, and it is now a great pleasure to me, when any particular fact attracts attention, to run over my collection and find a parallel one in days gone by. It occurred to me that your working men might be pleased to have some of these gleanings presented to them. They are multifarious : facts from history and every-day life; traditions, remarkable superstitions; singular occurrences, &c., &c., that cannot fail to amuse and to instruct. You are welcome to them.

No. I.—INCIDENTS IN THE HISTORY OF CRIMINAL LAW.

Those who delight to trace the gradual steps of civilisation, have an interesting field of inquiry opened up to them by the history of our criminal code. At one time it was the most severe and the most sanguinary in Europe, fully deserving what was said of it by Sir Samuel Romilly: "The laws of my country are written in blood." It was not only severe, but indiscriminate, extending the punishment of death to nearly two hundred offences, giving in fact the same punishment to the man who destroyed the lives of a whole family, as to the one who stole a spoon or a pocket handkerchief. Women have been executed during the present century for stealing to the value of forty shillings in a dwelling house, and boys of fourteen for picking pockets. The statute-book retained so many capital crimes, that the public mind sickened at the weekly exhibition of cruelty and death. Juries at length would not convict; and judges were not unwilling to seize upon any weak point in the evidence, and recommend it as a ground of acquittal. This barbarity was the work of comparatively modern times. In the reigns of the Plantaganets, four offences were made capital; in the time of the Tudors there were twenty-seven; under the Stuarts thirty-six, and under the sovereigns of the house of Brunswick, no less than one hundred and fifty-six. Between the accession of William III. and the death of George II., many thousands perished by the hands of the public executioner, and this, too, for offences which are now visited by a few weeks' imprisonment. We have seen, within a comparatively short space of time, a great amelioration of our criminal law; men have lost faith in the efficacy of punishment, as a deterrent from crime, and are learning to depend upon preventive measures, instead of the old, clumsy, bungling system founded upon the fear of death and physical pain.

During the time that executions were common every Monday morning at Newgate, and demoralised crowds were invited to witness the dying agonies of a fellow creature, there was necessarily much haste and confusion in the trials, and we need not be surprised that many innocent men and women suffered. All human judgment is liable to err; and, under the very best of circumstances, an awful responsibility rests upon those who have to decide upon mere circumstantial proof. A question naturally arises, whether any fallible tribunal ought to have the power of sending a fellow creature to an irrevocable doom. There is a solemn importance attached to this question, when we look at the number of instances recorded of men having been executed whose innocence has afterwards been made apparent. Sir Fitzroy Kelly says, that "in fifty years forty-one innocent persons had been executed;" and, it is said, during the present century no less than forty innocent persons have perished on the scaffold. Some of the cases are of a painfully interesting character. When looked at in all their details, they far exceed in horror anything that the imagination of the romance writer can produce. They prove that "truth is strange—stranger than fiction." Some few of the more striking ones will be laid before the reader. They will satisfy the candid mind that all human evidence is liable to error and mistake.

The first instance is that supplied in the case of Mr. Barber, who was convicted

of forgery, sentenced to be transported, the sentence actually carried into execution, and who was afterwards pardoned by her Majesty on his innocence being proved. Sir George Stephens has given the whole case in a pamphlet, remarkable for its perspicuity and earnestness, and possessing as much interest as a novel. He enters into all the details of this singular and complicated case. "It is," Sir George says, "pregnant with instruction to all classes." We will attempt briefly to explain the whole case, and then take part of the evidence, and show from it on what a slender thread sometimes hangs the verdict of a jury, the happiness of a life, and sometimes the life itself. It is necessary to explain the nature of this remarkable case, in order to understand the particular feature of it we are desirous of presenting at this time.

It appears that a large amount of dividends and principal stock remains unclaimed from time to time in the Bank of England, and after a number of years it is carried over to the interest of the national debt. Mr. Fletcher, a gentleman of apparent wealth and respectability residing at Camberwell, was aware of this fact, and resolved to turn his knowledge to account. It appears that he had obtained from Mr. Christmas, who was employed in the Bank, and who had risen from the position of an inspector to an office of considerable trust, his information on many important particulars respecting the unclaimed stock and dividends, and who was paid liberally for the information he gave. On receiving the requisite information, Fletcher began to institute inquiries for the real owner of the stock. If he found the owners, he then ascertained whether they were aware of the fact of the stock standing in their name, and, if so, made his terms with the party for the disclosures his information enabled him to make. Where the owner was found to be in total ignorance, or in cases where no owner could be found, Fletcher proceeded to get some one to personate the owner, and to dress up a tale to suit the circumstances. This was, unquestionably, forgery; and during the last five years of the fifteen he pursued this systematic scheme of fraud and villany he was concerned in four forgeries, and had substantiated five genuine claims. Mr. Barber was his solicitor, and had been employed by him on general business, and it was not until twelve months after their first connection that Mr. Barber was instructed to obtain letters of administration to a party that was introduced to him as the rightful owner of unclaimed stock. Mr. Barber did after this all Mr. Fletcher's business, and it was done amongst the regular business of the office, and the charges duly entered in his books. At length the artfully prepared plan was discovered. That Mr. Barber was the dupe of the man Fletcher cannot now admit of reasonable doubt. One of the nine cases upon which Mr. Barber was tried broke down from a trivial but remarkable circumstance that is worthy of note.

Unclaimed stock stood at the Bank in the name of John Stewart, to the amount of £1,200. Mr. Fletcher represented that John Stewart had died intestate, and he induced one of his accomplices to personate Miss Stewart, who was entitled to the administration. The deceased had died at Great Marlow, and Fletcher had gone there to make inquiries in the month of May, 1844. Mr. Barber was instructed by him to prosecute further inquiries five months after. Fletcher had gone to Marlow in May, and Barber had gone in the following October. The attempt was made by the prosecution to show that Mr. Barber was acting with a guilty knowledge of the fraud; that he, in fact, was an accomplice. It was said that Mr. Barber had gone to Marlow within a fortnight of the time that Fletcher had been there. This made out a strong case, as it justified a suspicion of privity to the concoction of the fraud, as this would prove that Mr. Barber had been there before the forged bond had been executed, instead of after, as he alleged. Mr. Hyatt, the landlord of the inn at which he stayed, and at which he conducted his inquiries, swore stoutly that Mr. Barber was there in May or early in June, and at no other time, and that would be within a fortnight of the time that Fletcher had been there. This was a vital point in the evidence. The rest must be told in the words of Sir George Stephens. "Happily for Mr. Barber, he had in Baron Gurney the most keen-sighted judge that ever adorned the bench, and in Mr. Wilkins one of the most able council who ever addressed it. More happily still, he had on principle always

retained every scrap of paper connected with his professional duties; nor did he lose his presence of mind, sustained as it was by conscious innocence, even amid the breathless and awful anxiety, shared, perhaps, by the prosecutors themselves, when this astounding evidence came out.

"Mr. Barber's tavern bill was put in, the date folded down, and it was handed to the witness.

"'Is that your bill?'

"'It is: it is in my handwriting; the charges are correct: one of them is for the hire of a horse to the railway station, five miles off.'

"'Did Mr. Barber ever visit you more than once?'

"'No!'

"'Are you quite sure that Mr. Barber's visit was within a fortnight after Fletcher's?'

"'Yes: of that I am quite certain.'

"'And that he was never in your house but once, and that once not in October?'

"'I am positive of that.'

"'Then look at the date of the bill in your own hand-writing.'"

It was dated the 13th October.

From the mere accident of having kept his tavern bill, which is in itself an extraordinary instance of carefulness, he was able to show that the landlord was mistaken, and that, too, by the landlord's own bill.

Sir G. Stephen says:—"It makes the blood freeze to think on what petty circumstances a man's life depends before a jury; but for the preservation of the tavern bill, Mr. Barber's inevitable fate, only a few years since, would have been a public and ignominious death."

Upon another of the charges Mr. Barber was convicted, but, as it since turns out, upon unsatisfactory evidence. In this case the prisoner was a lawyer: he had able counsel, and a humane and discerning judge, and yet he was convicted. The acts of Fletcher had drawn such a web of suspicion about him, that, aided by all these advantages, he could not extricate himself. How must the difficulties increase when a man is ignorant of all legal technicalities and forms, having no friends, and withal very poor, so that he can neither fee counsel nor pay the expenses of witnesses. It is impossible to go over the case of William Ross, who was lately executed at York, without feeling that had he possessed the advantages of Mr. Barber he would have been acquitted. The presumptive evidence in favour of his innocence is much stronger than that which was produced in proof of his guilt. It is not necessary to dwell on his fate. As yet there is no positive proof of his innocence.

A singular case occurred at the Lancaster Assizes, about 15 years ago, which shows in a very marked manner the danger of relying upon circumstantial evidence. Three persons—Paul Rigby, John Grimes, and Mary Grimes, travelling pedlars—were indicted for having assaulted, with attempt to kill and murder, one John Stanley on the public highway. They were charged also with having robbed the said John Stanley of several pounds of money. The following is a summary of the evidence. A farmer deposed that on the night named in the indictment he was returning from Lancaster: when about two miles on the road his horse shied at something lying on the road, and presently he heard a moan. He dismounted, and found a man (John Stanley), who appeared to be very much abused. He was tied with a piece of wire to a gate, and was unable to speak. The wire was fastened round his neck. When he recovered, he told witness that he had been robbed and ill-used by two men who, with a woman in company, had overtaken him on the road, and had been gone about half an hour, as he supposed. The witness rendered him assistance, and then rode back to Lancaster to give the alarm. The next witness was the landlord of a public house in the neighbourhood, who deposed that the three prisoners, who were all strangers to him, called at his house on the night named. The prosecutor was there at the time. After he had left, he observed the two men, Rigby and Grimes, whispering together, and they soon after left and took the road to Lancaster. He followed them to the door, as he suspected from their

manner they were after something bad. The constable of the parish said that the prosecutor had been very much injured. The next morning he apprehended the prisoners at a lodging-house in Lancaster, and took their shoes. He compared one of them that belonged to Rigby with certain footmarks close to the spot where Stanley was found, and it exactly corresponded. Two nails had been lost out of the heel, which made the resemblance unmistakable. The constable said, however, that he found only four shillings and some copper upon the prisoners. A young lady, the daughter of one of the county coroners, deposed that on the afternoon of the robbery, the female prisoner called at her father's house, and on purchasing some cotton-balls, she viewed some wire which exactly corresponded with that found about the neck of the prosecutor. Upon the prisoners being called upon for their defence, one of them requested the prosecutor to be re-called. He asked him a number of questions, but nothing was elicited to shake the evidence. The prosecutor stated again that his name was Stanley, that he was a joiner, and resided at Market Drayton, in Shropshire, and that he was going to Kendal in search of work. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and sentence of death was pronounced upon them, the judge holding out no hope of mercy. They protested their innocence, and one of them replied to the solemn warning of the judge to ask for pardon of GOD, saying, indignantly, "Do you want me to tell a lie, my lord? Why should I ask pardon for a crime I never committed?" They were left for execution.

The day after the judge left Lancaster, the chaplain of the castle gaol received an anonymous letter declaring the prisoners to be innocent, and that no robbery had taken place at all. No notice was taken of this until the following Sunday, when the condemned prisoners received the sacrament with great devotion, but still protested their innocence. This moved the prison authorities, and next morning the letter was taken over to Preston to the sheriff. Some circumstance induced him to compare the handwriting with the receipt given by Stanley to the borough treasurer for his expenses, and the handwriting was pronounced to be the same. A gentleman then proceeded to Market Drayton to make inquiries concerning the character of Stanley, when it was discovered that *no person was known there of that name or business*. A deputation was then sent to Mr. Justice Park, the judge who had tried the case. He said, "If these men are innocent, there is no reliance to be placed on human testimony." The under-sheriff stated his intention not to carry the sentence into execution until he had had a communication with the Home-office. A respite was then given: and the following day, in consequence of a letter from the judge, an unconditional reprieve was received. So great was the joy of the public, who had been greatly excited by the circumstances, that they testified it by an illumination and ringing of bells.

Great exertions were made to apprehend Stanley. After a lapse of two years he was apprehended at Barnet, in Hertfordshire, while attempting to practise another crime of the same character. He was tried for the perjury at Lancaster, and sentenced to transportation for seven years. The other evidence was never explained. It admits, however, of several explanations compatible with the innocence of the accused.

BRITISH COINAGE.—Long before the Roman invasion, coined money circulated in Britain. The Egbert silver coins, used at the beginning of the ninth century, were shillings, thrismas, pennies, halflings, and feorthlings. Alfred coined silver pennies and copper sticas or half farthings; but Athelstan was the first to establish uniform coin in England; and after that time, the kings became the bullion merchants and coiners. Gold coin was introduced by Edward III. in six-shilling pieces, nearly equal in size to a modern sovereign. Nobles followed at 6s. 8d., hence the lawyers' fee; afterwards there were half and quarter nobles. Edward IV. coined angels, with a figure of Michael and the dragon. Henry VIII. issued sovereigns and half-sovereigns of the modern value. Guineas were the same size; but, being made of superior gold, were valued at 21s., and in 1798 at 30s.

GOLD.

ITS HISTORY.

This metal appears to have been known at a very early period. Moses speaks as if the art of working both in gold and silver had reached a very considerable degree of advancement—"Speak now in the ears of the people, and let every man borrow of his neighbour, and every woman borrow of her neighbour, jewels of silver and jewels of gold." This must have been about 3300 years ago. The chief supply of gold in ancient times was from Asia. Herodotus speaks of people living near the source of the Indus searching for gold. The amount of the precious metal brought by Alexander the Great from the East appears to have been very great, and the coins of that period are executed with considerable ability, and are of great purity. The gold mines of Thrace were in operation in A.D. 378; and although there are passages in the old writers, some of which are obviously fabulous—such as the story related by Diodorus of Semiramis having erected statues of Jupiter, Juno, and Rhea, of beaten gold, forty feet high—there is no doubt that it was used in great quantities, such being evidently the case from the numerous allusions, both in sacred and profane history, to treasures, vessels, and ornaments of gold.

ITS SOURCES.

The chief supply of gold for the last two centuries and a half has been from South America and Mexico. Upon an average of the latter years of the last century, the annual produce of gold is estimated at 517,775 ounces, or about £200,000 in value. The annual produce of the gold mines of South America is valued at £1,133,716. In Peru gold is as abundant as silver, but for want of capital it is obtained chiefly from the sand of the streams, but sometimes in the mountains, in lumps, as one of 60 lbs. The mines of Hungary, including those of Transylvania, and of the Bannat of Temeswar, compose four great districts producing 3250 lbs. troy of gold. The obtaining of gold in mining countries costs about fifteen times as much as silver. The Californian gold discoveries have already produced a most extensive emigration, not only from the United States of America, but from nearly every part of the world. The gold was first discovered by the cutting of a mill-dam by a gentleman named Sutter. Gold to a very large amount has been found in the valley of the Sacramento; the mountain streams wash down golden sands, and it is found in every little dried-up creek and ravine. The mines run at the foot of the Snowy Mountains, and they alone produce about one million and a half sterling annually.

Gold has been found in many of the tin stream works of Cornwall, and the slate mountains which run across the southern part of Scotland have afforded stream gold in several places; it has also been discovered in some of the Wicklow streams. Sir R. J. Murchison, in a paper read to the Royal Institution, has successfully dwelt upon Russia and Siberia as exhibiting on the grandest scale that gold occurs in quantity only in the upper part of vein-stones, and that when the latter are worked downward they gradually yield less metal.

ITS VALUE.

Fine gold is about £3 17s. an ounce; silver only 5s.

DUCTILITY OF GOLD.

Gold is too ductile or soft in its natural state to be used pure, and, to harden it, the metal is alloyed or mixed with copper or silver. The hardest alloy with copper is composed of eleven parts of gold and one of copper, and this has been adopted as the standard of our coinage. The effect of some other metals in changing the properties of gold is remarkable. If one-twelfth part lead be added, the metal is as brittle as glass; if a quarter of a grain of bismuth be added to an ounce of gold, the mixture, although in colour and texture resembling gold, is perfectly brittle; if a like quantity of antimony be added, the mixture is not only brittle, but has hardly any metallic lustre. Gold plate is about one-fourth copper.

The hundred-thousandth part of a grain of gold may be seen by the naked eye; and a cube of gold, whose side is but the hundredth of an inch, has 2,433,000,000 of visible parts. If a silver wire be covered with gold, it may be drawn out into wire of still greater fineness, and still retain this coating of gold; and one grain of gold will in this way coat a surface of wire about two miles and three-quarters in length.

THE MALLEABILITY OF GOLD

exceeds that of all other metals. Gold leaf can be reduced to the 300,000th of an inch, and gilding to the 10,000,000th. Lace gilding is 1,000,000th of an inch thick, tin-foil 1,000th of an inch, and gold leaf the 200,000th; so that 200 gold leaves are only equal in thickness to one of tin-foil. One grain of gold will cover 7½ inches each way, or 52 square inches; or be 1,500 times thinner than ordinary writing-paper.

THE TENACITY OF GOLD

is greatly inferior to that of other metals. A wire one-thirteenth of an inch thick will not support a greater weight than 150 lbs.; whereas an iron wire of the same diameter will sustain a weight of 560 lbs. It is not an opaque body, like all other metals, for gold leaf transmits a green light, as may be conveniently observed by laying a leaf between two thin plates of colourless glass, and holding it between the eye and a strong light. It is less fusible than silver, and more so than copper. It is the most perfect conductor of heat—that is to say, if heat be applied to one end of a rod of gold, it will be transmitted from particle to particle, and become sensible at the other extremity of the rod more quickly than through any other substance in nature. Gold may be exposed for ages to air and moisture without undergoing any alteration; and a quantity of it has been kept for thirty weeks in a melted state in a glass-house furnace without the loss of a single grain, and without any change in its nature. But if a small portion of it be intensely heated by electricity, or by the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe, it burns with a greenish blue flame, and is dissipated in the form of a purple powder.

THE DEATH WATCH.

THERE are many persons of weak minds who are in a continual state of alarm in consequence of prognosticating that evil is to befal them, from what they term signs and tokens. Among the most prevalent of these tokens is the noise made by what they call the "Death-Watch." But these fears will be dissipated when it is explained that the singular noise in question proceeds from natural causes, being produced by two different insects, one a caleopterous insect of a dark colour, about a quarter of an inch in length—the *anobium tessellatum*. Notwithstanding its smallness of size, however, this creature is often the cause of serious alarm from the noise that it makes; and which is considered as portentous of death to some one of the family in whose house it is heard. The philosopher and naturalist may smile at a superstition thus absurd; yet the celebrated Sir Thomas Brown has remarked with great earnestness, that the man "who could eradicate this error from the minds of the people might prevent the fearful passions of the heart, and many cold sweats, taking place in grandmothers and nurses." It is chiefly in the advanced period of spring that the insects in question commence their noise, and which is no more than the call or signal by which they are mutually attracted to each other, and may be considered as analogous to the call of birds. This noise does not arise from their voice, but from the insect's beating on hard substances with the shield or fore-part of its head. The general number of successive distinct strokes is from seven to nine or eleven. These are given in pretty quick succession, and are repeated at uncertain intervals: in old houses, where the insects are numerous, they may be heard, if the weather be warm, almost every hour in the day. The noise exactly resembles that made by beating moderately hard with the finger-nail on a table. Mr. Stackhouse carefully observed the manner of its beating. He says, the insect raises itself upon its hinder legs, and with the body somewhat inclined, beats its head with great force and agility against the place on which it stands.

This insect, which is the real death-watch of the vulgar, emphatically so called, must not, however, be confounded with another minuter insect, not much unlike a louse, that makes a ticking noise like a watch; but, instead of beating at intervals, it continues its noise for a considerable length of time without intermission. This latter insect belongs to a very different tribe, and is the *termes pulsatorium* of Linnæus. It is usually found in old wood, decayed furniture, museums, and neglected books; and both the male and the female have the power of making this ticking noise, in order to attract each other.

These insects are excellent anatomists. The writer of this having had many fine cabinet specimens of insects destroyed by their operations, the thought occurred that it was possible to render them useful, by making them effect some delicate dissections for the microscope. In order to try this experiment, a few were placed in a pill-box, in which were also put the heads of three dead flies. On examining the box some time afterwards, in order to see how they had proceeded with their anatomical dissections, he found they had cleared the interior of some of the eyes completely from all the blood-vessels, leaving the lenses in the cornea most beautifully transparent, and so infinitely superior to any preparations of his own, that he had them preserved as a natural curiosity.

OMNIANA.—BY PARSON FRANK.

(§ 1.)—It is always cheering to meet with signs of *æsthetical* sensibility among the poor and ill-instructed. Little tokens of art, in their close, dark, dingy rooms, are oases, green and refreshing in their rude way. By all means encourage the poorest to procure some object on which the eye, dull and bleared in life's otherwise desert route, may rest with a sense of refreshment; assured thereby that the world has something bright in it, of which this memorial is a fragmentary symbol—something which may suggest to the beholder that enjoyment to which Wordsworth alludes in the line

"Her beauty *made me glad.*"

Beautiful things, as Mr. Lynch says, in his "Memorials of Theophilus Trinal," are suggestive of a purer and higher life, and fill us with a mingled love and fear; they have a graciousness that wins us, and an excellence to which we involuntarily do reverence. On this account he recommends those who are poor, "yet pure and modestly aspiring," to keep a vase of flowers on their table, which will help to maintain their dignity, and secure for them consideration and delicacy of behaviour. So true is it, as he contends, that a beautiful external life symbolises a beautiful internal life, even if such life be absent. *It stands for a reality that exists somewhere.*

(§ 2.)—Phalaris invented, as *his* voluntary subscription to the science of torture, a certain brazen bull; within which, when duly heated to a degree quite unprovided for in the metre of Farenheit, human flesh and blood were roasted to a turn. One day, however, *he* was favoured with an inside place, and his "accounts cooked" for ever. A similar story of retribution is told of some inventors of Italian torture. The Regent Morton, too, who introduced the so-called "Maiden" into Scotland, lost his own head by means of his *protegé*. Now, as Dr. Guillotin, the famous French deputy, invented the grim machine which bears his name—by the aid of which, said he to the laughing Assembly of 1790, "I will make your head spring off in the twinkling of an eye, and you will suffer nothing,"—people must needs apply the theory of retribution to the doctor also; and accordingly it is a common belief that he *did* lose his head by that which his head had found; and not only so, but that he was actually the first of many thousands who so suffered. The fact is, however, as Mr. G. H. Lewes tells us, in his "Life of Robespierre," Guillotin was alive in 1812, and died in his bed.

(§ 3.)—Of our familiar superstitions, few seem more tenacious of life than that which makes Friday an unlucky day for undertaking any enterprise. Sailors, especially, retain this peculiarity. It is curious—and it should be dinned into the ear of every sensitive mariner—that Friday was the day on which Christopher Columbus sailed from the shores of Spain, on his immortal voyage of discovery, Friday the day in which he discovered land, and Friday the day on which he re-entered the Spanish port, flushed with the triumph of successful enterprise. O mariners! this is *not* a thing to be told to the marines.

§ 4.)—What a noble attitude is that of the "stoic," when the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune whistle around him: provided his stoicism is not of a dogged, cynical, stubborn kind. The spirit of magnanimous and generous endurance to which I refer, is that intended in Campbell's fine line,

"To bear is to conquer our fate."

Mr. W. S. Landor paraphrases the sentiment in one of his admirable "Imaginary Conversations," where he says, "We cannot conquer fate and necessity, yet we can yield to them in such a manner as to be greater than if we could."

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE RAIN.

By Mrs. Sigourney.

"Mother, it rains," said a little girl who was looking out of the window. "I am sorry not to be able to make a visit to Emma. She invited me twice before, but it rained; and now it is raining hard again."

"I hope you will not be unhappy, my dear," said her mother. "I think I notice tears upon your cheeks. I will not say it is a little thing, for the troubles of children seem great to them; but I trust you will be patient, and wait patiently for good weather."

"Mother, you told me that God knows everything, and that he is always good. Then he certainly must know that there is but one Saturday afternoon in the week, and that is all the time I have to play with my little friends. He must know that it has rained now these three holidays, when I wished so much to go abroad. And can he not make sunshine whenever he pleases?"

"We cannot understand all the ways of God, my child; but the Bible tells us he is wise and good. Look out into your little garden, and see how happy the rosebuds are to catch the soft rain in their bosoms, and how the violets lift up their sweet faces to meet it, and as the drop falls into the quiet stream how it dimples with gladness and gratitude. The cattle will drink at the stream and be refreshed. Should it be dried up, they would be troubled, and were the green grass to grow brown and die, they would be troubled still more, and some of them might perish for want of food."

Then the kind mother told her daughter of the sandy deserts in the East, and of the camel which patiently bears thirst for many days, and how the fainting traveller watched for the rain-cloud, and blessed God when he found water; and she showed her the picture of the camel and the caravan, and told her how they were sometimes buried under the sands of the desert. And she told her a story of the mother who wandered into the wilderness with her son, and when the water was spent in the bottle, she laid him under the shade to die, and went and prayed in her anguish to God; then how an angel brought the water from heaven; and her son lived. She told her another story from the Bible, how there fell no rain in Israel for more than three years, and the grass dried up, and the brooks wasted away, and the cattle died; and how the great prophet prayed earnestly to God, and the skies sent their blessed rain, and the earth gave forth her fruit. Many other things this good mother said to her child, to teach and entertain her. Then they sang together a sweet hymn or two, and the little girl was surprised to find the afternoon so swiftly spent, for the time passed pleasantly.

So she thanked her kind mother for the stories she had told, and the pictures she had shown her. And she smiled and said, "What God pleases is best."

Her mother kissed her child and said: "Carry this sweet spirit with you, my dear daughter, as long as you live, and you will have gathered more wisdom from the storm than from the sunshine."

A Taxed Animal.—John Bull often grumbles surlily about the number and the weight of the taxes that are levied upon him; and yet, perhaps, he is hardly aware of the number or the weight of the taxes of which he complains. Consider;—There are taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot; taxes upon everything which is pleasant to hear, see, feel, smell, and taste; taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion; taxes on everything on earth or the waters under the earth, on everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home; taxes on the raw material; taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man; taxes on the sauce that pampers the rich man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health; on the ermine that decorates the judge and the rope that hangs the criminal; on the poor man's salt, the rich man's spice; on the brass nails of the coffin and the ribands of the bride; at bed or board, *couchant* or *levant*, we must pay. The school-boy whips his taxed top, the beardless youth manages his taxed horse with a taxed bridle on a taxed road; the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine which has paid seven per cent. into a spoon which has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back on his chintz bed which has paid twenty-two per cent., makes his will on an eight pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of £100 for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then taxed immediately, from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate of his will, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble, and e is gathered to his fathers—to be taxed no more.

WORKING MAN'S GARDEN.

Third Week in April.

You must not have one unoccupied spot in your garden at this important season—look around you, and wherever you see one, fill it up with some of the vegetables which shall be mentioned in this paper.

ONIONS.

Sow the white Spanish onion, and early purple. If you sow the seed, the bulbs will be about the size of beans by October, when they must be taken up and kept for planting next March or April; but if you have had some of these bulbs by you since last year, you may, by setting them now, have a splendid crop of onions next autumn. Set the bulbs in drills a foot apart every way, press them slightly with the finger into the ground, but do not let any earth cover them. While they are growing, let them be kept perfectly free from weeds with a carrot hoe, and let care be taken that during the operation the earth is not raised around them.

For principal crops of onions the Strasburg, Deptford, and Globe are preferred—for early crops, the Spanish and purple are made choice of—for keeping, James's and pale red are considered the best—and for flavour, the blood red is most esteemed.

POTATOES.

Sow a few ridges of potatoes this week, if you mean to sow at all. Between each row of potatoes leave a distance of three feet, and in this space plant beans. If you try this plan once you will be sure to adopt it again.

JERUSALEM ARTICHOKES.

Plant Jerusalem artichokes in rows two feet apart: the poorest soil will do for them, but it ought to be well manured. They resemble potatoes in appearance, and are propagated and cultivated in the same manner. They should be kept perfectly free from weeds.

TURNIPS.

Hoe turnips when the second rough leaf is seen, and if any of the crops sown during the previous months are coming up irregularly, sow fresh seed in the vacant spots, or transplant from places which are too thick.

CAULIFLOWERS.

The cauliflowers sown in early spring, if they have been carefully tended, will now be fit to transplant. They should be set in warm rich bed, and at night and on cold days be covered with flower-pots until they have taken fresh root. In dry weather, it is necessary to water cauliflower plants abundantly.

PEAS AND BEANS.

All advancing crops of peas and beans should be carefully earthed up, and sticks placed to any of the former which are a few inches above ground. The sticks should be from four to seven inches high, according to the growth of the different sorts of peas, and should be furnished with many small lateral branches in order that the tendrils may find ready support. Beech branches are the best to use, and they should be neatly prepared in a fanned manner before they are set along the rows of peas. "Some gardeners advise that they be placed on the most sunny side of the rows, at least, towards the east or midday sun, where the position or range of the rows admits; for the sun will naturally incline the plants that way, and they will more readily catch the sticks, which should be placed at such distances that the branches of each may meet." At this season you need only sow a little of each of the three following kinds:—

1st. "Bishop's Dwarf," which does not need any support, and may be sown in rows two feet and a half asunder, and at two inches distant in each row.

2nd. The "Early Frame," in rows four feet apart, and about two inches distant in the row.

3rd. "Fairbeard's Champion of England," at a distance of from four to five feet *between* the rows, and three inches *in* the rows.

BORECOLE BROCCOLI.

Sow the seed of borecole in the rich well-manured soil, and if you have plants, set them in a bed of the same description, at a distance of about two feet every way. As they rise, earth them up, and water them before sunrise in dry weather.

Of broccoli there are two distinct species—the purple and the white. This is the time for sowing the former, in rich soil, to which, from time to time, additional stimulus must be given by watering with liquid manure. Rows of broccoli ought to be three feet apart, and between each plant in the rows there should be a distance of two feet and a half. As the stems lengthen, the earth should be drawn up to them, not only because it keeps them upright, but because it materially assists in imparting size and strength to the plants.

POT-HERBS.

Make new plantations of pot-herbs, either by dividing old roots, by sowing seed, or by slips.

MINT is easily propagated by parting the roots. The best method is to procure a few old ones, and, having parted them carefully, set them in drills. Let each stand six inches apart every way, cover them with rich fine mould, and water every morning till they have the appearance of being fully established.

ROSEMARY is increased at this season by cullings of the young shoots. They should be from five to eight inches in length, and ranged closely in rows which lie twelve or fifteen inches asunder.

SAGE is propagated by slips during this month; it thrives best in light dry soil, though it will take root in any kind that is not very wet. A few slips will be sufficient if it is intended to use it only in a green state; but if it be wanted to dry for winter use, a greater number will be required.

SAVORY.—Sow the seed of the annual savory, and propagate the perennial by slips. Very small patches will be sufficient.

TARRAGON may be increased either by sowing seeds or planting the off-sets. Its young and tender tops only are used.

THYME.—There are two kinds of this fragrant herb—the common thyme and the lemon. Both may be propagated either from seed or by parting the roots. It should be planted in a sheltered part of the garden—for, though hardy, a severe winter not unfrequently destroys a whole plantation of it.

GRAVEL WALKS.—GRASS BEDS.

Gravel walks should be cleared of all weeds and grass, be raked and rolled, and their borders neatly trimmed. Grass-beds ought to be mowed, if there are any in front of our friends' cottages; for if this work is much longer neglected, the grass will become so coarse and rank, that it will require much care and time before it recover.

WINDOW PLANTS.

If we neglect our window plants now, we shall find but little to admire in them through the summer; and, instead of seeing them "smiling like hope, and cheering the glad eye," we shall be forced to look upon the wreck of their loveliness, caused by our own carelessness.

GERANIUMS, FUCHSIAS, MYRTLES, and others of similar habits, ought now to have the points of the growing shoots pinched out. This is called "stopping," and causes them to become bushy, instead of tall.

CACTUSES must have a sunny position and plenty of water.

CHINA ROSES are beautiful window ornaments, and give but little trouble. They may be kept in any height required by judicious management, without in the least impairing their health or beauty.

MIGNIONETTE must now be thinned so as to leave the plants three inches apart. This beautiful fragrant little flower is a native of Egypt, and was brought from thence to France about one hundred years ago. Its original name was "reseda odorato," or "fragrant restorative," it being used by the Egyptians to allay the irritation accompanying wounds; but the French, as soon as they beheld it, changed the name for the more appropriate one of "mignionette," or "little darling."

THE TREE MIGNIONETTE is a variety of the little annual, and may be possessed by any one who will take the trouble of adopting the following simple plan:—During this month take a vigorous plant from one of the boxes, and set it in a small pot. Nip off all the flowers and buds, and water it well, but gently. Put a small straight stick in the pot, and attach the plant to it. Then place it in the open air, where it is to remain till Autumn. As soon as a flower-bud appears, nip it off; and when September comes, strip off all the lower shoots and leaves, so as to give the plant the appearance of a miniature tree. Remove it then into your sitting-room, and as the winter advances the stem will become more and more woody; and if the plant be allowed to remain in the open air during the next summer also, it will continue to grow and bloom for several years.

TENACITY OF LIFE.—Dr. Franklin gives a singular story of a fly, which, having taken up its quarters in a pipe of Madeira, lay torpid there, perhaps for years, and ultimately came to life when taken out of the wine and placed in the rays of Philadelphia sun. A still more marvellous instance of resuscitation occurred lately in the British Museum An Egyptian snail which had been glued down to a card for four years, confined in a close glass-case, actually came to life, and was found crawling about his narrow domicile to the great astonishment of his curator

THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

It is still to be feared that the arrangements in the foreign departments of the Building will not be fully completed by the 1st of May; but the Commissioners have unalterably determined, whether our continental friends are ready or not, that the Exhibition shall be opened on the day originally appointed. A grand day the London folks are anticipating—a state pageant graced by Royalty to inaugurate the festival, and render the world-homage to Industry the more significant and striking—and civic hospitalities extended on a liberal scale to the various representatives of foreign manufacture.

It has at last been determined to remove the trees from the interior of the Crystal Palace, and on the receipt of the orders to that effect from the proper authorities, they were at once carried into effect. Great differences of opinion prevail as to the appearance these trees would have presented when in full foliage. Many think that the effect would have been very fine, and quite in harmony with the character of the Glass Palace, and on this ground regret their removal. It is however, right to state that the majority of suffrages on this point are at variance with this opinion. It was chiefly considerations of another kind that prevailed to the condemnation of the trees, about whose fate there has been so much discussion. Serious apprehensions were entertained that they would harbour insects which might injure some of the more delicate and costly of the articles exhibited; and that results yet more disastrous would follow from the fall of leaves, and the consequent dispersion of decayed vegetable matter in the building. We are glad that the final decision we now announce was not arrived at before—that the difficulty which presented itself in this quarter to Mr. Paxton was not *cut down*, but has been literally *overcome*. It has elicited one more proof of the resources of modern British ingenuity and skill.

Those of our readers who purpose making use of the system of registration we have instituted, should lose no time in taking the necessary steps. The period fixed for the Exhibition is now so near that most persons are anxious to complete their arrangements as speedily as possible, that they may be able to look forward to their anticipated visit to town without any anxiety and misgiving. They are wise in taking time by the forelock; and those who neglect to do so will, in very many cases, find themselves driven to great inconvenience, and obliged at last to submit to a much inferior class of accommodation. We have now ample room at our disposal. In another fortnight the case may be very different. Applications already begin to grow numerous, and we have had to make arrangements for several large parties; some, for instance, between two and three hundred strong—some proceeding from our own great seats of industry, and others about to cross the Channel from the neighbouring continent. One of these last consists of a body of two hundred Frenchmen. We may add, as an interesting item, that 3s. each for bed and breakfast seems about the rate of expenditure most extensively fixed on.

We beg, therefore, earnestly to remind such of our friends as may think of availing themselves of our assistance, to communicate with the Central Office, 8, Exeter-change, Catherine-street, Strand, without loss of time. They must be particular in stating their requirements fully and unambiguously, so as to avoid the delay and unnecessary correspondence which will otherwise be occasioned. The published "Register" will be seen to contain the addresses of the various lodgings. It will, however, greatly facilitate the progress of satisfactory arrangements if they communicate with *us directly*. In that case we will undertake to make the necessary arrangements, according to our previous announcement, with the parties in town. If the agency of the office is made use of in all instances, it will save great confusion, and prevent much possible disappointment. Our readers will understand that the published "Classified Register" will enable them to make their own selection; and they can then intimate to us the particular accommodation they wish to secure, and the time for which they will require it.

An undertaking of great magnitude and responsibility has been the preparation of the "Official Catalogues"—a help which will be found indispensable to enable

visitors to traverse intelligently those long passages and galleries on either side of which the products of the world's industry are to be disposed, and which will form, after the display has terminated, the most authentic and the fullest record of its character and its component parts. To them, those who wish to mark the industrial progress of the world in our day will turn for information, and from their brief but significant entries the pathways along which inventive genius has already travelled, or may advantageously be directed hereafter, can be accurately ascertained. Every exploring party will of course be armed at the entrance with this grand essential, and it may be interesting to know the price at which it will be sold, and the kind of information it will contain.

The Royal Commission, having determined to have this work performed by contract, accepted the joint terms offered them by Spicer, Brothers, the wholesale stationers, and Messrs. Clowes, the well known printers. The contractors paid a handsome sum for the privilege thus conceded to them, and bound themselves by certain conditions, which sufficiently protected the rights and interests of the public and of exhibitors against the virtual monopoly thus obtained. Among these conditions, one was, that the small catalogues, adapted for general use, should be sold in the building for 1s., and should contain the name and address of each exhibitor, as well as a short description of his contributions in the precise order in which they were arranged, and with a system of reference by letters and numbers that would enable visitors to find any exhibitor's position without difficulty. This work will extend to 320 pages, and will contain the names of about 15,000 exhibitors, and the price is to be only 1s. An immense sale of this "Official Catalogue," as it is called, is anticipated, and the first edition to be thrown off extends to 250,000 copies. Translations of this work in French and German will appear, like the original, by the 1st of May, when the contractors are, under a heavy penalty, bound to bring it out. Besides these publications, an "Official Illustrated Catalogue" is also announced, containing more detailed notices of the articles exhibited, embellished with engravings, annotated by gentlemen of scientific eminence, and accompanied by a great variety of interesting matter connected with the Exhibition. This work, of which the smaller catalogue is, in point of fact, a very condensed abstract, will be of extreme value to all who wish to avail themselves of the opportunity which the promised display in Hyde Park offers for study and information. The matter, coming as it does from many thousand contributors, has been found, in the course of revision, to require an immense amount of "cutting down," as all self-laudatory remarks are remorselessly excluded, and contributors debarred in every way from extolling the several articles they exhibit. As to the mode of annotating adopted, those objects will be selected for the purpose which are in themselves the most interesting and suggestive. The notes are to be as short, clear, and definite as possible, and to have reference chiefly to the uses, history, consumption, or production of the articles to the description of which they are appended. All critical observations are to be avoided, and every precaution is to be taken to preserve the impartial character of the work, at the same time that it is rendered a worthy memorial of the great occasion which has called it forth. Many persons will ask—when they consider the management of this work, and remember that the particulars embraced in it cannot be fully collected until almost the last moment—how can the public, by the 1st of May, be enabled to buy a handbook to the little world of wonders then thrown open to their long pent-up curiosity? A visit to the printing establishment of the Messrs. Clowes will explain the mystery. Within that vast establishment there are no less than twenty-five steam printing machines. Of these, two are large enough to throw off at each revolution 48 pages of the small catalogue, five to throw off 32 pages, and eight to throw off 24. With such facilities at their disposal, the contractors entertain no fears as to the accomplishment of what they have undertaken. The number of printing-presses, however, at their command, gives a very imperfect idea of those resources. They have in operation a stereotyping process, by which they can at once secure duplicates of any "formes" about which they are particularly hurried; and this becomes extremely valuable where engravings of any kind are introduced.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.—No. IX.

FRENCH INTO ENGLISH.

(Note.—m. will denote masculine; f. feminine; s. singular; p. plural.)

Je vous invite (inviter, the present infinitive, means "*to invite;*" therefore the reader knows the other parts of the verb) *à diner* chez moi. Mais j'ai honte de vous donner
to dine at my home to give
with me

un *répas* (m.) de ce (m.) *genre* (m.) Quel genre? Le repas est excellent; il est même
repast this kind

delicieux (m.) La volaille (f.) est *non seulement très* bonne *pour* un homme *maladif;* mais
delicious. *not only very for sickly*

aussi elle est délicieuse (f.), *quand* elle est *apprêtée ainsi.* Après avoir diné (the French
also when dressed thus

never say, "*après* AYANT"), j'aime *à rester tout-a-fait* (pronounced *toot ah fay*) *tranquille.*
to remain altogether quiet

Cela aide (from *aider*, "to help") la *digestion* (f.) (pronounced *dee-zhes-tee-oang*, it being an
that helps *digestion.*

exception to the sound of "t" in such cases). Que vous êtes *prudent!* Que votre sys-
prudent

tème est bon *pour* la *santé!* (f.) Oui; il est bon—très bon *même.* La *même chose. C'est.*
for health. *even same thing it*

Ce n'est pas *vrai. Ce* (m.) *chapeau* (m.) est le *même. Cette* (f.) vache (f.) n'est pas
it true. this hat same this

celle (f.) *qui appartient* à mon frère. Je vous *démande* (from *demander*, "to ask") pardon;
that one which *belongs*

elle est la *même* vache *même.*
same even.

The reader perceives that *même* has two meanings; he must take whichever makes sense. He also perceives that *ce*, which generally signifies "this," is sometimes employed where we employ the word "*it.*" "It is disagreeable"—*c'est facheux;* "it is he"—*c'est lui*, "it is not he"—*ce n'est pas lui. Ce* is also thus employed in a way which, if we did not mention it, would completely puzzle the intelligent and grammatical learner; and the more intelligent and grammatical he was, the more he would be puzzled, for the expression is against principles. We, for example, say, "it *is* these persons who"—but the French say, "it *are* these persons," &c.—*ce* SONT *ses personnes.* Now there is no defending this; but usage, all-powerful when it is the usage of the educated portion of society, has settled the point in defiance of philosophic grammar, and the phrase is therefore excellent French. The Germans have a similar turn—they also say, "*it are these men,*" &c.—*es sind*, &c. &c.

With respect to another turn occurring in the foregoing exercise *(que vous êtes prudent*, &c.), we fully explained everything connected with it in the eighth lesson. In that lesson, also, we pointed out the immense variety of meanings (determined by the general sense or context of the passage) which the word *que* has. According to the manner in which it is used, it may express *that*, or *which*, or *since*, or *how*, or *what*, or *than.* It is to be remembered that it never means *how* in the sense in which *comment* means it—that is, in a question or interrogation—but only in an exclamation—as, "How he loves his children!"—*Qu'il aime ses enfants!*" "How does he love his children?" would be, *Comment aime-t-il ses enfants?*

It remains to call attention to another meaning of *que*, which, like all the preceding, is easily distinguished by the circumstances of the case. *Que* may mean "as," but only in comparing two things, and after the word *aussi* has been used already. For example: "He is as learned as you"—*Il est aussi savant* QUE *vous.*" "He is as good as his father"—*Il est aussi bon que son père.* "He is as silent as his mother"—*Il est aussi silencieux que sa mère.* The word *aussi*, if not serving in this

way along with *que*, means *also*. "He is good also"—*Il est bon aussi*. "I am hungry also"—*J'ai faim aussi*.

Before proceeding to our exercise of English into French, let us remind the reader of what we mentioned very early—that where an Englishman talks of "honour," or "justice," or "diligence," &c., a Frenchman employs the definite article before the substantive, and talks of "*the* honour, *the* justice, *the* diligence," &c.

Another thing is, that our neighbours have no idiom corresponding to our *it is said, it is thought, it is intended*, and the like. They have a word, *on* (pronounced *oang*, the final *g* being scarcely heard, and the whole sound being given nasally), which means "people," or "they," in a general and indefinite sense, and not in the way in which *ils* or *elles* means "*they*." And this word is continually in their mouths. They would translate our "it is said" by "they say;" "it is thought," would be "they think;" "it is intended," would be "they intend." Thus—*on dit* (from which is derived our phrase, "on dit," meaning a rumour, or thing commonly said), *on pense, on compte*. Before attacking the exercise, look below, at the additional tenses of *être*.

ENGLISH INTO FRENCH.

It is thought that the town of London will be more full
on pense (from *penser*, "to think") *que* *ville* (f.) *Londres* *plus* *plein* (m.) *pleine* (f.)

during the Exhibition than it *(she)* has ever been (in the French you must say, "NOT has
pendant *que* *jamais*
ever been"—N'*a*, &c.) What an advantage it is for the proprietors of houses to let!
avantage (m.) *pour les* *proprietaires* *maisons à louer!*
("*That it is an advantage*," &c. *See last lesson.*) How *quickly* you walk! ("that you," &c.)
vête
My brother intends to show an invention at the Exhibition. Is the
compter ("TO INTEND") *montrer* *invention* (f.)
invention good? ("*the invention, is she good?*") *(The)* diligence is sure (of) *to succeed.*
diligence (f.) *sur* (m.) *sure* (f.) *réussir.*

It is the same *thing*.
chose (f.)

We resume our conjugations. The future tense, indicative mood, of *être* is:—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
I shall or will be	*Je serai*	*zhe surray*
thou shalt or wilt be	*tu seras*	*tu surrah*
he shall or will be	*il sera*	*eel surrah*
she shall or will be	*elle sera*	*el surrah*
we shall or will be	*nous serons*	*noo surroang*
you shall or will be	*vous serez*	*voo surray*
they shall or will be	*ils seront* / *elles seront*	*eel surroang* / *el surroang*

PRESENT TENSE, CONDITIONAL MOOD.

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
I should or would be	*Je serais*	*zhe surray*
thou shouldst or wouldst be	*tu serais*	*tu surray*
he should or would be	*il serait*	*eel surray*
we should or would be	*nous serions*	*noo surrec-oang*
you should or would be	*vous seriez*	*voo surree-ay*
they should or would be	*ils seraient* / *elles seraient*	*eel surray* / *el surray*

In a former chapter we spoke of the idiom by which to translate "there is," "there are," &c., into French. But *il y a*, though it is used in the sense of our "there is," &c., is also used in other senses. It expresses our idiom "ago," only that we place "ago" last, and the French place the equivalent for it first—("a year ago," *il y a un an*). It also expresses (with *loin*, pronounced *loo-ong*) our idiom "it is far from." ("It is far from here to York"—*il y a loin d'ici à York.*)

In this phrase the *de* is used in the sense of "from," as it often is. *Loin* means "far," and *ici*, pronounced *eesee*, means "here."

"*Le Prince Albert, est il en Ecosse?*"

Ecosse (pronounced *àkoass*) is the French for "Scotland;" and *en*, coming before a substantive, means "in"—not "some," or "of it," or "of them," as when preceding most forms of verb.

"*Non. Il est à Londres.*"

Non means "no," and is pronounced very similarly, only that there is a slight nasal twang.

"*Quel age a-t-il?*"

Quel (pronounced *kell*) means "what;" and *age* (pronounced *ahzhe*) means "age."

"*Il a trente et un ans.*"

In the above question and answer the reader will perceive, according to a rule already explained, that instead of "what is his age?" the French ask, "what age has he?" and that instead of saying "he is 31 years old," they say, "he has 31 years."

"*Et la Reine, quel age a-t-elle?*"

"*Elle a trente deux ans.*"

Et means "and," and is pronounced *eh*.

"*Votre pere, où est il?*"

"*Il est à l'Exposition?*"

Votre means "your;" *père* (pronounced *pair*) means "father." *Où* with the accent means "where;" *ou* without the accent means "either" and "or." *Ou vous ou moi*—"either you or I." Here the reader will notice that, although *je* is used in the first person of a verb to express "I"—as *je suis*, "I am," *j'ai*, "I have," &c.—yet when "I" stands alone it is expressed by *moi*, "me." In English it would be a solecism,—or, in other words, it would be vulgarly and grossly incorrect and ignorant to say "it is me." The phrase should be "it is I," because the verb "to be" governs not, as it is called, the accusative case, and must be followed by the nominative case, which in this instance is "I."

"*Qui est l'architecte?*"

Qui (pronounced *kee*) means "who." *Architecte* (pronounced *ar-sheetect*) means "architect."

"*Qui est l'architecte du batiment de l'Exposition en Hyde Park?*"

"*Qui* EN *est l'architecte?*"

The reader knows what *du* means; it is the genitive case of the definite article. It is only where "of the" will not make sense that *du* means "some." *Batiment* signifies "building." *Exposition* is the French for "exhibition;" and *en* coming in the first sentence before the substantive, "Hyde-park," and in the second, before the verb, *est*, it is clear what it conveys in both cases.

"*Monsieur Paxton en est l'architecte.*"

Monsieur, pronounced, *mos-yeu*, means either "mister" or "sir."—Which makes sense here? *En* precedes a verb (*est*); and therefore must mean "of it" (of the building referred to in the previous question).

"*Combien de temps?*" means "how long;" literally, "how much of time."

"*Combien de temps y a-t-il que?*" means "How long is it since?" literally, "How much of time is there since?"

"*Etiez vous à l'Exposition hier?*"

We need not give the meaning of *étiez vous;* it is the second person plural of the second or imperfect tense of *être*, the whole of which tense is in the fourth lesson. *Hier* means "yesterday," and is pronounced *hee-air*.

"*Oui. J'y étais.*"

"*Oui. J'etais là.*"

Both *y* and *là* mean "there;" but their place in a French sentence the reader perceives to be different, the one preceding, the other following, the verb. The two sentences signify precisely the same thing.

"*Et votre sœur y etait elle?*"

Sœur means "sister," and is pronounced, as we before said, like our word "sir," only longer.

"*Avait elle froid?*"

"*Oui; elle avait tellement froid qu'elle tremblait.*"

Tellement is pronounced *telmong*, and means "to such a degree." *Tremblait* is pronounced *tromblay*, and is the third person singular of the second, or imperfect, tense of *trembler*, "to tremble;" which word, like five or six *out of every dozen* in our language, is taken from the French. *Trembler* belongs to the first conjugation, and forms all its parts exactly like *marcher* and *parler*, &c.

"*Combien de temps y a-t-il, qu'elle a ce mal aux dents?*" (*Mal aux dents*—literally, "evil to the teeth"—tooth-ache.

When *we* ask "how long is it since?" we add some verb in the past tense, but as the sentence above shows, the French use the present tense, thus: "how long is it since *he works* at this building?" (meaning "since *he has been working* at" it); "how long is it since she *has* this toothache?" &c.

"*Combien de temps y a-t-il que la Reine porte la couronne?*"

Porte means "wears" or "carries," and is of course the third person singular of the present tense of the verb *porter*, "to wear," conjugated like *marcher* (*je porte, tu portes*, &c.) *Couronne* means "crown."

"*Il y a long temps que vous me blamez.*"

Vous blamez means "you blame." The *me*, signifying "me," the French place before the verb, instead of after it in our way. In the imperative mood, *moi* is used, and comes after the verb.

"*Donnez moi du pain?*"—"give *me* some bread?"

"*Voulez vous me donner du pain?*"—"will you (to) *me* to give some bread?"

"*L'architecte du batiment de l'Exposition, a-t-il peur?*"

(*Peur*, "fear.")

"*A-t-il peur qu'il ne finira pas son ouvrage?*"

Finira, "will finish," *son*, "his," *ouvrage*, "work." *Ouvrage* is pronounced *oovrāāzhe*.

"*Non; il n'en a pas peur.*"

(What does *en* mean in this instance?)

"*Combien d'hommes sont employés à l'Exposition?*"

Employés means "employed." It is the past participle (in the plural) of *employer*, "to employ," and is pronounced *omplo-yay*.

"*Combien de femmes y sont employées?*"

Combien means "how many" as well as "how much," and always requires the *de* after it.

Read this lesson carefully over more than once; for you will thus acquire familiarity with several principles of the utmost utility in the study on which you have entered.

In the last lesson we drew up a French passage for the student to turn into English. Here is an English passage for him to turn into French. We give all the words that have not occurred in the lessons:—

There was a woman who spoke thus to her husband:—"What an ugly face you have! it is not agreeable to see." And he spoke thus to his wife:—"What an ugly *(vilain*, m.; *vilaine*, f.) tongue *(langue*, f.) you have! it is still *(encore)* less *(moins)* agreeable to hear *(à entendre)*. And the appearance *(l'apparence)* of my face is not my work *(ouvrage*, m.); but the words *(les paroles)* of your tongue are the work of your temper" *(humeur)*.

Among a multitude of letters, we have received one which contains a valuable hint for those who are studying our French lessons; and, as we cannot better explain the process than in the words of our correspondent, we will merely reproduce them for the benefit of others:—

"I must add my best thanks for your valuable *French lessons*. I find by my own practice that to make a few notes of the information given, and a little table of the words in columns, headed "*English—French—Pronunciation*," putting the same over the mantel-piece, is a capital way of becoming master of the lesson. By this practice, we (three in number) know it in a day. Then we *use* the words as much as possible."

We shall now endeavour to remove the difficulties stated by "J. C—e," who writes to us from Manchester. His first perplexity, about the pronunciation of *général*, is precisely the same as that with which we dealt in the answers appended to Lesson VII. *Zhaynayral* is perfectly correct, if it can be given rapidly enough. Once for all, the rules of pronunciation are given in the first lesson; the sounds which we afterwards endeavour to convey are those heard in the quick and somewhat careless interchange of conversation.

His next puzzle is in construing *qu'est ce qu'est la route?* ("what is the way?") He says he cannot account for *qu'est ce* commencing the sentence: he thinks *qu'est la route?* would do. The sentence, as it stands, literally means "what is it (or, which is it) that is the way?" QUELLE *est la route?* is also good French. But, though *qu'est la route?* would be allowable, if the French ever used such a term, yet, as they do not, it is inadmissible. It is not in our power to reconstruct the French language according to what we think *it ought* to be: we must use it as *it is*. English also swarms with inconsistencies and superfluous terms; yet to speak English effectively—to speak it so as to make it the successful and impressive vehicle of our thoughts and feelings on the minds of others, we must speak it just as it happens actually to exist.

Our correspondent is further at a loss to conceive how *mon* can mean "my," since he finds that in *mes frères*, *mes* has that meaning. *Mon* is the singular (masculine), and *mes* is the plural: *mon frère* ("my brother"), *mes frères* ("my brothers, or brethren"). The French have a great advantage over us in the precision and clearness with which they can always mark gender and number, and in which they are forced to mark them.

The chief difficulty of our correspondent is in *il y a* ("there is"). As *y* means "there," he asks whether *y a un homme* would not express "there is a man"? He forgets that *a* does not mean "is," but "has," and *y a un homme* would not be French at all. *Il y a* literally means "it there has." The phrase is an idiom, and a man who endeavours to substitute any new turns or forms of speech of his own for the idioms of a language, cannot hope to be understood, however superior in intrinsic rationality the proposed change might be. When we say, "it wants a quarter to five," WHAT wants the quarter? "It" wants the quarter. Well, in *il y a*, "it" has the man: *il y a un homme* ("it has a man there; there is a man." It should not be forgotten that we are not making a new language, nor even making an old language better, but endeavouring to learn, as it is, a widely-spoken and beautiful tongue, already full-grown and completely formed. Once more let us look at the intrinsic absurdities that overlay our own mother tongue. It is good English to say "many a one is lost by over-caution;" but a Frenchman might remark, that if any word be singular, "one" is so, for singular means one; and if any word be plural, "many" is that word: yet you put them together, and say "many a one." Now, ought it not to be "*many ones* are lost," &c.? If that Frenchman were to persist in saying "many ones," the phrase would not sound half so absurd in your ears as your *y a un homme* would sound in his.

A correspondent from Tweedmouth, who signs himself "French," says that it has struck him "that in French the adjective *always* follows the noun—not preceding it, as in English." Here he is completely mistaken. The adjective does very frequently indeed follow the substantive: his error is precisely in supposing that it *always* does so. In Lesson III. we say in the anecdote, "*un jeune prédicdteur*" (a young preacher). Our correspondent asks, "Should not 'young' come after 'preacher'?" No, it should not; it is far better as it stands in the particular instance.

Later we shall treat these points fully.

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

s. noun-substantive; *a.* adjective; *ad.* adverb; *v.* verb; *v.a.* verb-active; *v.n.* verb-neuter.

CASTA'LIAN, *a.* pertaining to a cool spring on Mount Parnassus, called by the poets Castalia, or Castaley.

CAS'TANETS, *s. pl.* small shells of ivory, bone, or hard wood, which dancers hang on their forefinger and thumb, and strike together in musical time while they are dancing.

CASTE, *s.* a name by which each tribe or class of Hindoos is distinguished.

CAS'TELLAN, *s.* the governor of a castle.

CAS'TELLATED, *a.* adorned with battlements; made to look like a castle.

CAS'TIGATE, *v.a.* to chastise, to punish, to beat.

CAST'ING-NET, *s.* a net thrown by the hand.

CAST'ING-VOTE, *s.* the vote of a chairman or presiding officer, which decides a question when the votes of the members on each side are equal.

CAS'TLE BUILDER, *s.* a name given, figuratively, to one who forms wild, visionary, and impracticable schemes.

CAS'TOR-OIL, *s.* an oil extracted from the *palma christi* in the West Indies, chiefly used as a purgative.

CAS'UIST, *s.* one who studies and settles cases of conscience.

CATACHRE'SIS, *s.* (in *rhetoric*) an abuse, or forced use, of a trophe, or figure.

CAT'ACOMB, *s.* a cavern for burial of the dead.

CATADROP'TIC, *a.* reflecting light; belonging to a reflecting telescope.

CATALEC'TIC, *a.* wanting a syllable in metrical measure.

CAT'ALEPSY, *s.* a disease of the nervous system, occasioning a great disturbance, or an absolute suspension of the functions of the animal life, while the processes of the organic life go on with but little change; a trance; a lighter species of apoplexy, or epilepsy.

CAT'ALOGUE, *s.* a list of names, articles, &c.

CATAMARAN', *s.* a name given to a sort of raft, or float.

CATAPHO'NICS, *s. pl.* the doctrine of reflected sounds.

CAT'APHRACT, *s.* a horseman in armour.

CAT'APLASM, *s.* a poultice, a soft plaster.

CAT'APULT, *s.* (in *artillery*) an engine with which to throw stones, &c.

CAT'ARACT, *s.* in its most common sense, a fall of water over steep rocks; also, a barrier, or obstruction; the name is given to a disease of the eye, or of its crystalline humour, which obstructs the transmission of light to the retina, and, according to its degree, impairs or destroys the sight.

CATARRH', *s.* commonly called *cold*, a disease of the head and throat, including inflammation, running at the nostrils, difficulty of breathing, sneezing, &c.

CATAS'TROPHE, *s.* the close of any event, or course of events; the term is generally applied to those conclusions or windings up of events which are unhappy.

CAT'CALL, *s.* a small squeaking instrument.

CATCH, *s.* (in *music*) a composition of the humorous kind for three or four voices.

CATCH'WORD, *s.* the word sometimes put at the bottom of a page, and which is the first in the page succeeding; it is now rarely used.

CATECHET'ICAL, *a.* consisting of questions and answers; catechising.

CAT'ECHISM, *s.* strictly speaking, this word should describe only instruction communicated through the medium of the voice, or oral instruction; it has come, however, to be applied to any form of instruction by means of question and answer.

CAT'ECHU, *s.* an astringent substance extracted from an Indian plant; called, also, *terra japonica.*

CATECHU'MEN, *s.* one who is learning the first rudiments of Christianity.

CATEGOR'ICAL, *a.* absolute, positive, express.

CAT'EGORY, *s.* a class, an order of ideas; things concerning which some one common assertion may be made.

CATENA'RIA, *s.* the curve which a rope forms by its own weight when extended.

CATENA'TION, *s.* regular connection, a link.

CA'TER, *v. n.* to provide food, to lay in victuals.

CAT'GUT, *s.* a strong kind of string made from the membranes of animals, used chiefly for musical instruments.

CATHAR'TIC, *s.* a purgative medicine.

CAT'HEAD, *s.* (in *marine architecture*) a piece of timber which trices up the anchor from the hawse.

CATHED'RA, *s.* a pulpit, a seat appropriated to an archbishop, a bishop, or a pro-

fessor. The term *ex cathedra* is used in reference to any dictum or edict pronounced from such a seat.

CATHE'DRAL, *s.* certain churches are called cathedrals in consequence of having a seat of dignity appropriated to a bishop or archbishop.

CATHE'TER, *s.* a surgical instrument.

CATH'OLIC, *a.* universal; *s.* a member of the Church of Rome.

CATHOL'ICON, *s.* an universal remedy.

CATOP'SIS, *s.* dimness of sight.

CATOP'TRICS, *s.* that part of the science of optics which treats of vision by reflection.

CATOP'TROMANCY, *s.* divination performed by means of a mirror dipped in water.

CAUCA'SIAN, *a.* pertaining to the Caucasus, a chain of mountains in Asia.

CAUSAL'ITY, *s.* the agency of a cause.

CAUSA'TION, *s.* the *action* of a cause in producing an effect.

CAUSE'WAY, *s.* a raised paved way.

CAUS'TIC, *s.* any burning application; *a.* burning, hot, pungent.

CAU'TERIZE, *v. a.* to burn with irons, to sear.

CAU'TERY, *s.* an iron for burning with; a caustic.

CAVALCADE', *s.* a procession of persons on horseback.

CAVALIER, *s.* a partisan, knight, royalist; *a.* gay, brave, haughty, proud.

CAV'ALRY, *s.* horse troops, horse soldiers.

CAVATI'NA, *s. (Italian)* a short air in music, without a return or second part.

CA'VEAT, *s.* a *law* term, denoting a formal notice or caution given, by a party interested, to a court, judge, or public officer, against the performance of certain judicial or ministerial acts; a caution, an admonition.

CAVIAR', CAVIARE', *s.* the roes of certain fish, generally the sturgeon, prepared and salted.

CAV'IL, *v. n.* to raise false or frivolous objections; to wrangle; to dispute.

CAY'ENNE, *s.* a very strong pepper, prepared from the seeds of the capsicum.

CAZI'QUE, *s.* a title given to the petty kings of several countries in South America.

CE'CITY, *s.* blindness, loss or want of sight.

CE DRINE, *a.* belonging to the cedar tree.

CEDE, *v. a.* to yield or surrender up.

CEDIL'LA, *s.* a mark put under the French c thus (ç), to show that it is to be sounded like *s*

CED'UOUS, *a.* fit to be felled.

CEIL, *v. a.* to overlay or cover the inner part of the roof of a room.

CELES'TIAL, *s.* an inhabitant of heaven, *a.* heavenly, supremely happy.

CEL'IBACY, *s.* the state of single life.

CELIDOG'RAPHY, *s.* a description of the spots in the sun or planets.

CEL'LARET, *s.* a case for holding bottles.

CALLIF'EROUS, *a.* bearing or producing cells.

CELL'ULAR, *a.* made up of cavities, hollow.

CELL'ULAR TISSUE, *s.* the membrane, or integument, which connects the various parts of the human body. In *plants*, it is that kind of elementary organic matter which answers to the flesh in animals.

CEL'TIC, *a.* relating to the Celts, or Gauls, an ancient race which occupied a great part of Central and Western Europe.

CEMENT, *s.* any substance used to unite surfaces, or to cover and defend them; as glues, lutes, mastich, mortar, and solder.

CEM'ETERY, *s.* a burial-place, a churchyard.

CEN'OBITE, *s.* a monk, a recluse.

CEN'OTAPH, *s.* a monument or tomb erected in honour of a deceased person, but not containing the remains.

CEN'SER, *s.* a pan or vessel used for burning or wafting incense.

CEN'SOR, *s.* a magistrate of Rome, who had the power of correcting public manners; one addicted to censuring others; an examiner or reprover.

CEN'SUS, *s.* a numbering of the population, including particulars as to sex, age, condition, employment, &c.

CENT, *s.* an abbreviation of the Latin word *centum*, a hundred; the name of a small American coin, value the hundredth part of a dollar.

CENT'AGE, *s.* rate by the hundred; thus, *five per cent.* is one shilling for every pound in a hundred pounds.

CEN'TAUR, *s.* in fabulous history an imaginary being, represented as half man and half horse; Saggitarius, the archer, a sign in the zodiac.

CEN'TENARY, *s.* the number of a hundred.

CENTEN'NIAL, *a.* consisting of a hundred years.

CENTES'IMAL, *a.* belonging to the hundredth part.

CENTESIMA'TION, *s.* a military punishment, where one person in a hundred is selected for execution.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

[VOL. VI.—No. 69.—SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1851.]

THE INFLUENCE OF INDIRECT TAXATION ON DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Economy comes from two Greek words which signify the "*government*" or "*management* of a house" or "family." The term among us has several significations; and is applied to a judicious and frugal use of one's means, time, money, &c.; to a dispensation of rites and ceremonies, as the "*Jewish economy*;" to the government of a state, as "*political economy*;" and, from the beautiful order, regularity, munificence, and frugality of the physical world, we often speak of the "*economy of Nature*." We need not say that "*domestic economy*" refers to the good management of a house or family, and therefore is a matter of very deep concern to working men and working women; and consequently ought to be studied by all. Indeed, both political and domestic economy should be diligently attended to by every subject of the British sceptre, for the two are very closely connected together. It is a grand mistake to suppose that the working classes have nothing to do with *political economy*. The larger portion of the taxes is produced and paid by the masses; and surely the people ought to inquire how their earnings are spent. We have sometimes known of a haughty master or priest saying to an operative, "What have you to do with politics?" "Why don't you keep to your work, and mind your own business?"

Now, there is a great deal of ignorance and hard-heartedness in these remarks. For, first, the man could mind his work and attend to politics also; and, secondly, it is the business of every mechanic, labourer, and pauper to inquire into the management of our public affairs and expenditure. As long as people live under the British Sceptre, it is a matter of importance for them to know what kind of laws are made. Lord John Russell's argument at Stroud against the ballot was, that "the non-electors ought to know how the electors vote, because the latter are trustees for the former." Of course his lordship meant that the masses should express in some intelligible way their approbation or disapprobation of the manner in which the franchise is employed, or else their knowledge would be of very little use to them. And why should they have this power, if the doings of Parliament were a matter of no consequence to them? Of course the people are happy or miserable, prosperous or not, according as the laws are equitable or unjust, patriotic or selfish, humane or cruel; and, therefore, the gentleman or the minister of religion who tells the artisan or peasant to let politics alone, is more of a Russian than an Englishman, or of a Turk than a Christian.

Political Economy has to do not only with the laws, but with the revenues. It raises and spends the taxes; and consequently can make them heavy or light at pleasure. The Commons, as we lately showed, preside over the Exchequer. They hold the purse-strings of the nation. They can cause the *mode* of levying the taxes to be burdensome or light,—they can be extravagant or economical; and thus can not only make the impost as galling as possible, but they can increase or diminish the burden at pleasure. Hitherto, it is well known that they have never paid the best attention to render taxation easy. If six hundred men had sat in conclave for a century, and studied all the time how to irritate and alienate a people by the most offensive and exasperating impositions, they could not have chosen a better

way to accomplish their purpose than that which is at present followed by our professed representatives.

The man who asks, "What has a weaver or day labourer to do with politics?" would wish us to believe that these matters can be safely trusted to the gentry and aristocracy. But facts, stubborn facts, show that this is a great delusion. We are truly sorry to say, that the Commons have not as yet proved themselves worthy of implicit confidence. They have taxed almost everything that belongs to the poor man's prosperity, comfort, and advancement. They have injured his trade, kept down his wages, and then taken an enormous sum out of his earnings. They have contrived to lighten the burdens of the rich, and to increase the burdens of the poor. They have delighted in a sliding scale, but it has been formed to benefit themselves and oppress the operative. And then, there has been no economy in reference to *expenditure*. Sinecures have been created for the sons of the nobility and gentry; commissionerships, useless places, and infamous pensions have been called into existence to bribe a host of dependents to do the bidding of those in power. Foreign diplomacy has been an extravagant system of jobbing; reckless wars have first been provoked by injustice, and then carried on without any regard to expense, and treasure and blood wasted as if neither were worth a thought. The history of taxation in Britain is one of our blackest pages. It is a sink of iniquity and cruelty. Talk of the political economy of the House of Commons: why, to read the conduct of our legislators, you might suppose that they had never heard of such a term, or of any science which it designates; and, therefore, we say to the working men and women in our fields and workshops, "It remains for you to become Political Economists, and teach our senators wisdom; or both yourselves and your children will have still to groan under the most galling and ruinous burdens."

The affair is to be corrected, not by violence or anarchy, not by disturbing public meetings, or abusing the Queen or the nobles—not by setting fire to property, or purchasing pistols or pikes,—but by plain common sense and reason. Let the injustice and tyranny of the business be in every one's mouth; expose the selfishness and cruelty of these doings, and then public opinion, duly enlightened, will sweep the abomination from the earth. Remember it does not require a college education to be a Political Economist. The text, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," embodies all that an archangel could teach—all that the ETERNAL himself deemed necessary to reveal on this point. Volumes could not say more, nor put the matter in a plainer light. Here he "who runs may read." "The wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err," if he adopt this divine precept as his motto. Every mill-boy and mill-girl can become as enlightened on this subject as a philosopher, a divine, or an angel. The sun shines as brightly on the clown as on the sage; and just so is it with rectitude, whether viewed in political economy or in any other department of life. "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you," is "all the law and the prophets," and is all that is necessary to render laws righteous and taxation equitable.

Political economy and *domestic economy*, though not identical, are intimately related. The former affects our incomes, the latter our manner of spending them. Without *good political economy* we shall have our trade and wages injured; and without *good domestic economy* we shall waste the fruits of our labour. The latter, therefore, has chiefly to do with what we receive and what we lay out. Hence

every child, every man, every woman, should study domestic economy, and none so much so as the poor. To spend every penny well, and never to waste a penny, is the road to comfort, independence, and wealth. Economy has raised "the poor from the dust and the needy from the dung-hill, and set them among princes;" while extravagance and waste have brought men and women of princely fortunes to beggary and the Union. We cannot refer to this subject without saying one word in favour of many of our female friends. Were we to select models of domestic economy for the Exhibition, we should go to the cottages of the poor. The labourer's wife is, in thousands of instances, a prodigy of foresight, frugality, and providence. To use the words of a king, "she looketh well to the ways of her household." Only think of the smallness of the income, the number of persons to be fed, clothed, and educated, and the comfort and happiness which are often enjoyed under her management. We have sometimes heard the man who gives all his earnings to his provident wife, jocosely refer to her as the "chancellor of his exchequer;" and we could not help thinking what a glorious era it would be for England, if some of our titled and learned chancellors were dismissed to that obscurity which Nature designed them to occupy, and a few of these despised women placed in their stead.

It is one of the foul stains on our present history that, possessing, as we do, so vast a multitude of industrious and economical artisans and labourers, we should so enact laws and so regulate taxation as to do almost everything we can to lessen their income and increase their expenditure. There is not, we are proud to say, on the face of the earth a race of men and women so independent in their feeling, so peaceable in conduct, so willing to toil, and so disposed "to provide things honest in the sight of all men," as the generality of the operatives of England; and yet these are the persons on which tyranny and injustice, in the form of iniquitous imposts and legislation, have fastened like vampires. INDIRECT TAXATION is the labourer's curse. It is the political demon which follows him everywhere, and presides over all his pursuits. It lessens his employment, and dooms him to be often out of work; it decreases his wages, and thus prevents his benefiting himself or his country by the large purchases which he would make, were his income greater; and then it taxes a large proportion of what he buys and sells, and consequently robs him of hundreds of the blessings which Providence intended him to enjoy.

It is said that taxation costs each individual on an average at least £2 12s a-year; and yet there is very little of this sum which is *directly* levied. The impost is placed on our tea, sugar, coffee, soap, &c.; and the grocer is made the taxpayer, that we may not perceive the rapacity of men in power and affluence. The necessaries of life, or the luxuries that are in daily use among the operatives, have been selected to bear the chief burdens. The tradesmen who pay the duty in ready cash have not only to demand it again of their customers, by raising the price of articles, but have to make an addition for interest of money. And then the system is so complicated that some millions are wasted annually in the expensive and jobbing mode of *collecting* the revenues. Were taxation *direct*, and were it proportioned according to every one's real income and the property he has at stake, then we should know what we have to pay, and the money could easily be brought to the Exchequer with very little of the present cost of collection. We want our working men, and especially their wives and daughters, to feel that taxation, in its present unjust form, in-

jures them and their children to an incalculable extent, and therefore that they are enemies to themselves and their families until they become *Financial Reformers*. We have had "Church and King!" "No Popery!" "No Poor Law!" and a host of other cries invented to take up the attention of the people, and divert them from real abuses; but we trust the masses will resolve to be duped no longer.

"DIRECT TAXATION" must be the universal demand, and we must raise the cry until we obtain this most important reform. Taxes on the articles we consume or use; taxes on horses, vehicles, windows, paper, advertisements, legacies, stamps, &c. &c., all tend to injure trade. We feel confident that if all our customs, excise, and indirect duties were immediately abolished, we should have an increase of home trade equal to all the orders we receive from foreigners. The price of articles would be lowered; more of everything would then be purchased; there would be employment for all; wages would necessarily rise; money and goods would have a free and rapid circulation; the hours of labour would be shortened; more time for recreation would be obtained; and the wives of the artisan and the peasant would have an ample sum every week for all the exigencies of their household, and a little to spare to be laid up for sickness and old age. *Direct Taxation*, then, is not only a question of political, but of *domestic economy*. Every family, every wife, every mother, every child is interested in it, and must become political agitators. It is treason to our country and ourselves, and a crying sin in the sight of heaven, to be silent. To allow this abomination to exist, is a libel upon our patriotism, our humanity, and religion. We must let the Commons know that they are the source of all this injustice and oppression; that there is not a man among them who votes for *indirect taxation*, but is an enemy to his country and his species.

We must set about this reform earnestly but rationally. No *violence* must be used. *Physical force* should never be dreamt of nor mentioned. Not a whisper against the Queen should be heard. The monarch is innocent in this matter. The Commons alone are guilty. Swords are impotent; but words inspired with truth and justice are omnipotent. Let us have faith in our tongues and in the press, and see that both are guided by rectitude, and our power will be invincible and triumphant. The evil of which we complain has hardly been assailed. Direct Taxation has scarcely been advocated in the House. Financial Reformers have few representatives as yet in the Senate. But public opinion out of doors can soon obtain a majority of tongues in the legislature. The Tories bow to the voice of the people, and generally with a good grace. A thorough intelligent and moral agitation on this point throughout the country would cause it to be mentioned in the next Royal Speech; and therefore, we trust, that all our operatives, for the sake of their domestic prosperity, as well as for the sake of the country and the world, will demand, in the name of humanity, justice, and religion, the entire abolition of all Indirect Taxation.

MEASURES OF LENGTHS.—The smallest measure is the hairbreadth, of which 48 are an inch. Four barley corns laid *breadthways*, are ¾ of an inch, called a *digit*; and 3 barley corns *lengthways* are an inch. A nail used in cloth measure, is 2½ inches, or the 16th of a yard. A hand in horse measure is four inches, a palm 3 inches, and a span 9. The fathom is 6 feet, and is derived from the length of a full grown man. The gyrd, girth, or yard, 3 feet. A geometrical pace is 4 feet, 4-8 inches. A statute mile is 1,760 yards, or 5,280 feet, or 63,360 inches. An Irish mile is 2,240 yards, and a Scotch mile 1,984 yards.

THE YOUNG CHEVALIER.—Chap. VI.

(Concluded from page 65.)

On the 23rd of May Cumberland left Inverness for Fort Augustus, to devastate the country of the insurgents in that neighbourhood. And well was the task assigned to his troops executed by them. Not only the castles of the chiefs, but also the huts of the peasants were laid in ruins, and a populous region speedily turned into a desolate and uninhabited waste. Hawley and some other officers are said to have outstripped their master in cruelty; but many of the officers, as well as other loyalists, both in and and out of the army, detested these deeds of oppression and cruelty, and deeply lamented that a just cause should be so dishonoured. The patriotic Forbes earnestly remonstrated against the outrages perpetrated by the troops, and the very severe measures adopted, but without effect. Cold looks and contemptuous sneers were the replies he obtained. Now that the danger was over, his great services were forgotten, and "the powers that were" seemed to think that his cry for mercy in behalf of the fallen and the wretched cancelled all their obligations to him. Cumberland had £25,000 a year added to his income for his reward.

But what, meantime, of the fugitive Prince? The party with which Charles left the field of battle, consisted of the chief men of his army; and having crossed the water of Nairn, they stopped to hold a brief council, when Charles appointed a rendezvous at Ruthven in Badenoch. Though appointing a rendezvous, the Prince had no intention of being there himself; but this he concealed from his chiefs. He and they had now changed places as to the boldness of their councils. They were for continuing the war; his one object was to escape to France, with a profession, indeed, and probably a hope, of obtaining succours for a farther struggle; but too much, there is reason to suppose, from a regard to his personal safety, which now for the first time he appeared anxious about. At the water of Nairn he separated from the party with which he had fled, retaining with him only Sheridan, O'Sullivan, O'Neal, Edward Burke, and a few others. Burke was a poor Highlander, who had formerly been a sedan-chair carrier in Edinburgh. It was he who led Charles off the field of battle, and he was of much service to the fallen Prince in the first stage of his wanderings. Riding on they arrived at Gortuleg House, where, for the first and last time, the aged Lovat and the young Prince met,—a short and bitter interview. Having taken a slight refreshment they again rode on, and rested not till they reached the deserted mansion of Invergarry, at two o'clock in the morning, when, completely exhausted by their forty miles' ride, they threw themselves on the floor and slept till noon. It was no doubt a bitter awakening which restored them to consciousness of the misfortune which had befallen them. There was now, however, little time for other thoughts than those which concerned their personal safety. At Invergarry Charles again divided his little party, keeping only three attendants, O'Sullivan, O'Neal, and Edward Burke. Here he dressed himself in the clothes of the latter for a disguise. Onward they went, but in a few days were obliged to dispense with their horses, and with extreme fatigue and pain, climb over steep and rugged mountains. On Sunday, the 20th, they reached Glenbiasdale, very near the place where Charles had first landed. Here he received a letter from Lord George Murray, written at Ruthven on the 17th, in which his lordship very plainly blamed Charles's counsellors for the issue of the battle of the preceding day, and now begged to tender his own resignation of the command, but intimating no apprehension that the war was at an end. At that time between one and two thousand had assembled at Ruthven. Charles immediately replied, declaring his intention of going to France, where he might get assistance, he said, to prosecute the war vigorously, or at any rate obtain such terms for his followers as they could not otherwise expect. He directed his adherents to follow the advices of Lord George Murray and the Duke of Perth. On the receipt of this letter the insurgents, who were assembled at Ruthven, immediately disbanded, each man to look after his own safety. A few chiefs afterwards entered into an agreement to continue in arms and defend themselves, which they were the more encouraged to do by the receipt of a large sum of money from France, one of various such subsidies despatched by this power to Charles within the last few months, most of which fell into the enemy's hands. But this confederacy was soon broken up.

At Glenbiasdale Charles received the grievous intelligence that the western seas were so crowded with English vessels that escape was almost impossible. And now whither was he to turn? Danger was on

every side—the quick step of the pursuer might instantly be heard. At this time he was joined by several of his friends, who brought to him a faithful old man, Donald Macleod, well acquainted with all that country, and likely to be useful to him. This man, Charles implored to carry him to one of the islands, as he thought he would be safer there than on the mainland. Donald at once agreed, but assuring the Prince that a storm was at hand, proposed that they should delay their voyage till it had passed over. The poor fugitive, however, fearing the wrath of man more than the fury of the elements, insisted on going at once, and the party set off in an open boat. As Macleod had predicted, the storm quickly burst upon them with tremendous fury. All night they were tossed about on the foaming billows, quite ignorant of where they were driving to, and in terror lest, should they escape the dangers of the deep, it might be only to be thrown upon some shore guarded by the enemy. At daybreak they were delighted to find themselves coasting the Long Island, and were soon able to land safely on Benbecula. As this locality is frequently mentioned in the story of Charles's wanderings, we may inform such readers as are not acquainted with the geography of the district, that the very remote group of the Hebrides or Western Isles, comprising Uist, Lewis, Benbecula, and other smaller isles, is called the Long Island, from the fact of its appearing at a distance to form one Continent. Macdonald, of Clanranald, whose eldest son was one of the first to join the Chevalier, had large property in these islands, so Charles might hope to find friends there.

The first concern of the storm-beaten and hungry voyagers, on landing, was to procure themselves some food. Old Donald had been considerate enough to carry oatmeal with him, and a pot wherein to boil their provisions, and having procured and killed a cow, they congratulated themselves on their comfortable circumstances. Their accommodation was not, indeed, superb. The scion of a royal house had fallen on strange quarters. "A cow-house, destitute of a door, was his palace; his couch of state was formed of filthy straw and a sailcloth; and the regal banquet, composed of oatmeal and boiled flesh, was served up in the homely pot in which it was prepared."

A voyage to Stornoway, in Lewis, in the hope of being able to procure there a ship to carry him to France, was the Prince's next movement. The journey, performed under the care of old Donald, was unsuccessful, and attended with many perils and hardships. Being landed at a wrong point, Charles and some of his friends had to walk a whole dreary night over a wet moor, with the farther inconvenience of wanting food eighteen hours. Returning from Lewis they put into a small island near Harris, where to their great joy they found fish drying on the beach. Edward Burke, assisted by his royal master, set to cooking them, and produced what appeared to the sad little party a delightful repast. Burke was usually the cook on these occasions; but when the Prince undertook the task himself, all allowed his superiority in the art. In the course of his wanderings he had frequent occasion to give practical proof of his culinary skill, and always submitted to such labour with the utmost cheerfulness. Four days were spent in the island where the fish were found, and then the hunted party committed themselves once more to the waves, where, as well as on land, they encountered perils at every turning. Intending to land at one point, they found a party waiting to seize their boat, and were obliged to set off in the greatest haste. Then they were pursued by a man-of-war, from which they escaped by means of a storm which parted them; but ere they had much time to rejoice at their deliverance, they found themselves chased by another ship. This danger they were saved from also; and after enduring almost incredible fatigues and hardships, with no food but oatmeal stirred in a little of the salt-water on which they were sailing, they once more set their feet on Benbecula.

Poor Charles was now to enjoy a brief rest and some comfort. The elder Clanranald was fortunately at this time on the Long Island, and he suggested that the Prince might be hid in a forester's hut in a secluded spot of South Uist, called Glencoradale. This mansion was prepared for the reception of royalty by having two cow-hides stretched out on four sticks for a protection above from the weather. But humble as it was, poor Charles enjoyed in this hut comforts to which he had been a stranger since the fatal 16th of April. Lady Clanranald sent him changes of linen, an unspeakable luxury, of which he was most deplorably in want. She also supplied the tattered wanderer with shoes and stockings, and other very desirable articles for his wardrobe and his table. Her husband, as considerate in his own department, assigned Charles twelve stout gillies to attend him, and supplied him with the means of amusing himself, by fishing and shooting. And now and then the aged chief, with other friendly gentle-

men, contrived to enliven the Prince's retreat by their visits—visits which, according to the wretched custom then prevailing in the Highlands, they frequently turned into regular drinking bouts.

The poor hunted Chevalier was not permitted to enjoy his lowly refuge long. Cumberland's men were everywhere eager to gain the great prize of £30,000 offered for Charles's capture. When their master dismissed them, his orders were, "No prisoners, gentlemen; you understand me." And with right good will many of them would have executed his orders, had not Providence denied them the opportunity. It was at length ascertained that their prey was lurking somewhere in the Long Island, and it was speedily surrounded by a numerous and watchful guard. Two thousand armed men, militia and regular soldiers, traversed the group from end to end, and at every ferry and point of egress towards the sea vessels were placed to examine all the boats which appeared. It seemed as if the crisis of Charles's fate had come; as if escape were impossible. Just at this critical moment, when the hearts of his friends had fainted for fear, an unexpected deliverer appeared—the heroic Flora Macdonald. Whatever may be thought of the Amazonian qualities of a Lady Mackintosh, few will deny the meed of their ardent admiration to the brave but gentle woman, who risked her own life to save that of a distressed and sorely-hunted fellow-creature. Flora was the daughter of Macdonald of Milton, in South Uist, and the step-daughter of Macdonald of Armadale in the Isle of Skye, whose residence was her home. She happened at this time to be on a visit to her brother in Uist, and, no doubt, with the devoted enthusiasm of a young Highland maiden for the brave and noble Chevalier, she saw the preparations for his capture strengthening and completing, with an indignant and agonised spirit. Yet it was not without much terror and misgiving that she was persuaded to attempt his rescue. Her devotion shines all the more conspicuously when we mark the quailings of her true woman's heart in undertaking this perilous mission. The plan fixed on was that Flora should return to her mother's house in Skye, with Charles, disguised as a maid-servant. Her step-father happened at this very moment to be in Uist, commanding a party of militia who were in search of the Prince. From him Flora obtained a passport for herself, one male attendant—Neil Mackechan—and a maid servant—Betty Burke. Macdonald, who is suspected of guessing who Betty Burke was, further forwarded his daughter's views by furnishing her with a letter to her mother, recommending the Irish Betty as a good spinner.

All being ready, Lady Clanranald and Flora proceeded to a hut by the sea-side to equip the Chevalier in his new attire, which consisted of "a flowered linen gown, a light coloured quilted petticoat, a white apron, and a mantle of dun camlet, made, after the Irish fashion, with a hood." They afterwards sat down to supper, according to one account—to dinner according to another—when they received a most unwelcome interruption by a message to inform the elder lady that General Campbell and Captain Ferguson, with a large party of soldiers in search of the Prince, had arrived at her house. She immediately hurried home, though with no good will, to entertain them, and bore the close questioning to which they subjected her, as to where she had been, so firmly and composedly, that their suspicions were allayed, and the fugitives sailed without interruption from this party. Yet they had perils enough to encounter. Just before leaving the shore, they were approached by several boats, and were obliged to fly and hide themselves. Then, when they got fairly out to sea, a storm came on; and, in the dark cold night, their open boat—drifting they knew not where—was not the most comfortable or safe retreat. As usual, the Prince was the most cheerful of the party, endeavouring to sustain the drooping spirits of his companions by singing lively songs and telling cheerful stories. In the morning they approached the coast of Skye, and were about to land, when, to their terror, they found they were just on a party of armed militia. They instantly rowed off with all their might in the opposite direction, amidst the cries of the soldiers to land, and the bullets which they sent after the boat to enforce their request. The fugitive party happily escaped uninjured, and succeeded in effecting a landing at another point twelve miles distant. They were now in the near vicinity of Mugstat, the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald, whose defection had disappointed the Chevalier so much. This gentleman was at present on the mainland in the Government service; and Flora resolved to pay a visit to his wife, Lady Margaret Macdonald, whom she knew to be well affected to the Prince. Leaving her fellow-voyagers on the beach, she proceeded to Mugstat, and, on being ushered into the drawing-room, found, amongst other visitors, the officer in command at this very point. The gentleman, as in duty bound, questioned the

new comer as to her route and destination, and, she answering with the utmost coolness and composure—these Highland ladies seem to have had wonderful nerve and self command—he permitted her boat to pass unexamined—a most unusual circumstance.

There was another face in that drawing room on which the generous Flora's eyes rested with intense delight, for she knew the old man to be as true and devoted a Jacobite as the land contained, though he had remained quiet in these troublous times. She managed to approach him ere long, and whisper her secret. As she expected, he was prepared to do or suffer anything for his beloved Prince. But first it was deemed best to apprise Lady Margaret of what was going on. For this purpose our aged friend, Macdonald of Kingsburgh, withdrew her from the party to another room, and gave her the important information, which so alarmed her that she screamed aloud, and exclaimed that they were ruined. She had performed many friendly acts for Charles through her messengers when he was in Uist, but she was not prepared to have so dangerous a personage in her house. Kingsburgh quieted her alarm by informing her that he would conduct the unfortunate Prince to his own home. Little time was to be lost; and that afternoon Kingsburgh and Betty Burke set off first, followed in a little while by Flora, who quickly overtook her friends. Betty's extraordinary gait attracted more attention on the way than was agreeable to the party, and they were very thankful to find themselves at Kingsburgh House an hour before midnight.

There Betty excited as much astonishment as elsewhere. A little girl, a daughter of Kingsburgh, ran to her mother, telling her that her father had brought home the most "odd, muckle, ill-shaken-up wife she had ever seen, and taken her into the hall, too!" When the mamma saw her guest she was much of her daughter's opinion, but instantly suspected that she had one of the outlawed rebels in disguise. On withdrawing her husband, and communicating her suspicions to him, inquiring at the same time if this person knew anything of the Prince, Kingsburgh replied: "My dear, the person in the hall is the Prince himself." Poor Mrs. M'Donald, greatly alarmed, cried out, "The Prince! then we are all ruined: we will all be hanged now!" To which she received the somewhat equivocal comfort from her enthusiastic husband: "Hout, we can die but once; and if we are hanged for this we shall die in a good cause, doing only an act of humanity and charity." That night Charles enjoyed a luxury long unknown—a good bed. Mrs. Macdonald, who was a true Jacobite, though a timid one, folded up the sheets in which the Prince had slept, declaring they should be used again only as her winding-sheet. She was afterwards prevailed upon to give one of them to Flora Macdonald, who, like the elder lady, determined that it should be wrapped round her in her coffin; and both had this wish gratified. It was not thought safe for Charles to remain longer than one night in Kingsburgh House, and therefore he was conducted the next day by his host to Portree, changing his dress on the way for male attire, which Macdonald had provided for him.

At Portree Flora gave the Prince over in charge to one of the captains in his own army, Malcolm Macleod, a faithful and devoted man; and there the young lady took leave of the person whom she had delivered from his enemies in so romantic and heroic a manner. The Prince's thanks were abundant, and we may believe sincere: whether the expressed hopes with which they were accompanied, of being able to repay her one day in St. James's, were equally sincere, it is not for us to determine. If Charles still hoped ever to wear the crown of Great Britain, his temper was sanguine indeed.

From Skye, Charles was carried to the small island of Raaza, thence back to Skye, and shortly after, at his own urgent request, to the mainland. Here privations and dangers thickened around him. Towards the end of July it seemed as if all hope of escape must be given up. It was ascertained that Charles was within a certain district in the West Highlands, and a cordon was formed, completely shutting him in. "The cordon consisted of single sentinels, planted within sight of each other, who permitted no one to pass unchallenged. By night large fires were lighted, between which the men continually passed to and fro, so as to leave no place for more than a few minutes at a time unvisited."

Within this cordon the Prince and his few faithful friends—who were changed, it is well to remark, almost with every district to which he resorted—had to fly from one dreary and rugged height to another, as the alarm was brought of the enemy's approach. Twice the hill on which he rested was entered by a number of the King's men. The first time Charles received intelligence of their approach in time to fly to another place; the second time he lay in a hidden corner of the mountain, which fortunately escaped their notice. His sufferings about

this time were intense. For four days he subsisted on a very small quantity of oatmeal, which was subjected to no kind of cooking. And once he was compelled to fast for forty-eight hours, and at the same time walk a great distance over the most difficult ground.

Gradually the guard placed over the Prince's retreat were drawing their limits closer and closer; and if he remained he must speedily be hemmed in beyond all hope. Desperate as was the attempt to break through the cordon, it seemed the only alternative left to the miserable wanderer; and it was at length resolved on. Having carefully watched their opportunity, they chose a spot where the bed of a mountain torrent ran between two posts; and at the moment when the backs of the guards were to them, as they marched to and from their fires, the adventurous party crept on all fours up this narrow defile, and in a few minutes were out of sight. It was indeed a marvellous escape. It is not to be wondered at that Charles should consider his life guarded by a special Providence, which would not permit him to fall into his enemy's hands. "The bounds of his habitation were fixed, so that he could not pass them;" as were those of his humblest follower; for not as the heir of a royal house, or the doer of great things in the future, as he vainly imagined, but as a man, he was the object of divine care.

His next protectors were a band of seven Glenmorrison men, usually called robbers. They had been in the rebellion, and now united to rob the soldiers of the spoil they were wresting from the miserable people of their districts. When, in desperation, Charles's friends besought their protection for him, they eagerly undertook the charge, swearing a fearful oath that they should not betray him—the first privy council, the Prince playfully remarked, he had sworn in Great Britain. For nearly three weeks he resided in one or other of their romantic caves, hushed to sleep on his bed of broom by the music of a mountain rill which ran through his chamber.

In the end of August, to his great joy, Charles accomplished what he had long desired, a juncture with his true friends, Lochiel and Cluny Macpherson, who had managed to secret themselves on the property of the latter, in the hiding-places of the great mountain, Benalder. The meeting of the friends in such circumstances was most affecting. Poor Lochiel was still a cripple from wounds received in his ancles at Culloden. They were living in a miserable hovel, but well supplied by their friends with food. The first day Charles dined with them they had minced collops dressed with butter, which so pleased his royal highness, that he gaily exclaimed—"Now, gentlemen, I live like a prince;" although his table service consisted of the saucepan in which the collops were cooked. Thus the first half of September was spent, wandering about from one hiding-place to another in this wild mountain. The last, called the Cage, was the most curious; a retreat formed within a thick bush of wood, by means of twigs tied to stakes fixed in the earth.

The weary wanderings of the once gallant Chevalier at length drew to a close. Early in September two French ships reached Lochnaunagh, in the hope of being able to carry off the Prince; and word being sent to him, he repaired as quickly as prudence permitted to the long desired refuge. The journey was performed safely; and on the 20th of September Charles Edward, accompanied by Lochiel and a number of other gentlemen, set sail in the ship L'Hereux, and nine days after landed on the coast of France. Twenty-three gentlemen, and more than a hundred privates escaped by these two vessels.

The privations, fatigues, perils, and hair-breadth escapes of this descendant of a long line of kings, during the five months of his wanderings, form a story, a true one, more strange than fiction could invent. Clothed in filthy rags, and sometimes nearly famished, not seldom making his bed in an open boat on a stormy sea, or a bare rock, with the boat's sail for a covering, and afflicted with a disease which want and filth induce, and which is considered the peculiar portion of the squalid beggar, poor Charles never lost his cheerfulness, or at least the appearance of it, but was always ready to sustain the drooping spirits of his companions. And not less wonderful than the cheerfulness of the chief actor in this melancholy scene was the fidelity of his attendants. Hundreds of persons of both sexes, and all ranks and ages, were at different times acquainted with the secret of his retreat; and though, by one word, they could have secured what in their country was enormous wealth, that word remained for ever unsaid.

It is a singular circumstance, that most of those who assisted the Prince in his flight, fell into the hands of the Government officers almost immediately after he had left them. Some ten days after her daring adventure, Flora Macdonald was apprehended and retained in a gentle and honourable captivity in London, till the Act of Indemnity passed in 1747. A few years after she married a son of Kingsburgh's, with whom she went to America,

whence they returned again to Skye, where this remarkable lady died at an advanced age, leaving several brave sons, officers in King George's army. Poor Kingsburgh did not meet with such gentle usage. He, too, was quickly apprehended, and thrown into a dungeon in Fort Augustus, loaded with irons. He was afterwards removed to Edinburgh, and there kept a close prisoner, till the act already referred to released him.

Of the leading insurgents, the majority escaped to the Continent, notwithstanding the strictness of the search made for them. At an early period the Duke of Perth, Lord John Drummond, Lords Elch and Nairn, and Sir Thomas Sheridan, got an opportunity of sailing in French vessels. The Duke died on the passage to the Continent. The Marquis of Tullibardine, unable to bear the fatigues of flying from place to place, delivered himself up, and died in confinement before he could be tried. Lord George Murray wandered about for some months, and then escaped to France. The Earl of Kilmarnoch was taken prisoner on the field of Culloden, tried by his peers, and condemned to death, along with the Earl of Cromarty and Lord Belmerino. Cromarty received a pardon; but the other two unfortunate noblemen suffered the last penalty of the law on Tower-hill, on the 18th of August. Lord Lovat met the same fate at the same place, on the 9th April of the following year. These distinguished men were not the only victims. A great number of the insurgents, high and low, were tried and executed in various places. Thus bloodily terminated the last attempt of the Stuarts to regain the throne of their ancestors!

DESULTORY SKETCHES.

By a Pedestrian.

There is no more observable feature of European society than the universal love of all classes for sports in the open air.

In England one cannot pass through a village or city without finding the green cricket-ground, and be it remembered not with *boys* at play on it, but men—men often of the first rank and position.

Later in the season come the boat races, and the whole population seem to pour out to them; gentlemen of the highest rank preside over them, and the nobleman and student will be found tugging away at the oar as eagerly as the mechanic or the waterman. In September, particularly if one happens to be in the Highlands of Scotland at that time, as I was this last year, he will think the whole people of England, who have a week's leisure, are out shooting, or *pedestrianising*, or riding, and with the zest and eagerness of boys let out of school.

On the Continent there is not the same love for exciting sports, but there is decidedly the same fondness for being in the open air. In Paris a bright day will fill the Champs Elysées with cheerful parties, sitting under the shade or sipping their coffee, while many of the most favourite amusements of the lower classes, circuses, concerts, jugglery, are going on continually around them, all in open assemblies. In Southern Germany I have often been struck as I walked by the pleasant country seats, with this same tendency to "out-door living." The houses have a look of openness; the windows all lead out to pleasant spots without, and there are all kinds of balconies and harbours, and summer-houses around, for coffee parties, and musical parties, and smoking parties, in the free air. Every city, too, has its public gardens or shaded "squares," where the people promenade, and where the "burgher," on a sunny afternoon, brings out his family, with their sewing-work and coffee, and they all sit, he in the calm satisfaction of his pipe, enjoying the bright weather and the crowds of cheerful people.

This is a social feature peculiar to this side of the Atlantic. In America, for instance, sociality—the gregarious tendency, as it may be called—manifests itself in a different direction. The Americans like being together well enough, but it is usually for more serious objects. For a political meeting, or a lecture, or a society anniversary, they pour forth in crowds; but as to this public, open-air enjoyment in common, there is little of it; and for out-door sports one cannot say there is any national taste whatever. There seems to be, too, a kind of—we will not say prejudice—but a feeling of its impropriety, against men of years and position in society going into field-sports, such as does not exist at all in Europe; and I have wondered sometimes whether the almost unversally better health—a fact apparently well established—of the North-European nations, and especially of the learned classes, might not be accounted for from this difference of custom.

But if one would enjoy an inspiriting,

open-air amusement, he could never find a pleasanter than by walking out in Berlin some bright winter afternoon, about a mile through the Thiergarten, to what is called the "Wiesen." These are meadows where the water has overflown and frozen, so that it makes an admirable skating place. I know no more animating, cheerful exercise, than a few hours' skating on those Wiesen. The clear stimulating air, the rays of the sun, low-sunk in the south, falling with rich light over the groups, and just tinging with rose-colour the while columns of smoke and steam around; the cold grey sky of the east, against which every bud and twig of the old trees near by stand in clear, beautiful tracery; the labyrinth of whirling, gaily-dressed groups over the ice—there a man cutting the most intricate figures of the science, there two ladies skating off most gracefully together, there a lady and gentleman hand in hand; and in another part, seated in one of these sledge chairs, a lady, pushed on at a most fearful rate by the gentleman behind her—all make out such a beautiful, inspiring scene as one does not often see. Then, on the bank are other groups—men lending out skates, women with coffee-tables and refreshments, boys with fresh flowers from the conservatories, and crowds of hacks and carriages waiting to take the skaters back, and scattered about everywhere the invariable attendants of all Berlin amusement, the helmeted policemen.

An immense number of people come out from Berlin to this sport, from all classes, young and old, ladies and gentlemen, and the ladies all in their prettiest dresses, much as if for a fashionable promenade. In fact, it makes a most graceful, pleasant exercise for them; and, as far as I saw, they seem very well accomplished in the science. They tell me it has only been tried among the ladies for a few years, since one of the princesses commenced it, though already it has become "all the mode."

But what is most surprising is to see elderly men joining in the sport, and men, too, of rank and influence—the professor with his students, or the old, worn-out, business men coming out to have one of the free sports of their youth over again.

But thus pleasant as social life in Germany undoubtedly is, one cannot but be struck with many signs of decay; and I cannot resist the belief that, within the next quarter of a century, it will be found that the vigour of the German stem has very nearly died out. Such things happen in history, and not always caused by any remarkable inroad of luxury. Let any one compare the vigorous intellectual republics of Italy in the middle ages, or the proud monarchy of Spain, or the warlike adventurous Hollanders, with the peoples inhabiting those countries at the present day, and he will acknowledge that other things beside luxury can unman a national character. Bad institutions can do it; a long course of oppression can do it; a perverted religion, a false philosophy, or a growth of impractical and inefficient ideas.

As I attempt to penetrate this confused mass of political affairs for the last five years —as I see the utter want of all practical efficiency in the nation, the vague ideas they have of their own rights, and their little steadiness in defending those rights when they do understand them—as I observe now the supineness or indifference of the Chambers under attacks from government, which are aimed at the very heart of their liberties, and the want of all firm, spirited opposition from the nominally popular press, and compare with it all the easy, good-natured *laissez-faire* disposition of the people, I am constrained to come to the conclusion I have stated.

Germany may still lead in learning and art, for success in these does not seem to be connected necessarily with vigour of national character. Her home-life may still present those simple, beautiful traits which make it so lovely now, and we may yet find among her people the open, pleasant, kindly dispositions which meet us everywhere now; still, for efficient, energetic action, as a nation on the stage of the world's affairs, we very much incline to think her part is ended!

There may be a "resurrection of Germany," as after the years of stupor and disgrace in Napoleon's times, but at present there are very few signs of it; and even if it should come, one can see nothing in the future but the incessant bickerings of petty rival states—ever the prelude, if the past is any analogy, to an oppression and degradation even worse than before.

Among the influences which at present are affecting the German people, and working out the political future of the nation, must never be forgotten the influence of the Christian priesthood. But here, alas! there is not so much that is hopeful as might be supposed. The whole circumstances of the clergy, who are either chosen or approved by the Government, with their pay and position depending on the higher authorities, remove them too generally from any sympathy with popular aspirations. Red Republicanism, Socialism, Infidelity, stalk before them as fearful phantoms whenever freedom is mentioned. One hears often enough from them of the horrors of revolution, of the godless nature of these attempts to reform society on Socialistic principles, of the reverence

and obedience due to "the powers that be;" but the bold, manly speech against these infamous encroachments of power, the word of encouragement only for these painful efforts for freedom, the mere expression of sympathy for the thousands of sufferers around them, whose wrongs are crying to Heaven, one very seldom hears. I do not mean that they are bad men, or necessarily hypocritical men, in all this. I know the contrary; but all their circumstances and position naturally carry them to that particular point of view, and under judgments thus formed they act. The only exception to this, as far as I have had an opportunity of judging, is among the preachers of one sect—a sect so remarkable in its origin, and perhaps destined to such peculiar influence in Germany, that it may be worth while to give a more particular account of it. I speak of the *Freien Catholischen Gemeinden*, or the German Catholics, as they are often called. Many will remember the interest excited some years back by the news of Rongé's movement in the heart of Germany, and the formation of the new sect of the German Catholics. But not many probably know the singularly different direction the whole movement has taken since that time. However, to particulars; and for the better understanding of the subject, it will be necessary to go back somewhat.

It will be remembered that, after the Congress of 1815, the general position of Roman Catholicism in Germany became, from the reaction of the French Revolution, as well as the measures of the Congress and various other causes, firmer than ever. The Catholic faith gained a footing even in Protestant states, and the church was confirmed in the enjoyment of powers and immunities such as it had not possessed in modern times. The attempt to prohibit the marriage of Catholics with Protestants was perhaps one of the immediate causes of the public excitement, which reached its climax upon the exhibition of the holy coat at Treves. The notice attracted by that miraculous object brought out an obscure priest in Upper Silesia, who addressed and published a letter to the bishop. The name of this priest was Rongé, and the medium of his stirring appeal was a letter, whose thrilling effects through the German nations we cannot understand without appreciating the preparation of the people for it, caused by these various movements. Within twenty days a congregation had separated itself from the Catholic Church at Schneidemühl, and their priest was to be heard celebrating the mass in the German language. In a little longer time, Rongé himself was summoned to assist in the formation of a large and influential church in Breslau, composed altogether of those who had been Catholics, and based on the freest Protestant principles; while the idea spread itself with more and more power, that a new and glorious church was to be formed, freed from the defects of the Romanist Church, and yet so independent of the Protestant as to attract those from the Romanist body who would otherwise find many prejudices in their way. Such was the first influence of the "Laurahütte Letter."

To Rongé himself this does not appear to have been any sudden movement. According to his own account, and what other evidence one can get access to, he had been for four years deeply dissatisfied with the Church which he had once so filially trusted, and with doubts of the whole soundness of its system. It was during a period of suspension, in consequence of a communication he wrote, reflecting on the practices of the Cathedral Chapter at Breslau, that he wrote his celebrated "Letter." In regard to the subsequent career of Rongé not much can be said. He appears to have assisted for a while in the formation of the new churches among the German-Catholics, and to have given his impassioned, spirited style of writing heartily to the aid of the new movement. Men hailed him for a time as a second Luther. But gradually, whether from the fact that in cultivation and general learning he did not correspond to the place he was taking, or because, so long in a cloistered life, he had lost his practical power over men, it is certain his influence became less and less. Then occurred some events in his private life, in respect to which there are very different opinions. In fact, in regard to these, as well as the general character of the man, it is very difficult to get any definite information.

But to our account again of the *Freien-Gemeinden*. The first important church, as I have said before, was formed at Breslau, and under the freest Protestant and congregational principles. The Scripture was to be opened to all, the church services to be performed in the German language, and entire freedom of conscience and belief to be secured to each man. Every *Gemeinde* or "congregation" was to be entirely independent, and to have the power of choosing its own pastor; and if synods met, they were to be endowed with no power other than advisatory.

This was followed by the founding of numerous other churches through Germany on a similar basis, and in 1845 the first synod of the new sect assembled in Leipsic. The principles declared by this synod were similar to those stated above, except that, after great discussion, a new form of creed

was established, very much the same with the Apostles' Creed, with the exception that nothing is said of "CHRIST being the Son of GOD," or of his "dying for our sins." And now began to appear the great direction of the sect. It was not so much in the maintaining of the doctrine of faith as opposed to works, nor in the opposition to the Roman Church, that the movement found its life. It was a struggle for *perfectly untrammeled belief*. All the freest, most ultra thinkers through Germany joined it—all those most filled with enthusiasm, and not always most judicious in their efforts for the progress of freedom and liberal ideas among men. Its basis soon appeared not so much a religious one as simply the desire of freedom. The wildest forms of religious belief started up in the sect. The personality of GOD and the existence of a future life were denied, Men were mere emanations of the great *Weltgeist* (world-spirit), to return and be absorbed by him at death. The divine authority of the Scriptures was only a dogma of Jewish tradition, and any other character of CHRIST than that of a pure and benevolent philosopher could never be maintained; and there arose a wing of the party who could not rank otherwise than as utter infidels and atheists. The sect naturally attracted the attention of Government, and it was supposed most truly to be a nursery of democratic ideas and dangerous political sentiments. In Austria, where the *Gemeinden* had numbered some 10,000, the whole society, in the reaction of '49, was utterly suppressed. In Prussia they have had many difficulties, but have succeeded in keeping their foothold. By the Constitution of last year, all religious societies are allowed their legal place in the State; but it remains a question whether this is a religious society or a corporation—an important question for the Gemeinde; for if the pastor is not a legal pastor, no child baptized by him can have a citizen's rights—can hold property, or peddle goods, or shoot an enemy of Prussia, that is, legally! I have heard the preachers of the sect, and have mingled somewhat with a few of its members, and I am bound to say, that in hearty, practical benevolence, and in free political sentiments, and in deep sympathies with the *people*, I find more community of feeling with them than with many other sects here. There are many individuals, too, among them whose views are not very dissimilar from my own. But, as a whole, one can find but little religious character in the sect. The wildest and most vague dreams of German philosophy appear to constitute their religious belief, and to be the object of their faith. In practical sympathies they are eminently Christian. Theirs are the only pulpits where a man dares to get up and speak a word of sympathy for the immense masses of oppressed and crushed men under these governments—almost the only place where one hears of a love which shall at length extend itself over authorities as well as subjects, and bring on the time of freedom for which humanity is intended. However, it is not as a religious party that the existence of the German Catholics is important under any aspect. In that character the sect will soon die out. But it is as a party cherishing the freest principles, as a combination where sympathies may be nursed and plans formed affecting the political future of Germany, that it is worthy of attentive consideration; and it is as such that I shall watch with deep interest its future operations.

SPRING.

The bursting buds look up
To greet the sunlight, while it lingers yet
On the warm hill-side; and the violet
Opens its azure cup
Meekly, and countless wild flowers wake to fling
Their earliest incense on the gales of Spring.

Continual songs arise
From universal Nature; bird and streams
Mingle their voices, and the glad earth seems
A second Paradise!
Thrice blessed Spring! thou bearest gifts divine—
Sunshine, and song, and fragrance,—all are thine.

Nor unto earth alone:
Thou hast a blessing for the human heart,
Balm for its wounds, and healing for its smart;
Telling of winter flown,
And bringing hope upon thy rainbow wing,—
Type of eternal life—thrice blessed Spring.

GLEANINGS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

NO. II.—REMARKABLE CASES OF POISONING.

On the 25th of March Sarah Chesham was executed at Chelmsford for poisoning her husband. The case reminds the reader of the atrocities committed by celebrated poisoners in the middle ages—with this difference, that the woman in this case moved in the lower ranks of life, while in the others the criminals occupied a very high rank. The most extraordinary part of this woman's case is, that it is marked by great determination and perseverance in a wicked course. In 1847 she was tried for the murder of two of her children, and although the evidence was very strong against her, she was acquitted. After this she was again charged with a crime of the like nature, and again acquitted; and in 1851 she was condemned and executed for the murder of her husband. The evidence on all the three occasions went to show that the woman was regarded as a professed murderess by her neighbours, and that mothers used very great precautions to keep their children out of her way. She was accused of carrying about with her poisoned lozenges, which she was in the habit of giving to children; and it was sworn by one mother that she had saved her child by plucking the poisoned lozenge from its mouth. She not only pursued this course, but she was anxious to make proselytes among the women of her acquaintance. She encouraged them to try the effects of poison upon their offending husbands, and reproached them as chicken-hearted and faint-spirited if they did not follow her advice. There is another startling and remarkable incident in her history. On her first trial, a medical witness during examination described at length the properties of arsenic, and its effects under different modes of administration. It appears that she adopted some of the plans which had been suggested to her mind by the descriptions of the witness. The method she adopted to poison her husband was after this fashion. She put the arsenic into a bag of rice, and shook the whole so as to cover every grain of rice with a portion of the mineral poison. She afterwards gave it to her husband now and then, so that the poor man was six months dying; and when he was dead, there was so little arsenic in his body as almost to defeat the usual chemical tests.

This woman seems to have had a passion for murder. In most cases she had no apparent motive. Until lately, such cases of poisoning have been rare in this country. The Norfolk murders were horrible, as also those which took place in Essex, some twenty lives having been sacrificed in the two cases. An appalling case also occurred in Wiltshire in 1849. Rebecca Smith was convicted at the Wiltshire summer assizes of the murder of her infant, a child one month old. She confessed to having previously murdered seven others, all her own children, in the same manner. There was something tragical in the whole story. She was religious and decorous in her outward deportment; she attended divine service with great regularity, and was particularly careful about domestic prayer. She said that she had destroyed the children because she feared that they might come to want. She had always borne the character of being an inoffensive and industrious woman. It appeared that she had suffered great privations, as her husband was an habitual drunkard. Her father, who was a market-gardener, had left her £100 at his death; her husband had squandered it all. She had one surviving child, for which she manifested great affection. She was executed. The impression upon the minds of many was this—that the intemperance of her husband, together with the waste of her little property, and the poverty in which she lived, had deranged her intellects, and in a state of religious melancholy she had murdered her children. If, in this state, she destroyed herself, it would have been pronounced insanity; as she destroyed her children, it was pronounced murder.

There are some parallel cases in the history of the middle ages, but they occurred among persons of rank. The first case I shall mention is that of Hieronyma Spara, who carried on a flourishing trade of murder in Rome, under the government of Pope Alexander VII. She was detected as follows: It had been noticed for some time that many young blooming married women became widows. It was observed, too, that when husbands became disagreeable to their wives, they after a brief period died. The secrets of the confessional were also made known to the authorities, and it was disclosed that several women had confessed to being privy to the murder of their husbands by poison.

Suspicion at length fell upon a society of married women, who had a connection with an old woman who professed to tell fortunes. A female was employed, who, assuming the air and carriage of a lady of rank, went to the old woman, and consulted with her as to the best means of disposing of a disagreeable and tyrannical husband. The fortune-teller fell into the plot, the whole scheme was discovered, and many of the women implicated confessed and were hanged; others were whipped, and some banished. Spara herself did not confess. This woman had learnt her dreadful art from Toffania. This Toffania had invented and sold certain drops, which were, on examination, found to be composed of crystallised arsenic dissolved in water, mixed with a certain herb called cymbalaria. It was known as "aqua Toffania," and it was said that there was scarcely a lady at Naples who did not keep it upon her dressing-table. Upon discovery, Toffania took refuge in a convent, but was apprehended, and put to the rack, when she confessed to having murdered, or having aided and assisted in murdering, no less than six hundred persons. She was afterwards hanged.

The historian Livy relates some very frightful cases—one I will quote. A great many persons of distinction in Rome died suddenly, about the same time, and apparently of the same disorder. The deaths were attributed to an unknown form of pestilence, until a female slave made some revelations which led to the discovery of a system of poisoning carried on by the ladies of Rome. The slave stipulated for pardon for herself, and then conducted the officers to a place where, in a secret chamber, they found twenty ladies compounding poison in a large cauldron. They were at once accused of the crime, when they asserted that they were preparing medicines for the poor and the sick. The officers then insisted upon their taking a draught, which, after a consultation among themselves, they did. The result was, they all died. The confession of the slave implicated more than a hundred and fifty of the noblest ladies of Rome.

It appears that Italy has always been celebrated for crimes of this character. It is related that Pope Alexander VI., and his son, Cæsar Borgia, prepared poison for nine Cardinals who were to dine with them. They were, by some accident, served with the liquor themselves. The son narrowly escaped with his life, but the father died. The Cardinals, for whom the liquor was designed, escaped entirely, as they drank the unpoisoned wine which was designed for the Pope and his still more depraved son.

The history of France gives us several instances of scientific poisoning. Many of the cases were first made known through the confessional; and it is asserted by historians that many Italians resorted to Paris to practise the art, or to teach the art of poisoning. The Marchioness de Brinvilliers and her paramour, Sainte Croix, learnt this dreadful mystery; and the former, after having done so, assumed the garb of a sister of charity, procured admission into the hospitals, and tried the strength of her poisons upon the unfortunate patients. Succeeding in this, she afterwards poisoned her own father, to gratify a feeling of revenge against him for having put Sainte Croix in the Bastile. She afterwards destroyed her own brother. The guilty pair were at length discovered. Sainte Croix was suffocated by the fumes of some strong poison he was preparing, and upon his person was found a packet containing parcels of poisons, with directions for use and other papers, addressed to the Marchioness. She could not obtain possession of the packet, which fell into the hands of the officers of justice. She fled to a convent, but a stratagem was used to decoy her from it. She was arrested and sent to Paris, and before her execution, confessed to several murders. Her history was strange enough. Sainte Croix had been a friend of her husband, and after the death of the latter she kept up an infamous intimacy with the former. Her father, to destroy the intimacy and check the scandal, caused Sainte Croix to be put in the Bastile. This roused the revengeful feelings of the guilty pair, and led to their becoming adepts in poisoning.

Poisoning has more generally been adopted by the higher than the lower ranks. Our own history discloses many atrocious cases. Sir Thomas Overbury died of poison in the Tower of London, in the reign of James I. Anne Turner and four of her accomplices were executed, although the Earl and Countess of Somerset, who were equally guilty, were pardoned. The profligate Leicester, the favourite of Elizabeth, is suspected of having used these means to get rid of the unfortunate Amy Robsart; and Camden tells us that he (the Earl of Leicester) proposed in open Council to poison Mary, Queen of Scots, in prison. The crime was no doubt practised in numbers of cases

where detection did not follow. Medical men in a former age—the tools of princes and favourites—could drug the food or the medicines of the suspected or hated—the troublesome or the injured—as Lady Macbeth drugged the possets of the grooms. There is one thing certain, that detection now more generally follows crime. Tawell fled from the scene of his guilt, but a description of his person outstript the railway train, and flew on the wings of the electric telegraph. How true the words of the great poet—

"Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelms them, to men's eyes."

THE INTRODUCTION OF LACE INTO ENGLAND.

A CHAPTER FOR OUR FEMALE FRIENDS.

By Mrs. Costelloe.

This is our second chapter on lace;* and if the first was considered interesting, we trust that this one will be found still more so, being connected with our own country—its cheerful cottage homes—universal prosperity—and its dependence for both on the intelligence and industry of the working classes.

We must go back to the year 1626, a period when the inhabitants of many parts of England were as idle, and consequently as poor, as the wretched yet warm-hearted beings who now drag on their existence in the bogs and wastes of the West of Ireland. Many of the great landowners of that day expressed regret at the extreme destitution of their tenantry, yet made no effort to alleviate it, because, by some means or other, they were able to obtain their rent; but others really compassionated their condition, and, understanding the source of the evil, resolved on removing it if possible. Amongst these latter was Sir Henry Borlace, a man whose name should be written in our chronicles in letters of gold. He possessed a fine estate in Buckinghamshire, but his broad acres brought him in no broad pieces: the idle and thriftless beings who called themselves his tenants declared they were unable to make any return for the lands they held, and he forbore to press them, though the consequence to himself was a state of poverty but little removed from their own. Many different plans for the improvement of their condition occupied his mind, but none appeared fully to meet the requirements of the circumstances, until he thought of having the women instructed in some remunerative domestic employment.

"That will do," he exclaimed; "I know at last what is required to bring happiness and prosperity into the cottage homes. When wives and mothers become industrious, the men will find helps where now they feel burthens, and the children will be set examples of good and not of evil." For many months he thought and reasoned thus; and when we look on the results of his plan, we may believe that he had sought and received wisdom from Him who can make the crooked paths straight and the rough places smooth for those who ask his guidance. At length Sir Henry decided on the trade to be introduced; it was the manufacture of lace. He knew that thousands of pounds were annually sent out of the kingdom to purchase the fabrics of Brussels, France, and Germany; and he felt sure that the wretched yet intelligent-looking girls whom he met hourly wandering about in idleness and sorrow could learn it, and would perhaps after a time excel in its manufacture. Accordingly he induced two lace-makers to come over from the Continent and settle in the village of Marlow, where he had already endowed a school for the instruction of twenty-four girls. It was a small beginning for the glorious results which followed, and should teach us that we ought never to withhold our hands from doing good, because the power at the present in our hands seems small.

Sir Henry lived to see mighty changes arise out of his humble school. In 16 years the lace-makers were no longer counted by units but by thousands; and this, not only in Buckinghamshire, but in Northampton and Bedford also. Poverty gave place to plenty in every lace-maker's home, and neatness and cleanliness to untidiness and filth. The women and children, all occupied profitably, were all happy, and the men no longer laboured with breaking hearts and saddened brows; for their strength and energies were not now overtaxed, and the thought of the cheerful home that awaited each at the close of the day made him forgetful of present toil. "Brussels point" was the name given to the lace then manufactured in England, though it was in fact the same as that invented by Barbara

* For Chap. I., see Vol. V., p. 323.

Uttman, being made by bone or wooden bobbins on a pillow, and the pattern being afterwards worked with the needle. As years rolled by, many improvements were effected in pillow-lace making and working, but none of any very extraordinary consequence until 1800, when a new design was introduced at Honiton, in Devonshire, so delicate and beautiful as not to be exceeded by the finest specimens of Brussels lace. "During the continental wars of the early part of the nineteenth century veils of this lace were sold in London at from twenty to one hundred guineas; now they are sold at from three to ten."

Thirty years previous to this success of the Honiton pillow-lace, another new description of manufacture was invented by a poor man, whose motive to the attempt was the same as that which stimulated the exertions of Barbara Uttman—a desire to amend the circumstances of his family. His name was Hammond: he was a frame-work knitter or stocking weaver, and resided at Nottingham. His loom was a hired one, and consequently he had but a small share of his earnings for himself. One day his wife sat near him while he worked; she held a baby in her bosom, and as she stooped over it in all a mother's deep love, Hammond ceased his work to gaze on them both. The young mother wore a small muslin cap with borders of pillow lace, which, as she bent her head, partly shaded her face from her husband, and attracted his attention. A thought suddenly occurred to him that by a modified action of his stocking frame he could imitate the border, and he knew if he did so independence was at once secured to the objects of his love. He imparted the idea to his wife, and asked for the cap, that he might more particularly examine the lace. She gave it cheerfully, but not without many cautions; for she had not much hopes of his success, and she would be sorry if he spoiled her pretty cap, as she had not a second with lace borders.

Hammond bid her not fear, for he was determined to succeed. "It may take some time," he said, "but I will persevere, and try again and again."

Days and weeks passed, and still he toiled on cheerfully till his frame had assumed a quite new form, and produced neat quilling-net instead of coarse stockings. The first-fruits of his labours were bestowed on his good wife, who had never once uttered a word of discouragement; but even when her own heart felt but little hope, bid him be of good courage, and "try again."

As he had anticipated, a fortune was secured to him by his invention; and not to him alone, but to all the manufacturers in Nottingham and its vicinity. Every frame-work knitter forsook the trade of stocking-making; and, by degrees, the retail shops exhibited specimens of machine-made lace, which were immeasurably cheaper than any which had ever been produced by hand, and were as beautiful as the choicest which arrived from the continent.

After some time a gentleman named Heathcoat constructed a new lace machine, which, from the peculiar arrangement of its parts, was called a "bobbin frame." This was capable of being made to produce a much greater quantity of material in a given time than the stocking loom as modified by Hammond; but as Mr. Heathcoat took out a patent for it, and thus excluded his fellow-townsmen from the benefit of his invention, he found popular opinion so much against him that he was obliged to remove to Devonshire, where the "bobbin net" (as the production of his loom was termed) attained in a short time a high degree of eminence. For fourteen years he retained the patent in his own hands; it then expired, and at once a most extraordinary impulse was given to the trade. "Prosperity," writes Mr. M'Culloch, "shone upon it, and numerous individuals readily embarked capital in so tempting a speculation. Prices fell, however, in proportion as production increased; but the demand was immense, and the 'Nottingham lace frame' became the organ of supply, rivaling and supplanting in plain nets the most finished productions of France and the Netherlands."

The earnings of workmen during that time were extraordinary. Dr. Ure informs us "that it was no uncommon thing for an artisan to leave his usual calling, and, betaking himself to a lace frame, of which he was the part proprietor, realise, by working upon it, 20s., 30s., or even 40s. per day. In consequence of such wonderful gains, Nottingham, Loughborough, and the adjoining villages, became the scene of an epidemic mania. Many, though nearly devoid of mechanical genius or the constructive talent, tormented themselves night and day with projects of bobbins, pushers, lockers, point-bars, and needles of every various form, till their minds got permanently bewildered. Several lost their senses altogether; and some, after cherishing visions of wealth, as in old time of alchemy, finding their schemes abortive, sank into despondency, and committed suicide."

Such examples of covetousness and over-anxiety for this world's goods afford a fearful lesson, and illustrate with painful truth the words of the Bible, that "he that hateth covetousness shall prolong his days." May we lay to heart the wisdom which we are thus taught, and while we strive honestly,

but moderately, for success in our worldly business, pray that our chief wealth may be in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.

"By degrees this *furor* subsided, and the bobbin-net manufacture took its place among those which are of national importance, but not pre-eminent for lucrative gains." In 1816 steam-power was made use of in its production, and caused most wonderful changes in its value, or perhaps we should say, in the prices of the finished articles, lace being sold for eighteen-pence a yard for the same of which Mr. Heathcoat received five guineas, and the same quantity of a wider description being amply paid for by seven shillings, for which he would have received £27. There are at present in Nottingham and its vicinity various bobbin-net manufactories; in some of these plain net only is made, in others the machines are employed in producing fancy net only; while in others they are engaged at silk-edgings, a great many widths of which are made at one time, and then separated, by drawing out threads from between them. A thousand yards of this edging can be readily worked out in a day. The machines used in fabricating all these various kinds of lace are similar in form and in the mode in which they act, but it would be utterly impossible by a written description to convey an idea of even the most simple of them, as the bobbin-net machine is one of the most complicated which the imagination of man has ever devised.

After a piece of plain net is taken from the loom, it undergoes the process of "singing" or "gassing," that is, it is exposed to the action of a large number of minute blazes of gas, which remove the little downy filaments without scorching the net. It is then brought to the "designer, and stamped," who after slightly printing on it the pattern to be embroidered with the needle, hands it over to the "pattern setter." The business of this individual is to decide on the manner in which the design is to be filled up, and to give plain directions to the humble embroiderers, who then take pieces of the net to their lowly homes, where for twelve or fourteen hours a day they ply their needles cheerfully, frequently singing the whole time they are at work.

A modern writer observes "that it is sad to witness how continuously these poor females must labour before they can earn a small pittance. Little do those who see in the attractive shop-windows of London the beautiful veils and capes which Nottingham now produces, imagine how much wearisome and ill-paid labour has been concerned in their production. The earnings of the lace-runners do not, on an average, much exceed a half-penny an hour, for the weekly earnings for long days' work are seldom much above 3s., and are sometimes below it." It is not unfrequent for themselves to remark—"If the great ladies of London knew how much work we have to do to their veils and capes for 1s., they would pay better."

After the collars, capes, and veils are embroidered, they are taken to the manufacturer of the net, who then employs "lace menders" to examine every article, and mend with a needle and thread any mesh which may have been accidentally broken. This task they accomplish so skilfully, that none but a practised eye could discover the darn; and they receive in return much higher wages than the poor embroiderers. By this time the net is something of the colour of brown holland, and is of course submitted to the processes of scouring, bleaching, and drying. It is then again examined, and mended if necessary, and afterwards it is sent to the "lace-dressing rooms" to be stiffened. This is done by dipping it in a mixture of gum, paste, and water, then wringing it out, and stretching it upon a frame by means of pins or studs. While in the frame it is rubbed with flannels, and then left to dry in a warm room. It is to the nature of the solution used that the different kinds of net owe their different degrees of stiffness. The next processes are "rolling," "pressing," and "ticketing," and when these are accomplished the articles are fit for the London market.

In 1831 it was estimated that the capital employed in Manchester in spinning thread for the bobbin-net manufacturers amounted to nearly one million sterling; and that the capital employed in various ways exceeded two millions sterling; that the numbers employed in spinning, making, winding, embroidering, mending, bleaching, stiffening, and dressing, amounted to more than two hundred thousand; that the raw material (cotton and silk) used was worth about £150,000 annually in the state as imported; that this value was increased to £450,000 when spun into thread; and that the final value when manufactured into net and ready for sale was nearly two millions annually; or, including the wages of embroiderers employed in different parts of England, more than three millions sterling!

Such are the results of Sir Henry Borlace's scheme for the improvement of the condition of his poor tenantry. Since that period numerous other improvements have been introduced. Let them teach us never to despise the day of "small things," but to hope that GOD will give the increase to our humble labours.

SIX GRADES OF IDLENESS.

As there are many grades of idleness, and veins of it run through the most industrious life, some descriptions may be furnished, leaving the reader, if he be an indolent man, to judge to which class he belongs.

First, there is the DOWNRIGHT IDLER. He is of a very ancient pedigree, for his family is minutely described by Solomon: "How long wilt thou *sleep*, O sluggard? when wilt thou awake out of *sleep?*" This is the language of impatience. The speaker has been trying to awaken him—pulling, pushing, rolling him over, and shouting in his ear—but all to no purpose. He soliloquizes, whether it is possible for the man *ever* to wake up! At length the sleeper drawls out a dozing petition to be let alone: "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep;" and the last words confusedly break into a snore—that somnolent lullaby of repose. Long ago the birds have finished their matins; the sun has advanced full high, the dew has gone from the grass, and the labours of industry are far in progress, when our sluggard, awakened by his very efforts to maintain sleep, slowly emerges to perform life's great duty of *feeding*—with him, second only in importance to sleep. And now, well rested and suitably nourished, surely he will abound in labour. *Nay;* "the sluggard will not plough by reason of the cold." It is yet early spring; there is ice at the north, and the winds are hearty; his tender skin shrinks from exposure, and he waits for milder days, envying the residents of tropical climes, where cold never comes, and harvests wave spontaneously. He is valiant at sleeping and at the trencher; but, for other courage, "the slothful man saith, There is a lion without; I shall be slain in the street." He has not been out to see, but he heard a noise, and resolutely betakes him to prudence. Under so thriving a manager, so alert in the morning, so busy through the day, and so enterprising, we might anticipate the thrift of his *husbandry!* "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face of it, and its stone wall was broken down." To complete the picture only one thing more is wanting—a description of his *house*—and then we should have, at one view, the lazy man, his farm, and his house. Solomon has given us that also: "By much slothfulness the building decayeth; and through idleness of the hands the house droppeth through." Let all this be put together, and probably some reader may find an unpleasant resemblance to his own affairs.

He sleeps long and late; he wakes to stupidity, with indolent eyes sleepily rolling over neglected work—neglected because it is too cold in spring, and too hot in summer, and too laborious at all times: a great coward in danger, and therefore very blustering in safety. His lands run to waste, his fences are dilapidated, his crops chiefly of weeds and brambles; a shattered house, the side leaning over, as if wishing, like its owner, to lie down to sleep; the chimney tumbling down, the roof breaking in, with moss and grass sprouting in its crevices; the well, without pump or windlass, a trap for the children: this is the very Castle of Indolence.

Secondly, the BUSY, BUSTLING IDLER—as useless, but far more active than the first, attending closely to every one's business except his own. His *wife* earns the children's bread and his—procures her own raiment and his. She procures the wood, she procures the water, while he, with hands in his pocket, is busy watching the building of a neighbour's barn, or advising another how to trim or train his trees; or he has heard of sickness in a friend's family, and is there, to suggest a hundred cures, and to do everything but help. He is a spectator of shooting-matches and races, and a stickler for a ring and fair play at every fight. He knows all the stories of the families that live in the town. If he can catch a stranger at the tavern on a rainy day, he pours out a strain of information, a pattering of words, as thick as the rain-drops out of doors. He has good advice to everybody, how to make, how to save, money; how to do everything. He can tell the saddler about his trade; he gives advice to the smith about his work, and goes over with him, when it is forged, to see the carriage-maker put it on, suggests improvements, advises this paint or that varnish, criticises the finish, or praises the trimmings. He is a violent reader of newspapers, almanacks, and receipt-books; and, with scraps of history and mutilated anecdotes, he faces the very schoolmaster, and gives up only to the volubility of the oily village lawyer; few have the hardihood to match *him*.

And thus every day he bustles through his multifarious idleness, and completes his circle of visits, as regularly as the pointers of a clock visit each figure on the dial-plate; but, alas! the clock for ever tells man the useful lesson of time passing steadily away, and returning never; but what *useful* thing do these busy, buzzing idlers perform?

Thirdly, the DISGUSTING IDLER. He follows no vocation; he only follows those who do. Sometimes he sweeps along the

street with consequential gait—sometimes perfumes it with wasted odours of tobacco. He also haunts sunny benches or breezy piazzas. His business is *to see*—his desire, to be seen; and no one fails to see him, so gaudily dressed, his hat sitting somewhat aslant upon a wilderness of hair, every thread arranged to provoke attention. He is a man of honour—not that he keeps his word or shrinks from meanness; he defrauds his laundress, his tailor, and his landlord; he drinks and smokes at other men's expense; he gambles, and swears, and fights (when he is too drunk to be afraid!)—but still he is a man of honour, for he has whiskers, and looks fierce, wears moustachios, and says, "Upon my honour, sir"—"Do you doubt my honour, sir?"

Thus he appears by day; by night he does not appear. He may be dimly seen flitting; his voice may be heard loud in the carousal of some drinking saloon, or above the songs and uproar of a midnight return and home-staggering.

Fourthly, the DESPONDING IDLER. This man excites our pity. He began life most thriftily; for his rising family he was gathering an ample subsistence; but, involved in other men's affairs, he went down in their ruin. Late in life he begins once more; and at length, just secure of an easy competence, his ruin is compassed again. He sits down quietly under it, complains of no one, envies no one—refuseth the cup, and is even more pure in morals than in better days. He moves on from day to day, as one who walks under a spell; it is the spell of despondency, which nothing can disenchant or arouse. He neither seeks work nor refuses it. He wanders among men a dreaming gazer, poorly clad, always kind, always irresolute, able to plan nothing for himself, nor to execute what others have planned for him. He lives and he dies a discouraged man, and the most harmless and excusable of all idlers.

Fifthly, the FASHIONABLE IDLER. The riches of this man defeat every object for which GOD gave him birth. He has a fine form, and manly beauty, and the chief end of life with him is to display them. With notable diligence, he ransacks the market for rare and curious fabrics—for costly seals, and chains, and rings. A coat poorly fitted is the unpardonable sin of his creed. He meditates upon cravats, employs a profound discrimination in selecting a hat or a vest, and adopts his conclusions on the tastefulness of a button or a collar, with the deliberation of a statesman. Thus caparisoned, he saunters in fashionable galleries, or flaunts in stylish equipage, or parades the street with simpering belles, or delights their itching ears with compliments of flattery, or with choicely-culled scandal. He is a reader of fictions, if they be not too substantial—a writer of cards and billets-doux—and is especially conspicuous in albums. Gay and frivolous, rich and useless, polished till the enamel is worn off, his whole life serves only to make him an animated puppet of pleasure. He is as corrupt in imagination as he is refined in manners; he is as selfish in private as he is generous in public; and even what he gives to another is given for his own sake. He worships where fashion worships—to-day at the theatre, to-morrow at the church; at either exhibits the whitest hand or the most polished actor. A gaudy, active, and indolent butterfly, he flutters without industry from flower to flower, till summer closes, and frosts sting him, and he sinks down and dies, unthought of and unremembered.

Sixthly, the THOUGHTLESS, IMPROVIDENT IDLER. He is a business man, who wishes to subsist by his occupation while he attends to everything else. If a sporting club goes to the fields, he must go. He has angled in every hole in the river, and dozed in a summer day under every tree along its bank. He rejoices in an excursion by land or by water, a summer's frolic, a winter's glee. He is everybody's friend—universally good-natured—for ever busy where it will do him no good, and remiss where his interests require activity. He takes amusement for his main business, which other men employ as a relaxation; and the serious labour of life, which other men are mainly employed in, he knows only as a relaxation. After a few years, he fails; his good nature is something clouded; and as age sobers his buoyancy without repairing his profitless habits, he soon sinks to a lower grade of laziness—and to RUIN!

It would be endless to describe the *wiles* of idleness—how it creeps upon men—how secretly it mingles with their pursuits—how much time it purloins from the scholar, from the professional man, and from the artizan. It steals minutes, it clips off the edge of hours, and at length takes possession of days. Where it has its will, it sinks and drowns employment; but where necessity, or duty, or ambition, resists such violence, there indolence makes labour heavy—scatters the attention—puts us to our tasks with wandering thoughts, with irresolute purpose, and with dreamy visions. Thus, when it may, it plucks out hours and rules over them; and where this may not be, it lurks round them to impede the sway of industry, and turn her seeming toils to subtle idleness. Against so mischievous an enchantment every human being should be duly armed.—*Beecher.*

In a future Number will be described the advantages of INDUSTRY.

THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

WITHIN a few days after our present number reaches our readers, the great event of the year—the opening of the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations—will have been accomplished, and a curious world will have gained admission to its accumulated wonders. The holders of season tickets alone are to enjoy the privilege of entrance on the first day; high prices will then prevail for a brief period, to exact the contributions of those whose impatience overrides their economy; and by the 22nd day the charges will be reduced for four days of the week, to 1s. for each person on each admission. If any of our friends are tempted to feel regret that they are not amongst the few whose curiosity will be the first gratified, they may comfort themselves with the reflection that the show will not be seen in its greatest perfection during the first week or two. In the first place, all the goods will not have been received. Large consignments from Russia, consisting of its most valuable specimens of production and manufacture, have been detained so long on their way, through the navigation having been closed, that they will inevitably arrive "late at the fair." It is pretty certain, moreover, that the goods already received cannot all be put in perfect order by the day appointed; and, in addition to all this, the attendants will at the outset be new to their duties. The whole will not fall immediately, as if by the stroke of a magician's wand, into comfortable, regular working order; so that there will be nothing lost by having to wait a little.

The streets of London have already begun to show signs of a larger number than usual of foreign visitors in town. The strange costumes of other lands—strange to us because so unlike our own—are sprinkling our native crowds more thickly. But these, of course, are but a fraction of the multitudes that are to come—connected, generally speaking, in some official capacity with the Exhibition. In another month they will be more plentiful; and right welcome to them all, we say. There are some foolish people who fancy we are going to be overrun with democracy and socialism. Cries of "Vive la republique democratique et sociale," are ringing in their frightened ears; and noble peers and right honourable commoners are anxious to invoke some large powers of legislation to prevent a revolution. Happily English good sense has refused to countenance these ridiculous fears. Having invited the world to come and see, it would never do to arm ourselves *cap-a-pie* before we ventured to shake hands with it. Instead of republicans doing us any harm, let them be as republican as they please, they will probably get good themselves by observing the many features worthy of imitation that distinguish free, constitutional England, and by contrasting the substantial achievements her people have gained by peaceful means, with the delusive and unsatisfactory triumphs of armed revolutions.

As the 1st of May is now close upon us, our readers will most likely be glad to be furnished with some idea of the aspect presented by the interior of the Crystal Palace. Entering at the south end of the transept, the visitor finds himself suddenly in the centre of the building, with China close upon his right and India on the left. In front are seen the allotments of Turkey, Greece, and other sunny regions of the South. But the first thing that strikes the eye are the brilliant decorations of Mr. Owen Jones and the light and fairy-like effect of his colouring, now displayed to full advantage.

Passing down the eastern nave, through a half-open door, on the left-hand side, you catch a glimpse of Spain and her diminished possessions. Still holding on and leaving the southern states of Europe behind, the visitor crosses Belgium, half warlike from the display of artillery and arms, and enters the territory of *La belle France*. Here, active-looking workmen, bearded and bloused, ply with assiduity and an air of intelligence the tasks severally assigned to them. While they have adopted the general system of distribution recommended by the Commissioners, the showy character of their display will enable them to give it increased effect. The silks of Lyons, the tapestry of Gobelins, the carpets of Aubusson, the porcelain of Sévres, and the fancy cabinet-work, bronzes, and jewellery of Paris, will show magnificently when concentrated on either side of the nave. From France, passing into Holland, some magnificent candelabra and flower vases and a fine chime of bells claim admiration. The four rooms fitting up in the Austrian compartment promise to be leading attractions in the Exhibition. The whole suite, when completed, will give the natives of this country a high idea of the taste and elegance of the Viennese. We next pass on to the States of the Zollverein. Two objects

stand out in the centre aisle between the northern and southern sections of the Zollverein allotment, which must attract an immense amount of public attention and admiration. One represents a mounted Amazon, javelin in hand, which she is preparing to hurl at a tiger fastened upon the shoulders and neck of her affrighted horse. The shock of the savage animal's spring is given by the artist with energy, and the figure and expression of the rider, half feminine, yet still warlike, are very fine. An immense bronze lion from Bavaria is the other object which the German States have placed in the nave; and this is really a grand production. The king of beasts is represented with marvellous fidelity, and even to the light, half stealthy, velvetty tread, the likeness is complete. The great massive bones, the muscular development, and huge chest and mane, are brought out with effect. We now enter upon the department of Russian industry—small, comparatively, when the extent of the Czar's dominions are remembered, and with nothing at present to characterise it. But great expectations are formed of the goods to be exhibited therein, and it is said that the Emperor takes a deep interest in the matter. From the despotic rule of the Autocrat to the republican industry of the United States the visitor makes but one step. The articles displayed here are chiefly distinguished by utility, such as ploughs and other agricultural implements.

And now let the reader follow us into the western division of the building, and observe the energy and labour. The goods generally will partake less of an artistic and more of a practical and utilitarian character. There will be statues and fountains, but the prominent objects will be the models of our great public works, the gigantic telescope of Rosse, the Colebrook Dale dome, the display of crystals formed from chemical substances, of Spitalfields silk, of feathers by Adcock, of cutlery by Rodgers, of Canadian timber, and such like. Proceeding westward from the transept on the south or left-hand side, the East India Company are rapidly putting up their stalls and sending in their goods from Leadenhall-street. They have some specimens of artillery to exhibit, in sign of the tenure by which their vast empire is held. By a circuitous route we penetrate into the Sculpture Court on the extreme south, and amid groups and statues find artists busily at work completing their contributions. Between the sculpture court and the centre aisle Pugin's mediæval display intervenes. From what is yet seen, it promises to be an interesting part of the general display, not the less curious as a step backward upon the arts and tastes of times gone by, when all around is progress and reliance upon the future. The Fine Arts Court, on the north side of the transept, is filling with a great variety of beautiful contributions, among which are models of different styles of architecture, specimens of carving, and such like. The collection contains, among other things, a model of Shakspere's birthplace; nor here should we neglect to notice that an admirable statue of the great poet has been erected in the nave. Such is an imperfect sketch of the spectacle which the interior of the Crystal Palace exhibits. Every day changes and heightens the effect.

All is bustle and activity in the preparation of lodgings. The accommodations provided embrace every variety of style, and of course every variety of cost. We have from time to time given specimens of our Register entries. One more will perhaps amuse, as well as interest, many of our readers. It refers to an establishment near Vauxhall-bridge, within a few minutes' walk of the Gardens and other attractions at the West End.

Accommodation is provided for 200 men at one time. The sleeping apartments are fitted up in the same style as emigrants' ships. Each man has a berth to himself, a flock bed, pillow, one blanket, two sheets, coverlet—all clean. The apartments are large, dry, clean, well ventilated, and lighted by gas. A night watchman is engaged to assist the men, and to prevent disputes. Accommodation for washing, with towels, and other conveniences; and the use of plates, knives and forks, together with attendance, will be supplied. The charge for the above will be 1s. per head per night. Breakfast, including meat, will be supplied in a separate room, at the charge of 9d. per head; and refreshments may be obtained at any time on a similar scale for those who desire it. But as many may bring up cheese, biscuits, coffee, &c., a store room is also found, in which these may be kept. No smoking will be allowed in the building or on the wharf, but upon a ship now lying alongside the wharf. The decks of this vessel afford a good promenade; and from them a beautiful view is obtained of the river and its traffic. Such are some of the many preparations that are making for the reception of the coming visitors to London town. We hope they will manifest a corresponding forethought.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.—No. X.

FRENCH INTO ENGLISH.

Votre petite cousine *où* est elle? *Ma foi!* (literally, "my faith"—*by my faith*)
where
elle est à l'*hôpital*. *Pourquoi* est elle là? *Parceque* sa *jambe* est *cassée*. Je suis *bien*
hospital *why* *because* *leg* *broken* *very*
fâché d'*entendre* cela. Et *moi* aussi. Comment *est ce que* le *malheur* est *arrivé*
sorry *to hear* *I* *is it that* *misfortune* *happened*
(literally *arrived*)? Je ne *sais* pas; mais c'est *terrible*. La *pauvre* petite fille! y a-t-il
know *terrible* *poor*
du *danger* pour sa *vie*? Non; J'*espère* que non. Mais *racontez moi* comment l'*accident*
danger *life* *hope* *relate to me* *accident*
est arrivé. Hier, *en passant à travers* la *rue*, elle avait le malheur *de tomber* (*of to fall*), et
in passing *across* *street*
une *voiture* lui a *ecrasé* la jambe. Elle *souffre* beaucoup.
vehicle *crushed* *suffers*

We must keep the reader upon this exercise a few moments. The first few sentences contain nothing which has not been fully explained. The form of queries, the use often made by the French of the *de* between two verbs, the second of which is in the infinitive: as, "I am sorry *of* to hear," "I am ashamed *of* to say," &c. The point to which we now would first call attention is the French phrase in the exercise for "how is it that the misfortune *has* happened?" You will have noticed that the French is not "*has* happened," but "*is* happened." To us this sounds harsh; but there are, nevertheless, in very familiar use English verbs which take *to have* or *to be* for their auxiliary with equal correctness and frequency. For example, it matters not whether we say, "he is come," or "he has come;" "they are gone," or "they have gone;" "your sister is arrived," or "your sister has arrived"—both forms are admissible. But in French there is more precision. Where *avoir* is used as the auxiliary of any verb, *être* cannot, in almost any case, be so used with the same verb—at least, without changing the sense; and where *être* is employed, *avoir* must be avoided in like manner. We should add that the number of verbs in which *être* is an auxiliary in French is far larger than the number of those in which *to be* is an auxiliary in English. From this it follows that there are a great many instances indeed in which the practice of the two languages meet, as it were, and clash. Among the verbs which require *être* in French as their auxiliary, and with which nevertheless *to have* is so employed in English, are the following:—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
to fall	*tomber*	*toambay*
to arrive	*arriver*	*arreevay*
to remain	*rester*	*restay*
to die	*décéder*	*dasaday*
to enter	*entrer*	*ontray*
to come	*venir*	*venneer*

Together with the verbs that are composed of *venir* and some preposition: as *parvenir* (to attain), *devenir* (to become), *disconvenir* (to disagree), *intervenir* (to intervene), *revenir* (to come back), *survenir* (to occur), *convenir* (to agree). These all require to be conjugated with *être* (to be), though we use "to have" with the corresponding verbs: as—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
he *has* fallen	*il* EST *tombé*	*eel ay toambay*
I *have* entered	*Je* SUIS *entré*	*zhe sweezontray*
she *has* arrived	*elle* EST *arrivée*	*el ate arreevay*
they *have* died	*ils* SONT *décédés*	*eel soang daysayday*
you *have* come	*vous êtes venu*	*vooz ate vennu*

"Has your sister been to the Exhibition?" *Votre sœur a-t-elle été à l'Exposi-*

tion? "Yes, but she *has* not remained long." *Oui, mais elle n'*EST *pas restée longtemps.*

The reader will have noticed another peculiarity in the sentences just given: we mean the way in which we have spelt the past participle of *arriver* and of *rester*—coming as they do after *elle*, which is feminine, and therefore being written in the feminine form. Of *rester* (to remain), for instance, the past participle ("remained") is *resté*, and in the feminine *restée*, both pronounced like the infinitive. Now we say "she *has* remained," but the French say "she *is* remained." In the same manner we more generally say "he has gone," the French *always* say "he *is* gone." And whenever, as in this case, *is*, or any other part of the verb *to be*, is used with another verb as its auxiliary (instead of the parts of *to have)*, the past participle of the second verb must agree in gender and number with the thing which is spoken of, and which, in grammatical language, is the nominative of the verb *être* in the sentence; as

"*He* has gone,"—*il est allé.*
"*She* has gone,"—*elle est allée.*
"The men have gone,"—*les hommes sont allés.*
"The women have gone,"—*les femmes sont allees.*

Where the parts of *avoir* are used with verbs it is not so; the past participle of the seond verb then remains the same.

"He has struck,"—*il a frappé.*
"She has struck,"—*elle a frappe.*
"The men have struck,"—*les hommes ont frappé.*
"The women have struck,"—*les femmes ont frappé.*

The unchangeable character, however, of the participle of the second verb, when used with *avoir*, has this exception: that if the object to which the second verb refers comes before it in French, then the participle must agree with that object in gender and number. An example will make our meaning quite clear. "He has struck the girl." *Il a* frappé *la fille.*—Here you see *fille*, the object referred to, coming after *frappé*, the latter changes not. "The girl whom he has struck." *La fille qu'il a* frappée. Here the object struck is mentioned first in French—*que* ("whom," for, of course, *que* may mean "whom" as well as "which"); and therefore *frappé* takes the feminine form. Again:—"He has struck the women." *Il a* frappé *les femmes.* "The women whom he has struck." *Les femmes qu'il a* frappées. Here the participle is plural as well as feminine, because the "whom" refers to "women." Thus also: *Les hommes qu'il a* frappés (m. p).

"He has struck *them*," if you speak of women, or any feminine objects, would be, *Il les a* frappées; if referring to masculine, or partly masculine, objects, would be—*Il les a* frappés.

"He has struck *him*." *Il l' a* frappé.
"She has struck *him*." *Elle l' a* frappé.
"He has struck *her*." *Il l' a* frappée.
"She has struck *her*." *Elle l' a* frappée.

Whether, in fine, it be *les*, or *le*, or *la*, or *l'*, the short for either of the latter, or *que* (meaning "whom" or "which"), whenever the object referred to, or governed by, the second verb, used with *avoir*, precedes that verb in the French, its past participle must be made to agree in gender and number with the said object. But when that object follows the second verb, the participle remains invariable, ending in *é*. Such are the rules to be observed when and where the parts of *avoir* are used in conjugating the second verb. When the parts of *être* are so used, the participle of the second verb *always* agrees with its nominative, *he*, or *she*, or *they*, or whatever else that nominative may be.

Observe, that whether the participle end in *é*, or in *ée*, it is pronounced the same, always *ay*.

The next point that we have to notice in the exercise is the expression "*J'espère* QUE *non* (literally, I hope *that* not, or that no)." The French never say "I hope not," or "I fear not," or "I think not," but "I fear that not"—*Je crains* QUE *non*; "I think that not"—*Je pense* QUE *non*, &c.

The last peculiarity in the exercise is *une voiture lui a ecrasé la jambe*—literally, "a vehicle to her has crushed the leg," instead of our way, "a vehicle has crushed her leg." Thus, for "I will wash my hands," the French say, "I to me will wash the hands." *Laver* means "to wash," *lavant* (washing), *lavé* (washed). *Je me laverai les mains* (*les mains*, "the hands").

Brosser (to brush), *brossant* (brushing), *brossé* (brushed). Je me brosserai *les cheveux*. *Les cheveux* (p.) means "the hair." Do not confound this word with *les chevaux*, "the horses." The latter is pronounced *shuvvo*. The last syllable of the former is pronounced somewhat like the first two letters in "*vul*gar."

ENGLISH INTO FRENCH.

(The French put *my* before papa, mamma, brother, sister, cousin, friend, &c., in addressing them. Use it, therefore, but use it in the right gender and number—*mon* (m.), *ma* (f.), *mes* (m. and f. plural.)

Papa, *listen!* Mamma has bought (*acheter*, "to buy") some *engravings* for
Papa (m.) *ecoutez* *Maman* (f.) *gravures* (f. p.) *pour*
my brother *Henry*; and he (*me*) turns into ridicule (*tourner*, "to turn"—*en ridicule*, "into
Henri *me*
ridicule,") *because* you have not given me (*you not me have not given*) a *present*. *What*
parceque *cadeau* (m.) *quel* (m.) *quelle* (f.)
kind of present do you desire? A *book*. *Very well*; I (*you*) will give a book *when*
genre (m.) *livre* (m.) *très bien*; *quand*
you shall *ask* it (*it ask*) *in French*.
(*demander*, "to ask") *en Français*.

We resume our conjugations. Having gone through all the tenses of the indicative and conditional moods of the first conjugation, we now come to the subjunctive, the present tense of which in, for instance, the verb *chanter* (to sing), *chantant* (singing), *chanté* (sung), is—

[We must denote the pronunciation of *que* in a very peculiar manner. It sounds exactly as the first two letters sound in our English word "cur;" and therefore we will use those two letters, requesting the reader to pronounce them as he would in that word.]

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
That I may sing	*que je chante*	"*cu*" *zhe shaunt.*
That thou mayst sing	*que tu chantes*	"*cu*" *tu shaunt.*
That he may sing	*qu' il chante*	*keel shaunt.*
That she may sing	*qu' elle chante*	*kel shaunt.*
That we may sing	*que nous chantions*	"*cu*" *noo shauntee-oang.*
That you may sing	*que vous chantiez*	"*cu*" *voo shauntee-ay.*
That they may sing	*qu' ils chantent* / *qu' elles chantent*	*keel shaunt.* / *kel shaunt.*

We have already told the reader how to render "I must" in French, but we will explain it more fully now. "I must"—*il faut que je* (literally, "it needs that I"). "You must"—*il faut que vous*. "He must"—*il faut qu' il*. "They must"—*il faut qu' ils*, or *qu' elles*. Turn the following passage into English:—

Il faut que vous chantiez, parceque vous avez une très belle voix (*voice*); et j'aime à vous ecouter. Il faut que nous marchions, parceque nous avons froid. Et en marchant, nous chanterons. Chantez, dansez, marchez; et vous aurez une vie longue. Je suis heureux (*happy*) de voir (*to see*) mes amis (*friends*) chez moi; j'en ai beaucoup; et j'aime à les amuser.

ERRATA.—In lesson viii., p. 54, read "that you *me* have given," for "that you *we* have," &c. Moreover, there should be no accents in the tense of *danser* given in that lesson; and page 53, tenth line from the bottom, for "depends," read "depend."

We are much obliged to "*Jean*," and to several other correspondents, for the praise they give to our labours, and for their kind and cordial thanks, which reward us very agreeably. As to "*Jean's*" translation of the French passage appended to

Lesson VIII., it is on the whole excellent—the French not only being almost all rendered correctly, but (which is a great matter), in elegant English. *Did "Jean" begin with us?* His mistakes are only two, and they are slight. "He gave HIS money" is wrong, and so is "THE others." *Les autres* of course may have that meaning; but, in the place where it occurs in the passage, it signifies "*others.*" We have already mentioned how frequently the French employ the definite article where we do not.

In compliance with the request of another correspondent, we subjoin what he wants, and something more:—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
Anne	*Anne*	*Ann*
Annie (a diminutive or pet name)	*Annette*	*Annett*
Frances (or Fanny)	*Françoise*	*Frongsoo-aws*
Agnes	*Agnès*	*An-yez* or *An-yè*
Lucy	*Lucie*	*Lu-see*
Francis (or Frank)	*François*	*Frongsoo-aw*
James	*Jacques*	*Zhāāk*
Walter	*Gautier*	*Gotee-yay*

In Lesson IV., page 304, near the bottom, when endeavouring to convey the sound of *j* in *je*, or in any other word which that letter may begin, we used the sign *zh*, and explained in a note the manner in which that sign was to be understood. In the same note we remarked that no such sound existed in English. On this head we have received a letter from *W. P.*, of Glasgow, referring to the soft dental English sound in the first syllable of "vision," and many other words. We beg, all this notwithstanding, to reiterate our original remark, that the sound of which we were then speaking does not exist in our tongue; for though the "soft dental sound" he cites be English, *it commences no English word;* and we were speaking of a sound which did open and begin a particular French word, and many such. Besides, where it even occurs at the end of a syllable, how could we represent it by letters otherwise than we did? The incomplete sentence *qu' est ce qu' est* must not be confounded with the finished sentence, *qu' est ce que c'est?*

Next week for some of our other correspondents.

KINDNESS RECIPROCATED.—Nearly half a century ago, when a coach ran daily between Glasgow and Greenock, by Paisley, on a forenoon, when a little past Bishopton, a lady in a coach noticed a boy walking barefooted, seemingly tired and struggling with tender feet. She desired the coachman to take him up, give him a seat, and she would pay for it. When they arrived at the inn in Greenock she inquired of the boy what was his object of coming there. He said he wished to be a sailor, and hoped some of the captains would engage him. She gave him half-a-crown, wished him success, and charged him to behave well. Twenty years after this, the coach returning to Glasgow in the afternoon, on the same road, when near Bishopton, a sea-captain observed an old lady on the road walking very slow, fatigued, and weary.—He ordered the coachman to put her in the coach, as there was an empty seat, and he would pay for her.—Immediately after, when changing horses at Bishopton, the passengers were sauntering about, except the captain and old lady, who remained in the coach. The lady thanked him for his kindly feeling towards her, as she was now unable to pay for her seat. He said "he had always sympathy for the weary pedestrians, since he himself was in that state when a boy, twenty years ago, near this very place, when a tender-hearted lady ordered the coachman to take him up, and paid for his seat." "Well, I can remember that incident," said she; "I am that lady, but my lot in life has changed. I was then independent; now I am reduced to poverty by a prodigal son." "How happy am I," said the captain, "that I have been successful in my enterprises, and am returning home to live on my fortune; and from this day I shall bind myself and heirs to supply you with twenty-five pounds per annum till your death."

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

s. noun-substantive ; *a.* adjective ; *ad.* adverb ; *v.* verb ; *v.a.* verb-active ; *v.n.* verb-neuter.

CENTRIFO'LIOUS, *a.* having a hundred leaves.

CEN'TIGRADE, *a.* consisting of a hundred degrees.

CEN'TIPEDE, *s.* a poisonous insect with many feet, sometimes called *hundred feet.*

CEN'TO, *s.* a composition consisting of scraps and fragments from various authors.

CENTRIF'UGAL, *a.* flying from the centre, or repulsive force.

CENTRIP'ETAL, *a.* tending to the centre, or attractive force.

CEN'TUVOIR, *s.* a judge among the Romans, appointed to decide inferior causes.

CEN'TUPLE, *a.* a hundred fold; *v. a.* to multiply a hundred fold.

CENTU'RION, *s.* a Roman military officer who commanded a hundred men.

CEN'TURY, *s.* a hundred years.

CEPHAL'IC, *a.* medicinal for the head.

CE'RATE, *s.* a salve made of wax and oil.

CER'BERUS, *s.* the name given to an imaginary being in the ancient mythology, the watchdog of the infernal regions, and said to have three heads.

CERE, *v. a.* to cover or smear with wax.

CE'REAL, *a.* pertaining to corn.

CEREBEL'LUM, *s.* that part of the brain in the back of the skull; an injury to which causes the power of volition to cease.

CER'EBRAL, *a* belonging to the brain.

CER'EBRUM, *s.* that part of the brain which occupies the front and top of the skull, the removal or injury of which deprives of sensation.

CERE'CLOTH, CERE'MENT, *s.* cloth dipped in melted wax, in which dead bodies are wrapped.

CEREMO'NIAL, *s.* outward form, external rite.

CERIN'THIANS, *s.* an ancient sect of heretics, the followers of *Cerinthus.*

CEROG'RAPHY, *s.* a writing or painting in wax.

CER'TES, *ad.* certainly, verily, in truth.

CERTIF'ICATE, *s.* a testimony in writing.

CERTIORA'RI, *s.* a writ or precept, issued by a superior court, to bring up the records of a cause from an inferior one, in order that it may be more carefully investigated.

CERU'LEAN, *a.* blue.

CE'RUSE, *s.* white lead reduced to powder by means of burning.

CER'VICAL, *a.* belonging to the neck.

CESA'REAN, *a.* belonging to that operation by which a child is taken from the womb. This, it is said, first gave the name of *Cesar* to the Roman family so called.

CESS, *s.* a levy upon the inhabitants of a place, according to their property ; *v.* act of laying rates, bounds, or limits.

CESS'MENT, *s.* an assessment, or tax.

CESS'POOL, *s.* a receptacle for liquid filth.

CEST, CES'TUS, *s.* the girdle of Venus, the fabled goddess of love, beauty, and marriage.

CETA'CIOUS, *a.* fishes of the whale kind, which retain their heat in the water, and are surrounded by a thick coat of fat, or blubber.

CET'ERIS PA'RIBUS, other things being equal.

CE'TIC, *a.* pertaining to the whale kind *Cetic acid* is obtained from spermaceti.

CETOL'OGY, *s.* the doctrine of cetaceous animals.

CE'TUS, *s.* the whale ; a large constellation of the southern atmosphere.

CHAF'INGDISH, *s.* a portable grate for coals or charcoal.

CHAIN, *s.* (in surveying) is a measuring chain of 100 links, or 66 feet, or 22 yards in length, so that ten square chains make an acre. It is commonly called "Gunter's chain."

CHAIN'SHOT, *s.* two iron balls linked together by a chain eight or ten inches long.

CHAIN'PUMP, *s.* this consists of an endless chain which passes round a wheel; the chain carries a number of pistons, by the working of which a large and continuous supply of water is obtained.

CHALCOG'RAPHY, *s.* the art of engraving on brass.

CHAL'CEDONY, *s.* a fine variegated stone.

CHAL'DRON, *s.* a coal measure, consisting of twelve sacks, or thirty-six bushels. But coals are now sold chiefly by weight.

CHAL'ICE, *s.* a cup standing on a foot.

CHALK, *s.* a white fossil earth, composed of 44 parts of carbonic acid, and 56 of lime.

It is extensively used in agriculture to improve various soils, especially strong wet clays. There are large solid masses of chalk in several parts of England.

CHALYB'EAN, *a.* pertaining to steel.

CHALYB'EATE, *a.* impregnated with iron or steel.

CHAM, KHAN, *s.* the sovereign of Tartary.

CHAM'BERLAIN, *s.* a keeper of the chamber; the sixth officer of the crown.

CHAM'BER PRACTICE, *s.* the practice of barristers who give opinions in their rooms.

CHAM'PAIGN, CHAM'PAIN, *s.* a flat, open country.

CHAN'CEL, *s.* the east of a Church.

CHAN'CELLOR, *s.* a great officer of State. The *Lord High Chancellor* of Great Britain is, by virtue of his office, the King's principal adviser in matters of law, and a privy counsellor; speaker and prolocutor of the House of Lords, Chief Judge in the Court of Chancery, the head of the profession of the law, the guardian of infants and their property, and also of lunatics and idiots, &c. The Chancellor of *a Church, or Bishop*, is vicar-general to the bishop, holds his courts, and directs and assists him in matters of law. The Chancellor of *a Cathedral* superintends the regularity of religious services. The Chancellor of the *Duchy of Lancaster* presides in the court of that duchy concerning all matters of equity relating to lands holden of the King in right of the duchy. The Chancellors of *the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge* exercise exclusive jurisdiction in all civil actions and suits where a member of the university, or privileged person, is one of the parties. The Chancellor *of the Exchequer* is under treasurer, and holds the keys of the Exchequer. He is the principal finance minister of the Crown. The office is generally held by the Prime Minister when he is a member of the House of Commons.

CHANCE-MEDLEY, *s.* in English law this expression is now limited to a particular kind of homicide, namely, the killing another in self-defence upon a sudden and unpremeditated encounter.

CHAN'CERY, *s.* the court where the Chief Judge, or Lord Chancellor, exercises his functions. The principal part of the business of this court consists in the administration of *equity*, a name which, in this country, comprehends a particular set of rules, applicable to such matters as belong to the jurisdiction of that court.

CHAND'LER, *s.* one who deals in general wares, as grocery, candles, &c.

CHAN'NEL, *s.* the bed of running waters, a narrow sea; a furrow or groove in a pillar.

CHANT, *s.* cathedral service; *v. a.* to sing cathedral service.

CHAN'TRY, *s.* a chapel, or part of a church, for priests and choristers to sing the services in.

CHA'OS, *s.* a confused mass of matter, confusion; the state of matter at the commencement of the creation.

CHAOT'IC, *a.* confused, indigested, mixed.

CHAP, *s.* a cleft, an opening, a cut; a beast's jaw.

CHAPEAU' *(French)* a hat, cap, or bonnet.

CHAP'EL, *s.* a building appropriated to religious worship. The term is generally applied to buildings of lower rank than those called Churches. It is most commonly used to denote places of worship erected by Dissenters, though some of them object to the use of the word. *Chapels of Ease* are places erected for the convenience of the inhabitants when they have become too numerous for the limits of their parish church. *Domestic Chapels* are those more private places of worship in the dwelling-houses of distinguished persons.

CHAP'ERON, *s.* a kind of hood or cap worn by the knights of the garter; the gentleman who attends on a lady in public.

CHAP'ITER, *s.* the capital of a pillar.

CHAP'LAIN, *s.* properly, a minister officiating in a chapel, but usually applied either to one performing religious services in a family, or in the army or navy.

CHAP'LET, *s.* a wreath, or ornament for the head.

CHAP'MAN, *s.* a dealer in goods; a cheapener.

CHAP'TER, *s.* a division of a book; an assembly of the clergy of a cathedral.

CHAP'TER-HOUSE, *s.* a house where the clergy meet.

CHAP'TREL, *s.* the capital of a pillar which serves to support an arch.

CHAR, *v.* to burn wood to a black cinder.

CHAR'WOMAN, *s.* one who works by the day without being a hired servant.

CHA'RACTER, *s.* a mark, a letter, reputation; that which distinguishes each species of being in each genus, and each individual of each species.

CHARACTERIS'TIC, *a.* peculiar to, distinguishing; *s.* that which constitutes the character.

CHARADE', *s. (French)* a riddle, usually in verse.

CHAR'COAL, *s.* coal made by burning wood under turf or earth.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR
[VOL. VI.—No. 70.—SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1851.]

SELF-IMPOSED TAXES AND TAXATION.

THE word "COMMONS" refers to two classes of individuals: the "*House of Parliament*," and the "*People*" generally. We have lately shown that, as far as legislation, taxation, and Government are concerned, the prosperity of the country is in the hands of the former; and we now add that the destiny of by far the largest portion of the community is left in the power of the latter. Princes, nobles, and parliaments may do a great deal to impede the progress of the nations they govern; but it is not possible for any ruler, however benevolent—of any senators, however just and kind—to help a people *who will not help themselves*. There is a common saying:

'How small, of all that human hearts endure,
The part that *laws* or *kings* can cause or cure!"

Our belief is that they can "cause" a great many more ills than they can "cure," and that much more depends upon the subjects themselves than is generally imagined. If the masses refused to do any of the dirty work of rulers, why there would be an end of injustice at once. What a poor pitiable creature the Emperor of Austria or of Russia would be, if he had no operative tyrants and despots to accomplish his will. If the masses refused to fight the battles of their governors, we should soon have universal peace. If there was no one base enough to sell himself to be a hangman, the Sheriff must do the work; we should soon have Parliament consulting whether there might not be a more humane kind of punishment, and Sir George Grey would unite with Charles Gilpin in advocating the abolition of capital punishments.

We begin at the wrong end, when we look to the Government, the nobility, the clergy, or the gentry to reform the nation. The work must commence with the masses. Let *them* resolve to rise, to improve themselves, to be industrious, intelligent, and economical; to do no injustice, and never to be hired out to practise cruelty or iniquity for others, and we shall soon have a new country. The worst part of the business is, that princes and legislators can obtain creatures who are willing to commit any abomination, provided they will pay them for their deeds. If they want men to cut throats, ten thousand individuals stand ready to be engaged, and to work for lower wages than they would ask of any other master; if they want spies, wretches are found who will engage in this execrable trade; if they want inhuman assassins to hang, burn, or break on the rack, patriotic or Christian men who plead for truth, liberty, and religion, men may be found, willing to be employed in the torture and massacre of their fellows.

The question of FINANCIAL REFORM has lately occupied a good deal of attention. It has been found that we are taxed more heavily than any other people under heaven; and that we owe these iniquitous imposts to the decisions of the Commons. But it may be well to inquire whether the taxes which we *voluntarily impose upon ourselves* are not far more burdensome and oppressive than any which our rulers take from our pockets. It is stated that we spend in

British and Colonial spirits.....	£20,810,208
Brandy	3,281,250
Beer, exclusive of that brewed in private families,	25,383,165
Tobacco and snuff.....	7,588,607
Total.....	£57,063,230

Here we have FIFTY-SEVEN MILLIONS OF MONEY literally *wasted*, because it can

be shown that neither of these articles is necessary, either as food or medicine; but, on the contrary, that they are all of them positively injurious to our bodies, our minds, and our morals. The statistics we have given are from Mr. Porter's "Progress of the Nation," a work to which all economists appeal, as containing the most correct calculations on all these matters. The following is a condensed epitome of his paper, entitled "The Self-Imposed Taxation of the Working Classes":—

"Mr. Porter states that the quantity of spirits of home production, consumed in 1849, was

In England	9,053,676 imperial gallons.
In Scotland	6,935,003 ,,
In Ireland	6,973,333 ,,
Total	22,962,012

the duty upon which amounted to £5,793,381. The wholesale cost, including the duty, would probably amount to about £8,000,000; but to this must be added the profits of those through whose hands the article passes before reaching the consumer. The consumption of rum amounted to 3,044,758 imperial gallons, the duty paid on which was £1,142,855. It may then fairly be assumed that the whole outlay of the people for these two descriptions of ardent spirits was £20,810,208, thus locally divided—

England	£8,205,242
Scotland	6,285,114
Ireland	6,319,852
Total	£20,810,208

Dividing the quantity consumed among all the adult males in all ranks of life, as they were ascertained in 1841, nearly the following portions would fall to the share of each person—

In England	2⅛ gallons.
In Scotland	11 1-6th ,,
In Ireland	3½ ,,

Of brandy, for the most part drunk by persons not of the working classes, as that term is generally, but somewhat arbitrarily, understood, the quantity consumed in 1849 was 2,187,500 imperial gallons—

The first cost of which was about	£546,875
And the duty	1,640,282
Total	2,187,157

Assuming that each gallon costs, on the average, to the consumers, 30s. or 50s. per cent. advance upon the import cost and duty, the expenditure for brandy would be £3,281,250, which, added to the sum formerly stated, gives a total expenditure within the year for ardent spirits, of the enormous sum of £24,091,458."

"The number of gallons of beer brewed in the licensed breweries alone is estimated at 435,125,965; and it is calculated that £25,383,165 are annually spent by the population of this kingdom, and chiefly by the working portion, for beer. The number of persons engaged as producers and distributors of beer in England and Wales is—

Brewers	2,507
Victuallers	88,496
Persons licensed to keep beer-houses	38,070
Total	129,073

The quantity of manufactured tobacco upon which duty was paid in 1849, was 27,481,621 lbs., and of manufactured tobacco and snuff 205,066 lbs., yielding a revenue of £4,408,017 14s. 11d. An addition being made of other ingredients in the processes of manufacture, the quantity of tobacco and snuff for which the public pay is 33,154,330 lbs., and the amount paid by them is estimated to be £7,588,607. 209,537 persons, in the year 1848, took out and paid for licenses to deal in tobacco and snuff, in addition to 642 persons licensed to manufacture those articles." "It must be remembered that, with regard to two of the three articles, the expenditure for which Mr. Porter had endeavoured to estimate, an indefinite sum should be allowed for the quantities illicitly produced and imported, but as to the amount of which it is impossible to form any trustworthy estimate. We know, however, from the seizures and discoveries that are continually made, that a very large additional amount must be drawn from the pockets of the people, in order to compensate for the risks of the smuggler and illicit distiller."

Thus, as we have said before, the people of these realms impose on themselves taxes to the amount of upwards of *fifty-seven* millions of pounds annually; and therefore burden themselves enormously, unnecessarily, and most destructively. For if we look at the chemical character of either of the articles given above, and at the human constitution, we shall find that they are all injurious to life. All works on chemistry show us that spirits are a poison, and therefore cannot be taken into the body without injuring it. The only thing for which beer or wine is drunk is its spirit; and the spirit in beer is the same as that in gin, rum, or brandy, except in those cases in which adulteration is carried on, and poisonous drugs are used to produce strength and intoxication; but in each instance the result is the same, and the health of the recipient is injured. The supposed bodily or mental vigour said to be obtained from these liquors is a delusion, because corporeal vigour can only arise from nutriment; but spirit is a poison, and therefore not nutritious. A proof of their deadly character has lately appeared in the death of an ostler at Lewes, in Sussex. A medical man treated him with two pints of gin, and he became insensible soon after he drank it, was carried out and laid on some straw in the stable, and the next day *he died!* Venous, or black, dead blood was found in his heart, where there ought to have been living arterial blood, and the very same appearance as had been seen in the heart of a rabbit which was poisoned with gin. We may, therefore, confidently assert, that every penny spent in *intoxicating liquors* is worse than wasted, for it actually decreases the health, diminishes the strength, and shortens the lives of those who use them.

The same may be affirmed of *tobacco*. This is ranked among our poisons in all chemical works on toxicology. A friend, the other day, gave us an instance of this. He stated that he had left a young companion but a few hours, when he was sent for, and found him dying, raving mad; and the cause of his death was that his mother had given him as a medicine a small decoction of tobacco. We once knew a minister who became imbecile from smoking, and we lately heard of an eminent minister of the gospel, who suffered the most excruciating pains, and died a comparatively young man, from the daily use of tobacco; and hundreds are disabled from the same cause.

Snuff, of course, is of the same character as tobacco, because it is made out of it. Several persons have died of apoplexy from using this filthy narcotic. In the "good time coming" it will be deemed incredible that any persons endowed with

reason were ever so foolish or so filthy as thus to waste their money, pollute their noses, and injure their health, without obtaining one single advantage in return.

There is generally, also, a deal of *selfishness* in these practices, for it has been computed that many men spend from two-thirds to one-half of their wages in articles in which the other members of their family have no part. Thousands of wives are not only never allowed to taste strong drinks, but are actually deprived of food and clothing, and doomed to the hardest labour, because the husband spends so large a proportion of his wages in intoxicating liquors, tobacco, and snuff. Very few women smoke; and those who never touch a pinch of snuff are all the better. The man generally is the consumer of these vile luxuries; and to procure them perhaps beggars his family. Now, if we are all under an obligation "to love our neighbours as we love ourselves," it is most certainly the duty of a man to love his wife as he loves himself; and he who is not prepared to exercise this virtue, ought never to be married. But if hardworking, sickly, nervous women can abstain from these poisons, then the strong athletic husband ought not to call himself a man if he cannot be as abstemious as his wife.

But there is another evil arising from these self-imposed taxes. We have shown in former articles that all reforms depend upon the Commons; and that we shall never have a healthy House of Commons until we have a healthy constituency from the working classes: but to obtain these our operatives must have votes; and the money wasted in strong drinks, tobacco, and snuff would be ample to purchase very nearly *two millions of* FREEHOLDS at £30 each, which would not only outnumber, but actually *double*, the constituency of 1849-50. The Registrar for that period reported 1,050,187 electors. Supposing, then, that all who now have the franchise were the enemies of the people, and determined to choose none for members of Parliament but those who will vote away our money and our liberties; yet, if the masses would resolve to have liberty rather than poisons, to be freemen rather than smokers of tobacco and snuff-takers, they might actually, *in a very few years*, return a Parliament as pure and as trustworthy as they could wish, and thus remove from the country every burden under which it groans. We never see a man with a pipe or cigar in his mouth, but we say, "There goes a slave, unwilling to sacrifice a poison to benefit himself, his country and his species."

Depend upon it the Government will laugh at all our applications for the abolition of taxes on knowledge, and other taxes, so long as they see us so prodigal in taxing *ourselves*. REFORM MUST BEGIN AT HOME; we must determine to raise ourselves, to improve our own minds, morals, and condition, or no legislative measures will benefit us. We fear that, to many, a reduction of the financial burdens imposed by the Government would only be hailed as affording them an opportunity of taxing themselves more heavily, and plunging into all the depths of dissipation and sensuality.

A master once told us that he could not raise his men's wages, because, if he did, they wasted their time in drinking, and injured his trade. He who repeals the taxes with which he has foolishly robbed himself, will soon aid in giving us a reformed Parliament which will abolish our fiscal burdens and all the restrictions on trade which oppress the country.

WORKING MEN, consider these remarks, and resolve to be free, and to liberate your fatherland and your children from the incubus of selfish senators, and all the other evils which prevent us enjoying that abundant prosperity which Providence has placed at our disposal.

THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO INDIA.

(Continued from page 295).

The traveller who for twenty-six hours has been immured in a hot and dirty little steamboat, with none of the comforts and few of the necessities of life, will hail with pleasure his arrival at any place which offers the excitement of novelty and sufficient space for locomotion; but Cairo needs no such previous training to render it inviting to the stranger. The first view of the city from the river is very imposing—for the eye embraces an extensive mass of white buildings, thickly interspersed with tall minarets, stretching upwards to a ridge of yellow sandstone hills, and surmounted by a noble citadel. The place of our landing is about two miles from the city, at a small port, the white buildings of which stretch for a considerable distance along the river-shore. There is nothing of much interest in the village, and we were hurried into the omnibuses waiting to conduct us to the capital. We had a cool and pleasant ride under an overarching avenue of trees, and through fields of the most vivid verdure; the very bumping which we endured from our crazy vehicles, as they passed over the inequalities of the road, seeming to add to the enjoyment of their occupants, if a judgment might be formed from the shouts of laughter which followed every jolt. Notwithstanding that our carriages threatened to fall in pieces with the effort, we went at a rattling pace along the crowded road. Our half-naked coachmen and syces (*i.e.*, conductors) shouted and whipped, donkeys and drivers fled to right and left to make way for us, and we reached the hotel door in a perfect torrent of screams and the most unintelligible jabbering that I had ever heard.

The hotel is very pleasantly situated opposite the public gardens, and I was immediately conducted to a handsome apartment paved with white marble, having divans or couches round the walls, and a fountain in the centre, fitted to be used as a bath. Heated as I was by the drive and the miseries of the preceding night, nothing could have been more agreeable. The hotel is a large building, containing two interior courts and accommodation for a great number of guests, and it professes to be conducted in the English style. There are English servants and waiting-maids—a very unusual sight in an oriental city. The table d'hôte is decidedly inferior to that of Alexandria.

Our first question was—Can we visit the Pyramids? This we found impossible. One division of the passengers was destined to take the Desert vans at six in the evening, and the journey to the great Pyramid, which must be performed on donkeys or camels, is too long and fatiguing to occupy less than a whole day. We were, therefore, obliged most reluctantly to content ourselves with the distant view we had already obtained, and to turn our attention to the objects of interest in Cairo itself. We had considerable difficulty in procuring a carriage; for though Cairo is every fortnight overrun with impatient sight-seers, there are, I believe, only four available vehicles in the place, and those who will not accept the very questionable assistance of donkeys, which invariably fall down, must nurse their disappointment as they best can. Walking is at all times impossible, from the great heat and the entire absence of side-walks and pavements. After waiting till we began to fear we must leave the city without seeing anything, we obtained the use of a carriage which had been hired by another party, and drove as rapidly as the wearied cattle could take us, to the Pasha's palace at Shubrah. We passed the walls of the city, and continued for about three miles along the bank of the river till we reached the gardens. The gates were invitingly open; and on looking in we saw four portly Turks seated on the ground, twirling their moustachios in solemn silence; but, seeing a party of unbelievers about, with irreverent haste, to cross the threshold, their indifference vanished, and they made signs for us to retire, explaining to our dragoman that the Pasha's orders were strict to suffer no strangers to enter the sacred precincts without an order from the Government. The palace had been closed since the death of Mehemet Ali. A firman to this effect was produced; and, notwithstanding all our eloquence, which was apparently most effectively rendered by our interpreter, we could not move them, while they asserted they should lose their places, if not their heads, by disobedience. Possibly a little buckshish would have prevailed; but this, as we had little time to spare, we were not inclined to give. From the glimpse we had on advancing a few yards, the gardens are laid out in the European style, with very broad walks, and conduits for the purpose of irrigation. They are very extensive, and are regarded by the Egyptians with great admiration. We were informed that

the Palace greatly resembles the one we had seen in Alexandria.

As soon as we could procure another carriage, we drove to the citadel. The streets which lead to it are extremely narrow and winding, and so steep, that at times it seemed not unlikely we might be thrown out behind, and left in the road; and, as it would be impossible for two carriages to pass each other, except at occasional openings of the cross streets, we were preceded by a body of wild and savage-looking Egyptians, who gave notice of our approach with deafening shrieks and fierce gesticulations. We at last arrived at the gate of the citadel, where we met a superb carriage, in which were two very handsome boys, who, we were told, were the Pasha's sons, attended by a multitude of outriders. On entering the gateway, we were admitted into a large square, on three sides of which were lofty arcades, sheltering a wide extent of pavement, and on the fourth side the beautiful façade of the grand mosque, decorated with Theban alabaster, and flanked with two towers, or minarets, which rise to the height of nearly 300 feet, and are of most admirable proportions. We passed through the square to that part of the ramparts called "The Mameluke's Leap," and were amply repaid for all our fatigues by the magnificent scene before us. The wall of the rampart is nearly 40 feet above the sloping sides of the rock. Below is an immense parade ground, where several squadrons of cavalry were attempting some unsuccessful evolutions. Beyond, Cairo lay spread out at our feet, with its innumerable white domes and minarets glittering in the evening sunshine. To the right is a range of desolate-looking hills, and, in the distance, winds the glistening Nile, with green banks and clustering date trees. Further on still the desert sands appear, with the clear outline of loaded camels faintly seen; while close against the glowing sky stand the pyramids, still and stately, without a vestige of tree or living creature near them. It is not easy to account for the effect produced by even a distant view of these mighty monuments of olden time. There appears to me, apart from association and from the knowledge of their history, and that of the men who reared them, something in their simplicity of form, their solemn loneliness, and their durability, which "mocks at Time's effacing fingers," that fills the beholder with awe and reverence. The contrasts offered by the scene are also sufficiently-impressive: *here*, the bustle of life, the river covered with vessels, and the crowded city; *there*, the stillness of the tomb, and the shadowy presence of a mysterious and almost forgotten antiquity.

We were next conducted through a small garden, and a fragrant avenue of limes, to the great banqueting-hall, where, a few years ago, the massacre of the Mamelukes took place, by the command of Mehemet Ali. The whole of this formidable body of men was invited by the Pasha to feast with him, under every assurance of peace and safety. But no sooner were they all assembled and seated at the repast, than the signal was given, and an indiscriminate massacre began. Fearful was the struggle! The marble floors of the hall and its avenues ran with blood, and only one man escaped to tell the tale. Political necessity is often pleaded in extenuation of similar crimes, and it may have existed in this instance; but it is impossible to tread those halls without a shudder, or to gaze on the precipice we had just left—down which the horse and his rider took their fearful leap, and, as if by a miracle, escaped across the plain—without a glow of indignation and horror thrilling the whole frame. On leaving these exciting precincts, we entered the Grand Mosque, which is close at hand. The exterior is finished, but the interior is filled with workmen, and vast blocks of marble, and only a faint idea can be formed of its future magnificence; but there can be no doubt that, when completed, it will be exquisitely beautiful. It is faced entirely with marble, some of which is of a brilliant green colour, and the greater part strongly resembles oriental alabaster. The polished shafts rise in graceful clusters to the dome-shaped roof, apparently 100 feet above the pavement, and richly ornamented, and painted in green and gold. In one corner of the vast area is the tomb of Mehemet Ali, over which a temporary frame-work is erected, and covered with magnificent Cashmere shawls. Alongside of the railing that encloses it, a large carpet was spread, around which a number of Turks were seated, and engaged in chanting prayers for the benefit of the departed Pasha. Our dragoman informed us that a certain number are hired for this express purpose. They are all Sheikhs, and relieve each other, so that the prayers may not cease night or day. This man, who was of mixed Italian and Egyptian birth, and a pupil of Mr. Leader, the English missionary at Cairo, laughed at them and said that they were merely repeating, "God is great, and Mahomet is his prophet;" and that they were all great rogues, and Mahomet a devil.

I cannot say much in favour of the melody of their performance, or of the reverence of their behaviour; any hurdy-gurdy would have been sweet music compared with the nasal sounds they emitted, while the majority were laughing and chat-

ting, leaving one or two gentlemen amateurs at a time to sustain the burden of their song.

The next place to be visited is Joseph's well. We crossed a large square, in which a market for fruit and vegetables is held, and where we were assailed by a crowd of claimants for buckshish, and knocked at a heavy postern door, which was opened by a dirty old Turk. He immediately lighted a small taper, and led the way down a narrow, unwholesome passage, winding and slippery, and descending into the very bowels of the earth. As we crept timidly on, following the feeble light, we could hear the dashing of water, though we could see none, and I began to doubt the wisdom of proceeding, when our guide stopped, and told us to look through a small opening in the wall. On doing so, we found that our path had led us round the well, and that we had not descended more than half way, as the surface of the water was just visible at a great depth below the spot on which we were standing. It is raised for the use of the citadel, by a succession of buckets passing over a large wheel, the machinery of which is worked by bullocks outside. On our return to the city we wished to visit the different mosques; but, though very numerous, they have, in general, nothing attractive in their appearance, and most of them are inaccessible to unbelievers. That which is usually shown to strangers is called Sultan Hassan's, and is very ancient. On crossing the outer court, we came to a barrier, where sat a number of *the faithful*, who seized on us and compelled us to put on large slippers, made of coarse matting. They are so large, and of such an unwieldy shape, that I had the greatest difficulty in keeping mine on, and felt very much as I suppose a cat does when shod with walnut-shells. Visitors were formerly compelled to take off their shoes, which I should think a preferable practice. This mosque contains the usual large area, without ornament of any kind, or anything of particular interest, except some old copies of the Koran. The walls are covered with inscriptions; and on the floor are small carpets, on which the true believers prostrate themselves, and mutter their prayers. The odours of both place and people were so disagreeable, that we were glad to escape from these sacred precincts, and still more glad to release our feet from their imprisonment. Our dragoman said that a fee of sixpence would be ample remuneration for the use of them; but, thinking to be liberal, we gave a shilling. The hubbub that ensued was immense. We were surrounded by a dozen of the dirty creatures, who shouted and pushed, trying to prevent our leaving the place. No sum appears to satisfy these intolerable beggars; and the more you give, the more noisy are they in demanding a larger gift. One man in particular, who, by his green turban, professed to be a descendant of the prophet, was so clamorous, that, notwithstanding his ancient pedigree, the dragoman was obliged to drive him back with his stick; and we actually fought our way back to the carriage.

There now remained only the bazaars to visit, and we drove slowly down the narrow, crowded streets, the better to observe the novel sights that everywhere presented themselves.

A Cup of Water.—That which is too frequently despised in the hour of high festivity, is sought as a priceless boon when distress is on us. This is particularly true of *water*, simple and common as it is. We have known individuals who, when in health, sneered at the use of this free beverage, on the bed of sickness, burning with fever-thirst, offered all they possessed for a generous draught of that they once despised. There was nothing that would answer as well. The once tempting cordial then had no charm for them. Here is another instance. A gentleman who arrived at California, after making the journey thither overland, relates the following incident which took place by the way:—"The sand was knee-deep, the sun broiling hot; not a tree was to be seen; there was no water, and their provisions all gone. Fortunately, after passing over 100 miles of this hideous desert, they came across a man who had gone forty miles further, found a good spring, and returned with two barrels of water. This water he first sold for 4s. per gallon, then 4s. per quart, then £2 per pint; and, as the emigrants came along, each choked almost to death and completely exhausted, his price was raised, and no sum he could name within the power of the poor emigrant, was refused to be paid. When the water was nearly all gone, a man came along, who for three whole days and nights had drank but half a pint of fluid. He was almost dead, and begged for some water. The answer was, 'I have enough to last myself and animals back to the spring.' £2 10s., £5, £50 were offered in succession for one little cupful of water, *and the dealer refused!* The wretched emigrant threw down £50, all he had in the world, and by main force grasped the cup and quenched his thirst."

BEAUTIFUL PROVISIONS OF NATURE.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

ONE of the most subtle and yet unexplained elements with which we can deal is ELECTRICITY. This term, which is employed to express a thing of whose ultimate nature we are profoundly ignorant, is derived from the Greek, and answers to our word amber; and to all bodies possessing the same peculiar property, we give the name of ELECTRICS. If we take a stick of sealing-wax or a glass rod, and rub it with a dry woollen cloth, or a silk handkerchief, or the fur skin of a rabbit, or any similar quadruped, the body so rubbed is said to be excited, and every substance which is capable of this excitation is termed an electric. In other words, it has in it the power of attraction, as may be proved by strewing a few feathers, or slips of paper, or pieces of cork, on a table, when these lighter substances will immediately move to the body that has been rubbed, and adhere to it. After a little while, the power which held them together ceases to operate, and the bodies separate from each other. In other words, the light substance may be said to recede from the electric; and if the electric be again presented to the receding substance, it will be found that instead of attracting, it will repel or drive it off. To such an extent is this property possessed by some bodies, especially metallic, that no sooner are they brought into contact with the electric than they are almost immediately repelled. Or if two substances have been in contact with the same electric, they are found to repel each other. On the contrary, if we take a body which has not been in contact with an electric, and bring it near to another body which has been in communication with one, we shall find that the two bodies will attract each other, and actually come together. This experiment may be repeated and multiplied so long as a single degree of electricity remains, which is a clear proof that electricity has the power of being diffused, distributed, or transferred.

It is to the fact that this element is universally present with light and heat, and is diffused throughout the globe, that we owe the existence of that beautiful and impressive phenomenon—THE AURORA BOREALIS, or northern light. It is admitted to be in some way connected with the magnetic poles, but the learned and the scientific are still divided as to its real producing cause. It was at one time supposed that the earth was hollow, having within it a magnetical sphere, which corresponded in virtue with all the magnets on the surface, and that the aurora was the magnetic fluid, rendered by some means visible, passing through or beyond the atmosphere from the north pole of the central magnet to that of the south. What was fatal to this theory was the fact, that the fluid, whatever it is, was found to dart upward toward the zenith in the southern as well as in the northern hemisphere. This fact led to the supposition that the electric equilibrium of the earth is restored by the aurora conveying the electricity from the poles to the equator, or rather that the electricity in its passage from the poles to the equator constitutes what has been named the Aurora Borealis.

Its general appearance is that of a luminous white cloud on the top of one that is pitch dark—low down in the horizon, and running east and west of due north. It is to be seen in the northern part of the heavens, and is most frequent as well as most brilliant during the winter months, and after sunset. There is a dark segment of a circle, surrounded by a splendid arch of white or fiery light. This arch is sometimes separated into several concentric arches, from which, in the higher latitudes, columns of light of the most variegated and beautiful colours shoot up towards the zenith, or, as it sometimes happens, these columns of light assume the form of sheaves, and are seen scattered in all directions. In Siberia we are told that "these northern lights begin with single bright pillars, rising in the north, and almost at the same time in the north-east, which, gradually increasing, comprehend a large space of the heavens, rush about from place to place with incredible velocity, and finally almost cover the whole sky, up to the zenith. The streams are then seen meeting together in the zenith, and produce an appearance as if a vast tent was expanded in the heavens, glittering with gold, rubies, and sapphires. A more beautiful spectacle cannot be painted; but whoever should see such a northern light for the first time, could not behold it without terror; for, however fine the illumination may be, it is attended with such a hissing, cracking, and rushing noise throughout

the air, as if the largest fireworks were playing off. The hunters who pursue the white and blue foxes in the confines of the Icy Sea are often overtaken in their course by these northern lights. Their dogs are then so much frightened that they will not move, but lie obstinately on the ground till the noise has passed."

Another writer informs us that to him "the whole mass of light suddenly appeared in motion, and, sweeping round on each side, was gathered toward the southward of the zenith. Immediately thereafter, a large portion of it was seen in the S.E. assuming an exact resemblance to a curtain suspended in a circular form in the air, and hanging perpendicularly to the earth's surface. The lower edge of this curtain was very luminous, and had a waving motion; and the illusion was farther heightened by the momentous appearance of perpendicular dark lines or breaks in the light, in rapid succession round the circle, exactly as the waving of the curtain would cause the dark shades of its folds to move along it. This beautiful curtain of light was about forty degrees high, and of a pale yellowish colour, and sent forth on the one side a process which approached the S.E. by E. point of the horizon, and the other was connected with a long regular arch, terminating in the N.W. horizon, similarly constructed, and having the same waving motion with the curtain itself. All this time the sky was perfectly clear, except in the southern quarter, which, to the height of four or five degrees, was occupied by dark clouds."

The following description is not more beautiful than it is correct :—"In the Shetland Islands, the merry dancers, as they are there called, are the constant attendants of clear evenings, and prove great reliefs amidst the gloom of the long winter nights. They commonly appear at twilight near the horizon, of a dun colour, approaching to yellow; sometimes continuing in that state for several hours without any sensible motion; after which they break out into streams of stronger light, spreading into columns, and altering slowly into ten thousand different shapes, varying their colours from all the tints of yellow to the obscurest russet. They often cover the whole hemisphere, and then make the most brilliant appearance. Their motions at these times are most amazingly quick, and they astonish the spectator with the rapid change of their form. They break out in places where none were seen before, skimming briskly along the heavens; are suddenly extinguished, and leave behind an uniform dusky tract. This again is brilliantly illuminated in the same manner, and as suddenly left a dull blank. In certain nights they assume the appearance of vast columns, on one side, of the deepest yellow; on the other, declining away till it becomes undistinguished from the sky. They have generally a strong tremulous motion from end to end, which continues till the whole vanishes. In a word, we, who only see the extremities of these northern phenomena, have but a faint idea of their splendour and their motions."

The variety in the colours which this phenomena exhibits is to be accounted for by the electric fluid passing through air of different densities. When there is a very rarified state of the atmosphere, the light partakes most of the white;—if the air be very dry, it is more of the red;—and if very damp, it is rather of a yellowish streak. Sometimes the streaks are blue, or green, or purple. At other times the light flashes across the horizon with a rapidity and a grandeur which beggars all description.

It is nearly three hundred years since the aurora was first observed in England, and for forty years its appearance was not very uncommon. In the seventeenth century it was scarcely observed at all. In the century following, and in the present, its visits in this and other northern latitudes have been frequent but capricious. Several years have intervened during which these lights have apparently been intermitted altogether, or have been of such a nature as to attract little observation. In 1848 it appeared in England, when the sky seemed in flames, and bands of various colours rose from the horizon to the north star, forming a luminous gothic arch. This magnificent sight lasted three whole hours. If the meteor was ever seen by the ancients or known to them, they have left us no distinct or satisfactory record of the great phenomenon. Nor have modern observations been sufficiently many or sufficiently accurate to determine how far the meteor is from the earth. It is still a question whether the distance be five miles or five hundred, or even as many thousand. All that has been ascertained is, that in the higher latitudes and nearer the Pole, its proximity to the earth is comparatively close. When

its coruscations are very bright, its appearance is generally followed by unsettled weather.

This beautiful phenomenon may be imitated by performing the previous experiments in a dark room, only the stick of wax or the glass cylinder must be about two feet in length and an inch and a half in diameter, and care taken that it is thoroughly dry before being used. The wax or cylinder so excited will be found to be possessed not only of the power of attraction, but of emitting light, which, passing through rarified air, exhibits the same variety of colour and intensity—the same undulating motions and coruscations as are to be seen within the magnetic poles. At one moment the streams are eminently divided, and at another they flow out in one concentrated body of light. According to the degree of rarefaction the colour becomes intenser and more glowing, and gives to the atmosphere that appearance which excites the fear no less than the astonishment of the ignorant and uninformed.

The aurora is one of the most beautiful provisions of Nature. Those countries which lie within the frigid zone, such as Greenland, Lapland, and other places, have but two seasons—winter and summer—twilight or perpetual sunshine for months together. In such regions, where the sun never appears for such a length of time above the horizon, the long night of winter is intensely cold and severe. The most rapid rivers are frozen many feet deep—the ice upon the lakes and bays will bear almost any amount of weight, while the very rocks are known to rend by the intensity of the frost. Yet for this long and severe winter the inhabitants can sufficiently provide during that shorter summer whose weeks are one continual sunshine under which everything rapidly vegetates, and ripens, and matures. Nor is the darkness which broods for months over these regions altogether unbroken. There the stars are more brilliant. There the queen of night never quits her lofty throne or retires from view. There the twilight lingers as if the last reflected ray of the setting orb would long to meet and kiss the first beam of the coming morn. Above all, there the aurora sends up its streams and pillars of light until it cover the whole hemisphere, and convert it into one grand scene of brilliancy and splendour.

Such is the beneficent arrangement of that Blessed One whose tender mercies are over all his works, and the end of all whose procedure is the happiness of his creatures. If diversity mark the distributions of his bounty—if one portion of his dependent universe be less favoured than another, there ever comes into view in all these cases the principle of compensation. In physical strength man is inferior to many of the lower animals, but the deficit is more than made up in that intelligence with which man is endowed, and in the exercise of which he leaves all the lower orders of creation at an immeasurable distance. If the rich and sunny soil of the East can yield a thousand delicacies and a thousand luxuries not to be gathered from English ground, it is yet something more to say that England can cover every sea with her ships, and fill every continent with her commerce and her manufactures. God is good to all. As the Father of his universal family, he so distributed his gifts as happily to equalise the condition of his children, and thus inspire their hearts with confidence and praise. The inequalities which exist in the world are rather ideal than real. We are not in a situation to balance the circumstances of nations or of individuals, but we may be quite sure that the all-wise Benefactor has so disposed everything in the great economy of Nature as to produce the largest amount of happiness, and has opened up a channel in which that goodness may flow to the dwelling and the bosom of every man.

Depth of the Ocean in the South Atlantic.—Lieut. John R. Goldsborough, writing from the Cape of Good Hope, says: "During our passage from Rio de Janeiro to Saldanha Bay, Cape of Good Hope, being in lat. 28 21 S., and long. 29 17 W., we sounded and obtained bottom at the depth of 3,100 fathoms, or three and a half miles. Our sounding apparatus was a 32lb shot, slung with wire, and attached to a small line of 5000 fathoms long, and sufficiently strong to bear a weight of 60lb. The soundings were as good and fair as any I have ever seen obtained, the line up and down, and as taut as it could be; and when attempting to haul it on board, after procuring soundings, it parted about fifty fathoms from the surface.

THE CHESS TOURNAMENT.

It is probable that many of our friends who have read the announcement, in a late number of The Working Man's Friend, of the chess tournament which is to be held during the Exhibition, may be anxious to learn something concerning the origin of a game which is one of the most celebrated ever invented. We shall, therefore, devote this paper to the subject.

At the commencement of the fifth century of the Christian era, India was governed by a young and powerful monarch of an excellent disposition, but who was greatly corrupted by his flatterers. This young prince soon forgot that monarchs ought to be the fathers of their people, that the love of the people for their king is the only solid support of the throne, and that they constitute all his strength and power. It was in vain that the Bramins and the Rajahs repeated to him these important maxims. Intoxicated by his greatness, which he imagined to be unalterable, he despised their wise remonstrances. Then a Bramin named Sissa undertook, in an indirect manner, to open the eyes of the prince. With this view he invented the game of chess, in which the king, though the most important of the pieces, is powerless to attack and even to defend himself against his enemies without the assistance of his subjects.

The new game speedily became celebrated. The young king heard it spoken of, and wished to learn it. Sissa came joyfully to instruct him; and, while explaining the rules of it, gave him a taste for those momentous truths to which till then he had refused to listen.

The prince, who possessed both feeling and gratitude, changed his conduct, and gave Sissa the choice of a recompense. The Bramin said that he would only require to have delivered to him the number of grains of wheat which would be produced by all the squares of the chess-board, one being given for the first square, two for the second, four for the third, and so on, still doubling the amount, till the sixty-fourth square. The king, without hesitation, acceded to a request of such apparent moderation; but when his treasurers had calculated the quantity, they found that the king had engaged to perform a thing to which not all his riches nor his vast states would suffice. They found in reality that the amount of these grains of wheat would be equal to sixteen thousand three hundred and eighty-four cities, each containing one thousand and twenty-four granaries, each granary containing one hundred and seventy-four thousand seven hundred and sixty-two measures, and each measure consisting of thirty-two thousand seven hundred and sixty-eight grains. Of this circumstance the wise Sissa then availed himself to make the king sensible how much sovereigns ought to be on their guard against those who surround them, and how much they ought to fear, lest even their best intentions should be perverted to sinister ends.

In the sixth century this game was brought from India to Persia, whence it was spread by the Arabians and the Crusaders all over the civilised world. The Chinese, however, pretend to have been acquainted with it in the second century of the Christian era; and, by a paper published in the "Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy," we find that Mr. Irwin, when at Canton, was one morning in company with a young mandarin, who, on seeing the English chess-board, recognised its similarity with that used for a Chinese game, and brought his board and equipage for Mr. Irwin's inspection. Soon after he gave him a manuscript extract from a book, relating the invention of the game, which was called "Chonghe," or the royal game, attributing it to a Chinese general, who by its means reconciled his soldiers to passing the winter quarters in the country of Shensi, the cold and inconvenience of which were likely to have occasioned a mutiny among them.

One of the greatest charms of chess lies in the exercise it affords for the judgment. It is not a game of chance, and, therefore, in playing it there is scope for calculation, opportunities to exhibit foresight and penetration, and trials of patience and circumspection. In Sanscrit it is called "Schthraulsh," a word which indicates the most important component parts of an ancient Eastern army—elephants, infantry, scythed wagons, and horses. In Persia it is called "shah," or king, a name which it retains, more or less corrupted, in all languages.

Generally, chess is played by two persons upon a board—the same as that used in draughts—containing sixty-four squares. The board must be placed so that each player has a white square at his right hand. The squares are named from the

pieces—namely, that on which the king is placed is called the king's square, that on which the king's pawn is placed the second king's square, that before the pawn the king's third square, and so on with all the pieces of each side. Each player has eight pieces and eight pawns. In placing the pieces the ancient rule must be followed—the queen maintains the colour; that is, the dark queen is to be placed on the black square, and the white queen on the white square, each exactly in the middle of the lines next the players. The king stands beside the queen—on either side of them the bishops are placed; then follow the two knights, and last the rooks or castles. The object of the game is to bring the king into such a situation that he cannot move, which is called "checkmating." The king can never be taken—when he is checkmated the game ends. It is related of Dr. Franklin, that once, playing chess in Paris, and being checkmated, he said—"Take the king. I am a republican, and don't care for him."

Don John of Austria had a room the floor of which was made like a chessboard, and on this he played with living beings. There is a village in Germany named Ströpke, or Strobeck, of which the peasantry have been celebrated chess-players during the last three hundred years. The reason for this is doubtful; but it is said that a prince once lived amongst them who, being disgusted at the idle manner in which they passed the greater part of their time, taught them this game, and remitted a heavy tax on condition that they played it frequently, *and never for money.*

LABOUR AND REST.

When earth in its early beauty stood,
And the eye of Jehovah beheld it good;
When man, the image of God Most High,
Rejoiced in his favour constantly;
His hand was busy, his heart was light,
In Eden's garden of pure delight;
Happiness followed God's perfect plan,—
Labour and Rest were His gifts to man.

And still in our fallen world appears
That rule Divine for our changing years;
All Nature bows to her Master's sway,
Showing His glory from day to day;
While shadows of heavenly joy are sent,
To brighten her present banishment;
Content to follow her Maker's plan,
Nature is glad in His gifts to man.

But Pride, humanity's deadly foe,
A better system pretends to show;
Wishing these ancient friends to part,
Who guard the peace of the trusting heart.
Shall Pride succeed in his fatal aim,
Cheating the soul with a flattering name?
Will not God's anger attend the plan
Which severs His precious gifts to man.

Whoso loves happiness, let him see
How in full harmony these agree:
Labour, which own'd a rule Divine,
His law, His care, and His blessing thine;
And Rest, in the knowledge that all things tend
Ever unto a most glorious end.
Thus Heaven doth smile on this perfect plan,
Blessing the Labour and Rest of man.

No more, beloved, attempt in vain
Thy joy in another path to gain:
That law, which in Paradise first was given,
Was surely a lesson of love from Heaven:
And if the burden of mortal care
Seemeth too heavy for thee to bear;
Ask for His aid who ordained the plan,
Who giveth both Labour and Rest to man.

Even Love Divine hath a work severe,
And a life of sorrow to pass through here;
And wilt THOU murmur the path to tread,
In which Omnipotence for thee bled?
Firmly resolve, and promptly do
Whatever His wisdom ordaineth you;
Rejoice, rejoice to fulfil His plan
Who giveth both Labour and Rest to man.

But Labour is often a weary thing,
When mind or body is suffering;
And Rest to the heart is a gift too rare
Since sin infected this tainted air;
But soon there cometh a brighter day,
When the former things shall pass away;
And the higher Service of Heaven shall be,
The Rest divine of Eternity.

NAPOLEON AND PIUS VII.

[The materials for this sketch are taken mostly from Alfred de Vigny's volume, entitled, "Servitude et Grandeur Militaires"].

In the autumn of 1804, the Court was at Fontainebleau. The Consulate had but recently merged in the empire, with the consent of all the orders of the State. The Senate, by a decree, had declared the First Consul to be Emperor of the French; and the people, to whom the question of succession had been deferred, had, by a majority of three millions to three thousand, decided that the imperial dignity should be hereditary in his family. History, as Alison observes when recording the fact, affords no instance of a nation having so unanimously taken refuge from the ills of agitation and anarchy under the cold shade of despotism.

A new order of things having commenced, all, as may be easily imagined, was in a state of transformation and change in the composition of the court, as well as in the arrangements of the imperial household. Under the Republican regime, a great degree of simplicity had prevailed in the appointments of the various departments of the State, as well as in the domestic economy of family circles. It could not, however, be called unpretending; there was a certain affectation in it, evidently assumed with a view to contrast, even in minute particulars, the system of the Republic with that of the old Monarchy—the plainness of the one with the profuseness of the other. But this was not fated to last long; it had already been giving way under the Consulate, and was now disappearing altogether in accordance with the views of the new monarch. Titles and dignities were to be restored; Court formalities and ceremonials were being revived, and new ones instituted. The old nobility sprung from the feudal system, and dating, as some of them did, from the Crusades, having been swept away by the revolutionary storm, their places were to be supplied, as supporters of the throne, by a new race of men. During this period of transition and change the movement of the chateau was unceasing. Arrivals and departures were taking place almost every hour, to which very different degrees of importance were attached. One arrival, however, was spoken of as having a more than ordinary interest; it was that of the dignitary, who, as it was then understood, was to place the imperial crown on the brow of the new sovereign. "To recall," observes Alison, "as Napoleon was anxious to do on every occasion, the memory of Charlemagne, the first French Emperor of the west," the Pope had been invited, with an urgency which it would not have been prudent to resist, to be present at the consecration, and had accordingly crossed the Alps for the purpose.

Whatever may have been the views which originally prompted the invention—whether it was to play a mere secondary part in a Court pageant, or a leading one, as the public at first supposed—or whether all such notions were swept away by some new deluge of ideas, as Chateaubriand somewhere says: "It is now pretty clear that the presence of the pontiff at the ceremony was a minor consideration, and that the real motive was that which came out in their interview, as will appear in the sequel." Be this as it may, it was evident to all that the Emperor awaited his coming with impatience; and when his approach was announced—though preparations had been carefully made for their first meeting—the arrangements were such as to give it an air of an *impreva*. It was on the road at some distance from Fontainebleau that the Emperor met the Pope. The potentate alighted from his horse, the pontiff from his travelling chaise, and a coach being at hand, as if accidentally, they ascended its steps at the same moment from opposite sides, so that precedence was neither taken nor given.

They had not ridden long together, when Bonaparte, quitting the coach, got on horseback, and returned to the chateau at a gallop, with scarcely an attendant. The drum beat to arms, the guard turned out, but before they had time to fall in and salute he had alighted, and was mounting the steps of the vestibule.

It was always so with him; he gave such vivacity to all his movements, such energy to all his actions, that speed seemed a necessary condition of his existence. Still so natural was it to him, that it did not wear the semblance of hurry. Scarcely had the beat of the drum been heard at the gate, before the clatter of his heels resounded in the hall, as the flash of a cannon precedes the report.

This time, however, he seemed artful, and even agitated. On entering the saloon, he paced it like one who waited with impatience. Having taken a few turns from one end to the other, he moved to a window, and began beating a march with his fingers on the window frame. The rolling of a carriage was heard in the court, he ceased to beat, and, after a short pause, stamped on the floor, as if impatient at seeing something done too slowly; then stepping

hastily to the door, opened it—it was for the Pope.

Pius VII. entered alone; Bonaparte closed the door after him. The Pope was tall, but stooped somewhat; his countenance, elongated and sallow, wore an expression of suffering, which seemed to have been induced upon a habitual tone of elevation and courtesy. His eyes were black and large, and on his lips, which were slightly opened, played a smile indicative at once of urbanity and benevolence. He wore on his head a white calotte or headpeace, partially covering his hair, which was naturally black, but now blended with some silver locks. On his shoulders he had a camail or cape of red velvet, and his long robe reached to his feet. Those who have seen his portrait by Laurence, though taken ten or eleven years later, will recognise at once the correctness of this description. As he entered the room, he moved slowly, with a calm and measured step, like that of an aged female; and having taken his seat in an arm chair, he turned his eyes towards the floor, and seemed to wait for what the other was going to say.

Bonaparte, as all know, was short in stature, being below the middle height; but in all other respects he was, at the period here referred to, very different in personal appearance from what he became subsequently. Far from having that fulness which approached to corpulence—that sallow puffiness of cheek which verged on the unhealthy—or that heaviness of limb, or general obesity which threatened infirmity—he was slender in frame, but firm and well-proportioned; yet there was something which indicated premature wear, by hardship in the field and toil in the cabinet. He was quick and nervous in every movement, rapid and almost convulsive in his gestures when excited. Still he could be at any time graceful in attitude and elegant in manner. Even then he stooped a little, so that his shoulders inclined forwards, which gave something of flatness to his chest. His face was thin and elongated; but what a forehead! What eyes! What beauty in the contour of his intellectual visage! In repose, its habitual expression was reflective and concentrated, with a strong tinge of melancholy.

Bonaparte ceased not to pace the room after the Pope had entered. After a while, altering his curve somewhat, and having taken a turn round the chair, as if making a *reconnaissance*, he stopped short, and resumed the thread of the conversation which had been commenced in the carriage, and abruptly broken off.

"I repeat, holy father, I am not an *esprit fort*, nor do I like word-spinners or ideamongers. I assure you, that in spite of my old republicans, I will go to mass."

These words he tossed off towards the Pope as if he were giving him a dash of the incense box; then paused to observe their effect. He seemed to imagine that, after the impieties of the Republican régime, such an avowal ought to produce a decided effect.

Pius, however, remained unmoved; he continued as before to look steadily downwards, and pressing firmly with his hands the eagle-heads that tipped the arms of his chair, seemed, in thus assuming the fixity of a statue, to say, "I must submit to listen to all the profane things which it may please him to say to me."

Seeing this, Bonaparte took a turn round the room, and another round the chair, which stood in the middle of it, appearing but little satisfied with his adversary, and still less with himself for the tone of levity with which he had resumed the conversation. He at once changed his manner, and began to speak more composedly, still continuing to pace the room. As he passed to and fro, he glanced at the mirrors which ornamented the walls, and reflected the grave visage of the pontiff, eyeing him now and then in profile, never in front, to avoid appearing anxious as to the impression his words may make.

"One thing I must say, holy father, hangs heavily upon me: it is that you seem to consent to the coronation by constraint, as you did formerly to the concordat. As you sit there before me, you have the air of a martyr, and assume an attitude of resignation, as if you were making an offering of your sorrows up to heaven. But surely you are not a prisoner; such is not your position in any sense: grand Dieu! you are free as air."

Pius smiled and looked him full in the face. He seemed to feel how enormous was the exigence of that despotic character, which requires—and all such natures do the like—not only obedience, but submission, absolute submission, and that, too, wearing the air of devotion to their will.

"Yes," continued Bonaparte, with increasing energy, "you are free, perfectly free: you may return to Rome: the road is open to you; no one detains you."

Pius sighed, and slowly inclined his head downwards, seemed to look attentively at a golden cross which hung from his neck. Bonaparte continued speaking; but his steps became slow, and at the same time he gave a marked degree of mildness to his tone, and of courtesy to his expression.

"Holy father," said he, "if the gravity of your character did not forbid me, I would

say that you are somewhat ungrateful. You do not seem to retain a sufficient recollection of the services which France has rendered to you. If I am not much mistaken, the Conclave of Venice, which elected you, appeared to have taken its inspiration from my Italian campaign, and from some words which I let fall with regard to you. It cannot be said that Austria behaved well to you; far from it; and I was really sorry for it. If my memory does not deceive me, you were obliged to return to Rome by sea, as you could not have ventured to cross the Austrian territories."

He stopped short, as if waiting for a reply from his silent guest. Pius, however, but silently inclined his head, and then sunk back into a sort of apathy, which seemed inconsistent with even listening; whilst Bonaparte, putting his feet on the rim of a stool, pushed it near the Pope's chair, and thus continued: "It was, in good truth, as a Catholic that such an incident gave me pain; for though I have never had time to study theology, I have great confidence in the power of the church; it has a prodigious vitality. Now see, you and I may do many things in common by and by, if you wish it." Then with an air at once juvenile and careless, he continued: "For my part I do not see—I am weary of conjecturing—what objection you can have to establish your see in Paris, as it formerly was in Avignon. I will cede to you the palace of the Tuileries; I seldom occupy it. You will find there your apartments prepared for you, as at Monte Cavallo. Do you not see, padre, that Paris is the capital of the world? As for me I shall do whatever you desire. You will find in me more docility than people give me credit for. Provided that war and politics, with their fatigues, be left to me, you may settle the church as you please: I shall be a soldier at your orders. Do but consider what effect it would have, and how brilliant it would be, were we to hold our councils as Constantine and Charlemagne did in their time! I should merely open and close them, leaving the keys of the world in your hands. As with the sword I came, the sword I should retain, and with it the privilege of bringing it back for your benediction after every victory achieved by our arms." And in saying these words he slightly bowed.

Pius, who up to that moment had remained motionless as a statue, slowly raised his head, smiled pensively, and drawing a deep sigh, breathed out one by one the syllables of the word, "*Com-me-di-an-te!*" ("Comedian, eh?")

The word was scarcely half out, when Bonaparte made a bound on the floor like a wounded leopard. A towering passion seized him; he became yellow with ire? He bit his lips almost to bleeding as he strode to the end of the room. He no longer paced round in circles; he went straight from end to end without uttering a word, stamping with his feet as he swept along, and making the room resound as he struck the floor with his spurred heels. Everything around him seemed to vibrate; the very curtains waved like trees in a storm. At length the pent-up rage found vent, and burst forth like a bomb shell which explodes:—"Comedian, say you? Ah, ha! I am he that will play you comedies to make you weep like women and children. Comedian, indeed! But you are greatly mistaken if you think you can play off with me, with impunity, your cool-blooded insolence. Comedian! Where is my theatre, pray, and what? 'Tis the world, and the part which I play is that of master and author; whilst for actors I have the whole of you—popes, kings, and people; and the cord by which I move you all is—fear! Comedian, say you? But he who would dare to hiss me or applaud, should be made of different stuff from you, Signor Chiaramonti! Know you not well that you would still be merely a poor curé but for me, and that if I did not wear a serious air when I saluted you, France would laugh to scorn yourself and your tiara? Three or four years ago, who would pronounce aloud the name of the founder of your system? Pray, then, who would have spoken of the Pope? Comedian, eh! Sire, ye take footing rather quickly amongst us. And so, forsooth, you are in ill humor with me because I am not dolt enough to sign away the liberties of the Gallican church, as Louis XIV. did. But I am not to be duped in that fashion. In my grasp I hold you; by a nod I make you flit from north to south, from east to west, like so many puppets. And now, when it suits me to make-believe that I count you for something, merely because you represent an antiquated idea which I wish to revive, you have not the wit to see my drift, or affect not to perceive it. Seeing, then, that I must speak out my whole mind, and put the matter just under your nose, in order that you may see it—more particularly as you seem to think yourself indispensable to me, and lift up your head in consequence, as you drape yourself in your old dame's robe—I'll have you to know that such airs do not in the least impose upon me; and if you persist in that course, I'll deal with your robe as Charles XII. did with that of the grand vizier—I'll rend it for you with a dash of my spur!"

He ceased. Throughout this tirade Pius maintained the same immobility of attitude,

the same calm on his visage. At its close, however, he just looked up, smiled with something of bitterness, and sighed as he slowly articulated the word, "*Tra-je-di-an-te!*" ("Tragedian, eh?")

Bonaparte at that moment was at the further end of the room, leaning on the chimney-piece. Suddenly starting at the word, and turning round, his whole person seemed to dilate, and his features to expand as passion rose within him. His look became fixed, and his eyes flared; then with the swiftness of an arrow he rushed towards the old man, as if with some fell purpose. But he stopped short, snatched from the table a porcelain vase, dashed it to pieces against the andirons, and stamped on its fragments as they flew along the floor! Then pausing for an instant, as if to catch breath, he flung himself on a seat in utter exhaustion. It would be difficult to say which was the more awful—his sudden outburst of rage, or his immobility and silence after it.

In some minutes the storm seemed gradually to subside, and a calm to succeed. His look and bearing changed; something of depression seemed to steal over him; his voice became deep and melancholy, and the first syllable which he uttered showed this Proteus recalled to himself, and tamed by two words. "Hapless existence!" he exclaimed; then pausing, seemed to muse, and after a while continued—"'Tis but too true; comedian or tragedian, all for me is an affair of acting and costume; so it has been hitherto, and such it is likely to continue. How fatiguing and petty it is to pose—always to pose, in profile for this party, in full face for that, according to their notions! To guess at the imaginings of drivellers, and seem to be what they think one ought to be. To study how to place them between hope and fear—dazzle them with the prestige of names and distances, of dates and bulletins—be the master of all, and not know what to do with them; and after all this to be as weary as I am—'tis too bad! The moment I sit down"—he crossed his legs, and leaned back in his chair—"ennui seizes me. To be obliged to hunt for three days in yonder forest would throw me into a mortal languor. Activity is to me a necessity; I must keep moving myself, and make others move, but I'll be hanged if I know whither. You see, then, I disclose my inmost thoughts to you. Plans I have, enough and to spare, for the lives of a score of emperors. I make one every morning, and another every evening; my imagination wearies not; but before some three or four of my plans could be carried out, I should be used up, body and mind: our little lamp of life burns not long before it begins to flicker. And now, to speak with entire frankness, am I sure that the world would be happier even if all my plans were put into execution? It would certainly be a somewhat finer thing than it is, for a magnificent uniformity would reign throughout it. I am not a philosopher; and in the affair of common sense, I am bound to own that the Florentine secretary was a master to us all. I am no proficient in theories; with me reflection precedes decision, and execution immediately follows. The shortness of life forbids us to stand still. When I shall have passed away, there will be comments enough on my actions to exalt me if I succeed, to disparage me if I fail. Paradoxes are already rife, they are never wanting in France; but I shall still them to silence while I live: when I am gone, no matter. My object is to succeed; for that I have some capacity. My Iliad I compose in action; every day adds an episode."

As he spoke these latter words he rose from his seat with a light elastic movement, and seemed altogether another person. When relieved from the turmoil of passion, he became gay, cheerful, and at the same time unaffected and natural. He made no effort to disguise, nor did he seek to idealise himself as he did afterwards in the conversations at St. Helena, to meet some philosophic conception, or to fill up the portrait of himself which he desired to bequeath to posterity. He was far from anything of this sort; in simple reality, he was himself, as it were, turned inside out. After a slight pause, he advanced a step or two towards the Pope, who had not moved, and smiling with an expression half serious, half ironical, proceeded in a new vein, in which were blended something of the elevated and the petty, of the pompous and the trivial—as was often his usage—all the time speaking with the volubility so often exhibited by this most versatile genius.

"Birth is everything; those who appear on this world's stage poor and friendless have a desperate struggle to maintain. According to the quality of their minds, they turn to action or to self-destruction. When they have resolution to set to work, as I have done, they often play the winning game. A man must live; he must conquer a position, and make for himself an abiding-place. I have made mine as a cannon ball does; so much the worse for those who stood in my way.* Some are content with little, others never have enough: men eat

* As witnesses of which truth may be cited Moreau and his army, Pichegru and his set, the Duc d'Enghein—all the havoc he had made when aspiring to the empire.

according to their appetites, and I have a large one. Mark me, when I was at Toulon, I had not the price of a pair of epaulettes; but instead of them I had on my shoulders my mother, and I know not how many brothers. All these are now tolerably well provided for; and as to Josephine, who, it was said, married me from pity, we are about to crown her in the very teeth of Raguedeau, her notary, who once told her that I had lost my commission and my sword, and was not worth a ducat; and, faith, he was not far wrong! But now, what is it that rises up in perspective before me? An imperial mantle and a crown. To me what are such things?—a costume, a mere actor's costume. I shall wear them for the occasion, that's enough; then resuming my military frock, I'll get on horseback. On horseback, said I?—yes, and perhaps for life; but scarcely shall I have taken up my new position when I shall run the risk of being pushed off my pedestal. Is that a state to be envied? There are but two classes of men—those who have something, and those who have nothing. The first take their rest, the others remain awake. As I perceived this when starting in the race of life, I have reached the goal thus early. I know of but two men who attained it after having set out at the age of forty, and they were Cromwell and Rousseau. Had the one had but a farm, and the other a few hundred francs and a domestic, they would neither have commanded, preached, nor written. There are various sorts of artists—in building, in forms, in colours, in phrases. I am an artist in battles; I had executed eighteen of what are called victories before the age of thirty-five. I have a right to be paid for my work, and if paid with a throne, it cannot be called dear. [But, after all, a throne, what is it? Two or three boards fashioned in this form or in that, and nailed together, with a strip of red velvet to cover them. By itself it is nothing: 'tis the man who sits upon it that makes its force.†] Still, throne or no throne, I shall follow my vocation: you shall see some more of my doings. You shall see dynasties date from mine, 'parvenu' (upstart) though I be; and elected, yes, elected like yourself, and chosen from the crowd. On that point, at all events, we may shake hands."

So saying, he advanced and held out his hand. The Pope did not decline the courtesy; but there was an evident constraint in his manner as he almost tremblingly reached to him the tips of his fingers. He seemed under the influence of a complex tide of emotion. He was moved somewhat, perhaps, by the tone of *bonhomie* that pervaded the latter remaks, and by the frankness of the advance that concluded them; but the dominant feeling was evidently of a sombre cast, arising from a reflection on his own position, and still more on that of so many Christian communities abandoned to the caprices of selfishness and hazard.

These movements of the inner man did not escape the scrutinising glance of Bonaparte. A light and shadow passed rapidly across his face. He had carried one point—the coronation was tacitly conceded; the rest may be left to time. It was evident that, though not entirely without alloy, the feeling of satisfaction was uppermost as he strode from the room with all the *brusquerie* with which he had entered it.

† The passage between brackets is not given by De Vigny. Chateaubriand makes him say the same thing towards the close of his career, when throne and all were going to pieces. It was cited as part of his last speech to the senate, which was very remarkable. The first speech of the Emperor, as regent, was called the *ganache* speech, from the strange use he made of the word in applying it to Cambacérés. Bonaparte's conversation often presented this sort of jumble. He used to call Joseph and Murat "des rois de théatre;" he compared Louis to King Log, and himself to King Stork, &c. In his *boutades* there was no end of that sort of thing.

Silent Influence.—It is the bubbling spring which flows gently, the little rivulet which runs along, day and night, by the farm house, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood, or the warring cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and the greatness of God there, as he "pours it from the hollow of his hand." But one Niagara is enough for the continent, or the world—while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gentle flowing rivulets, that water every farm and meadow, and every garden, and that shall flow every day, and every night, with their gentle, quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds, like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done: it is by the daily and quiet virtues of life—the christian temper, the meek forbearance, the spirit of forgiveness, in the husband, the wife, the father, the mother, the brother, the sister, the friend, the neighbour, that good is to be done.

A GERMAN FESTIVAL.

The German *Weihnachtsfest!* A merry time it is through all *Deutschland*, in the days before the Christmas-eve festival. Here, in Berlin, for weeks before, the city has been alive with preparations—Christmas presents everywhere, from the gay booth, where every article is sold for two and a half *groschen*, up to the splendid shops, where the king himself is choosing gifts for the princesses. The *markt* by the Schloss is almost green with the Christmas trees. Children, in the highest state of excitement, are hurrying about; gigantic dolls, and glittering trees of wood and paper meet one everywhere; the *pfeffer-kuchen*—(the immemorial cake for Christmas) are selling off by the loads; and the walls are all covered with advertisements of books, songs, exhibitions, concerts, dioramas, circuses, and all imaginable amusements for Christmas. I have been astonished at the hold the festival has on the whole population. It is peculiarly a family rejoicing—and there are probably not a dozen families in the city so poor as not to have their Christmas tree and pfeffer-kuchen on the *Weihnacht's* eve. I noticed one family in my neighbourhood, who live almost in a cellar, and who from appearances must have the greatest trouble to get through the year without real suffering, still putting up their tree and getting ready for one gay, happy evening, at least, in the dull year.

Even the preachers alluded to it for weeks beforehand, and though by analogies, which to us would be merely pretty oratorical turns, still it was evident that to them and their audiences they were all real. The people were reminded of how much reason there was for being happy; that for a time now, they should put away their cares, and think of the great Gift of which this "*Fest*" was the memorial. That, as those were the unhappy children who have no home and no presents on this joyful evening, so were the men pitiable who had not received the greatest of presents from above. And, as the child who is unhappy or discontented, while receiving on these Christmas days so many marks of love from his father, is most ungrateful, so are they, if they are gloomy now, while celebrating this festival in memory of their Father's love.

Through the kind attentions of my friends, I enjoyed several of these festivals, and I cannot look back for many years on brighter and pleasanter hours, than these in the old German homes on Weihnacht's eve. The glee of the children, as this the long-wished for and dreamed of evening had come; their happy trustful looks, as if whatever were the storms and troubles without, they were safe there, and all the world for them was in their home; the coming together of absent brothers and sisters, and the letters and gifts from those who were too far to come, and the expression through all of that,—which, after all, is the glory of the Germans, and which they have the manliness not to conceal!—the deep family-love—it was all this that made it so beautiful to look upon.

And though it might be said for a moment to the stranger, who could look back in memory on bright fire-side circles which are scattered, and dear, cheerful faces, which he should see no more on earth, yet one could not but be warmed and carried away by the genial flow of feeling. It was not that they were merely gay—no, there was a seriousness about their happiness, as if in memory of the evening—and in one family in the midst of the merry-making, they all stopped to join in a simple pleasant hymn, speaking of gratitude to Him who had given them all this;—and in another—what was extremely striking—they read some of *Luther's* touching and beautiful letters *written at Christmas and at other times* to his wife and child, such letters as would start the tear and reach the heart of the oldest and youngest in the room. It was not, either, as if they thought it a beautiful and desirable thing to have a family festival. The whole was merely a simple, natural expression of their love to one another.

In some parts of the world families break up early. It is very seldom that the home which sheltered one's boyhood, is still open to him in after years. And it is not unfrequently the fact, that the objects and pleasant things which brightened childish days, which are joined in memory with dearly-loved faces, with hours of joy and pain, and with all that is best and purest about home, are not around us even in youth. Perhaps this is necessary. Though I am inclined to think, if men would content themselves with less, and deny themselves something of their display and their sensuality, they might have, each one, a home, which, though simple, would be a central point, a shelter, a pleasant place for meeting for them and for their children, all their days. GOD has made no place where character is so molded by influence as in home. Therefore it is that anything which will cultivate love for it—the family festivals, Christmas presents,

birth-day feasts, or pleasant things about it,—are such really important matters. Therefore it is that I like so this German *Weihnachtsfest*. I know among all these families they all loved one another and home better for their efforts to please and surprise each other on that evening.

It would have warmed the man of the coldest heart, that night to have seen the delighted rush of children, as the bell rung, into the gaily-lighted room, where stood the Christmas tree, in all its glory of lights, and gilt, and tinsel, while on every side of the room were the various presents, from "the father's," down to the baby-house of the youngest child. After a merry evening, comes the great Christmas-eve supper, with the immemorial Berlin dish for the festival, *carps stewed in beer*, and followed by the Christmas cake, the "*pfeffer-kuchen*,"—which to the uninitiated may be described as a mild form of "*gingerbread*," sweetened with honey. Then with friendly parting, and warm wishes for the future, closes the *Weihnachtsfest*.

WONDERS OF VEGETATION.

VESSELS OF PLANTS.

If we would look for one of the simplest forms of vegetation, we shall find it in very singular circumstances. When vegetable juices are produced, as in the process of brewing, a substance rises partly to the surface as a frothy matter, which gradually putrefies in a warm air. It is called *yeast*, and strange to say, *there* is the object of which we are in pursuit.

When a small quantity of yeast is examined under a good microscope, it appears to be one structure of cells. But, if after a time, we look at it again, each of these little cells will be seen putting forth a still smaller cell. The minute one grows, and becomes just like its parent. And so does this singular increase go on, until within a few hours, each single cell, as seen at first, has become multiplied into a row of four, five, or six! How marvellously rapid is this vegetation!

As we continue to observe, another curious fact appears. For the cells already beheld, burst, and discharge a number of small grains, all of which form themselves into new cells. Extraordinary indeed, is this multiplication, far surpassing that of vegetables commonly. In due time, the brewer comes in and stops this wonderful process, of which, most probably, he has not the slightest idea. But were a careful examination made, it would prove to be above five or six cells are formed in each group. Now the groups separate into individuals, like those which first formed the yeast, and thus the brewer actually takes out of his vats much more yeast than he put into the fluid!

A cell-like structure often appears, and hence botanists, in describing plants, speak of the *cellular tissue*. If, for instance, you take a thin slice cut across the stem of any plant, and it be then put into a drop of pure water, and placed under a microscope, it will be seen to consist chiefly of cells, more or less regular. It looks like a net-work of cobweb, or the cells of a honeycomb. Their size varies in different plants, and also in different parts of the same plant; and sometimes they are so minute as to require a million to cover a single square inch of surface! Through it the sap is diffused, and many changes occur in the juices that fill the cells. This cell-like structure is full of wonders.

Another set of small vessels may be discovered, and to this has been given the name of the *vascular system*. To take an instance: if a branch be cut transversely early in the spring the sap will ooze out from numerous points of the cut surface. But it will not thus issue from the part which the pith and the bark occupy. If, too, a twig, on which the leaves are already unfolded, be cut from the tree and placed with its cut end in a red fluid, formed from Brazil wood, the fluid will rise into the leaves and to the top of the twig.

The microscope shows that the sap oozes from the divided portion of the stem, while the fluid rises to the top of the twig through real tubes. These are the sap or *conducting* vessels of the plant. But if we examine a transverse section of the vine, or of any other tree, at a later period of the season, we find that the wood is apparently dry, whilst the bark, and particularly the part next the wood, is swelled with fluid. This is contained in vessels which differ from those in which the sap rises. They are formed only in the bark of trees, and may be called *returning* vessels, from their carrying the sap downwards after its perforation in the leaf. It is thought that the passage of the sap takes place like that of the blood in the human frame, from the regular expansion and contraction of the vessels. But to be certain is almost impossible, because of their extreme minuteness. They seldom exceed the 3,000th part of an inch in diame-

ter. In a morsel of oak, about one-nineteenth of an inch square, no fewer than 20,000 vessels were reckoned!

Thus, on minutely examining the structure of every living body, we discover an union of solids and fluids. The solid parts consist of minute particles, so arranged as to form various fibres and tissues. Throughout these solids circulates a fluid, from which the particles comprising them are formed, and by means of which the structure is nourished. But when we pursue our inquiry beyond a certain point we are utterly foiled. No eye can scan, no instrument fathom, the secrets of such structures or their circulating fluids.

The simplest texture of vegetables somewhat resembles that which exists in animals. The first trace of the latter that can be observed consists of a very soft and pulpy *cellular tissue*, which is now loaded with fluid. It looks entire; but it may easily be made to show small cells, and it may likewise be drawn out into glutinous threads.

And how amazingly minute are these! The white glistening threads may be discerned by the naked eye; but so far from being single, they are actually bundles of fibres, any one of which requires a microscope to distinguish. It is probable that those forming the *cellular tissue* are the most minute. A line is the twelfth part of an inch, and they are said to vary from one 3,000 to one 1,430th of a line in diameter. Their edges are quite smooth, they are transparent, and appear to be composed of gelatine!

A HUMAN WONDER—A CHILD.

A CHILD is a man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam before he tasted of Eve, or the apple; and he is happy, whose small practice in the world can only write his character. He is nature's fresh picture newly drawn in oil, which time and much handling dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper, unscribbled with observations of the world, wherewith at length it becomes a blurred note-book. He is purely happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath made means by sin to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his parents alike dandle him, and tice him on with a bait of sugar to a draught of wormwood. He plays yet like a young prentice the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholy. All the language he speaks yet is tears, and they serve him well enough to express his necessity. His hardest labour is his tongue, as if he were loth to use so deceitful an organ; and he is best company with it when he can but prattle. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest; and his drums, rattles, and hobby-horses, but the emblems and mockery of men's business. His father hath writ him as his own little story, wherein he reads those days of his life which he cannot remember, and sighs to see what innocence he has outlived. The older he grows he is a stair lower from GOD, and, like his first father, much worse in his breeches. He is the Christian's example, and the old man's relapse: the one imitates his purity, and the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little coat, he had got eternity without a burthen, and exchanged but one heaven for another.

[The above pithy sentences are extracted from a curious volume by Bishop Earle, entitled, "Microsmography, or a Piece of the World, discovered in Essays and Characters." Dr. John Earle was born at York in 1601. He took his degrees at Merton College, Oxford, and by the appointment of Bishop Dreppa, became sub-tutor to Prince Charles. On the breaking out of the civil war he went abroad, and attended Charles II. as his chaplain. At the restoration he was made Dean of Westminster, and in 1662, Bishop of Worcester, whence he was the next year removed to the see of Salisbury. He died at Oxford in 1665].

POPULATION OF THE WORLD.—The population of the earth amounts to one thousand millions. Then, reckoning a generation at 33 years, in that space of time a thousand millions must die throughout the world—each year, about 63,300,000; each week, 381,000; each day, 83,300; each hour, 3,450; each minute, 57. Some of our fellow-creatures are at this moment departing out of the world; and before an hour has elapsed, more than three thousand souls, who are as yet the inhabitants of time, will have passed into eternity.

OMNIANA.—BY PARSON FRANK.

(§ 5.)—Augustus Neander, whose death last year caused such a blank in the list of church historians, had peculiarities of person and manner which remind one of our own "judicious" Hooker. When the learned author of the "Ecclesiastical Polity" was a secluded parson, living near Canterbury, on the Dover road, passengers would turn aside to behold the man whose renown was so widely spread. Whereat good master Izaak Walton, his biographer, saith, "What went they out to see? A man clothed in purple and fine linen? No, indeed; but an obscure, harmless man, in poor clothes, his loins usually girt in a coarse gown, of a mean stature, and stooping,—and yet more lowly in the thoughts of his soul; his body worn, not with age, but study and fasting; his face full of heat-pimples, caused by his sedentary habits." Izaak adds, that "God and nature blessed him with so blessed a bashfulness, that as in his younger days his pupils might easily look him out of countenance, so neither then nor in his age did he ever willingly look any man in the face; and was of so mild and humble a nature that his poor parish clerk and he did never talk but with their hats on, or both off, at the same time." Neander was blessed with rather a similar blessed bashfulness, if the gentle angler *will* beatify that very uncomfortable quality. Neander, too, was a close student, and ill at ease in society. He would come in his "blessed" absence of mind, half-dressed (or an improper fraction *less* than half) into the university lecture-room, stand at his desk there with an awkward bending gesture, and industriously tear to pieces a quill, which was put into his hand for that very purpose, and on the demolition of which some considerate and good-natured student would present the professor with another, devoted to the same end. (Some persons cannot "get on" in public without some little safety-valve for their excitement of this kind. Well-known is the story of Scott's schoolfellow, who could never say his lessons without fumbling at a particular waistcoat button, and when the button was gone, gone too was the poor fellow's scholarship. It is said that Mr. Butt, the eminent Irish counsel, can never "get on" without a certain clasp-knife in his hand, the blade of which he keeps opening and shutting throughout his orations). Neander, we are told, would promenade along the gutters, in involuntary preference to the genteeler route. Also, that after he had changed his residence, he would always go from his lecture to the old house, unless some one was at hand to teach him better. It is alleged that the worthy man would continue to write on the desk before him, long after he had come to the end of his paper. Surely the force of German *subjectivity* could no farther go. Dominie Sampson had here met his match, and must have shouted, "Pro-di-gi-ous!"

(§ 6.)—Few things, perhaps, are more affecting than to read of the youthful aspirations and rapturous ambitions of those literary careers to which destiny appointed cold neglect and bitter failure. We pity, with quite painful sorrow, the thwarted spirits that aimed so high and fell so low. But we are often mistaken in supposing that they endured, during their probation hour, those pangs which we, who know the fatal issue, attribute to them. They did *not* as yet know that issue, and, therefore, the pangs were to them as yet unknown. They were flushed with buoyant hope; whereas we, who are sighing over their remains, assume them to have been already crushed with a burthen of overwhelming disappointment. There are some truthful remarks on this topic in "Ranthorpe," the observing author of which justly contends that we who see the struggling boy, and calmly measure the immensity of the barriers which shut him out from success, may deem him unhappy, because we foresee that he will be so; but we do not feel the rapture of his reveries—the delight in creation—the transports of anticipated success.

This is but another example of the equitable provisions of that great law of compensation which pervades our Cosmos.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.—No. XI.

FRENCH INTO ENGLISH.

Ma petite fille, qui est le *propriétaire* de cette maison? Mon père, monsieur, en est le
owner

propriétaire. *Eh bien!* Je *vois* qu'il y a ici des chambres (f.) à louer. Oui, monsieur,
Well! *see*

c'est vrai; il y en a *chez nous* *plusieurs* à louer. Sont elles *garnies*. Oui, elles sont très
true *in our home* *several* *furnished.*
at home

proprement garnies. Mais, moi, Je ne parle pas *anglais*. Cela ne fait rien (lite-
nicely (*parler, to speak*) *English* *is no matter*

rally, "does nothing"); *car*, moi, je parle français. Et votre père, parle-t-il français
for

aussi? Un peu—très peu. Et vous, *mademoiselle* (pronounced *maddemwoazell*), êtes vous
also *little* *miss*

Anglaise? Mais oui. Et votre père, de quel *pays* est il? Il est Anglais, *lui* aussi.
Englishwoman *country* *he*

Est il chez lui? Il l'est. J'aime à *lire*—avez vous des livres à la maison? Nous en
to read

avons beaucoup. Mais ils sont *peutêtre* (pronounced *pūt-atr*) tous (m. p.) en Anglais.
perhaps

Non, monsieur, pas tous: nous EN avons EN Français aussi; et je vous EN *prêterai*,
(*prêter, to lend*)

avec *plaisir*. Je vous *rémercie*. Avez-vous *quelques uns* de nos (p.) grands (m. p.)
pleasure (*rémercier, to thank*) *some ones*

auteurs (m. p.)? *Si; si* vous *admirez* Chateaubriand; nous avons son ouvrage
authors *Yes if* (*admirer, to admire*)

magnifique, "*le Genie* (m. s.) du *Christianisme*." Ah! vous avez raison de *l'appeler* mag-
magnificent *genius* *Christianity* *it to call*

nifique. Je vous en remercie, *mille fois*. Qu'il est beau, cet (m. s.) ouvrage (m. s.)!
a thousand times

Now let us linger a while here. In the opening sentences there is, we suspect, little or nothing to explain. The first phrase requiring comment is *mais, moi, je*, &c. You perceive that the French here employ two different words, both meaning *I*—the second, as a matter of course, with the verb, but the first as if to take you by the button, and call your particular attention to the speaker's case. Take notice of this, and avail yourself courageously of the idiom on all possible occasions. Such little niceties will, if we may be permitted to use the expression, give a French character to your French. We have known many highly instructed Englishmen, but who unluckily had learned French according to the usual stereotyped methods of schools, and masters, and the books in vogue, and who in truth were considered to be not a little versed in the language, yet talk and write, as it were, a kind of English-French. Correct enough it generally is, yet heavy, cumbrous, and harsh; and not only always betraying a forced kind of knowledge, but sounding very strange in the ears of a Frenchman, even though he may understand every word. This can hardly be called speaking or writing French. It is, at best, only speaking and writing something which a Frenchman will comprehend, but at which he would be tempted every moment to smile, were he not in such matters the best bred and the politest human animal in existence.

This *moi*, when used in the manner alluded to, possesses the drift of our "as for me;" though sometimes, if greater emphasis be required, our neighbours also say, *pour moi*.

The next expression worth our attention is *cela ne fait rien*, a phrase of hourly frequency. It is the idiom for our "no matter for that." You might also very properly say, *cela ne signifierient* (*signifier*, pronounced *seen-yeefee-ay*, *to signify*) "that signifies nothing, does not signify, is of no consequence," &c. In common

parlance, to express "no matter," when by itself, a Frenchman would very often say, *n'importe* (from *importer*, "to be of importance," &c.), without the second negative—as, "I have lost my purse; but no matter, for there was nothing inside"—*J'ai perdu ma bourse; mais n'importe, car il n'y avait rien dedans.*

Proceeding onwards with the exercise, we would merely beg you to note how *Anglaise* and *Anglais* are used, before which, by the bye, you see that the indefinite article is not placed. It would never do to make these words change places. *Etes vous Anglais?* addressed to a woman, would be a funny question indeed, for it would mean "are you an Englishman?" And *êtes vous Anglaise*, when addressing a man, would be equally absurd, asking him whether he was an Englishwoman. Observe, that we have written elsewhere *françàis* and *anglais* with a small *f* and a small *a*, contrary to the English custom. We employ capital letters for the beginning of all proper names and appellatives, whether substantives or adjectives; the French do so only in the case of substantives. They write *un Français* and *une Française*, but they write *un général français*, and UNE COUTURIERE (needle-woman) *française;* and if we did not do this in the exercise appended to Lesson VIII., it was lest, previously to this little explanation, we should have puzzled our readers respecting the meaning of the adjective. Of course, where the adjective is bestowed as a distinguishing designation, it becomes then part of the name, and is written accordingly—as, *Alexandre le Grand* (Alexander the Great); *Philippe le Bel* (Philip the Fair), &c.

We now come to the words "*mais oui*"—literally, "but yes." The "but" seems here very like a pleonasm—that is, a superfluous, unnecessary word—and therefore a blemish. It is quite the contrary, and is an exquisite little turn, in which the French have a sensible advantage over us. We must explain our meaning. The *mais oui* and the *mais non* are not used except in answers by which you intend either to contradict something which the person to whom you speak has implied, though not perhaps said, or else to show that you have perceived some doubt in his mind, or, in fact, something which he has not expressed, and which you seek to remove and correct. Take the instance in the exercise:—"And you, Miss So-and so, are you an Englishwoman?" Here it is evident that her French interlocutor has conceived, from her cleverness in speaking French, that she cannot be an English girl; and, in her answer, she not only replies to what he has said, but to what he has not said also—to what he has in his mind. The *mais* conveys all this: it is the chymistry of language, by which, in a single word, a much longer speech is virtually given in a sort of quintessential extract; and it is as if the girl had said—"Oh! I see you think, from my familiarity with the French tongue, that I cannot be an Englishwoman; but yes, I am." The little word *mais* here implies all this—"Are you an Englishwoman?"—*mais oui*—but how much better—how prettily—how very briefly, neatly, and elegantly! It is this *finesse*, as it is called—this delicacy, and these refinements, that impart to the French language one of its many charms, and it is by an acquaintance with such points that you may, almost at one jump, far outstrip the stilted, barbarised, and English-French kind of jargon used by nine-tenths of those among us, who, if you asked them, did they know French? would scornfully reply, "Of course."

We dwell the more at large on such points, because the reader would in vain look in the books professing to teach French for some account of these uses and drifts, whether of *mais* or of many similar turns, though they be niceties so important. Equally in the dark will masters leave him. They have so left more fortunate and more favoured learners, who have acquired French, for the most part, with the success we have hinted, and often, into the bargain, with an expense of immoderate proportions.

Of *lui aussi* we need say nothing; it is of a kin to the *moi* of which we have spoken. In *il l'est*, the reader will remember what we said, at the end of the second page of the second lesson, concerning the meaning of *le*, *la*, *les*, and *l'*, before verbs. The meaning in the present instance is evidently "he is it," or "*so.*"

Later in the exercise, an example illustrates two several meanings of *si*. It commonly means "if," but it may mean "yes;" and, indeed, it may mean "so." "So well," *si bien;* "so badly," *si mal*; "so good," *si bon;* "so bad," *si mauvais.*

In the phrase *je vous en rémercie*, you will perceive that the French say, "I thank you *of*," instead of "I thank you *for*," anything. "I thank you for your present." *Je vous rémercie* DE *votre cadeau.*—"I have received it, and I thank you for it." *Je l'ai reçu, et je vous* EN *remercie*, &c.

In the expression, *du Christianisme*, the reason why *du* is used instead of *de* is what we formerly mentioned, that the French do not say "Christianity," but "*the* Christianity;" therefore they must say, "*of the* (*du*) Christianity," and not "*of* (*de*) Christianity." The French for "of virtue" would thus be *de la vertu.*

The last peculiarity to notice is, *qu'il est magnifique—cet ouvrage!* The opening member of this sentence has been made abundantly clear by former remarks and explanations. "How magnificent!" It is the recapitulatory member at the end which now claims notice. Familiarise yourself with the idiom, for it is extremely common. Repeat it, applying it to any other objects. For example: *paysage* (m. s.) meaning "landscape," you could say, *qu'il est beau, ce paysage!* "How beautiful this landscape is!" *Qu'elle est bonne cette dame!* &c.

We have spoken of the many meanings of *que:* there is yet another. Used with the half negative *ne*, it may mean "only," or "but;" as, *Je n'ai qu'un seul livre.* "I have but one book."—*Il n'a que trois shillings.* "He has but three shillings."

ENGLISH INTO FRENCH.

Ring the *bell.* *Run* (my) *child*, and bring me my *purse.* I must *pay* (*of course, use the present tense, subjunctive mood of "payer," after "il faut"*) five shillings to the woman who *(to us)* has *sold* the *butter* and *eggs.*

sonnez *cloche* (f.) *courez* *enfant* *bourse* (f.) *(payer, to pay)* *nous* *vendre* *beurre* (m. s.) *œufs*

With regard to this brief little theme, we have only one bit of information (and that very simple) to add to previous instructions, in order to enable you to make the French perfect. Where the French use the definite article before the first of a series of substantives, they repeat it before each. We do not—at least, it is not necessary. "The butter and eggs," "the men and women," "the horses and dogs"—such expressions are good English; but the like terms would be bad French. It must run, *le beurre et* LES *œufs; les hommes et* LES *femmes; les chevaux et* LES *chiens*, &c. A similar rule holds good with respect to prepositions. The French repeat these before the name of each several object—before each several word to which they refer. They do not say, "at Paris and Vienna," but "at Paris and *at* Vienna *(à Paris et à Vienne)*; not "for you and me," but "for you and *for* me" *(pour vous et pour moi)*, &c. &c.

We go on with our conjugations, taking our example from *gronder* (to scold), *grondant* (scolding), *grondé* (scolded). The next tense which we have to give is the imperfect subjunctive. For the "cu" see Lesson X.:—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
that I might scold	*que je grondasse*	*"cu" zhe groandass*
that thou mightest scold	*que tu grondasses*	*"cu" tu groandass*
that he might scold	*qu'il grondasse*	*keel groandass*
that she might scold	*qu'elle grondasse*	*kel groandass*
that we might scold	*que nous grondassions*	*"cu" noo groandassee-oang*
that you might scold	*que vous grondassiez*	*"cu" voo groandasseeay*
that they might scold	*qu'ils grondassent* / *qu'elles grondassent*	*keel groandass* / *kel groandass*

In all regular verbs of the first conjugation, the tense is, of course, the same; as *que je parlasse* (that I might speak), &c.

When *this* and *that* are set against one another in a comparison either expressed or implied, the French you must employ may be learned from the following examples:—"This is good, but that is bad." *Ceci est bon, mais cela est mauvais.*—"This book is clever, but that book is absurd." *Ce livre* ci *est habile, mais ce livre* là *est absurde.*—"This woman is witty, and that woman is pretty." *Cette femme* ci *est spirituelle, et cette femme* là *est jolie.*—"This one [of some masculine object] is agreeable, but that one is not so." *Celui*-ci *est agréable, mais celui*-là *ne l'est pas.* Or (if the object be feminine), *celle*-ci *est agréable, mais celle*-là *ne l'est pas.*

There is now something to occupy our students until our next lecture-day.

TO OUR "FRENCH" CORRESPONDENTS.

It is not easy to express the gratification with which we this week address that numerous and increasing body in whose education we are assisting under novel and peculiar circumstances. Indeed it cannot be otherwise than pleasant to us to receive daily notes and letters furnishing the most unequivocal evidences of progress, such as have never, perhaps, before greeted the eye of an instructor. We believed from the first that we were rendering essential service to a great number of our readers; but, even in our most sanguine moments, we had hardly trusted that success so marked, and withal so rapid, would have attended our anxious labours. The communications, however, which now lie piled upon our table, have put every doubt to flight, and more than realised our warmest hopes. After having furnished seven short written lessons, we ventured to lay before our readers a passage in French, containing several idioms; and a very large number of translations, astonishingly correct, have at once been forwarded from persons who seven weeks before knew not an iota of the language. This is "a great fact."

Henceforth, therefore, we may well believe that our efforts are neither *fruitless* nor *thankless*. They are appreciated, and acknowledged in the kindliest and most generous spirit. The exceeding difficulty of making our lessons simple, clear, and practical, seems to be thoroughly understood; and though some of our pupils may find it hard to learn, they evidently know and feel also that it is a still harder task for us to simplify our instructions in the manner we have done.

* We proceed to reply specifically to certain correspondents; and to tell some of our pupils certain little rules which we intend to adopt, and others which we wish them to observe.

"J. S——FE" fails only in *bien plus mauvais*, which words mean "much more bad, or much worse," *bien* not only signifying "well," but sometimes "very," and sometimes "much."

"A. A." makes the same mistake. In compliance with his request, we give the meaning of the Latin quotation in our First Lesson—"The gods have in sooth not bestowed *all* qualities on *all* persons."

"ATH——K."—*De l'argent*, "some money," or "money;" *il n'y avait pas*, "there was not, &c."

"J. B."—Not *Francis*, but *French*. "François" is the proper name, *Francis*. *Ses soldats l'aimaient*, "his soldiers loved him."

"JN. H—D—D."—*Il n'y avait pas*, "there was not." Yes; the French most frequently omit the article before adjectives expressing quality; as, *il est Ecossais*, "he is *a* Scotchman."

"J. F. K." makes *one* of the errors specified above.

"UNE JEUNE" (not "*serviteur*," if you please, but "*servante*;" for *une* is feminine, and you are feminine, and *serviteur*, on the other hand, is masculine, and means a male servant).—Look above for your errors. The final *s* is not sounded unless a vowel commence the next word.

"A NURSE."—*Il y a*, "there are," not "there were."

"ANDREW L——R."—Very glowing; but *rather* too free.

"J. MAT."—Too literal. When once you know the sense, put it into English by means of expressions as current and customary among us as the corresponding expressions are among our neighbours.

"J. B—TER."—See above. We say the same to "J. B. N," "T. W. E.," "E. Y.," "T. A—M—E.," "R. F." (engineer.)

"M. B." (Rochfort.)—Decidedly, the fair sex may compete for the prizes; and we suspect that many a brother will possibly be surpassed by his sister.

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* *It is to be regretted that we are unable to include in these special notices so few only of the answers we could have wished to give; but it is physically impossible to do more than select for reply some of the queries addressed to us, when their total number is so enormous. One point which immediately demands our attention is this: we have seen so many correct, or very nearly correct, versions by persons who began French with these lessons, that we think it time to enter on further methods for their advantage. On this head we will explain ourselves next week.*

"E. P—NS."—*Les autres* may indeed signify "the others;" here it is better rendered "others."

"UN PROLETAIRE."—"*A good son,*" &c.; not "good son," &c. The French in such cases omit the article, while we do not.

"ARTIC."—Most admirably translated. We would suggest that your version only wants "much" before "worse character," to make it quite perfect.

UN PAUVRE GARÇON.—We hope you may yet become *un homme riche.* You make one mistake, "there were." Look again, and you will find that we have not employed the imperfect, but the present tense.

"UN DISCIPLE."—Capital! no mistake of importance.

"J. L. L——E."—Yours appears to us the best version given. It is faultless. You may translate "that will do, thank you," by *ça* (the short for *cela*) *ira* (literally, '*will go*'), *je vous remercie,*" or simply "*merci.*"

"J. H."—See above.

"R. S." would be equal to any if "others" were substituted for another. The seemingly superfluous *à* before *travailler*, when the latter already means "*to work,*" will be treated in future lessons.

"W. G——L." See above. *C* sounds like *s.*

"STU. A——N."—How can you say "there *is* some men?" You have attended more to the French than to the English. See above.

"F. W. C." (Yorkshire), and "S——H A."—See above.

"T. F——H."—Not "*would* give;" for the rest, read our answers to others.

"T. H." (Oxford.)—Very good, but that you have erred in "quand *il n'y avait pas de pain pour les autres.*" This means "when there was not bread for others."

"RT. P——N."—Read what precedes. "WM. S——R."—Ditto.

"G. H——R."—Ditto. We are glad you find our lessons so much more profitable than Cobbett's old and famous work. That, you know, is only a grammar, and you and your fellow-readers require far more. For your version, look at our answers to others. We hardly know what dictionary to recommend; for a beginning, get the cheapest second-hand one on a book-stall.

"Z."—You state your age in bad French. You should say, "*un garçon agé* DE SEIZE *ans,*" and not "*agé dix six.*" Can you have read our lesson about the numbers? Our French phrase, which "you suspect" is wrong, is right. It does not follow that an expression is erroneous because there may be synonymous terms.

"UN PROLETAIRE QUI A DU SOIF POUR LE SAVOIR."—Bravo! bravissimo! how well you can describe yourself in French! The date of your letter, too, is perfectly rendered.

"G. L——E."—Look at what precedes.

"JN. H——R."—Excellent, all but "*much.*"

"J. McC."—Your attempt to put the exercise in the Ninth Lesson into French is very creditable. You shall see later.

"T. R." (Seaton Delaval.)—Very nearly perfect.

"J. S——D."—An error already specified.

"JN. W——N."—Your thanks, "in conjunction with thousands of others," as you say, are welcome. We think our method, if you pay it close attention, will enable you to pronounce as well as any written instructions can. In all except pronunciation, written instructions are of course the best, for you can refer to them again and again, whenever need may be.

"JOSEPH something" (we cannot read the surname) has sent us a version of the French passage in very feeling and spirited English verse.

The translations of all other correspondents are either wholly correct, or err in points which we have specified in the foregoing replies.

In future, until our Prize Exercise, whatever theme we give we will translate in the succeeding Lesson, so that the versions need not be sent to us. We now see how far we have progressed, and where we stand.

Above all, we entreat our correspondents to remember that we have not time to answer them by private letters.

ERRATUM.—In Lesson IX., first page, read CES *personnes* for SES personnes.

. noun-substantive; *a.* adjective; *ad.* adverb; *v.* verb; *v. a.* verb-active; *v.n.* verb-neuer

CHARGE, *s.* an accusation; expense; rust; onset; command. In the practice f *artillery*, a charge denotes the quantity f powder placed in a gun, howitzer, or nortar, for the purpose of expelling the shot r shell by its explosion.

CHAR'IOT, *s.* a light sort of coach; also car in which men of arms were placed to ight.

CHAR'LATAN, *s.* an ignorant pretender, mountebank, a quack, a cheat.

CHARLES'S-WAIN', *s.* the northern constellation, called *Ursa Major*, or the Great Bear, sometimes also called the Wagon, or Charles's Wagon.

CHARM, *s.* a spell or enchantment; a philter, an attraction.

CHAR'NEL-HOUSE, *s.* a receptacle for the bones of the dead, a vault for dead bodies.

CHART, *s.* a delineation of coasts, &c.; a map.

CHAR'TER, *s.* literally a *paper*, or any material to write upon, as *charta pergamena*, parchment; as now used, it signifies, a privilege, immunity, or exemption, by royal grant, in writing.

CHARYB'DIS, *s.* a whirlpool at the entrance of the Sicilian Straits, formerly an object of great terror, and in avoiding which mariners were in danger of running upon the rock Scylla. The terms "Scylla" and "Charybdis" are now employed figuratively to describe circumstances of perplexity and danger.

CHASE, *s.* a piece of ground for hunting, larger than a park; hunting itself; pursuit of an enemy; the bore of a gun.

CHASM, *s.* a cleft, an opening, a gratuity.

CHASSEURS', *s. (French)* a select body of light infantry.

CHAT'EAU, *s. (French)* a castle, a country seat.

CHAT'ELET, *s. (French)* a little castle, or fortress.

CHAT'TEL, *s.* any property moveable or immoveable, which is not freehold. *Real* chattels relate to, or are interested in, land; *personal* chattels are moveable goods, as horses, plate, money, &c.

CHECK, *s.* a kind of ornamented linen; a countermark.

CHECK'MATE, *s.* the term used at chess when the king is made prisoner.

CHEEK, *s.* a name with mechanics for those parts of their machines that are double.

CHEESE, *s.* food made from the curds of milk.

CHEESE'-VAT, *s.* the wooden case in which the curds are pressed into shapes.

CHEF-D'ŒUVRE, *s. (French)* a work of the highest excellence in itself, or in relation to other works of the same artist.

CHEL'IFORM, *a.* having the form of a claw.

CHEM'ISTRY, CHYM'ISTRY, *s.* the science which investigates the nature of material substances, and their compositions and properties, together with the changes they undergo.

CHEQUE, *s.* an order to pay money on demand.

CHEQU'ER, *v. a.* to variegate, to diversify.

CHEQU'ERS, *s.* the game commonly called "*draughts*."

CHERT, *s.* a kind of flint; flint in strata.

CHER'UB, *s.* an angelic being, a celestial spirit.

CHER'UBIM, *s. pl.* an order of angels of surpassing brightness and glory; the word signifies the plenitude of knowledge and wisdom.

CHESS, *s.* an interesting game, in which two sets of figures, called men, are moved in opposition to each other.

CHES'SOM, *s.* mellow earth.

CHEVALIER', *s.* a knight; a horseman armed at all points; a gallant young man.

CHEVAUX-DE-FRISE, *s. (French)* a military fence, composed of a piece of timber pierced by iron rods or wooden pickets, with sharp points at each end.

CHEV'ERIL, *s.* a kid, kid leather.

CHEV'RELTE, *s.* an instrument for raising guns or mortars into their carriages.

CHIAR'O-OSCU'RO, *s. (Italian)* that important part of painting which relates to light and shade; also, to the permanent differences in brightness and darkness.

CHICANE', CHICA'NERY, *s.* mean and unfair artifices to prevent, to perplex, and to obscure the truth.

CHILDERMAS-DAY', *s.* December 28, the day on which is commemorated the "Slaughter of the Innocents," the children who suffered from Herod's cruelty.

CHIL'IAD, *s.* a thousand in number.

CHIL'IARCH, *s.* a commander of a thousand.

CHIL'IAST, *s* a chillenarian; one who believes that Christ will literally reign on the earth a thousand years.

CHILTERN HUNDREDS, *s.* certain Crown lands, the acceptance of the stewardship of which enables a member of the House of Commons to vacate his seat. No pay is attached to the office; it is in the gift of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

CHIME, a sound of bells: a concord of sounds.

CHIME'RA, *s.* an odd, or vain and idle fancy; a misshapen monster of Grecian myth, having a lion's head, a goat's body, and the tail of a dragon. In *art*, the chimera appears as a lion, out of the back of which grows the head and neck of a goat. In *Christian art*, the chimera is a symbol of cunning.

CHIM'NEYPIECE, *s.* an ornamental frame of marble, stone, or other materials, round a fire-place.

CHIMPAN'ZEA, *s.* an animal of the ape species, which in form approaches the nearest to man. The term is most properly applied to the black, or African, *Orang* or *Pygmy*.

CHIN'CHILLA, *s.* a small animal of the gnawing family, highly valued for its beautiful fur.

CHINE, *s.* the backbone; *v, a.* to cut in chines.

CHIN'GLE, *s.* gravel free from dirt.

CHINK, *s.* a small opening longwise.

CHINTZ, *s.* a fine-printed calicó.

CHI'ROGRAPH, *s.* an instrument for writing.

CHIROG'RAPHY, *s.* the art of writing.

CHIROL'OGY, *s.* the art of talking by the hand.

CHI'ROMANCY, *s.* a pretended art, by which persons profess to ascertain the dispositions, or to determine the fortunes of individuals by examining certain marks and lines in the hand.

CHIROPE'DIST, *s.* one who extracts corns from the feet, &c.

CHIRUR'GEON, *s.* a surgeon; an operator.

CHIS'EL, *s.* a carpenter's tool to pare with; *v. a.* to cut with a chisel.

CHIS'LEN, *s.* the ninth month of the Jewish year.

CHIT'TERLINGS, *s.* the entrails of an animal.

CHIV'ALROUS, *a.* warlike; adventurous.

CHIVES, *s.* (in botany) the threads or filaments rising in flowers with seeds at the end.

CHLO'RATE, *s.* chloric acid with a base.

CHLO'RIDE, a compound of chlorine with a combustible body.

CHLO'RINE, *s.* a gaseous body; oxy muriatic acid; a bleaching liquid.

CHLO'RITE, *s.* a grass-green mineral, composed of little spangles and scales.

CHLO'ROPHANE, *s.* a kind of fluer spar, which, if placed on a heated iron, gives a brilliant green light.

CHLORO'SIS, *s.* the green sickness.

CHOC'OLATE, *s.* a composition made from the kernels of cocoa, beaten up with sugar and cinnamon into a paste.

CHOIR, *s.* a body of singers; the part of a church, &c., in which singers are placed.

CHOKE' DAMP, *s.* carbonic acid gas; a noxious vapour in coal mines.

CHOKE' PEAR, *s.* a rough, harsh, unpalatable pear. The term is used *figuratively* in reference to an unanswerable sarcasm.

CHOL'AGOGUE, *s.* a medicine for the bile.

CHOL'ER, *s.* the bile; anger, rage, irascibility.

CHOL'ERA MORBUS, *s.* (from two Greek words, signifying *bile flux*) a disease which acts powerfally on the bowels, supposed to arise from an unnatural quantity and a morbid quality of the biliary secretion.

CHO'RAL, *a.* belonging to or singing in a choir.

CHORD, *s.* (in *music*) the string of an instrument; the harmonious combination of three or more musical sounds. In *mathematics*, a right line, connecting the extremes of an arc.

CHOR'EA, *s.* commonly called "St. Vitus's Dance;" a disease affecting with irregular movements the muscles of voluntary motion.

CHORIAM'BIC, *s.* belonging to a verse of four syllables, two being long at each end of the word, and two short in the middle.

CHOROG'RAPHY, *s.* the art of describing particular regions or countries, either in words or on maps. Its object is more confined than that of geography, and more extensive than that of topography.

CHO'ROID, *s.* (in *anatomy*) a membrane.

CHO'RUS, *s.* (in *music*) a composition sung by many voices; the whole body of singers performing a chorus. The chorus among the Greeks was a number of persons, male or female, who sang melodies, accompanied with dancing.

CHRISM, *s.* in the Romish and Greek churches, the consecrated oil used in baptism, confirmation, ordination, and extreme unction.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.
[VOL. VI.—No. 70.—SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1851.]

OUR COUNTRY AND ITS CLIMATE.

It is said that one of the favourite occupations of John Bull is *grumbling:* and you can hardly take a railway ticket for twenty miles without being forcibly reminded of this accusation. The clerks, the porters, the stations, the carriages, the line itself, the directors, the engine, and then the miserable weather, afford to some people matter for fifty or a hundred miles of murmuring. Everything, they tell you, is so much better managed abroad, on the Continent, or in America. The weather is finer, the second-class carriages are cushioned, and the porters so much more polite! We have wondered that these people do not renounce their fatherland altogether. Why dwell in such a hateful country, and among such dull, thoughtless, clownish people? Why not go to France, Germany, or America, and become naturalised?

When hearing all these complaints of Old England, and these eulogies of foreign nations, we have sometimes been led to inquire a little into the matter; and the result has always been, that we have spontaneously exclaimed,

"ENGLAND, with all thy faults we love thee still!"

No; we would not change our little isle for any other country upon the face of the earth. Not but that we like foreign travel, and probably, if we had the means, should visit a large portion of the world; but still we have no expectation, if we can rely upon what travellers have written, that we should ever find any country which, taken as a whole, would eclipse the land of our nativity. We shall in this paper confine our remarks to

OUR CLIMATE AND WEATHER.

These, you would suppose, to hear some people talk, are almost execrable. Indeed, we have known individuals so profane as to curse both. Now we have long felt pursuaded that there is scarcely a spot under heaven more adapted to produce a hardy race. The average of human life among us is actually longer than in any other nation. Take the bills of morality of Europe or America, and the comparison will be in our favour. It is stated, on very good authority, that life in America is much shorter than in England. Indeed, we have known several who had emigrated, very soon return, because they were frightened at the fearful number of deaths in the new world. We are told that in America females are women at *fifteen*, but then they begin to fade at thirty. We might pursue this subject in reference to other nations, and the result of our inquiries would be favourable to England. And there is no mystery in the affair. Our changeable climate is really advantageous to health. When a man becomes worth a little independency, he spends no small portion of his income in *changing the air*. To-day he runs down to Brighton for a little *change of air;* to-morrow he is away, off to Scarborough; the eastern breeze there is so much more refreshing than the sultry coast of Sussex. In a few weeks he flees to the Continent, and after half broiling himself returns to Old England, and perhaps goes to the Highlands to be cooled. He declares that he cannot live without *change of air;* it is the only thing that makes him enjoy his astonishing good health; and yet in the next breath he falls foul of Old England, because the climate is *so changeable!*

It is often said that it hardly matters how you do it, provided you only "*change the air*," you will almost be sure to regain your health. You may alter from good to bad, or from bad to good, and the effect will be the same. We have heard mar-

vellous tales of recoveries from disease occasioned by persons going from an elevated district into a swampy one; and from the clear atmosphere of the country into the smoke of London. Indeed, we once knew a case of "*bronchitis*," which had baffled medicine, and threatened to end in consumption, entirely removed by a few days' change of air from the open fields to a foul and smoky city. Somehow or other, then, change of climate seems to work wonders; so many, indeed, that every one wishes to run away from home. Still there are thousands who cannot accomplish this, and what are these poor creatures to do? It is evident they must trust to Providence; and it is further very certain that they will not confide in vain; for every one tells us that our climate and temperature are continually varying; and thus we have a "*change of air*" almost daily, sometimes three or four times a day, without moving an inch from our own doors. In the morning, perhaps, we have Highland breezes from the North; before mid-day Scarborough pays us a visit; Hastings comes to us at twelve o'clock; and ere the sun sets we are fanned with the zephyrs of Devonshire; and thus, if poor people cannot go to our watering places, the watering places come to them.

We once saw a book, written by a scientific medical man, to show that we need not go out of England to cure coughs, consumptions, and other diseases, because we have on our various coasts, and in our different watering places, all the change of climate which might be obtained by visiting Madeira, France, or Switzerland, and such like places of resort. But he might have gone a little further, and have shown that our atmosphere travels from town to town, and from village to village, and that every one knows this, seeing we hear hardly anything so much talked of as this constant "*change of air*," and this variable climate of our much-abused country. And there is nothing so penetrating and permeating as this insinuating compound of oxygen and hydrogen on which we live. You may paste up the fireplace, and put sand-bags on the tops of the sashes, and stuff old rags into every crevice, but enter it will. It is a remarkable fact, that go where you may, you find vital air; and if you analyse it, the component parts are the same. Examine it on the top of Mont Blanc, on the table lands of Asia, in the filthiest street of St. Giles's, or at the bottom of the shaft of the tunnel, and it is the same. It is true it may have its wings contaminated with other vapours or gases, but the vital air is not changed, nor its ratio of ingredients altered.

And then what blessed benefactors our winds and storms are. The best thing on earth to purify the air is water. Chloride of lime is much talked of, but there is no purifiant equal to water. If there is any bad air in the room it is sure to attract it and swallow it. In cases of fever, a few plates with water in them, and the room well washed, or even wiped over with a damp cloth, is better than all the vinegar in London. Only imagine, then, what an ablution and purification goes on at every storm that falls from heaven! How often the skies send down their healthful and cleansing streams! Perhaps, among other thoughts, the Psalmist had his eye on this truth when he said, "Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens, and thy faithfulness in the clouds!" Every drop of dew, every shower, every tempest, is sent in compassion, to give health to mankind, and absorb and carry away pestiferous gases.

And then the winds, blowing from every point of the compass, and playing all sorts of tunes on our windows and doors, and sporting with the sand, the waves, the trees, and the flowers—only think what health they bring, and what diseases

they sweep away! how they wind round the corners of our streets, blow up the alleys, and whistle their wild notes in our ears wherever we go! There is hardly a crack, but they send their music into it, while they attempt to blow out all the poisonous vapour that may be nestling there. One might almost suppose our cities, towns, villages, and cottages as so many rude organs, of various sizes, filled with foul air, and that the wind comes to cleanse their pipes, and charm them with the breath of health and mercy. What a providence there is in every gale—what benevolence in every hurricane! Some find fault because we have not the regular *trade winds* of those who live nearer the equator; but we need not complain, our country is swept and purified by every breeze of heaven. Yonder asthmatic sufferer feels, when he wakes in the morning, that the wind is in the east, and calls for his respirator before he comes down stairs. He has tried all sorts of art, but still the air will enter his apartment, and tell from what point of the compass it came, and seems to amuse itself with his larynx and his lungs. Poor old Mary's rheumatic limbs, notwithstanding all her care, are put to the torture with the cold; while her neighbour, John Jenkins, is equally distracted when the heat comes on. And thus we might fill a volume with tales about the variableness of our weather, our temperature, and our climate, and crowd our pages with wailing that our lot is cast in such an inhospitable portion of the world.

But then these complaints would be as *foolish* as they would be *unscientific* and *ungrateful*. It is a remarkable fact, that we have in this island a hardy race, who can brave every climate on the globe; and, further, we have a larger amount of national health than any other people. We are not situate too far north nor south. The Laplander is nipped, and has done little to advance the prosperity of the world, either in trade, intellect, or religion; the effeminate inhabitant of equinoctial regions never thinks of visiting the north as a friend, a philosopher, a merchant, or a philanthropist. If the nations are to be raised, instructed, and blessed, the men and women of the temperate zone must be the missionaries; if trade is to carry the bounties of Providence to every region, the merchants must be born and nourished in a variable clime. Such a spot is GREAT BRITAIN. Its sons are fitted to live everywhere. They are prepared to pass whole winters among the icebergs, or to labour in the sultry regions of the south. It is not unusual to have two brothers of the same family separated, and one of them is clad in skins in Siberia, while the other traverses the plains of India; yea, it is sometimes the case that the same man has lived in the most opposite temperatures. We have conversed with sailors and merchants who have trafficked and spent large portions of their lives in every zone, and now have the promise of a ripe old age; and we have heard a missionary preach who had laboured hard both in Calcutta and St. Petersburg.

We refer to these facts, because of late there has been a great disposition to decry Old England, and especially to disparage her climate, and extol other countries at her expense. We want our labouring men and labouring women to reflect, that earth has never nourished a hardier race than is found in this isle. Why, perhaps there is scarcely one of our readers but is ready, if circumstances called, to visit and take up his abode in any part of the globe; and at any rate, his objections to do so would not arise from the dread that his health would suffer. It is very evident that Providence intended us to be the benefactors of the whole human family, and therefore gave us our abode in a portion of the world where there are plenty of rains and storms—of winds and tempests—of frosts and snows—

of temperate and almost torrid heats—and that these varied circumstances should be subject to almost perpetual vicissitude, so that our constitutions would become healthy and vigorous from incessant change of air and climate.

It is a pleasing reflection, that England, with all her selfishness, does not live for herself alone. In some shape or other, most of the nations are deriving benefits from us. An Englishman is especially adapted, both in body and mind, to be a universal philanthropist. He can live anywhere and everywhere. His country is the land of history, oratory, poetry, and romance. Learning in almost every form, ancient and modern, has taken up its abode here. Here we have science in every shape and department of study. Mathematics, mechanics, and the arts flourish among us; philosophy and divinity have had our profoundest consideration. The health, the liberties, the rights, and the elevation of man have long awakened our most benevolent sympathies. He looks with the eyes of brethren and sisters on all the inhabitants of the world, and has already spent millions to do them good. Nor have we laboured in vain. Almost in every land there are monuments of our philanthropy. It is true we have among us those who delight in war and bloodshed, and our cruelty has too many monuments in the east and the west. But it is gratifying to reflect that a new race is arising, determined "to beat the sword into the ploughshare, and the spear into the pruning-hook"—to disband the army, and abolish rapine and slaughter. Very soon our operatives will obtain the suffrage, and refuse either to sell themselves to be the slaughtermen of barbarian rulers, or have their money voted away for the desolation of the nations. Our intercourse with other countries is yet to be that of friendship, science, merchandise, philanthropy, and religion; and thus we shall fit ourselves, mentally and morally, for the high mission for which our country and climate have so eminently adapted us.

Should any imagine that we have said too much concerning the salubrious character of our island, especially as so many diseases stare us in the face, we beg to remind them that hardly one complaint in a hundred can be traced to our country or its atmosphere. Window duties, want of ventilation, cleanliness, good drainage, education, and proper exercise, are our most fatal sources of bodily suffering and premature death. Our use of stimulants, and especially of strong drinks, slays its thousands annually. Our absurd and oppressive system of taxation, by which many are robbed of trade and the necessaries of life, brings myriads every year to an early grave. But let science, let reason, let pure morality and religion guide all our affairs, both public and private, and we confidently assert, that a spot more adapted to produce a noble type of humanity, both in body and in mind, cannot be found on the face of the earth.

SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.

Where spades grow bright, and idle swords grow dull;
Where gaols are empty, and where barns are full;
Where church-paths are with frequent feet outworn;
Law court-yards weedy, silent, and forlorn;
Where doctor's foot it, and where farmers ride;
Where age abounds, and youth is multiplied;
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate
A happy people, and well-governed state.

THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO INDIA.

(Continued from page 119).

I SHALL not attempt to give any minute description of Cairo, this most oriental of oriental cities, for I should fail in giving a correct idea to those who have never seen anything of the kind; and, to those who have, one city, is a tolerably fair specimen of the rest. They who have read the "Arabian Nights" will not find it difficult to picture to themselves what Cairo really is; and, for myself, I confess that, having my mind stored with those most fascinating of all eastern tales, I was not surprised at anything I saw, and could almost have imagined I was revisiting a place I had seen long before. In the dim, dirty cafés, are rows of Turks reclining on cushions, smoking, sipping coffee, and telling tales, as of yore. There are veiled ladies on mules, attended by slaves with baskets on their heads, going to make purchases of rich stuffs and trinkets, or of perfumes, spices, and ambergris. There are the very barbers who had such extraordinary adventures; and winding in procession with loaded camels down that crowded line are the merchants just returned from Bagdad or Balsora. Everything and everybody looked exactly as I expected, and I should have been tempted to linger, but for the intolerable filth and vile odours, which surpass all imagination, and soon put one's romance to flight. Surely nothing is ever cleaned in those stifling, dingy shops, the owners of which, notwithstanding the ablutions prescribed by their religion, have the same unwholesome look; while the streets, which have no side-walks, and into which every kind of offal is thrown, have no other scavengers than the packs of wretched dogs, half-wolf half-hound, which constantly obstruct the passengers, and are quarrelling at every corner. All the bazaars are exactly alike: as at Alexandria, they are narrow lanes, with small dark shops on each side, the goods being exposed as in the booths of a fair, while the turbaned owner, who generally has a long pipe in his mouth, sits on the counter in the midst of his wares, and invites the passer-by to purchase.

Everything, whether of home or foreign manufacture, appeared very dear, especially fans, parasols, and veils, with which some of our party were unprovided, and which the increasing heat rendered necessary. These were treble the price asked in England. Whoever intends to make purchases at any of these cities should not only know the value of the articles, but should be well skilled in the art of cheapening, as the dealers invariably ask double what they intend to take.

But we have lingered too long. The Hassans and Abdallahs are closing their shops; the ladies—among whom may possibly be a lovely Aminé or Zobeide, though the glimpses we obtain of their faces are not very inviting—are adjusting their yashmaks to return homewards; and we must hasten back to the hotel, where we shall barely have time to take some refreshment and prepare ourselves for a night's journey across the Desert. We were very unwilling to leave this singular city so soon, and not a little annoyed at being compelled, by the orders of the Transit Company, to depart without a closer acquaintance with objects of such high interest; but the virtues of patience and submission must ever accompany the traveller by the overland route, who soon learns to consider himself as a bale of goods, booked in Southampton, to be delivered at Suez or Calcutta, as it may be, and too happy if he arrive at his destination without serious injury.

There is, however, one constant source of complaint against the administration in the amount of baggage allowed to each passenger. Two cwt. is not sufficient for the Indian traveller; and, considering that the cost of the transit is literally nothing, as that amount is only one-third of a camel's load, the extra charge of 14s. per cwt. is intolerable. The steam-ships allow three cwt., which, liberal as it appears, is always necessarily exceeded; and the excuse of the English Company for their enormous overcharge—that their ships have not accommodation for a larger quantity—is proved to be untrue by the fact that every voyage they carry at least £1,000 worth of freight, in the shape of opium, besides treasure and other merchandise.

Our caravan for the Desert consisted of four vans, each containing six passengers, and drawn by four half-starved little Arabs, while the coachmen and syces, who had apparently brought forth their whole wardrobe to protect their naked limbs from the chill night air, looked more like fluttering bundles of rags than human beings. The vans are constructed so as to give the least possible accommodation. They are necessarily raised high from the ground, and there is but one step, which is placed only a few inches below the floor of the carriage. After several united efforts and struggles, we succeeded in getting on this step, only to receive a severe blow in creeping through

the small door, the entrance of each sufferer being followed by a laugh, or, in very irritable subjects, by certain not very good wishes for the coachmaker. The next difficulty is to seat six persons in a machine barely large enough to hold four, and to arrange the carpet-bags which we thought so small, but which now appear so large and obtrusive; for though we had all been tolerably attentive to orders in this particular, there is sure to be some unmanageable extra, in the shape of a lady's basket or a gentleman's bundle of canes, which is voted a nuisance by the rest. The very judicious arrangements which took place on board the Ripon had been attended with considerable excitement; but notwithstanding the utmost care, it soon became clear that some carriages were more tightly packed than others, and it was a long time before our party succeeded in arranging themselves. However, as we had not the baby which we heard screaming from No. —, our prevailing feeling was that of satisfaction. The short twilight of these eastern climes had faded ere we were fairly started; and by the time we had passed the bounds of the city, the moonless night had spread her mantle over the scene, and we were alone with wastes of sand and the starry sky. The vans are not provided with lamps, and we were consigned to almost total darkness. One gentleman had brought a small paper lantern, such as is used in Cairo, where it is forbidden to be seen in the streets on a dark night without a light; but as our driver led us into every hole, and over every stone and sand-hill, it was found impossible to keep its equilibrium; and as its presence destroyed the little chance we had of seeing what passed outside, we soon threw it away. Not so the occupants of another van, who managed to secure theirs better, and, with a plaid spread over their knees, were seen playing whist till an advanced hour of the night. We soon found that the cushions were singularly devoid of elasticity, and that a bar of wood, which ran along the sides of the carriage, was placed so as to prevent our leaning back with comfort, while the roof was so low that every jolt brought the taller heads into violent contact with it. When once seated, it was impossible to change position, or to move any part of the body. Add to this the extremely cold air, felt the more acutely after the heat of the preceding day, and some idea of our sufferings may be formed.

There are sixteen station-houses between Cairo and Suez, each about five miles distant from the other, and having a semaphore attached. It takes half an hour to reach each station, and precisely the same time is consumed in changing horses; and in the noise and confusion with which it pleases these people to accompany every act they perform, and which gives the stranger the idea that there is a perpetual quarrel going on, or that some dire misfortune has happened, we were at first disposed to grumble at these delays; but we soon found the desirableness of having time to alight and stretch our cramped limbs. The frequent recurrence of the stations greatly lightened the tedium of the journey, while the opportunity for a cigar soothed many a ruffled spirit, exhausted with urging speed upon the sleepy driver, who takes no heed of any argument except a promise of buckshish, or a threat of reporting him to the Pasha. The respectable pace at which we had left Cairo soon began to flag; the caravan, which had started so merrily and in such compact order, soon became scattered, and it was little use for any single van, even if it had better horses, to hasten on, as it was only condemned to wait till the stragglers came up. Sometimes we all drew up to repair a broken trace; sometimes to unharness and set adrift a wretched animal totally unable to proceed, and which was left to crawl back to the station alone. The idea of fresh horses was soon found to be a delusion. The wearied creatures who had served one caravan were walked about till ours came up; and not unfrequently they were merely taken from one van and put into another, without food or water, and thus compelled to proceed, till it appeared not unlikely they would fail altogether. Nothing can be more painful than to witness such cruelty, and to be obliged to use these jaded animals, whose very appearance made a mute appeal for mercy; yet their genuine Arab blood was singularly developed in the willingness and spirit they displayed.

Though there is literally nothing to be seen in crossing the Desert, as far as regards natural scenery—no vestige of vegetation, no token of human existence, nothing but wastes of sand, without any other elevation than a few heaps blown up by the whirlwind—yet the journey is not without interest. Fancy pictures the weary bands who have crossed that pathless wild, beneath the scorching sunshine, or in the driving sand-storm, when they went down into Egypt to buy corn, or to find pasturage; and, above all, the spirit journeys with the children of Israel, when they went out with haste and came to the Red Sea, at perhaps the very same spot towards which we were hastening; and the same stars that shone on that eventful night climb up the clear sky—so clear, to the utmost verge, that they may be seen the moment they touch the horizon —and guide us as they guided them.

We reached the central station about midnight, very cold, sleepy, and miserable. Here a longer period of rest is granted, and in some instances a couple of hours' sleep is allowed, if you can venture to court "tired nature's sweet restorer" in a place that swarms with cockroaches and vermin. They have an arrangement here with regard to meals which has sometimes a droll effect. All parties who arrive between the hours of six and twelve at night find supper prepared for them; between twelve and six in the morning, breakfast; and for the remainder of the day, dinner. And it so happened, that we, arriving at midnight, were seated at supper when the vans from Suez came in, bringing the passengers from India, when the disordered table was immediately made ready for their breakfast. There was a singular contrast in the appearance of the two sets of travellers, thus crossing each other in the Desert. Notwithstanding our fatigues, which made two or three of the ladies of our party look rather pale, we all seemed robust and hearty, full of activity and merriment, compared with the worn and sallow countenances of the strangers; nor was it very encouraging to think, "to this complexion must *we* come at last." They, of course, were eager to know the news from England, and our opinion of the "Ripon:" we thought only of India and the "Haddington," in which the longest part of our voyage was still to be performed. But our brief intercourse was soon finished by our being summoned to re-enter the vans, and we went our different ways, *they* to the bracing frosts and snows of an English winter, *we* to the scorching suns of a perpetual summer.

The remainder of the night has left no impression on our mind but a general feeling of misery—of being excessively stiff and cold—of falling asleep for a few minutes, and being waked by knocking the head against the hard framework of the van; and the only event that roused us from a sullen contemplation of our sufferings was the application of the bastinado to one unlucky fellow among our conductors; and as this truly oriental mode of punishment completed the picture of eastern manners, it was probably more interesting to the spectator than to the sufferer. Almost every hour during the night was enlivened by the passing of endless strings of camels, bearing our freight and luggage. They passed us repeatedly at the station-houses, and their noiseless steps and gigantic forms, dimly seen in the starlight, made them appear like the spectres and genii of the Arabian tales. At length the day dawned, and discovered to us the bare features of the landscape, and also the fact that one of the vans was missing; and we had to wait a full hour at a station which was merely a stable enclosed by a bare white wall, the most desolate-looking place imaginable. When our friends re-appeared, we found that they had lost us through the slowness of their horses, and had been wandering about the Desert. We reached the breakfast station at sunrise, and soon afterwards came in sight of the magnificent range of dark sandstone hills which continue down to the shore of the Red Sea.

From this point our journey became full of interest, and our fatigue was forgotten, or merged in the excitement of drawing near its close. The effect of the mirage, which we now saw for the first time, was most singular. Everywhere in the distance was the delusive appearance of water. Shining streams appeared to flow across the path we had come, and in places which we knew were only arid sands. Lakes glistened among the bold bare rocks, vanishing as we approached; and the blue waters of the Gulf, with the town of Suez, and the ships at anchor, were distinctly visible long before they really came in sight. The skeletons of camels, which we had occasionally seen hitherto, now became very numerous, the poor animals, who are cruelly overladen, having fallen from exhaustion when in sight of relief. Cruelty, both to man and beast, seems the rule in Egypt. The men employed in the various public works die by hundreds; and it has become a common practice to put out the right eye, to avoid impressment in the army; while all the beasts of burden give the idea of being about to die from starvation. Whether our last relay of horses was in better condition than the others, or, like us, was animated by a desire to reach Suez, I know not; but certainly the concluding stage, which is on a gradual decline, was performed in good style. The old desire of securing the best rooms at the only hotel, led to an exciting race, to unlimited promises of buckshish, and to shouts of "Davó! Davó!" which, whatever it meant, seemed to have the effect of increasing the efforts of the drivers. We, in particular, had a good chance of outstripping all our opponents, but for the ill luck of our very rotten harness, which compelled us to stop to repair a broken strap on every occasion of our gaining the slightest advantage. We, however, all reached the hotel at nearly the same time, but soon found our exertions had been of little benefit to any one, as every room was already engaged by those who had arrived the preceding evening. Among the many delusions which, like the mirage, melt away as the traveller approaches, is that of the comfort and accommodation to be found in

the "very excellent and spacious" hotel at Suez. Its spaciousness is the only part of the representation that is true; but even this is a delusion, for, in consequence of the dimensions of the larger apartments, there is not sleeping room for one half of the visitors by the mails, and only one bath in the building. The servants, who are Arabs and Egyptians, with one or two who speak a little Italian, pay not the slightest attention to your requests, and even a glass of water cannot be obtained without bribery. Having been so arbitrarily hurried on after leaving Alexandria, we had hoped for a night's rest at Suez, but were doomed to disappointment. Not only were the few beds occupied, but even the couches in the public rooms were secured, and we were informed that the "Haddington," having arrived so lately, could not be ready for her passengers before the morrow. This fear was soon removed by a notice to the effect that all the ladies and married gentlemen would be received on board that night, but it was requested that the single gentlemen would remain on shore. This announcement was of course gladly hailed by the favoured parties, who were cruel enough to laugh at the unlucky bachelors, whose prospect was not very agreeable, as every kind of provision in the town had been purchased, without producing one respectable meal for so many claimants, and it was evident that for the remainder of the day the Barmecide's feast would be their only resource.

Suez is the most wretched of places, and totally barren of interest. There is literally nothing to be seen, and the blinding glare and heat make it impossible even to look out of the windows without pain. On one side, beyond the walls, is the Desert, with its plains of sand and arid rocks; and on the other, the blue waters of the Red Sea, and the mountains of the Sinai Peninsula. All was glowing in the heat of the burning sun, which made the low white houses look like heaps of molten metal. We thought Suez, even in November, must be the hottest place in the world; but we had not then visited Aden.

(To be continued.)

THE WANDERER AMONG THE GRAVES OF THE SLAIN ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF CULLODEN.

"When thou criest, let thy companies deliver thee: but the wind shall carry them all away; vanity shall take them."—Isaiah lvii. 13.

CULLODEN, still the angry blast
Is singing o'er thy desert waste:
Nor bee is here, nor beast is nigh,
Nor wild bird with her wailing cry.
Ben-Nevis, with his stormy face,
Still frowns upon his giant race—
Still fitful from his icy crown
The desert blast comes howling down;
It sweeps along the blasted heath,
And here upon this bed of death
It chills my blood.—
Human hearts by glory led—
This, this is honour's gory bed.
Yet, o'er the dark heath all around,
To you no monument is found,*
Save, fertilised by blood of men,
The green turf marks the ranks of slain,
Where, underneath, the bones still lie
Of those who wandered here to die;—
Human hearts by glory led,
This, this is honour's gory bed!
And still, and thus beneath the sun,
Are kingdoms lost and kingdoms won.
Still men and midges dance and play,
And thus they spend their little day;
And thus, and thus the cold wind moans
And whistles o'er their moulder'd bones.

Seagate, Dundee, April 28, 1851. R. GILBERT.

* Culloden monument: the foundation stone was laid September 19, 1849.

CONFESSIONS OF A DAY-DREAMER.

It matters not how full of desires to do good a man may be, if he cannot shape his desires into actual deeds; nor how clever, nor profoundly learned, if he does not turn his cleverness and learning to good account; if, in fact, they are not a sort of ready change, at hand for all occasions. My learning, unfortunately, and all my benevolence and cleverness, lie, as it were, locked up in bills which have never been discounted; and thus I am no richer, as far as their actual use goes, than if I had not an intellectual doit in the world.

The great secret of my want of success is, that I have been a day-dreamer. Whilst yet a child, I employed my mind in building castles. My first achievements in this way I well remember. By a slight pressure upon my closed eyelids, when in the dark, I saw, by a sort of internal vision, gorgeous escutcheons of the most intense colours—blue, orange, red, emerald-green, and the divinest amethyst, encircled always by a golden glory.

For many an hour would I thus amuse myself, varying incessantly these superb shields. At other times, I would imagine whatever scene or object I pleased—landscapes, fantastic and beautiful beyond the art of the painter, or grotesque combinations of the most whimsical or motley character—always, however, in a cimmerian twilight; for, strange to say, no power of fancy could ever give a sun to this inner world, though all was distinct as the most palpable reality. The great charm of these scenes was, that they were shifted by the hidden power of the imagination, presenting perpetual novelty. Sometimes a vision of human faces would rise—old men, with solemn visages, gazed silently upon me, and then, slowly passing through a course of grotesque and sometimes horrid mutation, frequently expanded till they became as large as a shield.

Immense was the gratification I derived from this faculty. But as life passed on, and the passions developed themselves, my excursions into fairy-land had a more ambitious and diversified character. What wonderful adventures I passed through—what fortunes I achieved—in this pleasant land! The wanderings of Spenser's and Ariosto's knights were nothing to mine. I created the most bewitching and amiable beauties, with whom I fell desperately, but never hopelessly, in love. I built halls more glorious than the genii-slaves of Aladdin raised for the Princess of China. I laid out gardens, and possessed vast territories; nay, I was king, emperor, whatever I pleased. I accomplished the most magnificent and magnanimous schemes of universal benevolence; I have received the applause of nations, in wonder at my eloquence and wisdom.

And what have all these fertile fancies done for me? I woke from when a child with a vague astonishment and an incapacity for the common realities that surrounded me. I was active to imagine, but slow to perform. With the best desires in the world, and a wish to please every one, I invariably missed my object, because, unlike the inhabitants of my ideal world, people *would* be pleased in their own way. I was too indolent, as every day-dreamer is, to give myself much trouble about anything; and however desirable an object might appear, as soon as I found that it required labour, I ceased to regard it with interest. The most common-place plodder, without a particle of imagination, or without any heroic aspirations after greatness, has a better chance of becoming a benefactor to mankind than he who, though overflowing with virtuous sentiment, indulges that most refined and subtle of all selfishness—day-dreaming.

My cousin Michael is a proof of this. He, with less than half my natural ability or acquired knowledge, plain in person, and without any external circumstance in his favour, has yet achieved fortune, made innumerable friends, become the head of a family, a man of undoubted consequence within a large sphere. He was no day-dreamer!

He and I were brought up together from the time we were ten years old. Let me recall two or three particular occasions in our lives, and the difference between Michael and myself will be instantly seen.

I had lived with my uncle as his adopted son for some years when Michael first made his appearance amongst us, to be henceforth my associate in my uncle's family. On the evening of his arrival I remember being struck with the coarse, common style of his person; for the day-dreamer is always sensitive on points of taste and refinement. I

remember thinking, as I walked alone in the garden, with my hands behind me, that Michael was a boy greatly to be pitied—that I was very sorry for him, because he was awkward in person and manner, common-looking, and unintellectual. It grieved me to think how his feelings must be wounded by seeing the difference which my uncle would feel between us, for that I, being so vastly superior, must be greatly the favourite. I determined, therefore, to be particularly generous to him in every way—to consider him first in all things. I made a compact with myself to call forth every better trait in his character, and to bespeak the good-will of every one for him; I would say to all who looked coldly upon him, "Michael must not be judged by his exterior; he has sterling qualities; all is not gold that glitters; he is pure gold, for he did so and so." In short, I resolved to become a sort of knight-errant to his modest merit—to patronise him—to intellectualise him—and, in return, he was to become my devoted friend for ever. I wove the web of a very pleasant romance, in which I figured as the dispenser, and he as the receiver, of benefits.

Worked up to a pitch of romantic heroism, and full of visions of modest merit suffering under a sense of its own deficiencies, I returned to the house, and was not a little chagrined to find Michael and my uncle seated at perfect ease over a supper of strawberries and cream, seeming totally to have forgotten that there was such a being as myself in existence. My uncle was evidently much amused by something which Michael was telling, the last words of which I heard on entering, and which seemed to me poor and ill-spoken. With clumsy, sunburnt hands, Michael laid down his spoon awkwardly, and my uncle made a joke about the small portion of the meal that was left for my share. I felt humiliated and offended; and small as the portion was, it more than sufficed.

Eight years later, and Michael was still the same—an awkward, common-place looking youth, whilst I had grown tall and slim, with a soft, sentimental air, which I believed to be graceful and interesting. It was long since I had felt any pity for Michael, for I very soon saw that Michael could take care of himself; that he needed nobody's pity; and that, notwithstanding his intellectual and exterior inferiority, he was the general favourite; for while there were very few who could understand or value me, he had something in common with everybody.

Whilst I was busy dreaming of ideal beauty and universal benevolence, Michael's hands (for it seemed to me that his head had very little to do in the business) were performing a hundred acts of good-will and service which left me completely in the background. I was still ever desiring to do right and to perform good service to my fellows; but while I was *thinking*, Michael stepped in and *did*. At length, tired by my unavailing efforts, I gave up the field, and devoted myself with greater ardour than ever to my ideal world. There it was that I could be alert; there it was that I came in at the right moment to do some noble deed, which won for me everlasting gratitude; there it was that I could outdo Howard in philanthropy. I made discoveries more valuable than those of Newton and Davy; I engaged in the most romantic adventures, endured the most unheard of hardships, won the love of the most beautiful and high-souled women, or found myself heir to immense fortunes, which I bestowed with the most unexampled liberality on whole families, whom I raised from misery to bliss. Whilst I would be thus absorbed in this idle dream-land, Michael—the unimaginative, plodding Michael—was performing many an act, trivial in itself, yet, in its effect upon himself and others, worth a thousand of my visions.

One incident of our lives I must mention. My uncle was fond of boating, and we were his constant companions. I loved my uncle extremely. He had been all to me that the most indulgent of fathers could be. I loved Michael also, but rather from that sentiment of universal charity which was a part of my character than from unity of spirit or any stronger motive. Whilst we were both the constant companions of my uncle, Michael was unquestionably the favourite. They were both realists, and could find pleasure and interest in any passing humour or circumstance. Michael, too, had that manual dexterity—that ready ability to do common things well—which made him in perpetual demand. It was but natural, therefore, that the preference should be given to him.

I remember that on the particular occasion to which I allude, my uncle repeatedly rallied me on my abstraction as I sat, helm in hand, steering rather from instinct than

judgment. The fact was, my self-love had been piqued by a pointless joke of Michael's, which, with bad taste as I thought, my uncle turned against me; and I determined therefore to leave them to their witticisms and betake myself to my abstractions; but from these abstractions I was perpetually roused by the reproaches of my companions: and at length, whether by accident or inattention I know not, I brought the boat into a dangerous part of the river. I remember being aroused, as from a dream, by my uncle starting up; and the next moment, by a sudden movement of the boat, he was thrown overboard. All seemed unintelligible to me at the time; the wildest agony took possession of me, and I wrung my hands in despair, for I could not swim. In a few minutes, however, though they seemed to me an age, Michael, who, cool and collected and with all his faculties ready for immediate use, was an expert swimmer, had plunged into the river and had borne the exhausted body of my uncle to the near bank.

Never did hero of romance seem to my mind more godlike than Michael at that moment. I could have fallen on my knees and worshipped him. But my transports of joy seemed extravagant before his moderation, and I was thrown to the very dust when my uncle, declining my hurried efforts to help, said, he hoped I should now be cured of day-dreaming. Alas! I hardly needed reproof at that moment. Neither he nor Michael, who only cast his cold eye upon me, knew that the serpent of self-reproach was knawing at my heart. If anything could have won me from my besetting sin, it would have been forbearance at such a moment. As it was, those few words and that cold glance threw me back again upon myself; and from that time I became a more confirmed day-dreamer than ever.

I am not aware, nor did I ever suspect, that Michael took any unfair advantage of me; but from this time forth there was no comparison between us. The tide of success flowed with him—with me it either stood still or ebbed altogether. My uncle, aware of the hopeless incapacity of my character, scarcely urged me to choose a profession. Michael, at five-and-twenty, was engaged in commerce, to which, from his own choice, he had been brought up. He was buried twelve hours each day over "red-lined accounts," in a small room looking through iron-barred windows into a dingy street of London. The capital advanced by my uncle had been wisely employed. He toiled like a galley-slave, but his heart was in his business; he read, he talked, he thought of nothing else. He had clerks, warehousemen, porters: fifty different individuals, before he was thirty, derived their living from him, and called him the best of masters. He was a respectable man in the eyes of the world; but I neither coveted his success nor envied his reputation.

As for myself, the patrimony which I also received from my generous uncle remained with me undiminished; but neither had it increased. It had, like the talent in the gospel, been laid up in a napkin, for the bare interest sufficed for my personal wants and the gratification of the few elegant tastes in which I indulged.

I still resided with my uncle, though Michael had left him some years; and it may be thought that now was the time to ingratiate myself at Michael's expense; but if I had been capable of a base plot, I was too indolent for its execution; and my uncle read the newspapers which Michael daily sent him, and ordered especially good dinners on Sundays, when he dined with us, without its exciting any jealousy on my part. It was still enough for me to stroll about, to read books of light and elegant literature, or to commence poems, plays, and romances which I seldom finished.

My uncle had an idea that the really efficient means of my reformation would be my falling in love, especially if the accomplishment of my wishes required energy and exertion on my part. He was impatient for this time of trial, and at length it came; it was, in fact, the only time I ever seriously thought of marrying. The lady that I loved was beautiful, and my imagination gifted her with every conceivable requisite of heart and intellect. I loved her with the most intense devotion. Michael and myself were introduced to her on the same day, and, unfortunately for me, she made the same impression on us both.

I lost no time in declaring my passion, making use of the most fervent language. I spoke from the sincerity of my soul, for I loved her to idolatry. It did not seem wonderful to me that I was rejected, because I was humble in my own eyes, and she appeared to me a divinity.

The cruellest blow I ever received—the most humiliating and agonising experience I ever passed through—was, when two days afterward I heard that she had that morning accepted the offer of Michael's hand, and that ere long she would be his wife; for that Michael, though he had been less prompt than myself in declaring his passion, would not lose unnecessary time in courtship.

Twenty years have passed since then, and I look back to that passion as to a delusion and a folly; for I have long seen how unfit for me would Michael's wife have been Thank God! this conviction soon came, and on it I based my peace of mind.

Michael, however, is wealthy; and his wealth and the influence which it gives him enable him to do more good in one day, without any exercise of benevolence or philanthropy than I have done in months, with all my tender sympathy for the unfortunate and the unhappy. This is not as it should be. My one talent lies yet wrapped in the napkin; but it is now too late for me to place it in the hands of the usurer, whilst Michael, putting out his two talents to use, has made of them other two talents, for which, even in this world, he has received his abundant reward.

Thou who art a young day-dreamer, be warned in time! Become rather the merest plodder in every-day duties, so that thou do good to some one, rather than a visionary, a theorist—an aimless, useless theorist, as I have been. The heart's noblest intentions, and the divinest faculties of the soul, produce by mere theory no results; they are emphatically the talent which, wrapped in the napkin, is buried in the earth. For such the Great Master has no reward, no commendation.

AN AMERICAN UPON ENGLISH REFORMS.

By H. B. Staunton.

THE REFORM BILL.—LORD BROUGHAM.

In connection with the passage of the Reform Bill, it is proper to notice one of the foremost Englishmen of this century—Henry Brougham. Nothing strikes one more forcibly in the life of this extraordinary person than the number and variety of the subjects upon which he has exerted his powers. His published speeches and writings on any one of several of the political measures he has advocated, if viewed merely as intellectual efforts, might satisfy the ambition of an honourable aspirant after forensic or literary fame. The aggregate constitutes hardly a tithe of his achievements in the cognate department of public affairs. From his entrance into the House of Commons down to the present time, his name glows on every page of England's parliamentary history; and his posterity will permit but few of the myriad rays that encircle it to be effaced or obscured. As an advocate and a jurist, many of his speeches at the bar and opinions on the bench will live long after the law of libel and the Court of Chancery cease to oppress and vex mankind. His services in the cause of popular education, whether we regard the time expended, the ability displayed, or the results attained, surpass the labours of many persons who have been assigned to a foremost place among the eminent benefactors of their age. His contributions to the "Edinburgh Review," covering its whole existence, and a large circle of literary, scientific, political, social, legal, and historical subjects, would class him with the highest rank of periodical essayists. His more substantial works, as "Sketches of Eminent Statesmen," "History of the French Revolution," "Lives of Men of Letters and Science," "Discourse on Natural Theology," "Political Philosophy," &c., composed amidst the cares of public official station, would suffice to give him an enduring name in the republic of letters.

Great as are his mental achievements, it is as the early advocate of social progress and political reform—the champion of liberty and peace, the friend of man—that he is worthy of all his contemporaneous fame, and all the applause which coming generations will bestow on his memory. Inconsistency, the common infirmity of mortals, has checked his course—eccentricity, "the twin brother of genius," has been his frequent companion—independence, whose adjacent province is obstinacy, he has largely exhibited; but, while the history of England, during the first third of the nineteenth century, remains, it will display to the impartial eye few names to excite more grateful admiration in every lover of his race than that which,

from the abolition of the slave trade in 1806, to the abolition of slavery in 1834, was synonymous with intelligent progress and useful reform.

I believe Brougham was born about the year 1779. We first hear of him, when twenty years old, in Edinburgh, communicating some papers on geometry to the Royal Society in London, which were highly applauded, and translated into foreign tongues. In 1808, he appeared as counsel at the bar of Parliament, in behalf of the commercial and manufacturing interests, against the celebrated *Orders in Council* which followed the Berlin Decree of Napoleon, and preceded the American Embargo. His examination of witnesses, extending through several weeks, and his closing argument, gave him a high reputation in England, and a name both in Europe and the United States. In 1809-10, he entered the theatre where, for forty years, he has displayed his extraordinary gifts. His first published speech in Parliament, delivered in 1810, was a powerful appeal in favour of addressing the Throne for more effectual measures to suppress the slave trade. His next great effort was in 1812, when, assisted by Mr. Baring (Lord Ashburton), he examined witnesses for several weeks before the House of Commons, to prove that the still unrescinded orders were ruining the trade and manufactures of the country, and provoking a war with the United States. At the close, he supported an address to the Throne for their repeal, in a speech replete with information, ably defending the policy of unrestricted commerce, and eloquently vindicating the superiority of the arts of peace over the glories of war. The motion prevailed—but too late to avert hostilities. Congress declared war the very day the speech was delivered.

His services in the cause of the people from this time downward, have been referred to in these chapters, as various subjects have passed under consideration. During the long and almost hopeless struggle of Liberty with Power, from 1810 to 1830, when he was removed from the theatre of his greatest fame, he led the forlorn hope in the House of Commons. Unlike his great prototype, Fox, he never for a moment retired from the field in disgust and despair, but was ever at his post, stimulating the drooping spirits of his friends, hurling defiance at his foes, and rising from every defeat with renewed courage and strength. Though classified among the heads of the opposition in the House, he never was—he never would be, in the strict sense, a party "leader." Nor, on the contrary, did he surround himself with a "clique" or "interest," whose oracle he was. Supporting the measures of the Whigs, he was ever in advance of them, cheering on the masses, as the tribune of the people, and fighting the partisan battles of Reform, as the guerrilla chief of liberty.

In an evil hour, he was transplanted from his "native heath" to the conservatory of the aristocracy. Though surrounded by uncongenial spirits, and haunted with the nightmare of conservatism, the soul of Brougham retained for years much of its original fire in a place whose chilling atmosphere made the lion blood of a Chatham to stagnate and curdle. Some of his mightiest efforts in the good cause were put forth after he *descended* to the upper House of Parliament.

Had Brougham coveted and obtained "leadership" in its party sense, in either House, he must have failed. Too original, independent, wayward, and dogmatical, to be implicitly trusted and obeyed by his equals; too incautious and pushing; too impatient of dullness; too much of a genius, to be always appreciated and confided in by his inferiors, though he would have been applauded by the masses; yet his premiership, had he accepted the offer of King William, could not have long survived the passage of the Reform Bill. With the exception of taking the great seal, he has chosen to be what he is—a rare comet, created to move in no orbit but its own—beautiful and lustrous in the distance, but grand and terrible in proximity.

The public measures with which he is most closely identified are—the advocacy of the manufacturing and commercial interests, as opposed to Orders in Council and other restrictions on trade; hostility to the continental combinations of the successors of Pitt and their legitimate offspring, exhausting wars and the Holy Alliance; the vindication of Queen Caroline, in the struggle with her libertine husband; the freedom of the press, attempted to be overawed by prosecutions for libels on the Government and the Church; the education of the middle and the lower orders; religious toleration for dissenters and catholics; reform in the civil and criminal law; parliamentary reform; municipal reform; poor laws reform; the abolition of the slave trade and slavery; retrenchment in Government expenditures; the independence of the Canadian Legislature; and the repeal of the Corn-laws. What a catalogue have we here! Upon all these measures, each of which was an era in British history, Brougham has acted a leading, and, upon many, a controlling part. His speeches upon most of them surpassed

those of any other of their advocates, whether we consider the extent of the information displayed, the depth and energy of the reasoning, the scope and vigour of the style, the eloquence of the appeals to justice and humanity, or the majesty and splendour of the higher passages.

Lord Brougham's fame, as an orator, has filled two hemispheres. We will look at him in the two aspects of matter and manner.

The four volumes of his speeches, with others gleaned from the Parliamentary reports, prove that his reputation is well founded. Their leading characteristic is power—crushing power—as distinguished from beauty and grace. They are not so gorgeous as Burke's nor so compact as Webster's.* But they contain more information and argument, and less philosophy and fancy, than the former's—more versatility and vigour, and less staid grandeur and studied method, than the latter's. As *speeches*, rather than *orations*, addressed to a deliberate body of friends and foes, who are to *act* upon the subject of discussion, they are more practical and to the matter in hand than Burke's; more hearty and soul-stirring than Webster's. The style is a mixture of Burke and Webster—less extravagant anywhere than some passages of the former; frequently more slovenly than any passage of the latter; with more of bitter personal taunt and lofty rebuke of fraud, meanness, and oppression, than either. Viewed as literary productions, regardless of the immediate fruits they produced, they will hardly stand the test of posthumous fame like Burke's. Less universal in their application, less penetrated with principles adapted alike to all times, they often betray the advocate instead of the statesman, the partisan rather than the philosopher, the leader and champion of contemporaries rather than the instructor and mentor of posterity. But it still remains a question, whether they were not the more valuable on that very account. Their immediate effect in moving masses of men, and moulding public measures, far surpassed that of Burke's. And though the words of the latter may outlive those of the former, we have the highest authority for saying, Blessed are those whose works survive them.

Lord Brougham's speeches deal little in mere declamation, even of the highest order, but are pregnant with apposite facts and arguments, giving the reader or hearer an unusual amount of information upon the matters under discussion. He excels, when he tries, in a plain, lucid statement of his subject; as witness, his speech on law reform, in 1828, when, for seven hours, he held the close attention of the unprofessional House of Commons, while he sketched the absurdities and abuses of every branch of the common law, and detailed the amendments he proposed in its principle and administration. But this is not his *forte*, and for that very reason his dexterity and self-control excite our admiration the more. If you would see him in his greatest moods, you must give him a person or a party to attack, which shall arouse his combative propensities, and bring his invective and sarcasm into full play; or some giant abuse to anathematise and demolish, which shall inflame his indignation and abhorrence.

We gather from his own statements that the garb and colours in which he attires the main body of a speech—the mere style and diction—are the impulse of the occasion; as most of the sarcasm and rebukes are flung out in the heat of delivery. But, where time for preparation is afforded, no speaker is more careful in arranging the general drift of the argument, and digesting the facts to illustrate and sustain it; whilst certain passages, such as the exordium or peroration, are the result of the most painstaking labours of the closet. He has recorded that the peroration of his speech in the Queen's case was written no less than ten times before he thought it fit for so august an occasion. The same is probably true of similar passages in Webster's speeches; it is known to be so of Burke's.

No orator of our times is more successful in embalming phrases, full of meaning, in the popular memory. The well-known talismanic sentiment, "*The schoolmaster is abroad*," is an instance. In a speech on the elevation of Wellington, a mere "military chieftain," to the premiership, after the death of Canning, Brougham said: "Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington may take the army—he may take the navy—he may take the great seal—he may take the mitre. I make him a present of them all. Let him come on with his whole force, sword in hand, against the Constitution, and the English people will not only beat him back, but laugh at his assaults. In other times the country may have heard with dismay that 'the soldier was abroad.' It will not be so now. Let the soldier be abroad if he will; he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage abroad—a personage less imposing—in the eye of some, perhaps, insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad; and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array."

* An eminent American statesman and orator.

GLEANINGS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

NO. III.—CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Two or three cases have recently occurred, which show in a remarkable manner the danger of relying upon circumstantial evidence, and the unsatisfactory nature of all presumptive proof. It will be recollected that in the case of the Frimley murderers, Levi Harwood and Samuel Jones, who were executed at Horsemonger-lane Gaol on Tuesday, the 15th of April, a very strong opinion prevailed that the fatal shot was not fired by either of the men who suffered, but by the approver, Hiram Smith. Mrs. Hollest, in court, gave it as her opinion that Smith was the man. The jury were unanimously of that opinion, and petitioned the Queen for a reprieve in consequence. Other efforts were made to save them, from the general conviction that, though concerned in the burglary, they were not the actual perpetrators of the murder. It appears, however, by the confession of Jones, that Mrs. Hollest was mistaken, and that the jury and the judge had arrived at an erroneous conclusion. Jones states that Levi Harwood was "the man who fired the shot." Harwood was more obdurate, and made no detailed confession. About eight on the morning of the execution, however, he sent for the governor, and said, "the truth was spoken by Smith. What was done was never intended to be done." The governor said, "You mean that the murder was not contemplated." Harwood said, "That is what I mean." Mrs. Hollest was mistaken in other points, and those of no slight importance, in the evidence. She expressed her belief that Harwood held her. Jones says *he*, not Harwood, held her. Another important point in the evidence was that of Mrs. Hollest swearing to a copper token, which was found upon the prisoner Jones. He says that he received it in change for a pint of beer, some days after the murder and robbery had been committed. This was one of the strongest features in the evidence, and it turns out to be worthless. What admonition is given to us in facts like these! These men were guilty, as their own confession proves; but how many innocent men have been the victims of similar mistakes?

Another striking case has just occurred on the Oxford circuit. The circumstances are as follow: On the 28th December, 1849, Mary Ann Bennett, who was a farm servant, preferred a charge of rape against two young men, named Shadrach Lewis and Isaac Hopkins. The young men were found guilty, aad sentenced to be transported for life. The verdict did not give satisfaction in the neighbourhood where the parties lived; inquiries were made, and the result was, that an indictment for perjury was preferred against Mary Ann Bennett at the last assizes. It was proved that she had said, after the alleged offence had been committed, that she was sorry she had sent the young men to gaol—that she would not have done it had she not been over-persuaded—that she liked Shadrach very well, and that she wished a letter to be written to him to comfort him. It was further proved that a man of the name of Williams had written a letter, which was produced. In addition to all this, it was proved that she had offered to contradict, at the trial of the young men, the evidence she had given at the examination before the magistrates, providing Lewis's father and Hopkins's mother would sign a memorandum to give her £5 each. She was convicted of perjury, and it is said that additional evidence is forthcoming, which tends to exonerate the young men from the charge she made against them. The general impression is strong in favour of their innocence. Twenty years ago, these young men would have been executed, and no proof of the wickedness of the woman—no extenuating circumstances—could have availed. They would have been added to the many other victims of judicial error.

Another case has been brought before the police courts. A man is robbed, and he swears positively that a man who is taken into custody is the robber. The accused satisfactorily proves his innocence, and the person robbed subsequently swears as positively to the identity of another person, who it appears did commit the robbery. Had not the person charged with the offence been able to prove his innocence—a matter at all times difficult, and sometimes impossible—he might have been subjected to a long and ignominious imprisonment, or even to transportation. These things, occurring with such frequency, when it must be admitted there is much more care exercised in the trials, and much more scrutiny over the evidence, carry back the mind to that period when all

offences were punishable by death, and when the grave excluded all chance of compensation or atonement to the unhappy victim of presumptive proof.

In a former paper I gave an instance of three innocent persons having been saved on the eve of execution. All have not been so fortunate, as the following will show:—On the afternoon of Saturday, 26th April, 1817, a murder was committed at the house of Mr. Littlewood, grocer, at Pendleton, in Lancashire. The victims were Margaret Marsden, the housekeeper, aged 75, and Hannah Partington, the servant, aged 20. The object was robbery. Five men, James Ashcroft, Daniel Ashcroft, James Ashcroft the younger, William Holden, and John Robinson, were apprehended and tried. The jury found the three Ashcrofts and Holden guilty, but acquitted Robinson. On the following Monday, September 9, these four men were executed. At the trial they all solemnly declared their innocence, and the elder Ashcroft exclaimed, "This is murder in cold blood. God will reveal this injustice. I pray earnestly that he would now send two angels to declare who had committed this murder. We are innocent." James Ashcroft the younger said to the judge, "If I must suffer for a crime I have not committed, I implore your honour to look in mercy upon my poor wife and children." Here the prisoner's wife, being in court, shrieked, and was carried fainting out of court.

The exclamations of innocence were stopped by the judge. The sentence was passed. At the place of execution David Ashcroft said, "I am glad to see so many persons looking on, as I testify to them that we are all innocent of this crime; and I do protest to you all before God, as I am now going as I trust to glory, I would not for the whole world die with a lie in my mouth." They all joined in singing a hymn, when the drop fell.

When the circumstance had been almost forgotten, full twenty-six years afterwards, Feb. 6, 1843, an old man named John Holden, living at a very disreputable place, finding himself at the point of death, confessed to two persons whom he called to his bedside that he was the real perpetrator of the murder, but that he did not commit the robbery.

The following is a most affecting case:—A few years back a German went to New York, and took lodgings, where he was allowed to do his cooking in the same room with the family. The husband and wife were perpetually quarrelling. One day the German came into the kitchen with a clasp-knife and some potatoes, and began to pare them for his dinner. The husband and wife began to quarrel, and a violent altercation ensued. The German, being ignorant of their language, sat still and took no part in the dispute. The woman, with a sudden and unexpected movement, snatched the knife out of his hand, and with it stabbed her husband to the heart. She ran out and screamed murder. The poor foreigner, seeing the man wounded, sprang forward to catch him in his arms, and then drew out the knife. The people from the streets rushed in, and found the dying man in the arms of the German, the bloody knife in his hand, and blood upon his clothes. The wicked woman swore in the most positive terms that he had been fighting with her husband, and had stabbed him with a knife he always carried. The unfortunate German knew too little English to understand the accusation, or tell his own story—he was dragged off to prison. He was enabled, through an interpreter, to state his case, but it was not believed. The circumstantial evidence was strong against him, and the woman swore that she saw him commit the murder. He was executed, notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts on the part of his lawyer, John Anthon, Esq., to save him, and who ever after refused to have anything to do with a capital case. Some years after this the woman died, and confessed her agency in the horrible crime. She was guilty of a double murder, the second the most dreadful.

In *Galignani's Messenger* of February 1, 1845, there appears a letter giving an account of the escape of a girl who had been condemned to death by the tribunal of Vechelde on a charge of having wilfully set fire to a farm of her master's. The poor girl asserted her innocence, upon which she was flogged, until, under the intensity of her sufferings, she confessed herself guilty. According to the law of Brunswick, the trial took place in secret, and upon documentary evidence only. While the clergymen of the parish were preparing her for execution, two men were arrested, and confessed that they committed the crime for which the girl was about to suffer. Her execution was postponed, and the men, having been proved to be the real criminals, were condemned and executed.

There are several remarkable cases of mistaken identity on record. I have only room or two at present. On an inquest which was held in London in the month of April, 345, before Mr. William Carter, the coroner, one of the witnesses objected to view the ody. The coroner urged very strongly that she must do so, or her evidence could not e received, as she might be mistaken in the identity. The witness having retired for hat purpose, the coroner related to the jury the following extraordinary case, which ame before his father while he held the office. His father held an inquest in the parish f Blackfriars on the body of a woman who had been taken out of the river, it being upposed that she had committed suicide. The mother and father swore positively that he deceased was their daughter; the master in whose service she had been was also qually positive as to her being the individual. The inquest was about to close, when ne of Barclay's draymen, passing by the house and seeing a crowd round the door, sked what it was about? The answer was, "Why, have not you heard of the death of Mary ——?" "She dead! why, I saw her a little while ago," replied the drayman. The drayman went to look for the girl, and soon came back with a young woman whom he father and mother saw at once was their daughter. The daughter bore a strong esemblance to the deceased person, and the jury, instead of returning a verdict as to the eath of the daughter who was present before them, had the only alternative of deciding hat the body upon whom the inquest was held was found dead in the water, and there vas no evidence to show how she came there.

The other case is as follows:—Hannah Williams kept a public-house at York, and Thomas Geddely lived with her as waiter. The house did much business, and the mistress was reputed to be in wealthy circumstances. One morning her escrutoire was broken open, and its contents removed; and as Geddely had disappeared, there was no doubt as to the perpetrator of the robbery. About a twelvemonth after this, a man calling himself James Crow went to York and worked at precarious employments, mostly as a porter. Many persons accosted him as Thomas Geddely. He declared that he had never been in York before, and that his name was James Crow. This was held as an impudent trick, to save himself from the consequences of the robbery. His mistress was sent for, and she at once singled him out from a crowd of persons, called him by his name, and charged him with ingratitude and faithlessness, in robbing her. He was hurried before a magistrate, but strongly affirmed that he was not Thomas Geddely—that he had never been in York before, and that he knew nothing of the robbery. He could not, however, give a good account of himself, but admitted that he was a petty rogue and vagabond. Mrs. Williams and another person swore positively to his person, and he was committed for trial. At his trial he pleaded not guilty, and persisted that he was not the person he was taken for. Mrs. Williams and others made oath that he was the man who had lived with her as Thomas Geddely. The servant-girl deposed that she had seen him on the very morning of the robbery in the room where the escrutoire was broken open, with a poker in his hand. He was unable to prove an *alibi*, was found guilty, and executed, but persisted to the last in the truth of his statement.

And so it proved. Some time after, the real Thomas Geddely was taken up at Dublin, for a crime of the same stamp, and there condemned and executed. He stated that he was the man who had lived with and robbed Mrs. Williams, after which he had fled to Dublin, for which robbery James Crow had been executed. A gentleman of York, who saw the man at Dublin, said the resemblance was so great that it would have been impossible to distinguish one from the other when apart, especially after a lapse of time. "This is one more example," as Mr. Livingstone remarks in another case, "of the many that have preceded it, of the danger of using this attribute of the Divine power without the infallibility that can alone properly direct it."

A PROMISE.—A promise should be given with caution and kept with care. A promise should be made by the heart and remembered by the head. A promise is the offspring of intention, and should be nurtured by recollection. A promise and its performance should, like the scales of a true balance, always present a mutual adjustment. A promise delayed is justice deferred. A promise neglected is an untruth told. A promise attended to is a debt paid.

THE OPENING OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

A LETTER FROM JOHN SMITH, IN LONDON, TO HIS COUSIN, IN THE COUNTRY.

May 1, 1851.

DEAR JESSIE,—I wish you had been with me to-day; for I think I never saw anything so grand in all my life before. Late last night the rain came down in a slow drizzling shower, that appeared to set all future fine weather at defiance. Everybody who said anything about the morrow's procession appeared full of boding anticipations, and we—that is to say, the seventy-five young men in the warehouse—went to bed quite sadly. But the morning came, and with it came the sun. We have a saying in the City, that whenever the Queen goes out in public she is sure to have fine weather. And here, as if in honour of the great occasion, the sun came out in more than May-day splendour, to glance on the windowed palace in the park, and greet the Queen, GOD bless her! as she rode in all her state to open the World's Fair at the Crystal Palace. I am a loyal subject, Jessie, and I think I should bless the Queen, even were she a second Mary; but if you had heard the shouts of welcome that rent the sky when she and her husband entered Hyde Park through Rotten-row, you would never believe in the existence of disaffection any more. I am so full of the sight, that I have forgotten altogether to tell you how I came to be present. Well, at eight this morning news came down that the governors—the liberal-minded Messrs. Tape and Dowlas—meant to close the warehouse to-day, and give all the assistants a holiday; and just as we were going to commence our day's work, the heads of the different departments gave out the pleasing news that we were at liberty till to-morrow morning. You may be sure we were not long in making up our minds as to what we should do; so, half a dozen in a knot, all our young fellows made their way towards the park. If you had seen the crowds of people in the streets, the long rows of omnibuses, cabs, carriages, carts, and so forth, all going west; and if you had noticed, as I did, that all the large establishments in the City and West-end had closed their shops for the day; and if you had gone as fast as I did towards the park, you would have been surprised indeed. But there, it is no use talking to you about what you *would* have seen—the fact is, I am so bewildered with the recollection of what I *have* seen, that now it is all over, I can scarcely separate the different events of the different hours of the day from each other.

Through the busy streets, up Piccadilly in a crowd, past Apsley House, and into Hyde Park. I have a confused recollection of seeing tens of thousands of people—of being almost crushed and battened down—of looking still hopefully and pleasantly—of being free once more, and wondering at the immense rush of people—of looking wistfully at the fair occupants of hundreds of carriages, and thinking of Somebody in the country—of hearing the ringing of bells, and the booming of cannon, and the joyous shouts of the people above them all—of standing close to the east door, among the lookers on—when, I don't know how it was, nor ever shall, I think, I found myself carried forward by the stream, and, after some pushing and crowding, actally discovered myself, with a well-dressed mob, inside the Crystal Palace!

Oh, Jessie! I never can describe the sight—never. If I had the power of the finest writer who ever handled a pen, I couldn't describe my sensations as I gazed on the noble proportions of this fine building, all filled with the choicest productions of the industry of man, and in which I don't know how many thousand elegantly-dressed ladies and gallant gentlemen were seated, in nave and galleries, all waiting for the coming of Great Britain's Queen.

It was quite bewildering to see the continual stream of persons pouring into the palace from every door and avenue, from nine to half-past eleven. From this moment, however, there was a partial hush. The sun shone out brilliantly, and tinted the glass roof and sides of the giant building with gorgeous colours. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Queen's Ministers, and other great officers of State, quietly took their places beside the throne in the transept, followed by the Executive Committee and the Foreign Commissioners, all in full dress—when, just as the clock struck twelve, the great organ in the gallery swelled out the anthem,

God save the Queen," joined by the thousand voices of the choir; and then ıme the grand procession which was to open the building.

I cannot describe it for the life of me. There were so many grand people—so any heralds, and Commissioners, and Ministers, and Chamberlains—all in fine resses, and pleasant, though rather solemn, faces. A great shout resounded above ıe anthem; and then the Prince Albert, the Queen, and the whole royal family, ıme up the central avenue, and took their places amid the enthusiasm of the yful multitude. To tell you, my dear Jessie, how the procession moved up the ntral aisle, so that all could see their beloved Queen; how the organs played ıccessively as she approached; how the Archbishop of Canterbury spoke a few ords of blessing on the great undertaking; and how, at last, the Exhibition was roclaimed, by sound of trumpet, to be OPENED—would take more time and a better en than mine. But I *can* tell you I looked at the rows of fair ladies, seated in ont on the crimson-covered seats, and that I discovered no fairer face than that ı which I have so often gazed; I *can* say that the enthusiasm of the vast multi-ıde, both within and without the beautiful building, exceeded anything of which I ad any previous conception; I *can* tell you that, gazing around, my dreams of astern splendour and magnificence were more than realised; and I *can* also tell ou that *one* visit to this wonderful place gives you only a faint idea of its vast-ess and magnificent resources. To obtain anything like a knowledge of its con-nts, one must visit it a dozen times at least. A mere outline of the multitudinous ollection would fill a good-sized book; for what with machinery in motion, arriages, furniture, statues, carpets, silks, satins, toys, watches, clocks, carvings, urs, models, minerals, raw produce of all the countries of the world, tools, agri-ultural instruments, telescopes, fountains, wood, lead, gold, silver, iron, and tone—from England, Scotland, Ireland, America, France, the East Indies, the olonies, Persia, Austria, Holland, Germany, and New Holland, besides lots of ther things from places I cannot call to mind—why, it is quite bewildering!

And then, when the people moved about after the Queen's procession had de-arted, to see the curious crowds who gazed on the fine things exhibited; to watch ow the different dispositions of the people carried them into various parts of the uilding, some to one place and some to another, and not a few to the refreshment ourts—it was really quite a curious sight of itself. But you must persuade your nother to bring you to London to see all these things for yourself.

All London just now is in a ferment of loyalty and happiness; and yesterday Mr. W. M. Thackeray published a "May-day Ode" in the *Times*, which took up a olumn. It was not very good poetry—nothing like the "Great Hoggarty Diamond," Jessie; you recollect how we read it together last summer. I don't hink the author of "Pendennis" will ever make a rhymer. As I came home I ould not help feeling proud of my countrymen; they had behaved so well, all lasses joining in and taking part in the great event of this glorious May-day. I ouldn't help thinking of the old May-days we have read about, when Queen Elizabeth and the maidens went out early in the morning to gather flowers in the ields. But that was in the Old Style; twelve days later than May-day is now.

Do you know, Jessie, it was my intention, when I sat down to my desk—the lesk you gave me—to have written you a sober, full, true, and particular account of the opening of the Great Exhibition, just as if I had been a reporter for a newspaper instead of a wholesale draper's assistant; but no, I could only write that which came uppermost, and I felt sure that you would rather have my own impressions than any laboured description, however good it might have been.

The clock has just struck twelve; my candle is burning dimly; my head is still in a whirl of recollections—silks and machinery, statues and flowers, green trees and pretty faces—so, taking a last look at Somebody's portrait before I seal my letter, I make a finish at last, and in another five minutes I shall have put the missive in the letter-box, and confided all my gossipings of this glorious day to the care of the Postmaster-General and his red-coated officials.

Even as I write these last words my candle sinks down in the socket, and dies out like the close of a good man's life.—Believe me, yours, J. S.

THE TEMPEST PROGNOSTICATOR.

ANIMAL instinct is one of the most wonderful phenomena of nature. The attention of the learned of all nations has been directed to the subject, but as yet no practical use has been made of their discoveries.

Animals act upon instinct, infallibly, without guide or direction. They are as expert the first hour of their lives as when they have long been engaged in the practice of their instincts. This has been well said seventeen hundred years ago. "Take," says Galen, "three eggs—one of an eagle, another of a goose, and the third of a viper—and place them favourably for hatching. When the shells are broken, the eagle and the gosling will attempt to fly, while the young viper will coil and twist along the ground. If the experiment be protracted to a later period, the eagle will soar to the highest regions of the air, the goose betake itself to the marshy pool, and the viper will bury itself in the ground."

The bee is guided in her wonderful operations by an acquaintance with those principles of science which man has required time and reflection to discover. She is a geometrician, a chemist, a philosopher. The operations of reason are very different from her instinct. Reason is of slow growth: it is dormant in the infant; it is progressive in its character, awakening, and asserting its claim to be heard, when the passions of youth require direction and control; but instinct is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever: all the powers the animal possesses are given to it at once.

Bishop Heber gives in his "Journal" a most extraordinary account of animal instinct. He states that the monkeys forsake the woods at the foot of the Himalaya Mountains during the unwholesome months—that "the tigers go up to the hills, the antelopes and wild hogs make incursions into the cultivated plain, and those persons (such as dak-bearers or military officers) who are obliged to traverse the forests in the intervening months, agree that not so much as a bird can be heard or seen in the frightful solitude. Yet during the time of the heaviest rains, while the water falls in torrents from the cloudy sky, the forest may be passed with tolerable safety."

The idea of turning animal instinct to practical use has occurred to Dr. MERRYWEATHER. For the first idea, he says, he is indebted to the illustrious Jenner, who, in a rhyming excuse for not accepting the invitation of a friend to join in a country excursion, enumerates various *animal* signs of rain:—

"The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs creep.
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry,
The distant hills are looking nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine!
The busy flies disturb the kine.
Lo! o'er the grass the swallow wings;
The cricket, too, how loud he sings!
* * * *
The *leech*, disturbed, has newly risen
Quite to the summit of his prison."

From this category of animal instinct Dr. Merryweather has selected the last; and the LEECH, for its wonderful powers of observation, becomes his *Tempest Prognosticator*, the best barometer in the world.

In his first experiment, the Doctor had twelve leeches kept separately, to see whether they would simultaneously give indications of thunder. This he found not to be the case. Some appeared to be more sensitive and more prophetic than others, and some absolutely stupid. He discovered, however, with respect to thunder, that although no thunder might be heard where the leeches were kept, they would still take cognisance of it, showing that it is not thunder, but the electric state of the atmosphere preceding thunder, which affects the leeches. The leeches were kept in pint bottles of white glass, and a metallic tube of a particular form was inserted into the neck of the bottle, which, though somewhat difficult to accomplish, the leech *would* enter if a storm was approaching. In order to discover if the leeches entered the tubes in his absence. Dr. Merryweather made use of a simple contrivance, by placing a bell upon a pedestal erected in the centre of a circular platform, which bell was surrounded by twelve hammers; from each of these hammers a gilt chain being suspended, attached to a small piece of whalebone placed in the metallic tube of each glass bottle, the whalebone, by the rising of the leech, would be dislodged, and cause the bell to ring. The leeches would ascend into their belfry to give notice of an approaching storm. The great bell of St. Paul's Cathedral might, by this simple agency, be sounded as a TEMPEST PROGNOSTICATOR.

The skin of the common leech is very thin. It has a row of eight or ten simply-constructed eyes, seen as a semicircle of black points, just above the mouth; and the surface of the sucker, in which the mouth is placed, seems to possess a delicate sense of touch. The leech has several modes of progression. On land it sometimes crawls like the earthworm; in water it moves by swimming. The greater number of the

eech tribe are inhabitants of fresh water; ome, however, are only found in the sea; nd there is one species, a native of Ceylon, vhich appears to be more voracious than ny other.

The meteorological power of the leech is he most remarkable circumstance connected vith its history. There is little doubt ut that the discovery of new facts will still urther add to the utility of the Prognosti-ator. Dr. Merryweather has made no small ffort in endeavouring to accomplish that vhich is calculated to be a great good to the ublic.

A "*Tempest Prognosticator*" will be placed in the Crystal Palace, in the form of a Lilliputian revolving temple, surrounded and crowned with the germ of the British oak, the work of a few clever artisans at Whitby, in Yorkshire.

An essay, by Dr. Merryweather, explanatory of the invention, containing many curious particulars concerning animal instinct and the gradual progress and result of a long series of experiments, has been published, and will amply repay an attentive perusal.

HUMOROUS SELECTIONS.

CHILDREN'S QUESTIONS.—Children are nquisitive bodies: for instance, "What loes cleave mean, papa?"—"It means to stick together."—"Does John stick wood together when he cleaves it?"—"Hem; well, it means to separate."—"Well, then, pa, does a man separate from his wife when he cleaves to her."—"Hem, hem; don't ask so many foolish questions, child."

A SERVANT'S RIGHTS.—A gentleman at Boston having engaged a farm-servant, found him very satisfactory in all respects, except that he invariably came into the house, and into his master's room, with his hat on. "John," he said to him one day, "you always keep your hat on when you come into the house."—"Well, sir, haven't I a right to?"—"Yes, I suppose you have."—"Well, if I have a right to, why shouldn't I?"—This was a poser from one man to another, where all have equal rights. So, after a few moment's reflection, he shrewdly asked, "Now, John, what'll you take: how much more wages will you ask to take off your hat when you come in?"—Well, that requires consideration, I guess."—"Take the thing into consideration, then, and tell me to-morrow morning."—The morrow comes.—"Well, John, have you considered what additional wages you are to have for taking your hat off?"—"Well, sir, I guess it's worth a dollar a month."—"It's settled then, John; you shall have another dollar a month;" and the gentleman retained a good servant, while John's hat was always in his hand when he entered the house in future.

ACQUAINTANCE TABLE.

2 Glances make	1 Bow.
2 Bows	1 How d'ye do.
6 How d'ye do's	1 Conversation.
4 Conversations	1 Acquaintance.

A SHARP REPLY.—"How do you feel with such a shocking-looking coat on?" said a young clerk of some pretensions one morning to old Roger." "I feel," said old Roger, looking at him steadily with one eye half closed, as if taking aim at the victim; "I feel, young man, as if I had a coat on which has been paid for; a luxury of feeling which I think you will never experience."

A MODEL EDITOR.—A correspondent of the *Boston Museum* thus speaks of Mr. Wright, the editor of the *Chronotype*:—"He has been known to write with a pen in each hand on two different subjects, rock the cradle with his feet, and whistle 'Hail, Columbia' for the twin babies, while intently perusing one of Parker's sermons —all at the same time."

PITHY EPITAPH.—The history of a certain William Smith, who once lived at Penrhyn, is thus summed up on a tombstone in the churchyard of that place:—

"Here lies William Smith, and, what is
Somewhat rarish,
He was born, bred, and hang'd in
This here parish."

A CAUTION.—Never nod to an acquaintance at an auction. We did so once, and when the sale closed we found four broken chairs, six cracked flower-pots, and a knock-kneed bedstead knocked down to us. What we intended as nods to a friend had been taken by the auctioneer as bids for the kitchen furniture.

STAMPS.—*Punch* says:—"You may purchase any stamp at the Stamp-office, except the stamp of a gentleman.

A QUALIFICATION.—A merchant, lately advertising for a clerk "who could bear *confinement*," received an answer from one who had been *seven years in gaol*.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.—No. XII.

We have now arrived at a point at which we think it will be well to establish such little signs between our readers and ourselves as will facilitate both the comprehension and the pronunciation of the French exercises and passages we shall have to introduce. The extraordinary, and by us unlooked for, amount of progress—though we had expected great things—which has been achieved by the students of these lessons, warns us that the time is approaching when a large number of the working classes will be able to read French in a current manner. If a letter of note in the French language were, even now, addressed to nine out of any ten of those who have really and earnestly commenced with us a study once deemed so far beyond the reach of their opportunities, their means, and their capacity, but which has nevertheless been found to be so attainable and so essentially within scope, they would, with the help of any second-hand old dictionary, picked up at a book-stall, be capable of mastering the whole meaning of such a communication. And yet, in dictionaries, only one part of words possessing many parts, each with its proper and peculiar meaning, is given ; and besides, nothing is to be learned there of idioms, of construction, of syntax, and of a variety of matters which now are gradually and almost imperceptibly growing familiar to the minds of our students. The greatest genius that ever lived could make nothing of the simplest every-day sentences of a language, the structure of which was quite new to him, even if he had the use of the most voluminous and elaborate lexicon that the industry of man has compiled. Much more would this be the case with our good friends, to whom the inherent and universal principles of grammar (universal because based on philosophy) are as yet, in many instances, not at all familiar. Yet their progress has been such as we have indicated. Suppose that the little anecdote which appeared in our third lesson, with the light of a minute analysis appended to it, had been presented to them in the manner in which we gave the historical passage in Lesson VIII., would a single one of them have been able to translate it correctly ? And yet we know how, in five weeks afterwards, the passage in question, without any such analysis, was mastered at once by hundreds upon hundreds. Since it is therefore quite clear that our "French Class for the United Kingdom," as one of our correspondents calls it, will soon be able to read French currently, we shall adopt, for the promotion of their pleasure and their interests, certain arrangements which at the end of this lesson we will proceed to explain.

But though the greatest point is gained in being able to read French, yet it would be very desirable if we could also put our friends in the way of conversing in that language. Many years ago, we ourselves, then perfectly versed in the grammar and the principles of the French tongue, and having read most of the best works of that splendid literature of which France may be justly proud—having, moreover, frequently written in French—found ourselves for the first time in the country itself. Here, to our humiliation, we discovered that for several days it was with the utmost difficulty we could bear our share in conversation. The French appeared to speak so very rapidly, we could not follow the pace of their words, and all seemed confusion. This wore off in about ten days or a fortnight, but it impressed us with some things which we will endeavour to make useful to our present "*disciples*," in at least laying the foundations of future facility.

We have already mentioned the signs which, all through our lessons, will indicate *masculine*, *feminine*, *singular*, *plural* (m., f., s., p.). When the final consonant of a word is sounded, and as it were carried on to the next word, in consequence of the vowel or *h* mute with which the latter begins, we will in future indicate such a juncture by a double hyphen, thus =. For instance "vous=avez" (pronounced *vooz-avvay*, the *s* sounding, in such circumstances almost like *z*) ; "plusieurs=hommes" (pronounced *pluzee-ūz-ūm*), &c. The stroke over the *u* will indicate that it must be drawlingly pronounced. When it happens in our exercise of English into French, that the definite article must be used in the latter language, though it be not used in the former, the sign which we will employ

efore the proper French word will be (*art. d.*). On the other hand, where the definite article is used in English, but not in French, we will, underneath the nglish, and just before the French word, place the mark (*no art.*) Finally, as ie order in which words follow each other is somewhat, though not very, different the two languages, we will, in all our exercises, whether of English into French of French into English, *wherever the two orders differ, mark the words with figures denote their place* of first, second, third, &c., in French (1, 2, 3, and so on). In ie exercise of French into English, this will be merely a reminder; in the English to French it will be more—it will be a guide. These little additional arrange-ents, we trust, will render our lessons still more profitable.

FRENCH INTO ENGLISH.

Celui qui donne aux pauvres, lui, il prête au Seigneur. Celui qui
e (*that one, or person*) he he the Lord

travaille, lui, il prie. C'est bien. C'est bien vrai. C'est bien plus
ravailler, to work) (*prier*, to pray.) well. very much

ai. C'est faux. On dit qu'il y a à Londres presque deux million
false. It is said (people say) London almost two million

habitants (p.) Qui a dessiné (*dessiner*, to draw) ce portrait-là? C'est=une jeune
habitants portrait

ime (1) française (2). Il faut qu'elle possède (*possèder*, to possess) un talent (1)=extra-
talent extra-

dinaire (2) pour le dessin. Vous=avez raison, monsieur.
dinary drawing

In the first and second sentences of this exercise, the *lui* is employed in the anner described and explained in Lesson XI., on the subject of *moi*. Great mphasis is thus obtained. With regard to the three meanings of *bien*, as exem-lified in the three succeeding sentences, nothing can be practically easier than to atisfy yourself on all occasions which of the several significations of any given ord should be taken in a particular passage. It must be whichever your common ense tells you agrees best with the general meaning. In English there are ultitudes of words with each many meanings. Take "*to draw:*" you may draw portrait, or draw a barrow, or draw water, or, better still, draw a cheque, &c. n the other hand, there are in French not only many words with several meanings ach, but also many several words all with one meaning.

Ce portrait-là (literally, "that portrait there")—*ce portrait-ci* ("this portrait ere")—would be the counterpart, the corresponding term, and so on. Finally, he student will have noticed that sometimes we have placed the adjective before ie substantive, as *jeune dame*, and sometimes after it, as *talent extraordinaire*. In ur next lesson we shall perhaps have space to say all that is needful on this head. Ieantime we may remark, that perhaps the best practical way of acquiring the ight method is to read very carefully the French sentences we give. Thus the ar and the mind will grow imperceptibly familiar with the true French style, and ou will become versed in the proper order, hardly knowing how you have gained , and choose the correct terms, hardly knowing why you use them.

ENGLISH INTO FRENCH.

My dear sir, I have received your friendly (2) letter, and
cher (m.) monsieur (m.) reçu amical (m., 2) lettre (f., 1)
chere (f.) amicale (f.)

(1) thank (4) you (2) for it (of it) (3). How long is it since (*how much of*
(*remercier*, to thank) *en*

me is there since) you have been (*you are*) at Brighton? Is your friend (*your friend, is he, &c.*)
ami (m.)
amie (f.)

a Frenchman? Diligence is his *strong point*. When he works, he
no art.) *Français* (m.) (art. d.) *diligence* (f.) fort (m.) *Lorsque*
Française (f.)

orks well.

To resume now our verbs. The only part of the first conjugation which remains to be learned is the Imperative. Taking the verb *honorer* (to honour), *honorant* (honouring), *honoré* (honoured), as our example, the whole Imperative is—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
Honour thou (thy parents)	*honore (tes parents)*	*oanore (tay pahrong)*
Let him honour (his parents)	*qu'il honore (ses parents)*	*keel oanore (say pahrong)*
Let us honour (our parents)	*honorons (nos parents)*	*oanoaroang (no pahrong)*
Honour you (your parents)	*honorez (vos parents)*	*oanoaray (vo pahrong)*
Let them honour (their parents)	*qu'ils honorent (leurs parents)*	*keels oanore (lūr pahrong)*

We proceed now to give a French paragraph, of which, in our next lesson, we will furnish a translation; so that each student may see, without sending us the exercise, where his errors, if any, lie, and how nearly he approaches to a perfect version. We will premise that the French frequently use the expression "to you" (*à vous*), "to him" (*à lui*), &c., to express "yours," "his," or "belongs to you—to him," and the like: for instance, "this book is mine" *(ce livre est à moi)*. And sometimes, still more briefly, they say, in the same sense, "to me this book"—*(à moi ce livre)*, &c. *Le monde* (1) *entier* (2) *est=au Seigneur*—"the entire world belongs to the Lord;" *Le ciel est=à l'homme* (1) *charitable* (2)—"heaven belongs to the charitable man," &c. &c.

Lorsque Napoléon était=en Russie *(Russia)*, il envoya (*envoyer*, to send) une lettre à un général (1) russe (2); avec une médaille (f.) sur *(on)* laquelle (f.) *(which)* étaient gravés (*graver*, to engrave) ces mots:—"A vous le ciel, à moi la terre!" *(earth)* Cela voulait dire (literally, "wished to say"—that is, "*signified*," "*meant*") que dans ce monde-ci Napoléon était maître. Le général russe donna cette réponse: il envoya à Napoléon une médaille sur laquelle il y avait la gravure d'un dos (1) *(a back)* nu (2) *(naked)* et d'un fouet *(whip)*, avec ces mots: "à vous le dos, à moi le fouet." (*Un mot* means "a word.")

Now of this paragraph we would recommend each person to make and have ready a little translation of his or her own, which can be compared to ours, as it will appear in the ensuing lesson.

A question here presents itself. We have brought our students very nearly to the point of being able (at all events as beginners) to read French. A vast deal, of course, remains to be acquired; but they have already made no little progress. They will very naturally desire not to let the bright steel rust, or the new leaf wither. They will wish to exercise their talent. How is this to be done? By reading, forsooth, French books. But there would be here a serious expense, even if the purchasers were likely to know how to choose aright. What they would wish would be to enjoy a course of French reading which would consort and amalgamate with the lessons we have given; which would furnish in due order the illustrations of our remarks, and which would lead the student on, in the same simple and cheery manner, to a perfect mastery of the object of his scholarly ambition. We are prepared to do in this matter what we did in the matter of the lessons. There were no works to meet the precise case, and we therefore undertook it, and shall persist in it, ourselves. So, in the present instance, if our pupils were left to provide themselves henceforth with the necessary reading library to continue their advance, the expense would be out of proportion, and, after all, might procure very ill-suited wares.

We purpose, therefore, to issue distinct works, at an exceedingly cheap rate containing skilfully chosen extracts from the best French authors, as well as articles expressly composed in French, to meet all the circumstances and wishes of our pupils. The work will of course contain as much English as will be necessary to make the French the more useful and the more interesting.

TO OUR "FRENCH" CORRESPONDENTS.

As letters continue to pour in upon us in quite a torrent, it is now out of our power command space for more than a few specific or individual replies. We must pick out ch communications only as require answers which will benefit not only the inquirers emselves, but our students in general.

EPH. W.—With respect to *qu'est ce qu'est*, read our answers to correspondents at e end of Lesson VII. and at the end of Lesson IX. The former will explain the onunciation, and the latter the exact meaning.

L. L.—In our first lesson we alluded to the remark of certain teachers respecting the und of the double liquid consonant *ll*, as being most careless and slovenly, when they y, in an unqualified manner, that *ll* preceded by *i* always sound like *y* in English. Is is the way to write upon a subject? For want of the most ordinary precision, or of mmon reflection, or perhaps to save themselves trouble, persons who profess to give ople useful information merely mislead, and charge money for doing so. We adduced amples in Lesson I. to show the falsity of the rule as thus stated, and we moreover ve the right rule instead. As for the particular word *fille*, which we cited among hers, the *ll* are no doubt more liquid than in *ville*, *mille*, *Lille*, &c.; but it is now owing common to pronounce it like those words.

A. B—LL.—You ask us whether the present tense, Conditional mood, be exactly like e imperfect tense, Indicative mood, in the first conjugation? and if not, where the fference lies? The difference is quite obvious, if you will but look again. The first of ese tenses is given in Lesson VI.; the second of them occurs in Lesson VIII. *Je sirais*, &c., is the imperfect Indicative; *Je désirerais*, &c., is the present Conditional. *je dansais*, &c., and *je danserais*, &c. You must use your eyes or your wits more gorously.

J. H. R.—Can only operatives compete for our prizes? All may compete *who began ith us*, be they operatives, or be they what they may.

S. B——R. wishes to know whether there be not as much ignorance of French ammar among the working classes of France as of English grammar among the rking classes of England?—No, not nearly.

JEAN has again sent us an able version in French of the English exercise in esson IX., and in English of the French passage in Lesson X. He moreover began, seems, with us. Of his plan in studying our lessons, more hereafter.

W. W.—Next lesson for your pronouncing difficulties.

According to promise, we now furnish the translation of the exercises in the ninth and nth lessons. The English of the former should run thus in French :—

"Il y avait=une femme qui parla ainsi à son mari." "Que vous=avez=un vilain sage! Il n'est pas=agréable à voir." Et il parla ainsi à sa femme :—"Que vous=avez= ie vilaine langue! Elle est=encore moins=agréable à entendre. Et l'apparance de on visage n'est pas mon=ouvrage; mais les paroles de votre langue sont l'ouvrage votre humeur."

The translation of the other is—

You must sing, because you have a very fine voice, and I like to listen to you. We ust walk, because we are cold. Sing, dance, walk, and you will have a long life. I am ppy to see my friends at my house. I have many of them, and I like to amuse them.

All our other correspondents are thus implicitely, though not explicitely, answered. ny difficulties or queries of real importance we shall be always happy to attend to in a nilar manner.

ERRATA.—At the bottom of the first page of Lesson XI. read *ne signifie rien* for *ne gnifierient*; and in the first line of the note to the "Answers to 'French' Correspon- nts," at the foot of page 137, for *unable* read *able*.

Through our correspondence with the widely-scattered host of students who are studying ese lessons, we find that there exists a very marked wish that during the period the Exhibition they, or at least as many of them as may be in London, or may be able to me, should have an opportunity of meeting together at some appointed place

and time. The first point for consideration is, what will be the best time for such gathering? and we think that probably in the month of August the greatest number the persons interested will be in town. Accordingly, some time in that month a roc will be taken at the expense of the proprietor of this Journal. Each person attendi will be charged 6d., which will be returned in refreshments. The prizes will then distributed to as many of those entitled to them as may be present. And we w begin with twelve prizes, to consist of as many copies of the Holy Scriptures in Frenc which books will be delivered to the twelve most successful translators of our pr exercise. On the same occasion a lecture will be delivered on the French sounds, so th the hearers may carry away with them the means of subsequently applying with succ our written directions.

THE SUNSHINE OF LIFE.

Oh glorious sunshine, through the heavens far spreading,
And on the earth with radiant footsteps treading,
How lovely, how divine a beam art thou!
Lighting up beauty with more beauteous light,
Shedding the splendour of thy presence bright,
Where all was gloom and darkness until now.

Behold! with what surpassing lustre shining,—
The everlasting hills and vales reclining,
Are bathed in floods of golden streaming rays;
And in man's home, where patient labour toils,
Sickness lifts up its languid head and smiles
Beneath the influence of thy cheering blaze.

Such is fair virtue—o'er the wide earth beaming,
Her sacred light of love for ever streaming!
From land to land the heavenly spirit flies,
Bids grace and beauty shine with deeper glow,
And o'er the common paths of life below
Sheds down a hallowed glory from the skies.

THE NEW AERIAL BRIDGE.—Mr. Remington, whose aerial bridge attracted mu attention at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, and whose remarkable inventions ha raised him from a state of poverty to comparative affluence, has just crowned ingenious efforts in America by a signal *practical* triumph, which will secure for hir world-wide celebrity. He has constructed, at his own expense, one of his celebra bridges in the city of Montgomery, Alabama. It is thrown across a deep ravine, int cepting the thoroughfare directly between the city and its wharf, and the railroad depot the ferry. Its span is *four hundred and thirty-six feet*, from abutment to abutment— longest wooden span, perhaps, in the world. The supporters of this structure, exc close to the abutments, are nothing more than two layers of inch or inch and a quar of ordinary pine plank, eight or ten inches wide, and about twenty feet long, secur fastened together by means of a certain glue (also the invention of Mr. Remington), a sheet-iron firmly nailed on where the extremities meet. These pieces, thus faste together, are extended lengthways from one abutment to the other, to each of wh they are securely attached by means of large iron bolts. These form a platform ei or ten feet wide, across which planks are laid for the floorway upon which travel. The abutments are constructed of the strongest materials, skilfully put togeth Upon the completion of the building, such was the apparently frail structure, t every one was anxious to see it suspended. Notice had been given through the c and a great crowd assembled to witness the triumph of mechanical skill. As the s gradually widened, the doubting began to speak as if the thing would succeed; incredulous stood aghast. Finally, the last prop was cut from under it, and with a l vibration it remained suspended in the air. The success was perfect!

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

oun-substantive; *a.* adjective; *ad.* adverb; *v.* verb; *v. a.* verb-active; *v.n.* verb-neuer

'HRIS'TENDOM, *s.* the whole body of ristians; the whole of the countries in ch Christianity is professed.

'HRIS'TENING, *s.* the act of baptising in- ts.

'HRIS'TIANITY, *s.* the system of religion ght by Jesus Christ.

HRISTIANOG'RAPHY, *s.* a general de- ption of the nations professing Chris- ity.

HRIST'MAS (Christmas-day), *s.* December the festival of the Nativity of Christ.

HRO'MATE, *s.* chromic acid with a base.

HROMAT'IC, *a.* relating to colours or sic; in the first case, it is that part of cs which explains the several properties ght and colour; in the latter, it is that l of music that proceeds by a succession emitones.

HROME, or CHROME YELLOW, *s.* a beau- l yellow paint; a metal.

HRON'IC, *a.* a term applied to anything ; has been of long duration.

HRON'ICLE, *s.* history, register, record.

HRON'OGRAM, *s.* a kind of verse or de- ption, the numeral letters of which e up the date of the action mentioned.

HRONOG'RAPHY, *s.* the description of past e.

HRONOL'OGY, *s.* the art of computing ; events related according to the order me.

HRONOM'ETER, or CHRON'OSCOPE, *s.* an rument for the exact mensuration of ; a superior watch for determining graphical longitudes.

HRYS'ALIS, *s.* the aurelia, or pupa; the nd state of an insect, into which it es from the caterpillar, or reptile form, ious to i s becoming a butterfly or h.

HRYS'OBERYL, *s.* a precious stone.

HRYS'OLITE, *s.* a precious stone of a y green, with a yellow cast.

HRYS'OPRASUS, *s.* a precious stone of a w colour, approaching to green.

HUM, *s.* a chamber fellow; a messmate.

HURCHWAR'DEN, *s.* a parish officer; two chwardens are annually elected for parish church; usually, one is chosen he minister, the other by the parish- rs.

HURN, *s.* a vessel in which cream is ted for the purpose of producing butter.

CHYLE, *s.* a white milky fluid in the stomach, a product of digestion, which is absorbed by certain vessels called lacteals, and converted into nutriment.

CHYME, *s.* chyle in a state of preparation.

CIC'ATRICE, *s.* a scar left by a wound.

CIC'ATRIZE, *v. a.* to heal a wound; to skin over.

CICERO'NE, *s.* (*Italian*) a guide, a conductor.

CICERO'NIAN, *a.* like Cicero; pure, elegant.

CICISBE'O, *s.* (*Italian*) a male attendant on ladies.

CID, *s.* (*Spanish*) a valiant chief, a commander.

CI'DER, or CY'DER, *s.* a liquor consisting of the juice of apples expressed and fermented.

CI'DERKIN, *s.* an inferior kind of cider.

CIGAR', *s.* tobacco leaves rolled up for the purpose of smoking.

CILI'CIOUS, *a.* made of hair, hairy, rough.

CIMME'RIAN, *a.* dark, gloomy; the term is derived from a town that formerly stood at the mouth of the Black Sea, and which the ancients pretended was involved in darkness.

CINCHO'NA, *s.* the Peruvian bark, quinquina.

CINCHO'NIA, *s.* a vegetable alkali, contained especially in pale bark.

CINC'TURE, *s.* a belt, sash, girdle, ring.

CIN'DER, *s.* coal burnt till the sulphur is gone.

CINEFAC'TION, *s.* reduction to the state of ashes.

CIN'NABAR, *s.* an ore of quicksilver, very heavy, of a red colour; vermillion.

CIN'NAMON, *s.* an aromatic spice, the inner bark, or rind, of the *Cinnamomum Zeylanicum*, a beautiful tree, growing chiefly in Ceylon, about the size, and having the appearance, of a moderately-large pear tree. To produce the finest bark, however, the tree must be cut down, and from the straight and smooth shoots which spring up from the roots, like the English willow osiers, the best cinnamon is obtained. *Cassia* is very often substituted for cinnamon.

CINQUE, *s.* five.

CINQUE-FOIL, *s.* a kind of five-leaved clover.

CINQUE-PORTS, *s.* five havens on the eastern coast of England; namely, Hastings, Dover, Hythe, Romney, and Sandwich.

CI'ON, *s.* a sprout, the shoot of a plant.

CI'PHER, *s.* the character (0) in numbers; the initial letters of a person's name interwoven; a secret manner of writing; *v. a.* to cast accounts.

CIR'CINATE, *v. a.* to make a circle; to make round; to turn round.

CIR'CLE, *s.* (from *circus*, a ring) the figure formed by a point which revolves in a plain surface, and always preserves the same distance from a given point; a round body; an orb.

CIR'CLET, *s.* a small circle or orb.

CIR'CUIT, *s.* space, extent; act of moving round anything, or place; the district marked out for visitation by judges, or others.

CIRCU'ITOUS, *a.* going round in a circuit.

CIR'CULAR, *s.* a letter or paper sent round.

CIRCUMAM BIENT, *a.* surrounding.

CIRCUMDUCT', *v. a.* to nullify, to contravene; to carry or convey round.

CIRCUM'FERENCE, *s.* the line which goes round a figure; a compass, a circle.

CIRCUMFEREN'TOR, *s.* an instrument used in surveying, to measure angles.

CIVIL'IAN, *s.* a professor of civil law.

CLAMP, *s.* a piece of wood joined to another; a piece of iron used to join stones together; *v.* to strengthen by means of a clamp.

CLAN, *s.* a family; a sect of persons; a race.

CLAP'PER, *s.* the tongue of a bell.

CLAR'ENCIEUX, *s.* the name of one of the king's-at-arms in the Herald's College; so named from the duchy of Clarence.

CLARE-OBSCU'RE, CLA'RO-OBSCU'RO (*Italian*) light and shade in painting.

CLAR'ICHORD, *s.* a musical instrument.

CLAR'IFY, *v. a.* to make clear, to purify.

CLAR'INET, *s.* a musical instrument made of wood.

CLAR'ION, *s.* a kind of trumpet, very shrill, not now in use.

CLAS'SIC, CLAS'SICAL, *a.* relating to authors of the first class or rank; learned, elegant.

CLAS'SICS, *s. pl.* the term applied to the writings of the ancients in the La'in or Greek.

CLAUSE, *s.* a sentence, a stipulation.

CLAV'ICHORD, *s.* a musical stringed instrument.

CLAV'ICLE, *s.* the scientific name for th shoulder blade.

CLAYMORE', *s.* a large sword formerl used by the Highlanders.

CLEF, CLIFF, *s.* (*in music*) a mark whic determines the name of each line, accordin to the key in which it is to begin.

CLEPSAM'MIA, *s.* a time-keeper, or hou glass.

CLER'GY, *s.* a collective term, compr hending persons who are in holy orders; is used in contradistinction to *laity*, whic comprehends all other persons.

CLER'OMANCY, *s.* divination by castin lots.

CLEW, *s.* a ball of thread; a guide; *v.* to draw up the sails of a ship to be furled.

CLEW'-LINES, *s. pl.* ropes fastened to th sails.

CLICK'ER, *s.* a caller in at a shop; servant; the term is most commonly em ployed to describe a man who cuts o leather for shoes, &c.

CLI'ENT, *s.* a person who employs lawyer, attorney, or counsel.

CLIMAC'TER, *s.* every seventh or nin year.

CLIMAC'TERIC, *a.* a certain number years, at the end of which some gre change is supposed to take place in the hum constitution. The most important is su posed to be the 63rd year, but the 81st what is called the grand climacteric.

CLI'MATE, CLIME, *s.* a tract of coun differing from another in the temperatu of the air.

CLI'MAX, *s.* gradation, ascent; a figu in rhetoric, by which the sentence gradua rises till the affirmative is completed some unanswerable argument; a mode expression by which the writer mounts, it were, from one clause to another, as if were climbing a series of steps.

CLIMOM'ETER, *s.* an instrument for m suring the dip in mineral strata.

CLINCH'ER, *s.* a cramp, a holdfa figuratively, a full answer.

CLIN'IC, CLIN'ICAL, *a.* pertaining t bed; thus, a *clinical lecture* is a discou founded on a physician's observation diseases by the bedside of his patient.

CLINK'ER, *s.* a paving-brick; bad cind

CLIP'PER, *s.* one who debases coin clipping it.

CLIQUE, *s.* (*French*) a party, ga or set.

CLOCK, *s.* an instrument to show time

CLOIS'TER, *s.* a place of religious re ment; a square with piazzas.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.
[VOL. VI.—No. 72.—SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1851.]

THE TOIL AND FOLLY OF DISHONESTY.

The English are naturally an industrious people; work of some kind or other is their element. Our little island exhibits ten thousand thousand evidences and monuments of skill and almost incredible labour. Our countrymen toil and fag at nearly everything within their reach; and often attempt to perform impossibilities. So fond are they of being occupied, that, when they have nothing useful or profitable to do, they will set about folly or mischief. Some call the thief a *lazy* fellow; and yet this poor wretch hardly ever has a sound night's rest. He spends the hours of general repose in prowling about the streets, or breaking into the houses of other people; and does so at the risk of his life. He bears all kinds of hardships, faces every sort of weather, and is continually in danger of being seized by the police, or shot by the 'squire whose property he is attempting to purloin. Reader, how should you like to be apprenticed to a thief, or to have your son brought up to that slavish trade? Call the robber and housebreaker anything you like, but never say that he is lazy. Why, those gentlemen swindlers, the swell mob, have, after all, no sinecures. They are always on the alert, and must perpetually have their wits about them,—first to steal, and then to elude detection; and, worse than all, to carry in their inmost souls the conviction that they are self-made villains—wretches unworthy of society—miscreants who walk abroad only to do mischief, who seldom sleep without having "Stop thief!" ringing in their ears, and dream all night of the treadmill and the penal colonies. The dishonest scoundrel feels that he has not a friend in the universe, nor a rag nor a penny to call his own. His whole dress, from his hat to his shoes, from his paletot to his shirt, was stolen; every morsel he eats, and every penny he spends, were obtained dishonourably. His companions are villains; all honest, honourable people shun his society; God looks down upon him with a frown, and demons long to be his tormentors. Never call this man idle; he works harder than any day labourer, and has always to carry in his conscience a load of infamy heavier to bear than the largest weight ever saddled on the back of any over-burdened donkey or pack-horse.

Depend upon it, that it is a bad business when a human being starts as a thief. He must then bid farewell to *ease*, to *repose*, to *independence*, and to *honour*. *As to ease*, he has to work by night while others sleep, and to revel by day that he may as soon as possible dispossess himself of his ill-gotten property. Here, indeed, is hard toil with a witness. The common labourer goes through his day's employment, of ten, twelve, or fourteen hours, and then comes home, eats his supper, goes to bed, and sleeps like a top. He cares not a fig for all the policemen in the universe. They may search his person or his house, but will never find a farthing's worth of anything that belongs to other people. Gaols, treadmills, judges, assizes, and Botany Bay have no terror for him. He may have but little; but it was obtained honestly, and will spend well. Not so the poor thief. He works more hours; and the sorry wages he obtains are such a burden to him that he runs into all manner of excesses to spend them.

And, then, as to *independency*, there is no hope for him. He does not, dares not save. Men of nearly all occupations have risen to ride in their carriages, not excepting the chimney sweeper; but the thief has no chance of mending his circumstances by his profession. He works harder than his brother who is on the tread-

mill; he sometimes obtains large booty, but it all goes. He buys no house; has no money in the funds or the savings' banks, and never expects to be wealthy. Perhaps no one has yet calculated the amount of property which every year passes through the hands of thieves; and yet none of them is permanently enriched. No Sir Robert Peel comes out of their ranks; no rich commoner, who could buy up half-a-dozen lords, rises up from house-breaking, pocket-picking, or swindling. Even those more dignified tricksters of the gaming-table, the betting-ring, or railway speculation, rarely prosper in the end. The curse of heaven pervades all property which has not been obtained by righteous and honourable means. The thief, therefore, is worse than a dead weight upon society. He is a general destroyer of the wealth of a nation; he wastes thousands, robs others, impoverishes himself, and dies a pauper in the union, a felon in the gaol, or perhaps a murderer on the drop.

And as he has no hope of *independency*, so he has no prospect of *honour*. His occupation is stamped with infamy, even in his own estimation. All useful trades are respectable. The supposed pre-eminence of the professional man over the mechanic or labourer is a conventional delusion. The scavenger has a more noble post than a barrister who undertakes to whitewash thieves, murderers, and all sorts of villains, and to "justify the wicked for a reward." The occupations of the medical man are not the most pleasant or cleanly imaginable; the clergyman has to do with that polluted thing, the human heart,—moral corruption and its removal are his calling; as to the lieutenant-colonel or general, his life is almost a continual scene of blood or idleness. None of these professions, therefore, have any very great reason to carry their heads so very high above the operative or the labourer. We make not these remarks with the intention of casting a stigma on any useful profession; but merely to show that the idea of one honest occupation being more respectable than another is a deception. We are alike the enemies of pride and servility. We would bring down haughty looks, and lift up the head of the dejected labourer, by making him feel that he also is a man, and as honourable as other men, so long as he earns his bread by an honest calling.

Perhaps most of our readers are aware that the terms "*honest*" and "*honour*" are from the same classical root, and in *Latin* have the same signification; so that among the Romans an *honest* man was an *honourable* man; and as courage was their highest virtue, so honesty was the chief dignity among them. This arose from the fact that it was a rare thing to find an individual who could be trusted with property without any fear of committing some fraud if an opportunity for so doing presented itself. We introduce this remark here for two reasons:—*First*, to show our readers, that if they are industrious and honest, they need not be dejected because their trades or callings are those which the world may term low or degrading—remembering that no occupation can be a disgrace to us, unless its principles and pursuits are immoral; and, *secondly*, that it is impossible for a dishonest individual to be honourable; and, therefore, a thief can never rise. We grant that he may repent and change his conduct; but if he has once been publicly convicted of dishonesty, there is a stain resting upon his reputation which years of honourable conduct can hardly remove: and if repentance and reformation are insufficient to erase the old blot, then there is no hope whatever for him who perseveres in acts of fraud or robbery. A dishonest person, therefore, is a man lost—lost in his own estimation, lost to the present world, and left without a hope beyond the grave.

Dishonesty often begins very early. Too much indulgence or too much strictness may induce the crime. Some children are pinched in food, and thus rendered dishonest. "Hunger will break through stone walls." Hence drunken parents give to the world hosts of dishonest characters. Intemperance is not merely a crime in itself, but the parent of multitudes of crimes. Not only property and health are swallowed, but the morals, and both the present and eternal prospects of the children are sacrificed. Destroy this vile love of strong drink, banish the desolating poison from our land, and we do much towards the closing of our prisons. For numbers steal or are dishonest for the sole purpose of having the money to waste in drink; and many are reduced to beggary by this practice, and steal that they may have bread to eat. But if *niggardliness* and starvation on the one hand may induce dishonesty, on the other hand *indulgence* has often led to crime. Children have been treated with every kind of dainty, have had a vitiated taste produced, and to gratify it, have not unfrequently stolen the property of others. Many a youth, who is now in the penal colonies, began his career of theft by purloining his master's goods, that he might have pence to spend at the pastrycook's, the cigar shop, or the tavern. The deed once committed without detection, there was a great temptation to repeat the offence. The French have a saying that, "It is the *first* step which costs us anything;" only summon courage to begin, and it is easy to go on.

We fear that theft is committed on a much larger scale than is generally supposed. Many a man robs behind the counter, in the mart, or on the exchange. He who sells an article for more than its value, or wishes to buy goods for less than they are worth, is a thief in heart, and will be one in practice if an opportunity presents itself. He who in any way cheats another is more guilty of dishonesty than the highwayman who boldly tells you his errand, and risks the consequence. The pharisees of old were great thieves; they robbed "widows of their houses, and for a pretence made long prayers," and an infallible judge declared that they should "receive the greater damnation." Any man who wishes to receive pay for doing nothing; to enjoy sinecures; to have offices in the state, the church, the army, or the navy, with large emoluments and few duties, can scarcely be regarded as an honest man. Alas! that we can point to families among us who, while they boast that no plebeian blood flows in their veins, and would be shocked at the idea of having to labour for an honest penny, are yet always employing their wits to put their hands into the national purse.

We have a strong conviction that before a few years have rolled on, war and standing armies will be looked upon as cruel robberies. What is spoil or prize-money but plunder, and plunder very frequently taken from the innocent, who have not done one single injury to the plunderers? There are many other acts of public dishonesty which must soon be brought to light. It would not require much profound reasoning to show that our present system of *Indirect Taxation* is little better than the plunder of the working man to enrich those who live in indolence; and this injustice will continue until the operatives resolve to raise themselves, to obtain the suffrage, and exert their legitimate influence in the House of Commons.

We have, however, said enough to prove that no dishonest individual can be a really honourable or independent person; that the generality of thieves work harder than other people, and have miserable pay for their pains, and therefore we should all labour to put down all kinds of pilfering, theft, dishonesty, fraud, and

robbery. No one must be spared. Both rich and poor, young and old, thieves must be put down. We must raise up a *moral* police who will spare none, whether they live in the kitchen, the workshop, or the parlour; and whether they reside in St. Giles's or St. James's—remembering that no nation can be great or honourable so long as it harbours dishonest citizens.

THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO INDIA.

(Continued from page 148).

We were not sorry to leave Suez. Scorched, blinded, unable to procure any accommodation, and enraged at the pertness and extortion of the hotel-keeper, we regarded the Haddington, which was moored at a mile's distance, as a haven of rest which could not too soon be reached; and no sooner had the fierce sun began to decline, than several boats filled with ladies and carpet bags, and a sprinkling of such gentlemen as had a sufficient excuse for accompanying them, dropped down the clean bay. The water is very shallow at the quay; and the Arabs, who are a sort of amphibious animal, and more at home in the water than out of it, divested themselves of their scanty clothing, and springinto the sea, pushed us out for some distance, while others followed with baskets of oranges and pomegranates for sale. Like many other things that are "by distance made more sweet," Suez looked picturesque as it receded from our view, its white houses clustered along the shore, contrasting well with the intense blue of the gulf, and with the rich red colour of the graceful hills, rising behind it; but the inhospitable reception it had given us, made it impossible we should have any regrets at parting, and we were only too glad to step on board the steamer. So much had been said on the relative merits of the Ripon and the Haddington, that we were naturally very curious, and at once commenced a vigorous scrutiny of cabins and stewardesses. The first cause of complaint that arose, was the fact that the plan of the vessel exhibited in London was very incorrect, so that some who rejoiced in the prospect of a saloon cabin, found themselves doomed to the close, unwholesome berths of the lower deck, and *vice versa*—and this was of no small importance in the prospect of a month's voyage, beneath the broiling sun of the Arabian Sea and the Indian Ocean.

The ship was in the utmost confusion; the whole body of stewards having deserted on arriving at Suez, on account of a reduction of wages, and having been replaced by another set who could find nothing, and at first did not appear disposed to seek. The scene that ensued when we retired to rest baffles description. The cabins had not been swept since they had been vacated; in some berths there were no mattresses, in others, if there was one, it was thrown carelessly down without any attempt at bedmaking; pillows and sheets were deficient, and towels were promised in the morning, though they did not suppose there would be one for each passenger. In one cabin a skirmish for a pillow would be going on; in another a struggle for a solitary washing basin which, when obtained, was useless, as not a drop of water could be found; while such remarks as these came from all parts—

"Steward! I should feel more comfortable if I had a mattress."

"Yes, sir."

"Steward! I don't generally sleep without a pillow."

"No, sir."

"Steward! have they got any *clean* sheets in this ship?"

"I'll ask the purser, sir."

"By George! do you call *this* making a gentleman's bed?"

"Coming, sir," faintly heard in the distance; while the ladies were not behind in the vehemence of their cries for the unhappy stewardess, who should have been something more than what these functionaries usually are, to satisfy all the demands made upon her. In the midst of all this confusion, the quarter-master appeared with orders to put out lights in the cabins, which of course was followed by a burst of useless indignation.—Some of these deficiencies were supplied on the morrow, but until we arrived at Aden, the supply of linen and pillows fell far short of our necessities. Yet, notwithstanding all these disadvantages, we passed a better night than our friends on shore, who, when they joined us in the morning, gave a wretched account of their experiences of bad food and worse accommodations, and for which they were charged at a very high rate. We did not leave Suez finally till the evening of the 7th November, having to wait for the

arrival of the commander-in-chief, Sir Wm. Gomm; but as soon as his excellency and suite stepped on board, the welcome signal was given for our departure.

The scenery of the Red Sea is remarkably bold and striking, but with little variety. There is a constant succession of jagged rocks, full of deep chasms and sharp projections, causing the lights and shadows to be very strongly marked. Their colour is a rich red brown, giving to them more of the appearance of metal than of stone; no idea of the scenery can be given in a pencil sketch, all its beauty consisting in the contrast between the colour of the rocks and yellow sands, and the intense blue of the water, lit up by an unclouded sun to a degree of brilliance which the artist's brightest colours will but faintly represent. There is not a vestige of vegetation, or trace of life, except in one or two small towns on the shore, which we passed with a shudder, so arid and fiery did they look. Neither dew nor rain falls in these burning regions, but the simoom comes from the Desert with fierce blasts, as from a furnace, to smite and destroy. All the elements appear to have a powerful influence, and the light that rules by night is as much to be dreaded as that which governs the day. None of the gentle terms by which the poets celebrate the praises of the moon would be applicable here, where her disc looks like a shield of metal at a white heat, and her beams falling on the unwary sleeper are productive of violent diseases, and sometimes of madness. Though the cool season had commenced, the thermometer soon ranged from 95 to 98 out of the slight breeze occasioned by the ship's motion, the temperature of the sea being 84. What the passage must be during the hot months may be imagined from the fearful accounts given by the medical officers. Men have been seen driven to madness by the heat, and cases of apoplexy are frequent. The utmost care is requisite, both as to diet and exposure, and however painful it may be to be immured in the stifling dungeons called lower cabins, they are infinitely preferable to the deck, where the thickest awning is but a slight protection from the direct rays of the sun, and where violent headaches are unavoidable.

On the morning of the 8th we passed a spot on the eastern shore called Moses' well. A spring of water is there, and a few trees, the only signs of verdure we were destined to see between Cairo and Ceylon. It is supposed to be one of the first halting places of the Israelites after the miraculous crossing of the sea—perhaps the Elim recorded in the book of Exodus. The next point of interest are the peaks of Horeb and Sinai, which are said to be visible through a gorge in the range of rocky hills which divide the Desert from the waters of the gulf. The scenery of the shore continues unvaried till we reach the promontory of Sinai and the Cape, which is the point of separation of the two gulfs into which the northern part of the Red Sea is divided. The sea here attains its average width of nearly 100 miles, and our course lies for some distance along the coast of Egypt, and afterwards for several days within sight of the mountains of Nubia and Abyssinia. The Arabian coast is almost lost to us, but we still have a distant view of the harbour of Jiddah, and the hills which close the horizon behind the sacred cities of Medina and Mecca. The heat in the middle region of this sea becomes insufferable; not a breath of air stirs, not a cloud passes over the blazing sky. Our ship was very slow, and none of the alleviations so necessary in such a climate were attainable. Soda water there was none, ice long since exhausted, and water at a temperature of eighty was served as a cooling drink. The danger of remaining on deck during the day kept the crowds of passengers below, till the heat in the saloon was suffocating, notwithstanding the presence of wind-sails, and the constant action of punkahs. These are long narrow frames, painted white, and hung from the ceiling down the middle of the tables, and are finished off with frills to increase the current of air. The men who pull the ropes sit on deck, and not seldom fall asleep at their work, and are waked by the very cessation of the punkah, and sometimes by a *gentle* admonition from the hand of the stewards. The word is used to signify any kind of fan, whether large or small. In the lower saloon the state of things was much worse. There were no punkahs, and the port-holes being in the slope of the ship's side, and near the water line, were, of course, constantly closed. At night two windsails were put down, but these gave no sensible relief in the cabins, and were frequently collapsed from the absence of a breeze. The crowded state of the vessel added to our miseries; there was no sleeping accommodation for the European servants and the steerage passengers, who endeavoured to find a refuge on the tables and settles, while the stewards and stewardesses lay on the stairs and the floor and one night no fewer than 72 persons slept in this small space, and the very air we inhaled became a positive poison. Though warned by the medical men of the extreme danger of sleeping in the open air, yet it is not to be wondered at that many preferred this alternative, and the deck was soon strewed with mattresses and recumbent

forms. But rest was not to be found on board the Haddington. Precisely at four o'clock, the sleepers were aroused by an outcry of "Wash decks! please to go below, gentlemen"—quickly followed by streams of water from the engine. Dizzy with sleep and fatigue, they had to take up their beds and to grope their way in total darkness to their cabins, where the purser was rousing the unwilling stewards, for what purpose I never could imagine, as neither water nor coffee could be obtained till six o'clock. Two hours of the most deafening noise from scraping the deck succeeded, then came the rattle of cups and saucers, and the din of voices, the servants seeming always to be quarrelling. Sickness soon made its appearance amongst us. Many strong men familiar with the dangers of a tropical sun, hid themselves in the hold during nearly the whole of the voyage, but even these did not escape, while some of the younger and more careless of our body were attacked with fevers, which entirely prostrated their strength, and from which they did not recover till we landed in India. On Sunday divine service was performed on deck, beneath a thick double awning saturated with water, but even with these precautions the heat was so oppressive, that it was found necessary to abridge the service, which was entirely given up in the evening. A very admirable sermon was preached by a Wesleyan minister, who was one of the passengers. At seven A.M. on the seventh day after leaving Suez, we passed the town of Mocha, so celebrated for its coffee. The interior of the country is here said to be green and fertile, and to deserve the name of Arabia Felix, but none of this verdure can be seen from the sea, and the white town lies in a concave of barren hills glowing like a furnace. We then passed several rocky islands, and at noon lost sight of the splendid mountain range of Abyssinia and entered the Straits of Babelman-deb. There are many islands in the straits, some of picturesque shapes—but it is a dreary region, and like the rest, bears evident traces of volcanic origin, the rocks being merely confused masses of scoria. Well might the ancients call it the Gate of Death, for in those days of imperfect navigation, the voyage, amidst almost a perpetual calm, must have been a long and very dangerous one.

We all felt extremely thankful when we rounded the promontory, and were fairly escaped from the terrors of the Red Sea. We anchored in the harbour of Aden at midnight on the 13th November, and found the Sesostris steam-frigate waiting to receive the Bombay mails and passengers. About twenty persons left us here, and though we were sorry to part with some of them, yet it cannot be denied that their vacant berths were received with great satisfaction by those who remained.

The entrance to the harbour is very easy, and our captain, notwithstanding the immense size of his ship, piloted her himself through the darkness to the vicinity of the lightship, which is moored off the town. As the day dawned we found ourselves in a bay which appears nearly circular, and perhaps two or three miles in diameter. It seems entirely land-locked, the passage from the sea being shut out of view by a projecting rock. On one side opposite the town is a tract of open country, dry and sandy, but with a few signs of vegetation, and said to shelter abundance of game, for which it is sometimes visited by Europeans, at the imminent risk of being captured or shot by the ever hostile tribes of Bedouins encamped in the neighbourhood. Seaward is a jagged promontory of black rocks, several hundred feet in height, which protects the harbour from the ocean. At the foot of these are situated the few buildings which form the town, and on the crest of the hills there are several bungalows for the unfortunate European residents, affording a fine prospect of the bay and mountains of the interior on the one side, and looking down a deep precipice into the Indian ocean on the other. This range of hills is continued into the country, becoming more precipitous and elevated as they leave the coast. At about two miles' distance from the town they are traversed by a succession of ravines and gorges, which make the promontory of Aden one of the most easily defensible spots in the world. At this point are the celebrated lines defended by a portion of the Indian army, and forming, like Gibraltar, but with still greater natural advantages, an absolutely impregnable fortress. It is almost impossible to give any description of the place which will convey an adequate impression of its singular character; but such of our readers as have visited the wildest part of the west of Scotland, and can imagine the hills on the coast broken and shattered into forms a thousand times wilder and more precipitous, may conceive something like an idea of the strange scene which is here presented. But he would look in vain for the life-giving breezes, the fragrant heather, or the rains and mists of the northern mountains. Here it never rains, the winds are hot and debilitating, and the sun's rays, rarely intercepted by a cloud, are like beams of liquid fire. The face of the mountains is a mass of black scoria, incapable of supporting vegetable life, the only specimens of which are seen in the too-well

tenanted graveyard, where grow several species of mignonette, not sweet-scented, like her European sister, but with the odour of assafœtida. Situated as it is, twelve degrees within the tropics, Aden is of course an unhealthy place to Europeans, although to those who are careful in avoiding exposure to the sun it is less so than might have been expected. The climate is, however, not more fatal than any other spot in Southern Arabia, and is many degrees better than that of any part of the Red Sea. When the establishment of the overland route rendered a station in the Straits necessary, the attention of the East India Company's surveyor was directed first to the islands at the entrance, which have been preferred as occasioning no deviation from the direct route; but not a drop of water could be discovered among the masses of lava and sandstone of which they are composed. Aden possesses the advantage of a good supply of this necessary of life, but is utterly destitute of the means of supporting its inhabitants in any other respect. Except fish, which is abundant, and the casual aid derived from coasting vessels, it depends for its provisions on the Arabs of the neighbouring country. Singularly enough, the supply has hitherto, even in time of war, been tolerably regular, though with occasional exceptions, in which the residents have been glad to receive help from the steamer, instead of giving the assistance it almost always requires. No Arab is allowed to enter the passes armed, and such is the reluctance of these people to part with their favourite weapons, that instances of violent resistance and even bloodshed have frequently occurred. They appear to be more reconciled than heretofore to the intrusion of the infidel into their sacred country, never before so long profaned since the days of Mahomet; but their peaceful attitude is no doubt from a conviction of the hopelessness of any attempt at expulsion. There is no other European settlement within 1,500 miles in any direction, and the value of this position depends entirely on the aid it is enabled to render to the steamships as a depot for coals, and a place where fowls, eggs, and vegetables can sometimes be procured. There is no internal commerce, and, from the character of the population in the vicinity, little hope that any will arise in future.

The town itself is a wretched place, with a single store or warehouse for the supply of all commodities, and a single hotel which affords shelter at least for the transient visitor. There is one carriage, a sort of hackney-coach with blinds, several ponies, and multitudes of donkeys, the services of all of which were put in requisition by such of our passengers as chose to disregard the doctor's warnings, and to leave the comparatively cool ship for the burning strand. Those who remained were sufficiently amused by the strange scenes on board. On one side of the ship were boats laden with coals, and swarming with black naked forms, who transferred the bags to the ship with yells and frantic gestures, two gigantic Nubians being employed solely to clap their hands and shout as loudly as possible, without which accompaniment the work would cease from the absence of excitement. On the side next to the shore the water was full of Arabs, who continued swimming about and diving for buckshish for several hours without cessation or the least appearance of weariness. If a sixpence was thrown into the sea, instantly a dozen heads disappeared, and in a few seconds came spluttering to the surface, one of them holding the coin in his uplifted hand. This was generally a very old man, who was the most expert, and who dived under the ship, coming up on the other side with the greatest ease. Many remarkable feats of these divers and their success were told us. They were the ugliest creatures, and the least like human beings of any we had seen. They are great admirers of red or yellow hair, and to obtain this ornament they wash it with lime water. It hangs in long ragged locks, and their heads have the appearance of dirty mops.

(To be continued.)

PERSEVERANCE.—The Chinese have the best illustration of the principle we have ever seen. One of their countrymen who had been making strenuous efforts to acquire literary information, discouraged by difficulties, at last gave up his book in despair. As he returned to manual employment he saw a woman rubbing a crowbar on a stone; on inquiring the reason, she replied she was in want of a needle, and thought she would rub down the crowbar till she got it small enough. The patience of the aged female provoked him to make another trial, and he succeeded in obtaining the rank of one of the first three in the empire.

GLEANINGS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

NO. IV.—POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

I have noted down the particulars of many instances of vulgar superstition which have fallen under my own observation. The first I have on record was a case of extreme cruelty. An aged crone lived some twenty years ago in one of the villages of the north of Yorkshire; she had acquired an evil celebrity among her neighbours. Almost all treated her with distrust, and avoided her, although afraid of incurring, by any appearance of dislike, her ill-will. The children were not only silent when they saw her, but trembled to pass her cottage after dusk. She had won this reputation by her strangeness of manner and bitterness of disposition. On one occasion a farmer—a gross and intemperate man—had the whole of his cattle ill; and this, added to other misfortunes falling upon him at the time, soured his temper. Under the influence of this humour, his ignorant and beclouded mind was readily induced to believe that the poor infirm old woman referred to had "ill-wished him and his." It was talked over at the village forge, where all such mattters, from time immemorial, had been discussed daily; and one man, more skilled in the subject of witchcraft than the others, argued strongly that, in order to break the charm, immediate action was necessary. He recommended, in the first instance, that they should proceed to the woman's cottage, and scratch her person with a nail, in order to ascertain if she was really a witch—this being an established test among the ignorant and superstitious. If blood followed, the suspected person was acquitted of the charge; if the wounds did not bleed, it was considered indisputable evidence of dealings with the devil. They adjourned to the alehouse, and, in the course of a very protracted and noisy debate, every accident, every sudden death, every mysterious circumstance—whether it was the destruction of life to a human being, the abstraction of a fowl from a hen-roost, or the upsetting of a basket of eggs from the perverseness of some ill-conditioned donkey—all were entered in the bill of indictment preferred against the poor feeble old woman. After warming themselves with exciting tales of devilry, and, what was equally potent, potations of the landlord's best, they marched off in a body for the purpose of applying the test—of drawing blood and breaking the charm. They carried out their purpose but too well; the poor victim screeched, resisted, and scratched with her nails—all which was attributed to the influence of the evil one, and only infuriated her persecutors the more. They succeeded in inflicting several wounds, from which the blood flowed freely; but the rough usage, the fright, and the struggles of violent passion into which the poor old creature was thrown, drove her into delirium, and she died the next day. The men were taken before the magistrates, committed to trial, but escaped with some slight punishment.

In the year 1849 I noticed that several inquests were held upon persons who died during the performance of incantations for breaking a charm. One was a girl in Somersetshire, who was taken out in the last stage of consumption, on a moonlight night, and passed three times over the back of a donkey at a point where four roads met. She died on the way back. Several superstitious observances remain in the Forest of Dean, in cases of persons suffering under the effects of fire, among which is the pronouncing of an exorcism in these words:—

> "There came three angels from the whust,
> The one cried fire! the other post!
> To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

This is supposed to effect a cure. These superstitions still linger among the agricultural population, but are, happily, on the decline.

A curious case has recently occurred in Kent, at a place called Ashford. A man of the name of William Cotton, aged sixty-five, was brought before the magistrates, charged with having fraudulently obtained the sum of twelve shillings from an elderly woman, Jemima Maxted, of Belting, near Godmersham. The defendant,

who had the appearance of an agricultural labourer, resided at Rolvendon, where he enjoyed the reputation of being "a cunning man," able to cure diseases, to explain dreams, to foretell events, to tell fortunes, and to recover lost property. He was resorted to as a wizard by the people for miles round, principally by the ignorant, but also by parties who might have been expected to know better; and for many years he had made a good harvest from their credulity. He went by the name of Dr. Cotton; and hosts of silly girls have given him fees to induce him to aid them in securing the affections of the youth of their choice. Letters were found upon him, soliciting his magical aid, some of which betrayed an amount of ignorance and credulity which could not have been expected to exist in any part of England in the present day. The cause of his apprehension was as follows:—An elderly woman, who is considered as slightly deranged, feeling herself ill, believed herself labouring under a "spell" put upon her by Mr. Tallest, of Tenham-heath, who enjoys the reputation of being a witch. She was persuaded, by a woman called "the widow Fenn," at Ashford, and a Mrs. Hines, of Hathfield, to consult Dr. Cotton, as the only person who could "drive the evil spirit out of her." She saw him twice, and felt herself better after each visit, but relapsed again. She then believed that Cotton only "drove the devil out of her for a time, and let him in again," in order that she might be called upon to pay fees for every visit. She applied then to the police officer, and asked him either to "take the devil out of her, or compel Cotton to do so. The police-officer, Gifford, told her that he believed that he should have no difficulty in protecting her from that dreaded personage if she would exactly follow his directions. Having obtained her promise to that effect, he next got Mrs. Hines to write for Cotton to come to her residence at Belting. He came, but he refused to make the devil move until he had been regularly called in—until she had given him twelve shillings. She gave him two, and promised to pay the remainder if he would call upon her at Ashford. The police-officer then marked the coin with which he was to be paid, and a receipt was obtained for the amount, stating what it was paid for, the paper stating "that the spell will be removed for ever and ever, and never trouble you any more," telling her, at the same time, to read Proverbs, Chapters xv. and xvi. He was then apprehended and committed as a rogue and a vagabond—the magistrates thus laying a spell upon him that all his cunning would not enable him to remove.

What must have been the state of society when laws existed against witchcraft—when the people generally believed in its existence, and when thousands of poor creatures were put to death, by hanging, drowning, and burning, as witches. Judges condemned and juries convicted on charges so absurd, that it is almost beyond belief. It is stated by historians that 30,000 persons suffered death in this country for the crime of witchcraft. In 1712, Judge Powell condemned Jane Wenham, of Walherm, in Hertfordshire, for witchcraft. The witnesses swore to her vomiting pins, &c. The jury found her guilty; and the most singular part of the history is, that she confessed herself guilty. The judge condemned her, but saved her life; and a gentleman of the town, to save her from an infuriated mob, took her under his protection, and gave her a house to live in near his own. She afterwards led an inoffensive life, went to church regularly, and the whole country became convinced of her innocence. A clergyman published a detailed account of this case, which went through four editions. The same judge, in 1716, at Huntingdon, condemned Mary Wickes and her daughter Elizabeth, a girl of eleven years of age, for the same offence, and they were executed on Saturday, the 17th July, 1716. It is strange that Sir Mathew Hale, in many respects a great and good man, should have condemned for the crime of witchcraft, and that Sir Thomas Brown, who was devoting his life to a confutation of what he called common and vulgar errors, should have approved of the condemnation of witches. Anny Dunny and Rose Callender were tried at Bury St. Edmunds by Baron Hale. They were arraigned upon thirteen several indictments, the charge being that of bewitching the children of a Mr. Pacey, and causing them to have fits. Sir Thomas Brown was in court, and gave his judgment:—"He was clearly of opinion that the fits were natural, but heightened by the devil co-operating with the malice of the

witches, at whose instance he (the devil) did the villanies." He added "that in Denmark there had lately been a great discovery of witches, who used the very same way of afflicting persons by conveying pins into them." On the strength of this, although the judge would not sum up, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty upon all the indictments. The prisoners were executed, and died protesting their innocence.

Huntingdon was remarkable for the number of witches it gave birth to, or rather for the number of trials for witchcraft. A singular trial took place there in 1593. Three persons, a man named Samuel, and his wife and their daughter, a girl of eighteen, were charged with bewitching the lady Cromwell, five children of another family, seven servants, and the gaoler's man. The evidence was of this nature :— One of the girls had fits, and had a strong fancy that the woman had bewitched her. After this the other children had the same fits and fancies. Lady Cromwell sent for the woman, abused her, called her a witch, and cut off some of her hair, which was burnt for a charm. At night the lady dreamt of the woman she had accused of being a witch, and this was urged as proof.

The father and daughter maintained their innocence to the last, but the mother, abused and insulted, and separated from her family, lost her reason, and at last consented to repeat certain words, and to beseech the evil spirits to depart. The old man declared his innocence, but Judge Fenner told him, "that if he would not speak the words of the charm, the court would hold him guilty of the crime of which he was accused;" whereupon the man said: "As I am a witch, and did consent to the death of the Lady Cromwell, so I charge thee, devil, to suffer Mrs. Jane to come out of her fits at present." Upon this, she came out of her fit, when the judge said: "You all see she is now well, but not by the music of David's harp." Upon these confessions the wretched creatures were condemned. The daughter was charged with being pregnant, and it was suggested to her by some humane persons that if she pleaded this her life might be saved. She said: "Nay, they have said I am a witch, they shall not say I am a strumpet." These people were executed. Their goods were escheated to Sir Samuel Cromwell, as Lord of the Manor, and the value of £40 was given by him to the mayor and alderman for an annual lecture upon witchcraft, to be preached every Lady-day. This lecture was continued up to the beginning of the present century.

It will be seen from the conduct of the judge, and the nature of the evidence in this case, that the chances of escape for an accused person were very few. Tortures of various kinds were often employed to wring confesssion from the supposed guilty parties, to escape from which they frequently adopted any confession put into their mouth. Many, no doubt, under the fearful excitement that prevailed, fancied they possessed supernatural power, and the ignorant multitude were ready to believe any tale, however monstrous. In Lord Mansfield's time, an old woman was charged with being a witch, and riding through the air upon a broomstick. He cooly told the jury that there was no law in England to punish a woman for so riding, if she chose that means of conveyance. At a trial of a witch at York, in 1686, the sentinel of the gaol declared "that he saw a scroll of paper creep from under the prison door, and then change itself into a monkey, and then into a turnkey;" and the under-keeper confirmed the statement. The following instance, related by Sir Walter Scott, shows the character of the people of that age in a most striking manner. It occurred at Oakley, near Bedford, in July, 1707 :—"There was one woman, upwards of sixty years of age, who, being under an imputation of witchcraft, was desirous to escape from so foul a suspicion, and to conciliate the good will of her neigbours by allowing them to duck her. The parish officers so far consented to their humane experiment as to promise the poor woman a guinea if she should clear herself by sinking.* The unfortunate object was tied in a wet sheet, her thumbs and great toes were bound together, her cap torn off, and all her

* This was the approved mode of trying a witch. If the poor creature sank, and was drowned, she was declared innocent; if she swam, she was taken to the stake and burnt. This was an experiment worthy of the barbarous age in which it was made.

apparel searched for pins; for there is an idea that a single pin spoils a charm. She was then dragged in triumph through the river Ouse by a rope tied round the middle. Unhappily for the poor woman, her body floated, though her head remained under water. The experiment was made three times with the same effect. The cry to hang or drown the witch then became general; and as she lay half dead on the bank, they loaded her with reproaches, and hardly forebore blows. A single humane bystander took her part, and exposed himself to rough usage for doing so.

"Luckily one of the mob themselves at length suggested the experiment of weighing the witch against the Bible. The friend of humanity caught at this means of escape, supporting the proposal by the staggering argument that the Scripture being the work of God himself must outweigh necessarily all the operations or vassals of the devil. The reasoning was received as conclusive—the more readily as it promised a new species of amusement. The woman was then weighed against a Church Bible of twelve pounds jockey weight, and as she was greatly preponderant, was dismissed with honour. But many of the mob counted her acquittal as irregular, and would have had the poor dame drowned or hanged on the result of her ducking, as the more authentic species of trial."

A similar case occurred shortly afterwards. A mob broke into a house where the parish officers had secured a man and his wife, who had fallen under suspicion, and this led to the abolition of the law against witchcraft. In this case the poor woman was dragged through a pond and lost her life, and the ringleader was hanged. Since then, cases of witchcraft have been very rare. Some traces remain in the darker parts of England, but they are fading before the light of knowledge.

Nor were these persecutions confined to the Old World. In the first volume of the "Transactions of the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society," we find the following:—

"*The Record of Grace Sherwood's Trial* is a curious relic of antiquity, deserving a conspicuous place among the annals of Salem witchcraft. By the record it appears that Grace was summoned to appeal before the Court of Princess Anne County, on the 3rd of January, 1705, on suspicion of witchcraft; but the said Grace having failed to appear, the court ordered the sheriff 'to attack her body,' for trial at the next session. At the session (in February), the court, after a long debate, ordered the said Grace to be present at the next court, to be searched by a jury of women. It seems to have been expected that some external marks of a witch would be found upon her person, as the enemy of souls was said to put some special mark upon those who had sold themselves to his service. She was of course searched, and the jury of women, of whom Eliza Barnes was forewoman, gave their verdict at the court in March. This confirmed the suspicion; but as they could not charge her with any act of a witch, she was not condemned. The suspicion still resting on her, the court, in May, ordered her to be searched again, also her house, to see if she had 'Images, and such like things.' The progress of the evidence was such, that in June, the court declared that the charge against her 'doth very likely appear.' At the July term, in order to come to the truth of the matter, the court directed the sheriff to take men and boats 'at John Harper's plantation, and there put the said Grace into water above man's *depth*, and try her how she swims therein; always having care of her life to preserve her from drowning,' and he was then to request 'as many ancient and knowing women as possible he cann' to search her carefully for all 'spots and marks,' and *mirabile dictu* 'ffive antient women' who examined her, declared she was not like them or other women! And in view of this evidence of her guilt, the court ordered the sheriff to commit her to the jail, and there to secure her by 'irons or otherwise,' to await a future trial. Mr. Taylor, who communicated this record, remarks that he thinks an order was made subsequent to that in July, directing Grace Sherwood to be sent on to the General Court for further trial."

INFORMATION FOR YOUTH.

THE CRAB.—The most singular fact in the history of the crab, is that of its breaking its own limbs, which it occasionally does. The creature is able to do this in any position; but the most advantageous way of observing its operations is by laying it on its back. When the animal is wounded, it bleeds, and shows signs of pain by moving about the claw that has been hurt; afterwards it holds it quite still in a direct and natural position, without touching any part of its body or other legs with it; then, on a sudden, with a gentle crack it lets it drop off. When the leg has fallen, a mucous overspreads the wound and stops the bleeding, and a small leg is by degrees produced, which afterwards attains the size of the former. Nature has given this singular power to this creature for the preservation of its life, in the mutual quarrels with others of its own species. In these, one crab lays hold of the claws of another, and crushes it so that it would bleed to death, had it not the power of giving up the limb and healing the wound.—*Philosophical Transactions.*

THE HOUSE FLY.—The foot of the house-fly is a most curious object, but it requires the aid of a powerful microscope to observe clearly its beautiful structure. It was designed by Him who made everything perfect after its kind, to serve as an instrument of cleaning, and to enable the animal to walk on perpendicular glass, and even to support itself when walking on a ceiling with its back downwards. Its chief feature is its resemblance to a currycomb, and there are few people who have not remarked the assiduity with which it makes use of it in cleaning its eyes, head, and wings. The brushes on the fore legs are employed in rubbing off the dust from the head, and those on the hind legs for cleaning the wings, and the operation is completed by brushing the feet one upon another. In the common blow-fly there are two rounded combs on each foot, the inner surface of which is covered with down, to serve the double purpose of a fine brush, and to assist in forming a vacuum when the creature walks on glass or on a ceiling.

THE GLOW-WORM.—The glow-worm is a carnivorous feeder, and has been often seen to thrust its head into a snail, half to the bottom of the shell, and remain almost immovable until it had devoured its victim. After such repasts the skin is of course soiled with slime, and accordingly the little animal, who seems a great enemy to uncleanliness, goes carefully over its head, neck, and sides with an instrument with which its tail is provided, until its skin is again perfectly pure and glossy. This instrument consists of rays in a circle, one row within another, which the animal can draw in as the snail does its horns. A soft, moist membrane unites them, and in the centre there is a sort of funnel-shaped pocket into which it collects all the impurities it detaches from the body. When this is quite full, the accumulated pellet is extended by means of the rays, and deposited in some place where it may be out of the way of again sullying the skin of the animal. This same "candal instrument," as naturalists term it, also assists the glow-worm in walking, and enables it to maintain a position against gravity, which its feet are not calculated to effect.

THE ROBIN.—It is a remarkable fact that the female robins never approach our dwellings in winter, the males only showing their confidence in us by becoming pensioners on our bounty. This circumstance has led many naturalists to suppose that the females are migratory; otherwise why not come with their mates to partake of the feasts of crumbs so ungrudgingly scattered for them? In Germany robins are frequently caged, but they quickly lose their beauty and their sprightliness when deprived of their liberty, and one can hardly recognise in the spiritless little prisoners, with ruffled feathers and dull eye, the beautiful, gay, and familiar favourites, whose wild and plaintive songs are heard in our gardens in summer, and whose visits to our windows, and even to our rooms, fill us with so much pleasure in winter.

KING-FISHER, OR HALCYON BIRD.—The bird known to the ancients as the halycon is now named the king-fisher. The following account of it may not be uninteresting. It is a sea-fowl, feeding on fish, and builds its nest on rocks adjacent to the brink of the ocean, or, as some say, on the surface of the sea itself. In shape the nest resembles a long necked gourd, hollow without, and so narrow at the entrance, that even if it overset, the water could not enter. Medicinal virtues were ascribed to it by the ancients, who also believed that during the fourteen days which the bird occupied it, the mariner might sail in full security in the frailest vessel. These were termed "Halcyon days," and denoted a time of peace and tranquillity; they were the seven days before, and as many after the winter solstice, which was the period of the king-fisher's incubation, and as the

weather is then usually still and calm, the heathens acribed it to the influence of the bird. The legs of this animal are very short, and are black before and red behind; the colours of its body, particularly the green and blue, which are the general ones, are extremely bright and beautiful. In taking its prey it balances itself at a certain distance over the water for a considerable time, and then darting below the surface brings up the prey in its feet. While it remains suspended in the air on a bright day, the plumage exhibits a most beautiful variety of very dazzling and brilliant colours.

THE FLORAL CALENDAR.

Linnæus, the great naturalist, has enumerated forty-six flowers which possess the property of opening and closing under peculiar circumstances, and these he has divided into three classes—viz., "meteoric flowers," which expand and fold according to the clearness, moisture, or pressure of the atmosphere; "tropical flowers," that open in the morning and close before evening, the hours being earlier or later as the days increase or decrease in length; and "equinoctial flowers," which open at a certain and exact hour of the day, and, for the most part, close at another determinate hour. From these classes we shall select a few well-known plants for illustration.

CHICKWEED.—The flowers of the chickweed are of the meteoric class, and, before calendars or barometers were invented, warned the traveller and the husbandman of the approach of rain. When these flowers are fully expanded no rain will fall for at least four hours; when they are half closed the day is showery; and when they are completely folded up, rain may be expected to come heavily at intervals during twenty-four hours.

THE WILD BIND-WEED was once generally known as the "Poor Man's Weather-glass:" it, also, belongs to the meteoric class, opening and folding its petals or flower leaves, not according to the hour of the day, but the state of the atmosphere.

THE EVENING PRIMROSE belongs to the tropical flowers, opening at sunrise and closing before sunset. It shuts with a popping noise, and is called in Ireland the "flowers' evening gun."

THE GOAT'S-BEARD is of the third class, and closes so regularly at twelve o'clock that it is familiarly known in the country by the name of "go to bed at noon."

THE FLOWER OF THE GARDEN LETTUCE opens at seven o'clock in the morning and shuts at ten.

THE PRINCESS'S LEAF opens at four in the afternoon and closes at the same hour in the morning, and so regularly to the moment does it expand its white leaves, that it is generally termed the "four o'clock flower."

Somewhat connected with this subject is the statement made by Dr. Sigmond before the Medico-Botanical Society, May 25th, 1836, respecting the effect on a crocus flower of the annular eclipse of the sun, which occurred on the 15th May of the same year. The doctor remarked, that when the rays of the sun were most obscured, the crocus, a very delicate index of light, began to close immediately it was diminished, and assume every appearance of what Linnæus terms the "sleep of plants."

ANTIPATHY IN PLANTS.—The vine is wont to catch hold of anything nearest, except the cabbage, from which it will turn as if in strong aversion, and trail on the ground rather than seek support from such a neighbour.

EXERTION.—Don't live in hopes with your arms folded. Fortune smiles on those who roll up their sleeves and put shoulders to the wheels that propel them on to health and happiness. Cut this out, and carry it about in your waistcoat pocket, ye who idle at the corners of the streets!

DECISION OF CHARACTER.—Decision of character is one of the most important of human qualities, philosophically considered. Speculation, knowledge, is not the chief end of man; it is action. We may by a fine education learn to think most correctly, and talk most beautifully; but when it comes to action, if we are weak and undecided, we are of all beings most wretched. All mankind feel themselves weak, beset with infirmities, and surrounded with dangers; the acutest minds are the most conscious of difficulties and dangers. They want above all things a leader with boldness, decision, and energy, which with shame they do not find in themselves. "Give us the man," shout the multitude, "who will step forward and take the responsibility." He is instantly the idol, the lord, and the king among them. He, then, who would command among his fellows must excel them more in energy of will than in power of intellect.

INEZ AND VINCENT.

By Miss H. M. Rathbone.

In a small suburban villa, close to the river Thames, there dwelt, in the year 1775, Victor Storace, an eminent player of double bass, belonging to the Haymarket Theatre. One fine autumnal afternoon, Inez, his little dark-eyed daughter, then only seven years old, had established herself in the garden, from which a flight of steps descended to the water's-edge, from the top of which the child was busily occupied in feeding five or six tame Muscovy ducks. Occasionally, she would pause and sing a few bars of some popular air, with a precision and melody of tone, which caused the owners of passing wherries to look wonderingly round at the juvenile songstress; but more frequently she stopped to interchange laughing remarks with a fair-haired companion, who, somewhat her senior, sat quietly on the steps, holding the basket from which they kept flinging handsful of grain to her feathered favourites. An exclamation of "Inez, Inez! where are you? I want you directly," made her spring aside and conceal herself behind an adjoining summer-house, while a manly boy, who had, perhaps, witnessed a dozen winters, ran down the broad terrace walk, and not finding his sister, said, hurriedly, "Oh, Amy, I am glad you are here; now do try and persuade that mad creature to come into the parlour for a few minutes. I want you both to sing over the last duet in my opera; tell Inez I will give her one of those rosy apples which Mr. Kelly gave me this morning; and Amy, you shall have whatever you like, if you will only do as I wish you."

With a blush, Amy Hall ran off to seek her friend, who, knowing what Vincent's "few minutes" generally extended to, was not to be bribed by the rosy-cheeked apple; and stoutly refused to comply with his request; but Amy, gentle as she appeared, also possessed a strong will of her own, and by a judicious exertion of it, contrived to lure Inez into the parlour, where Vincent impatiently awaited them, his fingers daubed all over with ink, and the table before him covered with books and music paper. Inez would only skip round the room, refusing to sing, until her brother, getting angry, menaced her with a fiddle-bow, and at last struck her on the neck; and then, vexed at seeing the mark which he had made, flung his arms round her, and begged her pardon. The eyes of the little one had flashed fire, but excessively fond of her father and brother, the first word of regret procured her instant forgiveness, and coming up to the harpsichord, she sang and played the first part of the duet off at sight, in her very best style—Amy Hall taking the second in her usual sweet tenor voice, which was all she was equal to.

Deeply immersed in the new opera, the children did not perceive the entrance of their orderly duenna, who, while she dearly loved them, was always teazing them by her punctuality and neatness, and who now began to clear the table for dinner. The noise she made by moving the rustling papers roused Vincent, who angrily demanded how she dared to touch his compositions, and a struggle ensued, in which he would probably have conquered, but for the appearance of Victor Storace, who, bestowing a box on both the ears of his son, more, however, in play than in earnest, bade him let Nancy do her duty, and told him to repeat the duet, which he had heard but indistinctly in the next room. Inez began by singing two or three false notes, greatly to Vincent's annoyance, who knew she was doing so purposely; and her spirits would have prompted her to further deeds of naughtiness, had not a well-known knock at the outer door suddenly changed her mood; and again she sang so charmingly that her father called out "Capital, my children;" and the new comer, who was no other than the celebrated singing-master, Sacchini, exclaimed, "Bravo, bravissimo, Signora Inez!" The performers then sat down to their meal, and when Sacchini found this pretty duet was composed by the young Vincent, he vehemently urged his father to send him to Italy, where he might receive the best instructions.

"I am thinking of doing so," Victor quietly replied; an announcement which brought tears into the eyes of Amy Hall, while the impetuous Inez exclaimed—

"If you go, my Vincent, I will go too; we will not be separated, will we?"

"Ah, no! Signora; I will teach *you;* and den, dere is Signor Ranzizini, he can give you what you call polish; and after you have studied, say tree or four years, den you go to Italy."

Sacchini filled his glass as he spoke, without seeing that the little girl clenched her small hand at him in defiance, at which Vincent laughed heartily, and prophesie-

she would perform the part of his female fury to admiration.

"Oh! I can do that, now," Inez called out, as throwing down her spoon, she bounded away to a bow-window, where she exhibited the most extravagant gestures, as she commenced the part her brother had mentioned, not a little to his astonishment, for he had no idea that she had seen the score; and even the older musicians listened in surprise and delight to the wonderful performance of so difficult a piece by such a young child. It only served to seal the destiny of the brother and sister, who, to their mutual dismay, were separated in less than a month after this striking display of their respective powers.

Perhaps Amy Hall, the only daughter of the well-known engraver of that name, suffered even more than Inez, who, after her first violent burst of grief at Vincent's departure to the sunny South, consoled herself by remembering she would have felt still more grieved to part from her father, who remained with her; while her friend, who exercised far greater control over herself, long continued to miss Vincent. Like other children, they had exchanged betrothing gifts: and partially comforted by the silver amulet which young Storace had given her, Amy roused herself, in spite of her own sorrow, to minister to her widowed father, whose health had been grievously impaired by the loss of his wife.

Six years rolled away, and again the two friends walked hand in hand up and down the broad terrace walk; but Amy was now a graceful maiden of fifteen, whose modest dignity would most likely have abated the fondness for her, had not Amy possessed a depth of sensibility not often displayed, but which charmed Inez, and continued to bind the two girls together, unlike as they were in other respects.

"Have you nothing to send poor Vincent, Amy, who writes you such long letters, without getting a word in reply?" asked Inez.

"Tell him, I have never forgotten our last parting agreement, and that his long and welcome letters are not the less safely treasured, because I deem it not well to answer them. And, Inez, if he asks much about me, and you feel sure that *his* sentiments for me remain unchanged, then you may give him this likeness of my dear father; I know he will value it." And as she spoke, Amy drew out a small miniature, which she had painted for her absent lover.

"All these behests will I faithfully perform; and, oh! most wise Amy, hast thou aught besides of sage counsel to bestow on thy giddy friend?"

"Ah, Inez! if I dared to advise you, it would be to caution you against that Mr. Fisher; I like him not, and do not think me prejudiced when I say that he is not a fitting associate for you, sweet one!"

Inez coloured, as disclaiming any acquaintance with the intemperate violin player whom her friend so much dreaded: she darted off to her flowers, while warbling those trills and roulades which were hereafter to establish her reputation as no everyday singer.

The next morning the friends separated, and Inez joined Vincent at Naples, where they were both astonished at each other's growth; yet Vincent still retained his boyish appearance, and had not abandoned the short jacket, which certainly set off his rather elegant figure to great advantage; and his sister even yet was only a slight-made, lively-looking girl, just budding into womanhood. She found her brother at work on the "Pirates," the first of his compositions which attracted public attention; and Inez, in one of the stage boxes, enjoyed the privilege of witnessing its representation with the truest sisterly pride, before she left Naples. At this city she stayed about twelve months, studying diligently, and singing, during Lent, in the oratorios which took place at the theatre of San Carlos. Florence was her next destination, accompanied by her father and Vincent, and soon after their arrival she was engaged to sing in operas as second, in the same company with the celebrated Marchesi. It so happened that, one evening, a miscellaneous concert of original pieces had been announced, and the first part of the performance had actually commenced, when it was discovered that one of the composers had omitted to send in a plaintive duet, which was to conclude the first act. In this dilemma Vincent offered to write a fresh one in time, if words could be provided; and Inez, springing to his side, instantly volunteered this part of the task. The offer was accepted, all the performers and spectators in the green-room looking on in silent wonder, or doubtful contempt, at the young people's presumption.

"Inez," Vincent whispered, "*these* words will never do, for they must have a bravura accompaniment, and you forget that they are to succeed Marchesi's solo of the same kind."

"Oh! if you love me, Vincent," said the ardent girl, kneeling down beside him, "write something, if you can, different to

Marchesi's; but do let it be in the same bravura style."

There was no time for further discussion, and Vincent, with some misgiving, complied with his sister's earnest desire; and to the surprise of the band, a brilliant hunting duet was in a few minutes placed in their hands. The young composer then took his place in the orchestra, rather afraid that Inez was meditating some absurdity, while wondering what the manager would say to his novel and rapid composition. The anxious moment soon came! Marchesi had retired amidst shouts of reiterated applause, after executing a remarkable passage of difficult semi-tones, and finishing off, with a single note of such singular power, that he had to appear three times on the stage, before the delighted audience were satisfied. He was succeeded by the *prima donna* and Inez, the latter giving Vincent a saucy look as she passed, which did not tend to re-assure him.

His amazement was great, when Inez, seizing her opportunity, imitated and even surpassed Marchesi's extraordinary feat, by repeating the same passage with even increased brilliancy, to the utter discomfiture of the mortified singer, and the complete triumph of Vincent and Inez. The originality of his hunter's melody had delighted the listeners, and the brother and sister were called for together at the conclusion of the concert, when their youthful appearance caused them to be received with unbounded enthusiasm. The fame of both was now confirmed; but the manager of the Pergola Theatre, who would gladly have retained Inez, was compelled to dismiss her because she would not give up her right to introduce Marchesi's flourish, an innovation to which the manager could not consent. Accordingly she and Vincent left Florence, proceeding on a musical tour to Lucca, Leghorn, and Vienna. At this last place she sang before the Emperor Joseph, who was so well pleased with her, that he appointed her a salary of five hundred pounds per annum. In this city so highly was she esteemed, that Bianchi composed expressly for her the charming opera of "Castor e Polluce."

She had been performing at Vienna for three years, and attracting much notice by her singing in public and her excessive vivacity and animated manners in society, when Vincent returned to London, and, having married the devoted Amy Hall, prevailed on her to accompany him to Vienna during the remainder of his stay. Greatly to the delight of Inez and her new sister, their old friend, Mr. Kelly, also joined them, and the whole party led a gay exciting course of life, until one unlucky night, when Inez was waltzing with a Polish officer whose heels were adorned with long spurs, the flounce of her dress caught upon these sharp instruments, just as Victor, who had taken rather too much champagne, entered the imperial ball-room. The same vehement temper which had often manifested itself in childhood towards old Nancy and his sister now made him fancy the officer had purposely insulted Inez; and, without remembering the presence of the Emperor, or the courtly precincts in which the scene occurred, he struck the Polish officer, and was immediately arrested and conveyed to prison.

Fortunately, Mr. Kelly was much liked by Joseph II., and his powerful interecssion, joined to the tearful, passionate entreaties of Inez, procured her brother's release, after a month's incarceration; upon condition, however, of his quitting Vienna immediately. Amy's anxiety to return to her father, and Vincent's to live in England again, made this rather a welcome command, except on the part of Inez, who, idolised by her father, who could refuse her nothing, still continued the same uncontrolled impulsive being as in former years. Mr. Kelly promised to watch over her; and protesting her intention of soon following them, Inez bade adieu to her best friends, grieved to lose them, but unhappily, also glad to be released from the constraint which they caused her. Vincent and Amy did not find it easy to meet with employment on their arrival in London; and soon afterwards they went to Bath, where Mr. Hall was drinking the mineral waters, and under whose roof Vincent contrived to eke out a scanty maintenance by etching designs for illustrated books, an employment he had always been fond of. Three years went by, and two little children were added to the family, when news came that the elder Linley had undertaken the management of Drury-lane Theatre, followed by an invitation to young Storace to become composer to the theatre. He gladly accepted this offer, and was delighted to be able to return to town just at the time when Inez was expected; the more so, indeed, that her flighty letters had for some time rendered her English friends uneasy about her. It soon seemed that this new engagement afforded the best sphere for young Storace's peculiar powers which he had yet enjoyed, and he rapidly produced a succession of capital operas, which so charmed the public, that he received higher prices for them than had ever before been paid. At last Inez arrived, and in the green-room one

evening the brother and sister met once more. She was greatly changed, and, as he thought, not altogether for the better. More beautiful and more womanly—her voice and acting exquisite—she yet looked careworn and ill at ease; and before many weeks had elapsed Vincent learnt that she had been privately married to the very Mr. Fisher against whom Amy had warned her.

It was difficult to determine why she had taken this step, for the violin-player was in all respects unworthy of her, and her life was evidently making her wretched. She avoided Amy and Vincent as much as possible; and being much occupied by her musical duties as *prima donna* at the Italian Opera House, they met but seldom; and her excitable temperament and vivid fancy appeared to find relief in acting comic operas, which established her reputation as a lively and intelligent actress and charming singer—"who never sacrificed feeling to display."

(To be concluded in our next Number.)

THE WEDDING-RING.

"Think well on it."

REASONS FOR THE USE OF THE WEDDING-RING IN THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

1. As by turning a ring for ever, no *end* can be found, so the friendship cemented by marriage union should be endless and perpetual; not even broken off finally by the interruption of death, but the marriage party separating merely during the night of the grave, in sure and certain hope of meeting again on the following morning of a glorious resurrection, when all that was pure and lovely in the union, shall be more so still, with the high additional perfection of continuing uninterrupted through the *endless round* of a blessed immortality.

2. As the marriage ring should be made of *pure gold*, which is the most *pure* or *simple* of all metals, so the marriage union, cemented by that impressive pledge given and received, should be *pure* in its origin, *pure* in its continuance, *pure* in all its motives; and as nearly as possible resemble the love of Christ for His Spouse, the church, who so loved the church, that he gave himself for it.

3. As gold, of which the marriage ring should be made, is esteemed the most *valuable* of all metals, so the love and friendship implied in the marriage ring should ever be considered as infinitely more *valuable* than any other of which human nature is capable.

4. As gold is the most *compact*, or least porous, of all metals, so the marriage love and friendship should be so closely cemented, by the blending into each other of all the kind and good affections of the parties, as to leave no possible aperture or opening for the introduction of any strange or forbidden affection. Each party should always be prepared to say of the other,

"Thy loveliness my heart hath prepossest,
And left no room for any other guest."

5. As gold, by the action of the most intense heat, even in a crucible, *cannot lose* any particle of its original weight and worth, but comes out of the crucible as heavy and valuable as when it was put in; *losing nothing* in consequence of the fiery ordeal, except whatever portion of dross, or alloy, may have been incorporated with the pure metal, so the most severe afflictions, intense troubles, and fiery persecutions, which may be the portion of the married parties, during the changes and chances of this mortal life, should never be able to deteriorate or take from the marriage union any part of its intrinsic worth or beauty, but the parties should rise from the furnace of affliction, and dishonours of the grave, without having *lost* any thing, except the grosser particles of earth and sin which may unhappily have attached themselves to the mystic union which was intended to secure their felicity.

6. The marriage ring is perfectly *plain*, that is, no *chased*, *raised*, or *artificial work* appears on its surface, implying that the marriage union should not be the result of any artifice on account of *wealth*, *equipage*, *honours*, or the *undue influence of friends*, but the PLAIN result of an honourable and religious affection between the contracting parties and that GOD who first instituted the "holy estate of matrimony."

7. As gold is an *incorruptible* metal, that is, if thrown into the mire, or embedded in the most impure soil, it will never become corrupt, corrode, or imbibe, one speck of rust or impurity; so should the marriage love and friendship, however it may sometimes be obliged to descend from the elevation of affluence into the deep valley of penury or distress, be doomed—"to waste

its sweetness on the desert air"—to be incarcerated within the gloomy confines of the prison cell, or associate with the poor, the mean, or the illiterate, still, like its incorruptible emblem, should it continue as bright and beautiful as ever.

8. As gold is the most *ductile* of all metals, so that an ounce can be beaten out to cover an acre of ground, or gild a finely attenuated thread to embrace the circumference of the world's surface, so should the result of the marriage union fulfil the original command, to increase, multiply, and cover the earth, with "the precious sons of Zion comparable to fine gold."

9. As the marriage ring exhibits nothing to imply *pre-eminence* of the one party over another, notwithstanding that the word "obey" is applied to the lady rather than the gentleman, yet the gentleman should ever recollect, that as in forensic courts, especially courts of equity, the plaintiff must appear with what are called "clean hands;" so before he can claim any right to *command*, or the wife be under obligation to *obey*, he must remember the test of his love and sincerity, which is given in Holy Scripture—viz., "Husbands love your wives as Christ loved the church:" but how did Christ prove his love for the church?—by dying for it. When a love, of which this is a model, predominates in the husband's heart, he can require no obedience from his wife, but she will feel it to be her honour, pride, and privilege to render.

When a lady reads, marks, learns, and inwardly digests the foregoing, with all its implied suggestions and endearments, and then glances at the honoured finger which bears the pure insignia of such voluminous delights and serious responsibility; how inexpressibly happy she must feel, that she can be at all times, and under all circumstances, the bearer of so dear and portable a pledge of all that constitutes real terrestrial felicity, and she may often recur to the title or motto, and—"think well on it."

"This alone is worth commending,
Still beginning, never ending."

ON SOUND.

SOUND is produced by the smart collision of two bodies, and is louder as the bodies increase in hardness, or as more of their surfaces or particles come into contact. This collision produces, it is supposed, a rapid undulation in the air, which immediately spreads from the point of collision on all sides, upwards, downwards, and sideways; and wheresoever these undulations take place, and how far soever they extend, sound is heard, louder or weaker, as the undulations are greater or less. It has been discovered by experiment, that sound travels at the rate of 1,142 feet in a second; this is, however, much inferior to the speed of light, which travels at the rate of nearly 200,000 miles in the same time. Some persons might perhaps think, that when an accident had happened to cause sound, they would hear that sound immediately. This certainly is a mistake, as is readily proved by a game at shuttle-cock. We may often perceive a battledore to strike before the sound is heard, even if the distance is not very great. We also see a flash of lightning before we hear the thunder, although there is every reason to believe they were both produced at the same moment. If we take notice how many seconds elapse between the lightning and the thunder, we may easily find out the distance of the cloud from which they proceed, by reckoning 4½ seconds, or six pulsations to a mile.

Sound in the night may be heard more distinctly than in the day, on account of there being few interruptions. Sound in the night often alarms fearful people. The death-watch, as it is vulgarly called, is an insect found in old wooden furniture, and sometimes in bedsteads. When the ticking of this insect is heard, some people think that it portends death in the family. The absurdity of this supposition was remarked in an article in a late number.

Wood conducts sound. If we put our ear to a plank of wood, and a person only scratches the plank with a pin at the other end, (even if the plank be eight or ten yards long,) it may be heard very distinctly. Wind always conveys sound. We may observe the effects of it on church bells; the sound of which seems to swell out, and then again to become lower, and at last die away. And having mentioned wind, we may also allude to the Æolian Harp, which is a stringed instrument, that needs no performer but the varying undulating breeze. Campbell, in his poem on "The Pleasures of Hope," speaks of the effects of sound as conveyed in a circuitous course; where he represents a person on a walk,

"As pausing oft, when winding rocks convey
The still sweet fall of music far away."

THE EXHIBITION OPENED.

JOHN SMITH, IN TOWN, TO HIS COUSIN, IN THE COUNTRY.

DEAR JESSIE,—I am glad that you were pleased with my last letter respecting the opening of the Great Exhibition; and, in accordance with your desire, I proceed to gossip on about it in another epistle. You wish to know what I saw after the Queen and her suite had left the place. Well, then, I will tell you; but you must expect nothing more than the most faint idea; for so vast and sublime is the building, and so many are the thoughts engendered by its magnificence and the beauty and variety of its contents, that I find it difficult to analyse and arrange my ideas respecting it. You know, of course, that it is 1,851 feet long, 458 feet wide, and 66 feet high at its greatest elevation—that is, under the transept; but how shall I convey to you the idea of its actual enormous dimensions? Well, then, you recollect, when you were in London last summer, we visited the Bank of England. Allowing for the difference of shape, the Bank of England might stand within the glass walls of the Crystal Palace! I walked from end to end of the principal avenue, and I found it just 719 of my steps; you, being a short, natty little body, may perhaps make about thirty more steps than I should: therefore, if you walk about 750 paces across the meadow at the back of the cottage, and look at the spot whence you started, you will get at the length of the building. But then, being entirely covered in, and having a double row of galleries, which increases the walking space by more than half, and being filled in every part with splendid specimens of the world's industry, it appears even larger than it actually is; and so great is the distance from one end to the other, that all pre-formed ideas of distance and perspective are quite at fault. Sound, too, is apparently lost and oblivionised in this giant building; for when, at six o'clock, the great bell at the western end of the palace tolled for the departure of the visitors, though it almost cracked your ears when standing beside it, the sound of its giant tongue was not heard at the other end of the eastern gallery. In fact, the more I try to give you an idea of the appearance of the interior, the more am I perplexed, so totally is it unlike anything of which we have had previous knowledge or acquaintance. The lights, too, and the varied effects of sunshine and shade upon the covered glass roof and elegantly painted iron ribs which span and arch the fairy-like construction, are quite magical in their beauty and novelty. Never was Aladdin palace of Eastern story equal, in magnificence and variety of outline, to this great conservatory in Hyde Park.

But if I go on in this strain of praise, you will take me for a novel writer instead of a plain draper's shopman; so, putting aside all hyperbolical expressions,—two rather long words—I will endeavour to tell you a few of the things which I saw, in as plain prose as the nature of the subject will allow. And, for the matter of that, Jessie, I think there is more real, earnest, downright poetry in this meeting of the nations—in this peaceful contest of industry and pleasant rivalry of trade—in this neutral ground, where peer and peasant, prince and mechanic, Queen and people, meet and fraternise—than in all the love-verses which you and I have ever read together under the elm tree in the garden.

What with trees and flowers, fountains and statues, music, models, furniture, looking-glasses, groups of rare things in nature and art, incongruous yet accordant, in transept, nave, and galleries—what with bright colours and graceful forms, in iron, and wood, and stone, and silk and cotton, of many-shaped fancy and varied contour—what, too, with the gaiety which the thousand visitors throw upon the scene, enlivened by many a bright glance and laughter-loving face filled with curious, wondering expression—one is fairly in a waking dream of magnificence and grandeur. But don't be jealous, Jessie. I thought, in all this splendid show, how much more I should have enjoyed it had Somebody I know been leaning on my arm.

Entering the transept from the south door, opposite the Prince's Gate at Knightsbridge, you come at once upon the grandest sight conceivable. Right before you, overshadowed by giant trees at either end, are statues, and elegant iron gates, and palms and flowers in rich profusion; while in the centre of the whole, right in the front of the throne on which sat the Majesty of the empire on which the sun never sets, the great

crystal fountain bubbles, and splashes, and shines, and glitters, and throws about and around it rays of living light, like nothing ever seen before in wildest dreams of night or phantasies of most luxuriant imagination. Turn which way you will, new wonders meet the eye, and newer forms of beauty greet the astonished senses. On the right are the treasures of the Celestial Empire, China, and Greece, and Turkey, and Persia, and Egypt, and Tunis. Further on, in the same direction, the industry of France, and Austria, and Italy, and Germany, and Russia, and Belgium, and the great nation of the West, the yet half-peopled New World of America, takes palpable shape and substance in a myriad strange and varied ways,—in natural productions and the fruits of national handiwork—in gorgeous statues aud simple handicraft—in mineral treasures and striking contrasts; while on the left the great kingdom of India, and the yet greater, because more civilised and powerful, home of the all-conquering Briton, shows forth in ten thousand forms the utility of labour and the triumph of mind.

As the eye is incapable of taking in the whole scene before it, so is the mind unable to grasp and comprehend the entire value and importance of the magnificent show within these walls. Contrasts accumulate—beauty grows more beautiful—rare sights and unfamiliar objects give new ideas to the mind—the hum and bustle of the moving throng—the sounds of music ever and anon floating through the air—the distant whirr of moving wheels and flying spindles, no more observable than the burr of the bees in the old garden at home—and the newness, freshness, activity, and order of all around, contribute each in its own way to give to this great industrial hive a character and similitude never before witnessed perhaps in the whole world.

As you pass through the great central avenue, the stamp of the genius of the people of each country contributing is plainly visible. On the British side are articles of utility—great sections of trees, giant looking-glasses, stone fountains, heaps of rich silk woven at Spitalfields, machines, models of towns, bridges, and tunnels, and the wonderful iron dome from Colebrook-dale; on the east, or foreign side, on the contrary, are to be seen beautiful statues, an elegant painted window, exquisite specimens of workmanship in gold and silver, and the great Indian diamond, called the Mountain of Light, enclosed in an iron-gilt cage, and secured by Chubbs' patent lock. This exquisite jewel is as large as a pigeon's egg, and is said to be worth a million of money. In the same cage are two others, about half the size, but quite as bright and sparkling. Oh, the eyes that twinkled round this spot—you can have no idea, Jessie!

As the eye gets accustomed to the wonders all around, it has leisure soon to examine more particularly the contents of certain compartments, and I will endeavour, ere I close my letter, to give a faint idea of one section of the building—the north-western—that containing the carriages, railway trains, locomotives, and machines in motion. I know not whether you will be quite so interested as I was in this portion of the show; but as I shall write again on other things to be seen, you will not be uninterested in the description of some few of the wonders observable in this department.

Besides carriages of all descriptions,—from the aristocratic satin-lined chariot of a queen to the humble gig of the tradesman—there are here railway carriages on iron rails, steam-engines and boilers, and various working models of new and patent inventions in the useful arts. Here I saw what I have often read about, and once examined in a factory at Manchester—large machines for making cotton cloth. These are wonderful indeed, and serve to show what may be accomplished by the union of mind and industry. The whole process of cotton-spinning is here shown in motion; and though I despair of giving you a description of even one machine, I will endeavour to tell you something of the contents of this, to me, most interesting of all the sights in the Crystal Palace.

As soon as you enter the room, your ears are greeted with strange noises of whirling wheels, and for some minutes you are lost in wonder and amazement; but soon your attention is fixed on, perhaps, one machine. It is what is called a power-loom. This, you are aware, is used for the manufacture of cotton-yarn. Beside it is an old dirty-looking machine, made fifty years since; and the contrast between it and the plain though elegantly fitted machine of modern times is great indeed. And then in this end of the room are self-acting mules, carding engines, spindles and flyers, roving frames, looms for weaving, throstle frames, and, in fact, a number of machines used in the manufacture of cotton, with such curious names as would puzzle you if I were to give

them. All these, and various other like instruments, are driven by machinery ; the boiler for the numerous large and small steam-engines having its home in a building all to itself, outside the walls of the Exhibition Palace. You would be interested in observing the dexterity with which the little girls, imported from Manchester for the express purpose, join the broken ends of the cotton together, as they walk to and fro before the ever-twisting mules ; but probably you like better to see the stocking-frame, and the stockinger from Nottingham at work before it ; or the patent sewing-machine, which works with two threads, and bids fair to supersede in some measure the labours of the needlewoman.

Passing from the region of cotton-spinning, flax-preparing, weaving, winding, and throwing, I come to where the wonderful printing machine (invented by Applegarth for the proprietor of the *Times)*, attracts its crowd of spectators. Differing from all the other machines exhibited for steam printing, in the fact of its being capable of throwing off ten thousand copies an hour, and in the more curious fact of the type being fixed round a vertical cylinder instead of lying on a horizontal metal bed, as in the others, this clever contrivance promises to supersede all other contrivances for rapid newspaper printing.

Then there is a machine for cutting card-boards into cards for printing, and another which cuts, prints, numbers, and packs tickets in an orderly and regular style quite pleasant to behold. You have heard, no doubt, of the envelope folding machine, invented by Mr. Hill, the brother of the Post-office Reformer. It is a clever contrivance, which folds and gums the sides of the envelopes as fast as a boy can place the paper in its proper position. But there is an even more clever contrivance still, in which the labour of the boy is superseded, for the machine only requires a heap of open envelopes to be placed in a certain position, and it feeds itself ; and not only does it gum and fold the envelope, but it actually embosses the coloured die or stamp, so that nothing is left but to dry and pack them ready for use.

To give you an idea of the number of engines and tools, pumps and mills, lathes and cylinders, sugar-cane crushers, centrifugal pumps, planing, boring, drilling, and cutting apparatus, which cuts, smooths, bends, twists, and turns about iron and brass as though they were cheese ; to talk to you of machines for making ropes, biscuits, and soda water ; for roasting coffee, corking bottles, grinding corn, cutting blocks of stone, blasting mines, drawing water from mines, rolling iron and lead into thin plates, or dressing flour, would be sheer madness : you must come and see them for yourself. Neither can I explain to you the strength and magnificence of beam engines, hydraulic machines, disc and oscillating steam-engines, railway bars, sawing, paper-making, gas-measuring, and brick-making contrivances—much less convey to you a clear idea of the immensity and power exhibited in these varied and curious products of genius. You must come to London yourself. And besides, I am forgetting that you, like most other young ladies, will prefer the bright colour of flowers and the rustle of rich dresses, to the whirr and incessant buzz of a great machine-room like this—eight hundred feet long, and nearly two hundred wide ; so I will, till next week, conclude by hoping I have not tired your patience.

By the way, I understand that there were thirty thousand persons in the Exhibition on the opening day : it looked as if it would hold four times as many, and not inconvenience a single person. At a later visit I was enabled to make, I was informed that the building would hold, in galleries and avenues, about eighty thousand people. London is full, folks say ; but I do not observe that the streets are more crowded than usual in May, or that any one is inconvenienced in the least. If any of our friends in the country are coming to London and want lodgings, I should advise them to consult the classified list kept in the office of No. 8, Exeter Change, in which they will not only ascertain the situation of the best private lodgings, but also discover the prices they will have to pay.
Believe me, yours, J. S.

Dangerous Pleasures.—Indulging in dangerous pleasure, says a Burmese proverb, is like licking honey from a knife, and cutting the tongue with the edge.

OMNIANA.—BY PARSON FRANK.

(§ 7.)—Clever and hard-headed people are often met with, who talk in the most logical way imaginable, with a clear, dry, straightforward method, and a severe consecutive chain of argument, which you feel to be almost irrefutable (by you at least) and yet quite unsatisfactory. Their reasoning seems perfect, but their conclusions you somehow reject altogether. They never seem to trip in their argument, but nevertheless it leaves you thoroughly unconvinced. These are persons who cultivate *understanding*, or the logical faculty, with extreme assiduity, but to the exclusion, more or less, of what is distinctively called *reason*. The fact is, when we listen to them in this unconvinced sort of way, that the intuitive convictions of our *reason* reject the formal processes and syllogisms of their *understanding*. Accordingly we often hear M., who may be an uncultivated, insignificant creature withal, say of N., who may be proverbially subtle, intellectual, and highly educated,—"I can't refute what N has so acutely demonstrated, nor discover a flaw in his logic, yet I feel that it is not true; disprove it I cannot, yet reject it I must." Ultra-utilitarians are apt to give the logic of the understanding this factitious superiority to the intuitions of the reason. There is much truth in what Hazlitt says,—alluding, I believe, to Bentham himself—that strict logicians are licensed visionaries.

(§ 8.)—Certain anti-progressionists, in their devotion to effete and marrowless usages, adopt means to secure the permanence of their idol-worship which may remind us of those ancient Greek States which, in time of war, chained their gods by the leg with golden fetters. (This was done, as Mr. De Quincy tells us, from a notion that in war-time the tutelary deities of the place were susceptible to bribery by secret offers of more splendid temples, and more imposing worship, from the enemy; so that a standing danger existed, lest these local divinities should desert to the hostile camp.)

ADVERTISEMENT OF A LOST DAY.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Lost! lost! lost!
A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
And graved in Paradise;
Set round with three times eight
Large diamonds, clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
All changeful as the light.

Lost!—where the thoughtless throng
In fashion's mazes wind,
Where thrilleth folly's song,
Leaving a sting behind;
Yet to my hand 'twas given
A golden harp to buy,
Such as the white robed choir attune
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!
I feel all search is vain;
That gem of countless cost
Can ne'er be mine again:
I offer no reward,
For till these heart-strings sever,
I know that heaven-intrusted gift
Is reft away for ever!

But when the sea and land
Like burning scroll have fled,
I'll see it in His hand
Who judgeth quick and dead;
And when of scath and loss
That man can ne'er repair,
The dread inquiry meets my soul,
What shall it answer there?

To Shake off Trouble.—Set about doing good to somebody; put on your hat, and go and visit the poor and sick; inquire into their wants and relieve them; seek out the desolate and oppressed, and tell them of the consolations of religion. I have often tried this method, and have always found it the best medicine for a heavy heart.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.—No. XIII.

We will in this lesson say something about the place of adjectives with reference to substantives in French. We English almost always put the adjective first: as, "an extraordinary day;" but the French very frequently indeed reverse this order, thus: *un jour extraordinaire.*

We must endeavour to condense and abridge our present remarks; for we have received, among other letters, one or two the answers to which will partake largely of the character and instructiveness of a lesson in themselves.

FRENCH INTO ENGLISH.

Les saintes=Ecritures (f. p.). Le texte (m., 1) sacré (2). Une belle perspective (f).
holy Scriptures text (2) sacred (1) view

Une perspective (1) magnifique (2). Un bon=homme. Un=homme (1) droit (2).
upright

Un cher=ami. Une robe (f., 1) chère (f., 2). Un bon mariage (m.) Un mariage (1)
dear gown marriage

prudent (2). Une jolie fille. Une fille (1) aimable (2).
prudent

Here are a few instances of the different places which the adjective occupies in French. And, as the reader sees that it is not *always* after the substantive, we will proceed to give him some general guiding rules, by which he may be able unerringly to adopt the proper construction. The greater latitude which exists in this respect in French gives to that language not only variety and richness, but at times furnishes a French writer or orator with the means of producing very striking effects, by a peculiarly emphatic and impressive construction. In English we have the same principle admitted, but to only about one-twentieth of the extent enjoyed by the French language; and the Rev. Dr. Blair, in his masterly work on "Rhetoric" and the art of public speaking, takes occasion to notice, incidentally, how much more vivid, for instance, the effect is of "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," than it would be if the more usual English construction had been observed. So we sometimes introvert, with the happiest force, the common order of adjective and substantive. It is finer and more striking, or, in other words, it is more eloquent, to say, "Cæsar Borgia met the machinations of his enemies by a policy subtle, inscrutable, and profound," than to say that he "met those machinations by a subtle, inscrutable, and profound policy." But, to be brief, it is evident that the more pliable the construction of a language is, the more means and opportunity does it afford for strong and vivid turns and forms of expression.

Now for the rules by which we beg our readers to be guided in this matter:—

First.—The general principle is, that more adjectives follow the substantive than precede it in French.

Secondly.—Adjectives denoting material or physical qualities, such as *form* or *colour*, or any species of *corporal* condition and attribute, are almost invariably placed after the substantive. For instance: *une salle* (f.) *ronde* (f.); "a round hall." *Un salon* (m.) *rond* (m.); "a round drawing-room or parlour." *Un temps chaud;* "a hot season, or hot weather" (literally "time.") *Un jour humide;* "a wet day." *De la viande* (f.) *froide* (f.); "some cold meat." *Un chapeau* (m.) *blanc* (m.); "a white hat." *Un teint* (m.) *vermeil* (m.); "a rosy complexion."

Thirdly.—Adjectives denoting the nationality of anything personal, corporate, or material are also placed after the substantive: as, *la République* (f.) *américaine* (f.); "the American Republic." *Un negociant* (m.) *français;* "a French merchant." *Un général russe;* "a Russian general," &c.

Fourthly.—When more than one adjective belong to the same substantive, they are far better after it than before: as, *une femme très jolie et très spirituelle*; "a

very pretty and a very witty woman." *La volonté auguste et adorable;* "the august and adorable will" (*de Dieu*; "of God,") &c.

Fifthly.—If the adjective be a long word, and the substantive be a short one, it sounds extremely ill in French not to place the former first: thus—*un fait deplorable*, "a deplorable fact." *Un crime épouvantable;* "a frightful crime," &c.

Such are the general rules. Peremptory exceptions exist to these rules in the following adjectives, which (if they be used singly, and not two or more together) *are placed before the substantives to which they belong:—*

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
young	*jeune* (m. and f.)	*zhūn*
wicked	*méchant* (m.)	*mayshong*
fine, beautiful, &c.	*beau* (m.)	*bo*
ugly	*vilain* (m.)	*veelan(g)*
good	*bon* (m.)	*boang*
bad	*mauvais* (m.)	*movay*
great	*grand* (m.)	*grawng*
big	*gros* (m.)	*gro*
little	*petit* (m.)	*ptee*
old	*vieux* (m.)	To pronounce this, imagine there is a *v* before the first letter of our word *young*, and that the *ng* are left out.
holy	*saint*	*sah(ng)*
less (the adjective)	*moindre*	*mwandr*

Of course, the adjectives follow the same rule when in the feminine as when in the masculine.

Besides these exceptions, it remains that we should give a list of adjectives which have positively a different meaning, according as they precede or follow the substantive. This we will do in the next lesson; for though the list be not long, we shall have no room for it here.

Finally, we must remark, that generally and currently a change has of late come over the French language—a change unnoticed by the grammars and French instruction books of the most recent date, and, as it were, of yesterday's publication. The change refers to the very point under discussion, and we now adjourn the subject till our next lecture.

ENGLISH INTO FRENCH.

My friend, do you know how many *(how much of)* people there were inside the building
savez vous monde dedans
of the Great Exhibition *on (not used here in French)* the first of May? *(See Lesson III.)*
There were twenty-five thousand persons.
personnes (p)

Here is the translation of the French historical passage in Lesson XII.:—

When Napoleon was in Russia, he sent a letter to a Russian general, with a medal, on which were engraved these words—"to you belongs the sky (the heaven), to me the earth." That meant, that in this world Napoleon was master. The Russian general gave this reply: he sent to Napoleon a medal, on which there was an engraving of a naked back and a whip, with these words—"to you belongs the back, to me the whip."

By the time our next lesson appears, endeavour to have in your possession (and your own work) a translation of the following:—

Charles the First was killed (*tuer*, "to kill") *(on)* the thirtieth *(of)* January, 1649; it is two hundred years ago *(see Lesson IX.)*. How beautiful the first of May is, this year, *by* comparison with *(par comparison à*—they say, *to)* that day of blood! *Blood*, in French, is *sang* (m.), pronounced *song*.

The last parts we gave of *avoir* and of *être* were the future Indicative and the present Conditional, which appeared in the eighth and ninth lessons. As we have finished the whole of the first regular conjugation, let us proceed with those two

auxiliaries. It were useless to give at large the past tense, Conditional mood, of either of them, for it is formed out of the present tense of that mood, and out of the past participle, thus—*J'aurais eu, &c.*, "I should have had," &c.; *J'aurais été, &c.*, "I should have been," &c.

The present tense, Subjunctive mood, of *avoir*, is—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
That I may have	*que j'aie*	*"cu" zhay*
That thou mayst have	*que tu aies*	*"cu" tu ay*
That he may have	*qu'il ait*	*keel ay*
That she may have	*qu'elle ait*	*kel ay*
That we may have	*que nous ayons*	*"cu" nous a-yoang*
That you may have	*que vous ayez*	*"cu" voos a-yay*
That they may have	*qu'ils aient*	*keels ay*
	qu'elles aient	*kels ay*

The same tense in *être* is—

That I may be	*que je sois*	*"cu" zhe soo-aw*
That thou mayst be	*que tu sois*	*"cu" tu soo-aw*
That he may be	*qu'il soit*	*keel soo aw*
That she may be	*qu'elle soit*	*kel soo aw*
That we may be	*que nous soyons*	*"cu" noo swa yoang*
That you may be	*que vous soyez*	*"cu" voo swa-yay*
That they may be	*qu'ils soient*	*keel soo-aw*
	qu'elles soient	*kel soo-aw*

It will gratify several of our correspondents, and no doubt many others, if we give them the Lord's Prayer in French. It runs thus :—

"Notre Père qui êtes aux Cieux, votre nom soit sanctifié, votre regne nous avienne, votre volonté soit faite en la terre comme au Ciel. Donnez-nous aujourd'hui notre pain quotidien ; et pardonnez-nous nos offenses comme nous les pardonnons à ceux qui nous ont offensés ; et ne nous induisez point en tentation, mais délivrez-nous du mal. Ainsi soit-il."

The last three words mean "so be it," or "amen." *Point* has the same signification as *pas*, only a little stronger.

TO OUR "FRENCH" CORRESPONDENTS.

W. W.—In *père*, the second *e*, though itself not sounded, influences the first, and makes it longer. You will discover, on second thoughts, and by a second perusal, that there is no contradiction where we speak, in our first lesson, of the sound of *e* in words. We stated it was mute at the end of words of two syllables and upwards, unless it was marked with an accent. Our correspondent cannot have noticed that our next sentence began thus—"*When it* is *pronounced*," that is to say, when the *e* is not circumstanced as just described.

S. A——N.—The French say *à un, à une*, &c., in spite of the two vowels, because, in leaving out the first they would have to leave out a whole word, and in leaving out the second they would produce a sound the same either as their word for "year," *an*, or as their word for "donkey," *ane ;* and if they amalgamated both, the sound would be like *aune*, "an ell"). With regard to *George Deux, le premier Avril, le deux Mai*, &c., you ask us, did we say what we meant? Yes, and we meant what we said. *Du* may signify "out of the" as well as "of the" and "from the."

Beaucoup means "much ;" and since "much" means "a great deal," we suppose there was no violence done to the sense in our so rendering the French. *Un beaucoup* would be a barbarism.

Why, you ask, could not the *u*, as well as the *e*, be cut off in *jusque*, when a vowel begins the ensuing word? The sound, you say, would be the same. Yes ; but the etymology would be lost. Try to be content with what *is* French, and do not trouble yourself at present with what *ought*, in your opinion, to be French.

With regard to the *a* used before the infinitive, thus seemingly producing too "*to*"s in the French, several other correspondents have stated the same perplexity.

We will make it all clear by and bye. Meantime, familiarise yourself with the sound and form of the phrases we introduce. Many things that now appear difficulties will make you smile hereafter, to think you ever were baulked by such matters. *Apportez-moi quelque pain*, instead of *du pain*, would be bad French. *Quelques pains*, in the plural, would be as good as *des pains*, and both would mean *some loaves of bread*. The French do not, like us, use a word for "loaf."

Trop, when followed by *de*, means "too much;" when followed by an adjective, it means "too." "Too happy," *trop heureux*, &c. When we said that *cela* ("that") was an indefinite word, we meant that it was used about some object already particularised, and not needing further particularisation. *Celui-là* designates, but *cela* refers to something already designated. It may also be well termed indefinite, since it is used without regard to the gender, &c., of what precedes. A little consideration would have restrained you from making so untenable an objection.

Donnée, in Lesson VIII., instead of *donné*, is quite right, and the reason is fully explained in Lesson X.

On is *not* plural, though it is used by the French where we sometimes use the plural word "people."

Celle (f.) means "that one," and means "that" only where the latter term is used for the former.

Your next criticism shows a sad neglect of your own eyes. You complain that in Lesson VIII. we say that it is better to use *à* than *en*, and then afterwards that we say *en Ecosse*. In Lesson VIII. we said *à* was better than *en* in speaking of towns. Now, is Scotland a town?

Lui means all that we make it mean. We shall come to its declension in due time.

"Do vowels sometimes come together" in consecutive words? Yes; but as in certain instances the French endeavour to avoid it, we gave those instances. *Moi* according to where it comes, *may* mean "I," or "to me." You have discovered that in *non seulement* there are not two negatives, and you remind us that we have said they are always used. If you will look again (Lesson II.) you will see we said "*almost* always."

ALF. D.—The days sound thus:—*Lūndee*, *Mardee*, *Merkr-dee*, *Zhūd-dee*, *Vondr-dee*, *Salm-dee*, *Deemongsh*. Français is pronounced *frongsay*, and the feminine (française) *frongsaze*, &c. Try for the prize, by all means. Nothing venture, nothing win.

G—S H—T.—When you want the French word for "to," why do you use that which means "to the?" You should say, *à son*, *à sa*, &c. You also have forgotten your two negatives.

G. H——B.—You think a French dictionary would be of use to you in studying our lessons. No doubt. The cheapest you can find will serve your turn.

UN QUI AIME SES LEÇONS FRANCAISES.—You must not say *qu'aime*; for though *que* loses its final vowel before another, *qui*, as the custom is, remains always invariable. You ask whether the circumstance of your knowing *bon jour*, *monsieur*, and a few of the like phrases, disqualifies you from competing for a prize? Your having happened to hear people casually utter odds and ends of French terms can of itself be no disqualification; for you could not thus have attained any real knowledge of the language. Provided you have never made a regular study of French, except with us in these lessons, our prizes are open to your emulation.

You are perfectly right about the pronouns, which, in such circumstances, precede, while substances follow, the verb: thus—*je l'aime*, *j'aime Henri*, &c.

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

s. noun-substantive; *a.* adjective; *ad.* adverb; *v.* verb; *v.a.* verb-active; *v.n.* verb-neuter.

CIR'CUMFLEX, *s.* an accent used to regulate the pronunciation of syllables, marked thus (^); *a.* bent, turned round.

CIRCUM'FLUENT, *a.* flowing round anything.

CIRCUM'GYRATE, *v. a.* to roll or wheel round.

CIRCUMJA'CENT, *a.* lying round anything.

CIRCUMLOCU'TION, *s.* the use of indirect expressions; a circuit of words.

CIRCUMNAV'IGATE, *v. a* to sail round.

CIRCUMSCRIBE', *v. a.* to enclose, limit, confine.

CIRCUMSTAN'TIAL, *a.* minute, founded on little particulars.

CIRCUMVALLA'TION, *s.* a fortification surrounding a besieged place.

CIRCUMVENT', *v. a.* to overreach, to deceive; vulgarly, to "get round a person."

CIRCUMVOLVE', *v. a.* to roll round about.

CIR'CUS, *s.* a large enclosed space for sports, with circular seats.

CIR'ROUS, *a.* terminating in a curl, or tendril.

CISAL'PINE, *a.* lying south of the Alps.

CISTER'CIAN, *s.* a monk of an order so named; a reformed Benedictine.

CIS'TERN, *s.* a vessel to catch or hold water.

CIT'ADEL, *s.* a fortress, a castle, a place of arms.

CITA'TION, *s.* a summons to appear before a judge; a quotation from another author.

CIT'RATES, *s.* salts formed of the citric acid and the bases.

CIT'RIC-ACID, *s.* the acid contained in several fruits, but chiefly in limes and lemons.

CIT'RINE, *s.* a species of pure crystal, often mistaken for topaz.

CIT'RON, *s.* a fruit resembling a lemon.

CIV'ET, *s.* a perfume obtained from the civet cat, a fierce quadruped somewhat resembling a fox, found in China and the East and West Indies.

CIV'IL, *a.* political; civilized; kind; polite. *Civil law* is the national law of a country; *civil war* is an intestine war—a war between the inhabitants of the same country.

CLON'IC, *a.* convulsive, irregular.

CLOUDS, *s.* a collection of vapours suspended in the atmosphere. When the balance is destroyed by the collision of clouds, or by a cold stratum of air, they fall in rain. Massive round clouds are called *cumulus;* flat, long clouds, *cirro stratus;* feathery or hairy clouds are called *cirrus;* and when the *cirro stratus* intersects the *cumulus*, the combination is called *nimbus*, from its producing rain.

CLUB, *s.* an assembly, or association of persons, meeting under certain conditions or rules.

CLUB'-LAW, *s.* the law of arms, law of force.

CLUNCH, *s.* a kind of calcareous earth.

COADJU'TOR, *s.* an assistant, a helper, an ally.

COAGULA'TION, *s.* a body formed by curdling milk, &c.; a liquid changed into a jelly.

COAL, *s.* a mineral used for firing, consisting of bitumen and wood, in the state of charcoal. It forms in the earth in masses of various depths.

COAL'-FIELDS, *s.* a term used to express those extensive deposits of coal which are found in many parts of the world, and especially in the United Kingdom.

COAST, *s.* an edge, bank, side, shore.

COAST'ING-TRADE, *s.* trade carried on between different ports of the same state.

COB, *s.* a strong pony.

CO'BALT, *s.* a semi-metal, nearly resembling fine hardened steel. It is used to give a permanent blue colour to glass, and to enamels on metals, porcelain, and earthenware.

COB'IRON, *s.* an iron with a knob at one end.

COB'LE, *s.* a small open fishing-boat.

COC'CULUS IN'DICUS, *s.* a poisonous Indian berry, often used unlawfully to adulterate malt liquors.

COCHINEAL', *s.* the drug from which a fine rich red colour, and especially carmine, is obtained. It is the body of a small insect found in South America, chiefly on the Indian fig-tree.

COCK'ET, *s.* a warrant certifying that the duties on goods have been paid.

CO'COA, *s.* the roasted nuts of the cacao, or chocolate bean, reduced to powder; also the liquor made from it.

COCOON', *s.* the fibrous web round a chrysalis.

Coc'tion, *s.* the act of boiling; digestion.

Code, *s.* a book, or tablet; a collection of laws, whether commercial, political, or penal.

Cod'icil, *s.* an addition or supplement to a will, to alter or explain something contained in the previous part.

Cœ'liac, *a.* pertaining to the intestinal canal.

Coemp'tion, *s.* the act of buying up the whole.

Cof'fee, *s.* the berry of an Arabian tree; the liquor prepared from that berry.

Cof'fer, *s.* a money chest, a treasure.

Cof'ferdam, *s.* a bank made of piles and clay in the middle of a stream, to keep the water from a spot where the foundation of a bridge is to be laid, or where repairs are carried on.

Cof'fin, *s.* a chest in which to inclose a dead body.

Cog, *s.* the tooth of a wheel by which it acts.

Cog'nate, *a.* born together, alike, allied.

Cog'niac, *s.* the name given to the best kind of brandy.

Cogni'tion, *s.* knowledge, conviction, trial.

Cog'nomen, *s.* (*Latin*) a surname, a family name.

Cognoscen'te, *s.* a connoisseur, a critic, a judge of anything.

Cogno'vit, *s.* a document by which the defendant to a suit admits the judgment against him.

Cog'wheel, *s.* a wheel with cogs or teeth.

Co'heir, *s.* a joint heir with other persons.

Co'here, *v. n.* to stick together, to adhere, to fit.

Cohe'sion, *s.* a state of union.

Cohib'it, *v. a.* to restrain, to hinder.

Co'hobate, *v. a.* to distil a second time.

Co'hort, *s.* a troop of soldiers, a division of the Roman legion, consisting of about 500 men.

Coif, *s.* a head-dress, a woman's cap.

Coil, *s.* rope wound in the form of a ring.

Coin, *s.* metal stamped by authority for currency.

Coi'tion, *s.* the act by which two bodies come together.

Coke, *s.* burnt coal from which the gas has been extracted.

Col'ander, *s.* a vessel in which to strain various articles; a sort of sieve.

Col'cothar, *s.* burnt or calcined vitriol.

Coleop'tera, *s.* (in Entomology) one of the orders into which insects are divided, the species of which order are commonly known by the name of *beetles*.

Collapse', *v. n.* to fall close, or together to wither.

Col'lar-day, *s.* a day on which the knights of various orders appear at court in their collars, or badges.

Coll'ate, *v. a.* to compare things similar; to examine that nothing be wanting; to place in an ecclesiastical benefice.

Collat'eral, *a.* side by side; not direct.

Colla'tion, *s.* a repast, or cold meal; a gift; comparison.

Colleague', *s.* a partner in office; *v. a.* to unite with.

Col'lect, *s.* a short, comprehensive prayer.

Col'lege, *s.* (from the Latin *collegio*, to collect or bring together.) Literally, the word signifies any association or body of men; the term is usually employed to describe a house or school for learning, supported by charitable contributions; but a college is not necessarily a place of learning.

Col'let, *s.* the part of an ornamental ring in which the stone is set; anything worn round the neck.

Collide', *v. a.* to clash, to strike together.

Col'lier, *s.* a digger of coals; a coal-ship.

Collima'tion, *s.* the art of aiming at a mark.

Collima'tion, line of, *s.* the line of sight in any astronomical instrument.

Colli'quiant, *a.* having the power of melting.

Collis'ion, *s.* the act of striking together, a clash.

Col'locate, *v. a.* to place, to station, to fix.

Collocu'tion, *s.* a conference; a conversation.

Collo'gue, *v. a.* to wheedle, to flatter.

Col'lop, *s.* a small slice or cut of meat.

Col'loquy, *s.* a conversation, a conference; talk.

Coll'ude, *v.* to conspire in a fraud.

Collu'sion, *s.* a deceitful agreement.

Colly'rium, *s.* a wash or ointment for the eyes.

Co'lon, *s.* a point thus (:), used to mark a pause in reading greater than that of a semicolon, and less than that of a period; the name also of the greatest and widest of the intestines.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.
[VOL. VI.—No. 73.—SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1851.]

EXHIBITING OURSELVES AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

Everyone talks about "*The Great Industrial Exhibition*," and it is expected that everything is there exhibited to the best advantage. All the works of art, all the manufactures there displayed are finished to the utmost, and placed in the most advantageous light. The Commissioners have of course rejected common and uninteresting articles. We presume that no niche has been reserved for any of the rags of St. Giles's; there are none of the pauper dresses of the Unions, nor the gaol garbs of our criminals. Rough and unfinished pieces of machinery, coarse cloths, and blanketing, and such-like productions, are, of course, excluded. It is a collection of *the best of everything* which England and the world can produce.

It may be objected that in all this there will be a great fallacy—a splendid deception, because the visitors will have an impression that the world, and especially our own country, are far better than they are. We do not sympathise in these remarks. It is not necessary that what is offensive should be publicly paraded in the light of day. The object of the Exhibition is, to show what human art and skill have done, and can do, to minister to the wants, the comfort, the taste, and the pleasure of mankind. The Crystal Palace will, therefore, show what we can and ought to be, instead of what we are. We believe that the world universally is to be made better by the Exhibition. Thousands will return from the scene resolved to be more expert in their trades or callings, to have their houses better furnished, and to possess more of the comforts and laudable luxuries of life. Now, this end would never be answered by hanging the stalls with the varied stores of Rosemary-lane. It would benefit no one to have a general gaol, workhouse, or prison delivery, and to bring all the living and dead materials to Hyde-park. No one would be benefited by such a procedure. Plenty of such exhibitions are found almost everywhere, and can be seen without costing us a penny.

Besides, the objects we have named are a disgrace to us all, and we ought to be ashamed, and not only try to hide them, but set our hearts on their removal. Everyone should be well clothed and fed; and every house well stored with furniture and books. The want of these comforts may be traced to bad government on the part of the rulers; to a neglect of duty on the part of many of the clergy; to indifference on the part of many of the wealthy; and to idleness, ignorance, improvidence, and intemperance on the part of a large portion of the people. We must give to all their share of blame; and feel assured that the ills of the nations cannot be removed until all ranks, classes, and orders shall put their shoulders to the work. To complain of our national woes is, in a majority of cases, to proclaim our own criminality; and, therefore, we must be more shameless than most culprits are, to wish that the Crystal Palace should be an arena for the display of our cruelty and wickedness. We may also add, that when we wish our children to improve in drawing or music, we do not send for Greek pictures of the Virgin, nor call in the "*hurdy-gurdy*" boys to give them lessons. We rather select the best specimens and masters we can find, as the most rational method of promoting their improvement. Now, we are firm believers in *progress*. We anticipate a time when the cottage shall be the palace in miniature; when the scholar and philosopher

shall have their counterparts in the workshop and the kitchen; and when the mechanic shall be as polite as the lord, as intelligent as the man of letters, as sound a divine as the doctor in divinity, and as pious as the minister of religion. We also have a strong impression that the Exhibition of 1851 will do wonders towards hastening the day when these anticipations shall be fully realised.

We are anxious, then, that *the best of everything* should appear in the Crystal Palace. The Commissioners have done what they could to exclude worthless, rough, uncouth, and useless articles from the building, but there is one thing beyond their power. They cannot make a law to shut out rude and vulgar *people*. The most they can do in this matter is to provide a strong police. The subject of manners and behaviour is an affair of our own—is a question of taste, propriety, morals, and national honour. Here we are all commissioners, and as it were trustees, of our country's respectability. Our individual duty is not to sit in judgment on silks, satins, fine cloths, pictures, machines, and other inventions; but to look after ourselves, and take care that if we have any vulgarity, incivility, or bad manners left, they shall never be permitted to enter the Great Exhibition. Attention to this business, which is, indeed, the proper business of every one of us, will be a personal service done to ourselves, and a great addition to the credit and dignity of our country. Foreigners have heard all kinds of tales about our roughness and vandalism. They have an impression that John Bull has earned his name by exhibiting himself as a species of humanity which is deeply imbued with the rudeness of the brute. They have not yet learned that under this very bluntness there is often a rich mine of sincerity, candour, and benevolence, which cannot be surpassed by any of the polish or politeness of the Continent. Whatever may be said to the contrary, the English, with all their reputed bad manners, are a generous and hospitable people, and of this the Great Exhibition is an ample proof. We have thrown open our country to all the inhabitants of the world. We demand no *passport* from the foreigner. He may traverse our island from one end to the other without anyone asking him a question, and in every place, if he will make himself known, he shall have a kind reception. We admit him everywhere without mistrust or suspicion. No police will watch his movements—no gend'armes will follow his footsteps. A nation which can do this may not bow so gracefully as the French, but still cannot be justly termed a vulgar or unpolite people. However, as doubtless many strangers, from the reports they have heard of our uncouth manners, will come over with the expectation of being insulted, we shall be happy to find that they have been agreeably disappointed; and, therefore, as good manners are as cheap as rudeness, we trust that there will be no lack of these within or without the Crystal Palace.

Many foreigners have as great a curiosity to see the English *people* as they have to examine any of the articles stored in the Exhibition. They have heard that our poor are so ill fed and clad, and so badly educated, that not a few of them will come expecting to be greeted with poverty and ignorance everywhere. A noble lord, distinguished for his philanthropy, has, not long since, proclaimed that our manufacturing districts abound with "*untutored savages*," although a careful examination of the labourers on his own estates would have shown that they are not very far in advance of the operatives of Birmingham and Manchester. Indeed, it has been fashionable of late for Englishmen to decry the land of their fathers, and cover it with infamy in the estimation of strangers. We know that these

representations are false; that they are got up with a political object in view, and perhaps with a design to make a job of government education. We also believe that, with all our faults and poverty, we are still on a par with any other nation under Heaven,—and we are anxious that this truth should be fully manifested during the coming months, so that the foreigners who visit us may depart with correct views concerning our country, and its social, intellectual, and moral condition. The following thoughts may serve as hints on this important subject.

I. Dress ought to be attended to. We know that pride in clothing is a great folly, and that the individual who carries his respectability on his back, his head, or his finger, is one of the poorest of paupers. Still there is a decency in apparel which is becoming, and is an index of something within superior to the outward man. Perhaps there is hardly anything that forms a more correct index of character than dress; because, after all, the clothing and the mode of putting it on is the work of the mind. You can generally tell whether a woman has any taste by her attire, and the same thing is true concerning men. Dirty, slovenly, and gaudy, or neat, becoming, well-made vestments, are typical representations of the inner man. Foreigners, and especially the French, are very particular concerning these things. There is a careless gracefulness about the apparel of French women which is seen even in the poorest; and no small advantage would be gained by the Exhibition if an improvement in taste respecting clothing was one of its results. We know that many attach no importance to this subject, and treat it as one of the vanities of life. We are not of this opinion, nor do the Scriptures warrant such a sentiment. One of the sins charged upon Aaron for making the golden calf was, that he had stripped the people of their jewels or ornaments, and thus had degraded them in the sight of their enemies. The dress of the Jewish high priest was of divine suggestion, and was perhaps the most becoming and graceful that was ever seen; and while the Apostle forbids extravagance, pride, and show, he yet commands that women should "*adorn*" themselves. The apparel was not to disfigure, but to improve the appearance. It is a crime against our Maker to render our bodies repulsive by the offensive or vulgar character of our clothing. We never knew a man or woman improved in mind and morals who did not also improve in dress. When an individual is reclaimed from drunkenness, or any other vice, almost the first thing he does is to order a new suit for himself, and for his wife and family if he has any. Most persons, if they choose, can dress respectably. The money wasted in drink, and other foolish and baneful indulgences, is an evidence of this. We do not wish any false impression of wealth or rank to be made upon the minds of foreigners, and should be sorry to find that our dress was a disguise and a falsehood by making us appear richer than we are; still it would, on the other hand, be a shame if we debased ourselves and our country in their eyes, by our unsightly or poverty-looking apparel. By a little industry, economy, and abstinence, all may obtain becoming and respectable clothing; and, therefore, need not disgrace themselves or the Exhibition by their poor and slovenly appearance.

II. Manners. As we have said, all who go to the Crystal Palace will *exhibit themselves*; and perhaps we might add that the people who will assemble will be the most pleasing portion of the spectacle. It would be a miserable affair to go there alone. It would be like looking at a lifeless painting. The moving mass of fellow-beings drawn from all parts of our country and the world to view and review

the arts of peace, will produce the most delightful sensations, and leave the most grateful reminiscences. The sight will never be forgotten, and therefore everyone should be concerned to do credit to himself and his native land. Many have foreboded that almost every crime and nuisance will be the consequence of so vast an assembly. The men who have uttered these predictions are no friends to the masses, but are the enemies of progress, and would be glad to have their forebodings verified. Some of them will doubtless be there to mark every defect, and to register every supposed deviation from propriety which their jaundiced eyes may construe into an offence; and further, they will use them as a proof that the people ought not to be left to themselves, or be trusted with their rights. Should the Exhibition pass off well, it will do more for our future progress than has ever been achieved in former years. The erection of the building without State revenues or Government interference is a glorious exhibition of the power of the people, and the efficacy of the voluntary principle. And then, if the multitudes assemble and depart peaceably, as we confidently expect they will, we shall have one of the grandest moral demonstrations that has ever been witnessed. We trust that not a single policeman will be needed to preserve the peace and order of the visitors.

Foreigners, it is well known, are noted for politeness, and therefore nothing but good manners should be seen. Let them return to France, Germany, &c., and tell their countrymen that the noblest sight of all was the kindness and order of the people. It should be remembered that it does not require a master of assemblies to teach politeness. Kindness and good temper are the best instructors. A benevolent heart cannot be rude to friends or foes. The Greeks used the same word for *morals* and *manners;* they evidently thought that justice could inflict no injury; that purity of mind could not be indelicate; and that love must be obliging. Depend upon it, there is more morality in genuine good manners than many suppose. All can behave well if they please. Most persons guard their tempers and conduct in the presence of superiors; and, if ever there was a time when this control was especially called for, it is at the present period. The presence of so many foreigners, who will keenly observe our proceedings and the great object of the Exhibition, should induce all so to demean themselves both in the Crystal Palace and everywhere else, that when the strangers return home, their report may reflect no dishonour on the land of our birth.

THE ART OF THINKING.—One of the best modes of improving in the art of thinking is, to think over some subject before you read upon it, and then to observe after what manner it has occurred to the mind of some great master; you will then observe whether you have been too rash or too timid; what you have omitted, and what you have exceeded; and by this process you will insensibly catch the manner in which a great mind views a question. It is right to study; not only to think when any extraordinary incident provokes you to think, but from time to time review what has passed, to dwell upon it, and to see what trains of thought voluntarily present themselves to your mind. It is a most superior habit in some minds, to refer to all the particular truths which strike them to other truths more general, so that their knowledge is beautifully methodised, and the general truth at any time suggesting all the particular exemplifications, or any particular exemplification, at once leads to the general truth. This kind of understanding has an immense and decided superiority over those confused heads in which one fact is piled upon another without any attempt at classification or arrangement. Some men always read with a pen in their hand, and commit to paper any new thought which strikes them; others trust to chance for its appearance. Which of these is the best method in the conduct of the understanding, must, I should suppose, depend a great deal upon the particular understanding in question. Some men can do nothing without preparation, others little with it; some are fountains, others reservoirs.—*Sydney Smith.*

THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO INDIA.

(Concluded from page 175).

We left Aden at sunset, and soon lost sight of its barren but picturesque outlines in the swift descending shades of night. No one had been refreshed by the trip on shore, but on the contrary all returned to the ship heated and feverish, and ill-prepared for the long fatiguing voyage before them. Some of the ladies had found the heat so great, that they had remained in the hotel all day, and all admitted that they had been ill repaid for their disregard of the doctor's advice. Our passage across the Indian Ocean was exceedingly tedious, and devoid of interest or excitement. After passing two barren islands called the Brothers, and the distant outlines of Socotra on the one hand, and of Cape Guardafui on the other, we took our final leave of the African coast, and saw nothing but a waste of sea and sky for the next ten days. Not a single sail came in sight, nor bird, nor fish, as we crept along at the average rate of eight miles an hour against the gentle breeze of the north-east monsoon.

Though the thermometer gradually descended to an average of 85, yet our sufferings from the heat and closeness did not much diminish. The sick list, which at length included the doctor, became alarming. Fever increased, and effectually quenched all the little remains of activity and cheerfulness which had survived the Arabian Gulf. Those nights of thirst and oppression, of tossing to and fro, and stealing to the mouth of a windsail, or the foot of the companion-way for a breath of air, cannot easily be forgotten; or those days of languor and headache which always succeeded. The only luxury was the morning bath, and this was obtained with difficulty, there not being more than one for the ladies, and two for the gentlemen, and among so many claimants it was impossible that all could be satisfied at the early hour when the bath is most needed. Nor was the sea-water very refreshing. Its temperature was high, and it was of a glutinous nature, probably from being full of animalcula.

The provisions on board the Haddington, were, with the exception of bread and mutton, intolerably bad, and the complaints incessant. It is difficult to understand how stores so entirely the refuse of better days could have been purchased for such a purpose. A very strong remonstrance, signed by nearly all the passengers, was addressed to the London directors on the subject. How rejoiced we all were when on the morning of the 26th Nov. we came in sight of the beautiful island of Ceylon, and anchored close to the cocoa groves of Point de Galle, and feasted our eyes on the verdure and loveliness of this most perfect specimen of tropical vegetation. Here the passengers for Hong Kong, Singapore, Manilla, &c., left us in the steamer Achilles, which was waiting to receive them, together with about twenty for different parts of the island itself. The heat during the early morning was so oppressive that we deferred going on shore till noon, when a breeze invariably springs up and makes exertion more endurable. While we waited for this welcome visitant we were not in want of amusement. Boats filled with Cingalese having cocoa nuts, plantains, and oranges for sale, crowded round the ship, and the deck was soon covered with native jewellers, displaying their brilliant stores at our feet. These men are great rogues, and generally succeed in deceiving the most wary into some purchase, which is soon found to be utterly worthless; but they are so amusing that it is almost pleasant to be cheated by them, provided the sum is not very large. They bring Trichinopoli chains, which are rarely without an admixture of brass—brooches, rings, and other ornaments, of the various precious stones found on the island, principally the opal, amethyst, topaz, and sapphire. The cat's eye, moonstone, and cinnamon stone are peculiar to this island, and are found in such abundance that it would be supposed scarcely worth their while to deceive; but the love of cheating is evidently their second nature, and cannot be resisted, and many of the tempting little packets spread out before us contained more glass than gems. They laugh when the fraud is discovered, fold up the paper, and open another with the greatest coolness. They will bear any amount of banter, and even of abuse, you may choose to heap on them, and are never in the least improved by admonition or punishment. Their appearance is very singular, as the men have long hair like the women, which they twist into a knot behind, and surmount with a large square tortoiseshell comb. It is almost impossible to distinguish the sexes, and we were quite uncertain whether, during our stay in the island, we had seen all men, or all women, or an admixture of both. They speak broken English, adding the letter e to the beginning and end of almost every word as,—"e mooné stone, e cinnamoné stone;" and unless you talk to them in the same man-

ner, they cannot understand you: consequently, our conversations with them had a very droll effect. They value European apparel, and will gladly exchange their jewels for an old gown or bonnet.

As soon as the heat had subsided we went on shore, and, after some search, found a small carriage, large enough for two persons, but into which our party of five contrived to insinuate themselves. The driver always runs at the side of the horse, and you are generally followed by a number of natives, chattering and laughing, and adding greatly to the amusement of the journey. Our road lay along the sea shore, through groves of lofty and beautiful trees, not one of which was familiar to our eyes, and the ground was covered with the bright blossoms of a plant resembling the convolvulus, and with lemon-grass, which, when crushed, yields a most delicious odour. Through the gracefully bending stems and plumed heads of the cocoa-nut trees on one side of the road, we had glimpses of the blue sea, and of the white surf dashing on the coral reefs, or sparkling sands of the shore; on the other side, the eye rested with equal delight on masses of green foliage and gorgeous blossoms, while every leaf we plucked yielded some agreeable odour. The cinnamon garden in which our drive terminated was a wilderness of sweets, and we were soon loaded with branches of different spice-trees, and with bouquets of the most lovely flowers. Never was a merrier or a happier party than ourselves. We opened green cocoa-nuts, and drank the cool, sweet liquid which they yield in such abundance; we gathered ripe plantains as we passed, while the dark crowd that followed us shouted for buckshish, and laughed with us as though they understood the cause of our merriment. The Cingalese do not appear to distinguish between the sexes, and give to every one indiscriminately the title of Sir. One of them, to whom a lady of our party had given a small silver coin, addressed her thus—"Sir, you very good man—you my mother!" They had an infinite variety of articles for sale—green parrots, small monkeys, combs and bracelets of tortoiseshell, models in ivory, boxes of ebony, &c., all made with great ingenuity; and as they cannot resist the sight of money, they will take almost any sum offered them, though they are sure to ask a very exorbitant price at first. At length the sun set, and warned us to return to the hotel; but long before we reached it, the short twilight gave place to the light of a brilliant moon, and to myriads of fire-flies. The streets of the town are narrow, and without sidewalks, but are clean; the population appeared quiet and orderly, and the low white houses looked neat and cheerful. Altogether, Galle made a very favourable impression upon us, and we envied such of our passengers as remained behind for the purpose of visiting other parts of the island. Ceylon is one of the most valuable of our eastern possessions. In extent it is about half the size of Ireland, and it is rich in every variety of animal, vegetable, and mineral productions. The south and east portions are mountainous, containing scenes of marvellous beauty, and affording a choice of every kind of climate, according to the elevation. There are four sea-ports—Colombo the capital, Trincomalee with its splendid harbour, Jaffna, and Galle. It has been for a long period virtually in our hands, and in 1817 the capture of Handy, the native capital, destroyed the last remains of native government, and the whole island became a colony of Great Britain. The history of the last wretched tyrant who ruled the interior, his fiendish cruelties, and well-merited fate, is full of interest. Since that period the island has rapidly advanced to its present state of prosperity. The coffee and spice plantations of the interior are about 360 in number already, and the remaining jungle and waste land is being gradually encroached upon and brought into a state of cultivation. At present these jungles or forests abound with wild elephants and other savage animals, with deadly serpents, and with birds of brilliant plumage. Though the Cingalese are Buddhists, yet they observe caste with great strictness. They are mild in their manners, and among them are some converts to Christianity. Compulsory labour, nearly akin to slavery, formerly existed in the island, but has been entirely abolished.

We had lingered on shore till gunfire in the evening, and then hurried back to the ship, which in a few minutes more was again under weigh. The south-east coast of the island continued in sight during the whole of the next day; the bold, rocky shore, and the lofty ranges of the interior, were distinctly visible to us at a great distance. Towards evening heavy storms came on, with a boisterous sea, which again condemned us to the misery of closed windows and skylights. This foul weather lasted during the remainder of the week, and as we approached Madras great fears were entertained that we should be unable to hold any communication with the shore. The whole of this coast is covered with reefs, and opposite Madras there is a terrific surf, which is often impassable even to the peculiarly safe boats and skilful crews employed there. It was about one o'clock a.m. of Sunday, December 1, when we came to anchor in the roadstead. The

rain descended in torrents, the wind blew violently, and we were all in despair; but as day dawned the surf-flag was hoisted on shore as a signal for communication, and immediately afterwards boats were seen pushing off to the ship, and struggling through the surf. An indescribable scene of bustle and excitement succeeded. The rain continued to fall with unabated fury, against which even a thick awning formed but a slight protection; and as it was impossible to bring the boats close to the ship's side, the ladder was useless as a means of egress. But to meet this difficulty, which frequently arises, a wine-cask is converted into a temporary throne, in which the individual is seated, and, by means of a pulley, is swung over and lowered into the boat below. This mode of exit is certainly not very dignified, but it is safe. The passage to the shore—a distance of about a mile—was terrific. There are three successive reefs, over each of which the sea beats violently; and as the progress of the boats is necessarily very slow, each was watched with great anxiety, till its passengers were observed to be safely landed on the beach. No other boats in existence could perform the service. They are very large and deep, but constructed of thin planking, sewed together with cocoa-nut fibre, and well caulked. No iron is used, as nails or bolts would be started on every occasion of the boats striking the reefs or dashing broadside on the beach, in the usual mode of discharging the living freight.

Each vessel is manned by from twelve to twenty rowers, who certainly perform their hazardous duties with wonderful skill. They seem as much at home in the water as out of it. An accident occurred to one of the boats during our stay, by its getting foul of the chain of our ship in a heavy sea. In an instant, the crew, with every movable article in the boat, were seen swimming in the waves, and the vessel, which had been nearly capsized, and, as we thought, dashed to pieces, had righted herself, and was floating off with the current. No concern was expressed by any of the hundreds of spectators, nor any aid rendered by the other boats, though it was nearly an hour before all the crew succeeded in regaining their craft. Messages and letters from the ship to the shore are conveyed by another class of boatmen, whose only clothing is an oilskin cap, worn on the head as a sort of letter-bag, and whose primitive craft is a catamaran, which consists of two logs of wood tied together, and furnished with an outrigger to keep it upright. The steersman is the only passenger, and he is constantly washed from his post if the wave happens to be higher than expected, or to take him unexpectedly. His equanimity is, however, never disturbed; the vessel cannot be injured, and, fearless of sharks, which abound here, the owner swims about till he recovers his position. Madras looks well from the sea, with its ranges of white houses extending nearly two miles along the beach, and terminating in the renowned Fort St. George.

From this place a voyage of four days brought us to the Sondheads, as the shoals at the head of the Bay of Bengal are denominated; and on the morning of the 5th we entered the western bank of the sacred Ganges, which the Europeans, without any warrant from the native custom, have chosen to call the Hooghly. The entrance is very wide, and the shores are low and swampy.

Sangur Island, at the mouth, stretches off for many miles into the district called the Sunderbunds, which was said at one time to have had a population of 50,000 souls, who were all destroyed by a fearful irruption of the sea during a hurricane. At present, like the rest of the district for hundreds of miles, it is a jungle, inhabited by serpents and tigers.

Our pilot took us safely up the river till we arrived at Moyapore, about 25 miles below Calcutta. Here, to our great distress, the approach of night made it necessary to anchor, and we were tortured by myriads of mosquitos till the morning. With the early dawn we were again on our way, the river now, from the varied foliage of the trees on its banks, becoming more picturesque, till we passed the superb mansions of Garden Reach, and, at nine o'clock on the morning of the 6th December, reached Calcutta.

The approach to the city is very imposing. On the right, for the distance of three miles, are the country houses of the aristocracy of the place, each almost deserving the title of palace, from its extent and the character of its architecture. The gardens are filled with splendid flowers and shrubs, the effect of which, to our unaccustomed eyes, was singularly brilliant. On the left are the Botanical Gardens of the East India Company, and the Bishop's Cottage. Looking up the river, before us is a fleet of magnificent ships; on the right, the vast fortress of Fort William, occupying the centre of a plain greater in extent than Hyde Park, and almost equal to it in beauty; and beyond and around this the innumerable mansions which compose the English part of this city of palaces. The effect of the scene was heightened by the approach to our vessel of the Government barges, arriving in state, with a large suite of officers in full

uniform, and a multitude of native attendants in gorgeous scarlet liveries, and equipped in Oriental splendour, to receive the Commander-in-Chief. The disembarkation of our troop of passengers then commenced, and in a few hours the ship which had brought us from the shores of Africa was deserted. Our voyage had terminated, and in forty-six days after leaving the docks at Southampton, we were being carried along the bank of the Ganges in a palanquin.

Thankful for the establishment of the overland route, which has reduced the four or five months' voyage round the Cape to a six weeks' journey through Egypt, we are not disposed to criticise too severely the mode in which the service is performed. Still there are many particulars in which an endment is urgently required. The vast importance of this great Eastern empire can scarcely be comprehended by those who have not set foot on its shores, and rapidity of communication with the home Government is become an absolute necessity. The six weeks might be materially reduced. The distance from Southampton to Alexandria is less than that from Liverpool to New York, and there is no reason why it should not be performed (allowing twelve hours for delay at Malta and Gibraltar) in eleven or twelve days. The four days lost in Egypt might be reduced to one by a railway; but this at present is hopeless. The distance of 4,700 miles between Suez and Calcutta, including the necessary stoppages, should not take more than eighteen days. But to do this, steamers equal to those on the Atlantic must be employed; and in any new constructions, the accommodation and ease of the passengers might be a little more attended to. The Peninsular and Oriental Company are advancing, it is true, but at a rate which keeps them far behind the age; and it is to be regretted that the enormous cost of establishing so important a line of communication should virtually leave the public of England and India at the mercy of a monopoly.

THE HISTORY OF A LIFE.

By Barry Cornwall.

Day dawn'd—within a curtained room,
Filled to faintness with perfume,
A lady lay, at point of doom.

Day clos'd—a child had seen the light,
But for the lady fair and bright,
She rested in undreaming night.

Spring came—the lady's grave was green,
And near it oftentimes was seen
A gentle boy, with thoughtful mien.

Years fled—he wore a manly face,
And struggled in the world's rough race,
And won, at last, a lofty place.

And then—*he died!* Behold, before ye,
Humanity's poor sum and story:
Life—Death—and all that is of Glory!

Time! Precious Time!—Ursinus, a professor in the University of Heidelberg, and a diligent scholar, to prevent gossips and idlers from interrupting him in his hours of study, wrote over the door of his library the following lines:—

"Amice, quisquis, huc venis,
Aut agito paucis, aut abi."

"Friend, whoever you are, that are coming hither, either *briefly* do your business, or be gone."

Dr. Cotton Mather (who was a man of uncommon despatch and activity in the management of his numerous affairs), that he might not suffer by silly, impertinent, and tedious visitors, wrote over his study door, in large letters, "*Be short!*"

"Ever hold time too precious to be spent
With babblers."

The society even of our friends must be enjoyed with caution. "Amici fures temporis," says Lord Bacon. "Friends are robbers of our time."

INEZ AND VINCENT.

By Miss H. M. Rathbone.

(*Concluded from page* 185.)

In 1789 Vincent met her more frequently, as she then attached herself to Drury-lane, and made her first appearance there in his comic opera of "The Haunted Tower," which met with brilliant success, in consequence of her superior histrionic and vocal powers, and the excellence of the composition. On the death of Victor Storace, her too-indulgent father, she withdrew herself still more from Mr. Hall's house, in which Vincent and Amy resided, and in 1796 set off for Vienna, accompanied by her brutal husband, who depended entirely upon her for his support. When at Paris, she heard that Vincent had been taken dangerously ill, and, every early feeling of sisterly affection aroused, she instantly retraced her steps, and entered his house, in Percy-street, in an agony of fear.

"My brother—does he yet live?" she asked, eagerly; and old Nancy, hurrying her up stairs, exclaimed—

"Yes, Signora; yes, Miss Inez—you are just in time. Only be composed; for he knows every one, feeble as he is."

Inez pressed forwards, and beheld Vincent, breathing short and quick, propped up in bed, and attempting to finish a beautiful song, called "When the robber his victim has noted." His old friend, Michael Kelly, who afterwards sang it in the character of Captain Armstrong, was sitting beside him, waiting for the scores, which Vincent could not bear to leave unfinished. When he perceived his sister, who knelt down, weeping bitterly as she pressed his left hand to both of hers, a flush of pleasure crimsoned his pale brow; but he took no further notice of her until the last bar was completed that his weak, trembling fingers could accomplish. Then he said to his friend, in low, mournful tones, which Inez never forgot—

"My dear Mick, I have tried to finish your song, but find myself unable to accomplish it. I must be ill indeed when I can't write for you, who have given so much energy to my compositions. I beg you will finish it yourself—no one can do it better; and my last request is, that you will let no one else meddle with it."

He sank back exhausted, and Amy's arms supported him, while three or four little children stood around, feeling that something was wrong, but totally unconscious of the bereavement which awaited them. When Vincent recovered a little, he kindly welcomed his sister, and earnestly implored her to leave Mr. Fisher, as she valued her soul's welfare in this world and the next, nor would he be satisfied until Inez promised to do so. But the much-desired words had hardly passed her lips, when he murmured, while a sudden change passed over his countenance—

"My dear Amy—my good, dear Amy,—farewell!" and the young composer, who had not completed his thirty-fourth year, breathed his last.

The affliction of Inez showed itself, as usual, in passionate outbursts of excessive grief, and utter abandonment to her own feelings, without any regard to those of the widow and her orphaned children. But Amy tried to put aside her anguish to attend Vincent's misguided and dearly-loved sister, though much beside had now devolved on her, in the care of her aged father, who, devotedly attached to his son-in-law, refused to be comforted under his loss, and seemed too likely to pine away as Vincent had done.

After a week's sharp illness, Inez arose from her sick-bed, and embracing Amy and the children many times, told the former she might depend upon her keeping the promise she had made to her dying brother, but that positive engagements compelled her to return to Vienna in the meantime. With a sad heart, Amy was obliged to let her go; and Inez left the house, deeply impressed with the sweet picture which, even in their present melancholy circumstances, her brother's family had presented to her of the peaceful pleasures of domestic life, and the high minded enjoyments arising from a conscientious discharge of every duty. She contrasted it forcibly with her own desolate, childless, disorderly home—and the desire was at last implanted to lead a more worthy course of existence. She looked back with shame and regret upon her wasted powers, and felt bitterly how futile was the greatest worldly success to insure happiness. Never had she so reverenced Amy's superior character, or so deeply loved her lost brother; and the fruits of her changed feelings were shown in her immediate separation from the intemperate husband whom she had selected, in all the triumph of youthful self-will, to become her guide for life. She

went alone to Vienna, and gradually her letters to Amy grew more affectionate and confidential, and the improved tone of her moral being showed itself in the increasing brilliancy and effectiveness of her powers as a singer and actress. A year afterwards she heard, with bitter sorrow, that Amy had lost her excellent father, who had never recovered the effects of his son-in-law's decease. These tidings made her heart yearn to return to England; but, aware that she could benefit her brother's children better by remaining in Vienna, she continued to reside there till 1801, when she came back to her native country to fulfil an engagement made with Mr. Harris on the Covent-garden stage. Having been delayed by a contrary wind, she only landed on the evening she was to sing, and was obliged to drive straight to the theatre, without calling in Percy-street. A note having informed Amy of her arrival in London, her sister-in-law instantly came to Covent-garden, hoping to have a peep of Inez in the green-room. She was not to be seen, however; and one of the performers, on hearing who she was asking for, said—

"Signora Storace is in the orchestra, madam, where she has kindly undertaken to perform the part of a kettle drummer; for, just as Mr. Braham was going on to sing Parke's 'Spirit of my sainted sire,' we found there was no one to beat the kettle-drums, and the audience must have been disappointed but for the signora's good nature."

Although this anecdote of Inez was in strict accordance with her spirit and readiness to oblige, it disappointed Amy, who feared that she had been expecting too much change in one still so easily acted upon by external circumstances. But these misgivings vanished when she saw the sweet countenance of her early friend, far more engaging in its chastened loveliness than it had ever been before, and further intercourse only confirmed this first pleasant impression. It is related by Mr. Parke that when the story got about, of the precision and effect with which the Signora had beat the kettle-drums on this occasion, an old Irish captain exclaimed, on hearing of it, "By the powers, she is a nate lass, and I should only have one objection to such a wife, which is, that, being so ready at a bating, she might one day feel an inclination, as Mr. Mulroony says, to bate a coat with a man in it."

Dearly was aunt Inez loved by her young nephews and nieces; and to the eldest of the former, who greatly resembled his father, she became so much attached, that her wish to superintend his education hastened her determination to leave the stage, which she did in 1808, when little Vincent was twelve years old. She then retired to Herne Hill, a pretty cottage near Dulwich, respected by all who knew her, and where she dispensed munificent charities in the neighbourhood. Her unabated ardour of disposition showed itself in her setting to work to learn Latin and Greek, in order to teach them to her nephew, whose fine abilities repaid the fostering care which she bestowed on him, and this arduous sacrifice of her time. Thus quietly and busily employed, several years rolled on, and when he had attained his eighteenth year Vincent took leave of his kind aunt, and went to college to study for the bar, in which profession he afterwards rose to considerable eminence. Inez felt so lonely on her departure, that her eldest niece, Selina, came over to Dulwich to spend some time with her, but her low spirits prevented her being a good companion; and her aunt, after a few days had elapsed, induced a reluctant confession that a gentleman of the name of Folingsby and Selina had been long attached to each other, but that their marriage could not take place, because Mr. Folingsby's father insisted on the latter's having a thousand pounds settled upon her, as his son's income was wholly derived from an inferior office under Government. Pleased to hear of her niece's engagement to one so estimable as she knew this Mr. Folingsby to be, and regretting Amy's limited means, her aunt made no comment on the communication, beyond a cordial expression of her sympathy; and a fortnight afterwards Selina was surprised to hear Signora Storace say that she was going to perform three nights at Covent-garden for the benefit of a friend. Amy, too, was much surprised at the announcement, for her friend was nearly fifty years old, and she thought Inez hardly equal to such an exertion, as her health had been failing for some time. Her acting proved, however, as spirited and delightful as in former days, and she was welcomed with acclamations by the public; but she did not come to Percy-street until the following week after her performances, when she early one morning made her appearance, and after sitting some time conversing with Amy upon various matters, she rose to go, and calling Selina aside, said:

"Here is a little packet for you, my dear child, which I hope will set all to rights, and I shall leave you to spend the day with your mother; and then to-morrow, if you like, come back to me for a while at Dulwich."

When her aunt had departed, Selina opened the small parcel, which she found contained a cheque for a thousand pounds, with a few lines from the Signora, begging her dear niece's acceptance of the proceeds of her three nights' re-appearance in public. This was the last time Inez called on Amy and her children; the excitement of acting had aggravated the internal disease under which she had long laboured; and on the 27th of August, 1817, her subdued and purified spirit rejoined the father and brother whom she had mourned so deeply. Many generous bequests to different charities were recorded in her will, and several for the benefit of aged and infirm stage performers, while the large legacy of a thousand pounds was left to the Royal Society of Musicians.

Amy was alone with her at the moment of her decease, and her last audible words were: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted;" for prosperous as her worldly career had been throughout, Inez possessed a soul full of ardent affections, which had never known the gratification of being loved by a noble-hearted husband, or cherished by affectionate children; and for many years she had been deprived of the father and brother who had constituted the happiness of her childhood.

MORNING INVITATION TO A SON OF TOIL.

By Thomas Beggs.

Awake! there's gladness on the hills,
Morn brightens over field and flood;
There's music in a thousand rills,
And sunshine on the bright green wood.
Arise! poor child of toil,—awake!
And see the cloudless morning break;
Come, let the wearied spirit rise,
To scan the glories of the skies.

Why should thy cheek be cold and pale,
When earth is gay with sun and flowers?
Come, scent the fragrance of the gale,
And hear the song the woodlark pours.
Why should thy face be dim with grief,
When joy is seen on stem and leaf?
Come, chase the slumber from thine eyes—
Poor child of toil, awake! arise!

What makes thee mourn when streams rejoice?
Wert thou then born to toil and tears?
Canst thou not join the welcome voice
That wakes the earth when day appears?
Is that dull eye, that sickly frame,
The fruit of early guilt or shame?
Or is it lust of other's gold
Hath made thee prematurely old?

It is not age—it is not crime—
Hath marked thy manhood with decay;
Fierce passion hath not stained thy prime,
Nor dashed the hues of health away;
Thine eyes have no suspicious gleam,
Like that betrays the usurer's scheme;
Thou art too poor to crouch or crave
For wealth to buy a pompous grave.

And yet thy lot is hard; the sun
Awakes thee from thy wretched bed,
And when his glorious race is run,
Will scarcely leave thee fire and bread.
And thus it is—to toil to live,
To gasp in weariness—to give
For life alone thine every hour,
To feed the pride of saucy power.

That sun, which speaks of joy to all,
Speaks with a tyrant's voice to thee;
It wakes thee to thy dismal thrall
From dreams in which the heart was free.
The curse hath crushed thee, heart and frame—
Where all is buoyant thou art tame;
They do not call thee serf or slave—
What art thou then?—a living grave.

A living grave, whereon the light
May fall to day, but cannot raise
Thy buried hopes from sorrow's night,
Nor leave one gleam of brighter days.
What to the children of despair
Is God's fair earth and wholesome air,
Whilst thousands writhe beneath the ban
Which selfish man hath made for man?

Yet, child of woe, they cannot bind
The wings that scatter wreck and wrath;
Can they form dungeons for the mind,
Or keep the avenger from their path?
No! by thy wrongs, thou wretched one—
And thousands like thyself undone—
The day of retribution lours:
Count ye oppression's life by hours.

Then wake thee,—o'er the rock's wild brow
The sun peeps up o'er cot and hall;
Come share the breezes as they flow,
The free glad streams that flow for all.
Leave on thy bed the care and pain
Of last week's toil; the mind unchain,
And let the wearied spirit rise,
To scan the glories of the skies.

SELF-RELIANCE.*

One of the finest maxims of ancient philosophy was comprised in two words—"Know Thyself," and it became so celebrated that it acquired the authority of a divine oracle, and was written in letters of gold in the temple of Apollo. Cicero said, "that it had such a weight of sense and wisdom in it, that it appeared too great to be attributed to any man." Modern philosophy has given us another maxim—"Trust Thyself"—a maxim that is worthy of inscription on every temple, and ought to be written on every faculty and power of man. A man who knows himself, and trusts himself, is fit for any duty that his abilities adapt him for, and that circumstances devolve on him; and while the ignorant and vacillating man trusts to anybody's opinion but his own, the man of self-reliance knows what to do, and how to do, and when to do it. In the world which we inhabit we have our part to act, and as the time allotted to us is brief and fleeting, it is very important that we should perform it honourably and well. We are endowed with faculties of the highest order—intellect, conscience, reason, imagination. For the improvement of these noble powers, and for their right appropriation and use, we are not only amenable to the bar of heaven, but are responsible to the society in which we move, and the nation in which we live. And this fact furnishes us with one of the strongest arguments in favour of self-reliance, because responsibility is individual, not vicarious. A man stands or falls by his own actions. Those who have no confidence in themselves—no reliance on their powers, may seem to act their part on the stage of life; but when the keen eye of discrimination analyses their pretensions, it will be detected that they are dressed in borrowed costume, and only utter or echo the words of some prompter behind the scene. A man of no originality—of no independence of principle or action, who runs at the beck and trembles at the nod of a fellow man, whether in reason or out of it, gives up all claim to the rights and honours of manhood, and classes himself with locomotive engines, which can only work well when they are stimulated and guided by the hand of another.

Self-reliance is the doctrine of reason. We have hands and feet; the sense of sight, of hearing, of smell, of touch, of taste. We are endowed with the power of thought and the faculty of speech; and we are entrusted with these gifts for our own especial use. It was never intended that we should listen with another person's ears, nor walk with another person's feet, nor talk with another person's tongue. We are sent into the world endowed with every faculty to make us independent and self-reliant. Instinct teaches us to eat our own bread and butter; and reason teaches that we should think and act for ourselves. It requires no book, no vision, no revelation to tell us that self-preservation is the first law of nature, and self-help is the best administrator of that law.

Children are fondled and caressed while they hang on the bosom, or recline on the arm, incapable of self-support; but when does the child become the father's pride and the mother's joy? The day on which it walks alone! The tendril instincts of the child become weaker and weaker as time rolls on; and when childhood changes into youth, and youth into manhood, they are superseded by the impulses and resolves of manly independence. It is, however, a lamentable fact, that there are but few families without one parasite member—one hanger on, who thinks that relationship gives him a right to feed at their table, and finger their money. Whenever this pauper feeling gains an ascendancy in the mind of a man, however gifted and respectable he may be, he will gradually become a mean and odious member of society, and in the last stage of his existence he will probably be a Lazarus trembling at the gate of a rich man, desiring to be fed with the crumbs that fall from his table. Charles Lamb describes this class of intolerant danglers in his quaint and humorous style. He says, "A poor relation is the most irrelevant thing in nature; an unwelcome remembrancer, a perpetual mortification, a drawback upon success, a stain in your blood, a blot in your escutcheon, a rent in your garment, a death's head at your banquet, a Mordecai at your gate, a Lazarus at your door, a lion in your path, a frog in your chamber, a fly in your ointment, a mote in your eye, a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends, the one thing not needful, the hail in harvest, the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet."

The application of the principle of self-trust to the cultivation of the intellect, is

* Part of an admirable lecture by Mr. Councillor Wilkinson, delivered at the Retford Literary and Scientific Institution, and since printed and published by Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall.

attended with the greatest advantages. It is the dignity and glory of man that he is so constituted that he is enabled to reflect, reason, judge, and determine. He is capable of being actuated by motives and reasons; and it is only when he forgets the nobility of his nature that he suffers himself to be led away by impulse or mere instinct. Man is pre-eminently an intellectual and moral being; it is when he degrades himself by subserving reason to passion that he neglects the cultivation of those things that are lovely and virtuous, beautiful and true. The improvement of the mind, and the unfolding of its noble powers, is one of the most pleasing and important duties of life. Reason, self-love, interest, and patriotism, not only suggest, but require the cultivation of the intellectual faculties. If a man has any self-respect, he wishes to be intelligent; if he desires to do good, he knows that intellectual grace gives beauty to the plainest action; if he wishes to be great and honoured, and stand conspicuous amongst his fellow-men, he knows that it is the mind that makes the man, and ignorance ought not to sit in high places. Beauty is a fine thing, and especially so when it is associated with a sensitive heart, and irradiated with a sun-bright eye. Money is a precious thing—it gives charms to ugliness, grace to awkwardness, and works a thousand magical wonders on the feelings and passions of men. An extensive state or domain is a good thing; and it is a proud privilege to stand on an eminence and survey mountain and river, hill and dale, woodlands and meadows, and call the delightful scenery all our own. But neither beauty, nor gold, nor land, is worthy of being placed in competition with knowledge or wisdom. One of the best and most intelligent authors of ancient times advises us "to receive instruction rather than silver, and knowledge rather than gold." To give efficacy to this advice, he says, "for wisdom is better than rubies, and all things that may be desired are not to be compared with it."

There is no royal road to knowledge, but knowledge is a royal road to honour and true dignity. Bulwer, who now writes with surpassing fluency and grace, worked his way to eminence—worked it through failure, through ridicule. In one of the articles of Bentley's Miscellany we are told, "that this facility is only the result of practice and study. He wrote at first very slowly, and with great difficulty; but he resolved to master the stubborn instrument of thought, and mastered it. He has practised writing as an art, and has re-written some of his essays nine or ten times over. Courage, industry, and perseverance are qualities which he has brought to bear upon high aims and distinguished abilities. The results have been adequate. His career is honourable to himself, and a lesson to men of letters."

Many write and speak after a model: they are imitators, and imitators are always behind. Words are the pictures of thought; and it is pleasant to have a few pictures with the traces of our own genius. Many respectable people, who would be ashamed of appearing in borrowed costume, make a great parade with borrowed ideas and opinions. They find adoption easier than creation, and repetition more convenient than invention. Like the celebrated echo of Lurley, they can repeat the words or music of another in such clear and varied sounds, that wondering credulity has given them a genius and fame; but when they are brought to the test of true philosophy it is discovered that they are mere natural or mechanical arrangements to imitate what they do not possess.

In the formation and avowal of principles we should be self-reliant. What is a man without principle? He may be rich and gifted, polished and polite, but without probity he is only a gay trifler or a dextrous knave. He may clothe himself in purple and fine linen, or wear a coronet; but without a moral character he is meaner than the humblest peasant who walks in the paths of truth and rectitude. The greatest compliment that we can pay any man is, not that he is talented or clever, but truthful and honest, and in any matter of agreement or duty we can trust him. Integrity is superior to brilliant parts, and plain honesty to splendid fraud. A crown may make a king, but it requires virtue to make a king a man. Moral principles are formed and maintained the most effectually by simplicity and sincerity. It is one of the greatest attainments in moral science to be able to say "Yes" or "No" without equivocation or reserve. How many have ruined their characters and lost their fortunes for want of courage to use one of these little words. Thousands at this moment hang in doubt and torture, crucifying themselves between these two monosyllables. Self-reliance is essential to success in commercial and professional pursuits. If two young men start in life with the same advantages and equal facilities for progress, and one depends on his friends, and not on himself, and the other relies on his own skill and energy, time will soon bring the intelligence that the latter has gained the prize or won the laurel. Most people are too much engaged

with their own concerns to attend to those of others; and yet there are men in society who vainly imagine that their friends should be continually doing something for them. How many authors pine and weep in their lonely garrets, and try to brighten the dark cloud that hangs over their prospects with the illusive hope of patronage? How many tradesmen eat the bread of sorrow, or figure in the *Gazette*, because they trusted to the favours of a fickle aristocracy or a few summer-day friends, and not to their own tact, energy, and economy? Many men in professions and business, who are continually looking out for the patronage of others, would play a much safer game if they would patronise themselves. Dr. Johnson made the candid avowal, that he owed all his success in life to confidence in his own powers. In the preface to his celebrated dictionary, he declares "that it was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great."

If we were to go to the mart or the exchange, to the university or the church, to the bar or the senate, to the ocean's wave or the battle-field, and select the names that are marked with distinction in their respective annals, we should discover that fortune and fame had encircled their choicest honours around the heads of those men who were distinguished for self-denial and self-dependence. Franklin, the model tradesman, was a man of self-reliance. Demosthenes, the ancient orator, Cromwell, the founder of the commonwealth, Luther, the great reformer, were men of self-reliance. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Charles Napier are remarkable for habits of self-direction and self-dependence. The distinctions amongst men are not natural and compulsory; they are in a great measure voluntary and self-determined. Fate does not bind us in fetters that cannot be broken, nor place us in the bondage of uncontrollable circumstances. We are slaves or men by an act of our own will.

On the first day a young man commences life he should write in his journal these words: "The way to get help in this world is to help yourself." "Show that you need aid, and all will turn a cold shoulder; but prove that you can do without depending on people, and they will beg to give you a lift." We are glad that this feeling exists in society, and hope that it will soon pervade every part of it. It would lead men to prefer independence to vassalage, honesty to trick, straightforwardness to sycophancy, industry to pauperism, and principle to expediency. Instead of looking for the favours of patronage, or the gales of fortune, or the prizes of chance, we should be devout believers in the doctrine of Gibbon, "that the winds and the waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators."

A Simile.—A day was born. The eastern sky was marked with cold, dim light. Anon the faint, gray lines diffused; then they grew bright, and brighter, and brighter still, until they filled the horizon; then they climbed the unfolding sky, and lit the world with radiance. The glorious sun burst on the view, and heaven and earth lay bathed in gorgeous dyes. The new-born morning smiled in blushing loveliness, and nature drank in the beauty of the scene. Thus came into existence a virgin morn. Ere long a tiny speck of shade hung far, far away in the ethereal fields. Soon it grew darker, and occupied a more extended space, whilst a mournful sigh came floating through the vale. Anon the feeble sighing of the afflicted wind increased into a blast, a gale, a hurricane, and then it swept over the world, roaring like a mighty cataract of leaping, boiling, angry, hissing waters; while that lately tiny speck spread wider, wider and darker, till it hung like midnight's mysterious gloom, a world of blackness between the earth and sky. Then the lightning's blazing serpents fired the surcharged clouds, and the slumbering thunder woke, and split the heavens with ire, and rain and hail in torrents tumbled down. Revelling in his savage freedom, the storm rushed around the earth, dealing destruction in its course. The world shrank beneath the direful change, and tottered in her fear. So the storm came. It passed. The golden sunlight pierced the clouds again, and smiled once more upon the world below. It soon chased the warring elements from the azure fields, and ere the day had waned, it was robed in all her former brightness. So it is with this life. The morning dawns, and in childhood's hours our way is bright and blest. The day wears on, and as we older grow, the storm-speck rises in our horizon, and clouds obscure our sky. Yet, still life's sunshine beams above the storm, and though we bend beneath the fury of the blast, those glorious rays will dissipate the gloom, and shed their cheerfulness again around our checkered way.

NOTES UPON EUROPEAN ART.

By An American.

Nothing during my experience of Europe, perhaps, has given me greater pleasure than its art, and yet about nothing can less be said. The feelings which one has before great works of art are so vague and shadowy—so made up from quick associations and longings and memories—that it is almost impossible to analyse them, and very difficult in any way to describe them. Then the whole language which the connoisseurs use with reference to art, and the principles on which they judge it, are so utterly different from what a man educated alone in nature would employ, that one feels diffident about expressing his emotions.

In all the ancient art, nothing will be more striking to a stranger than its *religious tendency*. I mean by ancient art here, especially the painting of the middle ages.

The hopes and fears of religion, the legends of monkish tradition, the stories of the Bible, the ideals which religion helps to form, are expressed and worked over in all conceivable shapes.

The face of Him whom the painters of that age regarded as the Perfect One of humanity, and the sufferer for men, is pictured in all the forms which affection and imagination could invent—from the sweet face of the child playing with its mother—yet ever with an expression of deep unearthly feeling—to the pale, exhausted features of the man, looking towards heaven with that expression of almost superhuman agony which the painters borrowed from the old sculptured face of Niobe among the Greeks. The "Holy Family" too are again and again represented, with Mary—who was often to the religious of those times the medium between God and humanity—the woman with the passions and feelings of mankind, and at the same time the mother of the "Son of God." About her the painters have thrown all that they could idealise in female beauty—all which expresses the most winning and kindly and the deepest feelings of woman; and at the same time they have given her circumstances of majesty, all befitting one so highly honoured of heaven. The "martyrs," too—the good men whom in early Christian history suffering had never turned from their faith, and the men also whose labour of kindness in a rude age, and whose self-renunciation had gained them the reputation of "saints," are pictured with pious hand, till the eye grows tired of the unvarying idea. But it is as we approach the early painters of the Christian era that we most strongly perceive the religious tendency.

There is a gallery in Berlin which, though not containing any very great works of art, gives, perhaps, the best historical exhibition of paintings that can be found in Europe. I have often interested myself there in noticing the change of style from period to period, and especially in contrasting the religious conceptions of the earlier painters with those of the later.

In the very earliest one finds little beauty of colouring or gracefulness of outline; but there is an intensity of fervour, an earnestness in their conceptions, for instance, of the unseen, which puts at defiance all the more refined spiritualisings of later masters. You are very sure they meant what they painted. And when a drunkard in the future world is pictured as tied to two hideous devils, and having liquid fire pumped into his mouth by another devil, you are quite sure the artist's idea of punishment was an earnest one, to say the least. They are very material, all of them; and I have often thought, in walking among these works of theirs, that it would almost make a man sceptical to think of them much. Still it is a terrible materialism, the materialism of a Dante or of Job, in these pictures of the Deity. Every form or image which can convey a disagreeable or painful idea is used to represent the sufferings of the wicked in the future world. Hideous toads are swallowing them—serpents with disgusting human features are winding themselves round them—creatures for which there is no countertype, except in the creations of nightmare, are crawling over them. The revellers are having their orgies over again with lizards and worms and scorpions. The gluttons are crammed with loathsome substances. Others are sawed and turned on wheels, and crushed and roasted.

In their conceptions of future happiness they are not so striking. Perhaps it is less revolting to give material representations of pain than of pleasure. One is shocked, too, to see Deity itself pictured. Their only heaven is an assemblage of immense numbers of winged beings with harps and violins, and sometimes with organs, or rows of happy monks who are saved by angels from the abyss below. Still with all their stiffness, and bareness of colouring often, and material conceptions, there is such an evident fervour about those old masters,

such a devotion, and such an *affection*, that they must ever be dear to the student of art.

When one gets down as far as Rubens, the representations are not so much of material torture as of *expressions* of pain, and of faces with demoniac malice. Beautiful female forms are clasped and hurried away by demons, who look back with that terrible scowl of malignity which Rubens alone can fully give; or faces are just seen through the darkness, fearful in their contortions of pain.

In nothing have all the painters made so many attempts as in their picturing of the spiritual world, and in nothing have they shown themselves so inferior in the genius of expression to the great artists of language. Angels have again and again been attempted, from the beautiful, intellectual-looking youths of the Dusseldorf school; and the winged Cupid-like children for which all the painters, religious and profane, have such a strange affection, up to the abnormal creatures of the earlier masters, composed only of round heads and large wings, but never scarcely in a single instance do they give one the idea of a *spiritual* being, of a higher existence under different laws. Perhaps the very appearance of *wings* immediately forces on us the idea of animals; or it may be their own highest ideal of angels was of pure, happy children. Raphael has perhaps ascended very high in his ideal when he merely paints children with a look of unearthly intelligence, and an expression of love too deep to be natural to such beings in life. But of all pictures which have attempted to express anything spiritual, and indeed of all in any age for grandeur of conception, one of the most wonderful is a modern painting, at present in Berlin in a private gallery, "Kaulbach's Battle of the Huns."

There has always been a tradition among various nations that those who perished in some great world-battle, in the very moment of fierce conflict, met again in fiercer fight after death. There is such a tradition in regard to a spirit-battle between Attila's army and the Romans. The picture I am speaking of, takes its idea from that tradition. The scene is a battle-field, with corpses strewn about, and beyond, the towers and battlements of Rome rising in the distance. The light is a strange, cold, unnatural glare, like that of very early morning. From the battle-field the forms of the dead are rising. They are stupified, half-unconscious at first; but as they comprehend the strange scene above them they seem to *burst* from the earth as if into a new existence. Imagination never pictured or scarcely dreamed of such a conception of *motion*. They do not fly, nor are they wafted, but they rise with such a free, eager movement, as if their spirits and passions pressed them up; as if they had powers of moving not possessed by man, or were creatures of a new element. They all have human features; but there are strange, fearful expressions on them, and there is something bloodless and unnatural about them all. They are faces such as when once seen we cannot easily forget; such as one sees sometimes in disturbed dreams.

Above is passing a strange, terrible scene. On one side, moving swiftly on through the air, is a host of wild forms—the army of the Huns. At their head, supported by four slaves on a shield, stands Attila. He holds a scourge in his hand, and drives on before him a crowd of fugitives, who are grappling in fierce fight among themselves, or are fleeing before him, and on whose faces are all the most terrible expressions which the mind ever dreamed of; looks of unearthly wrath, and fear, and malice, and revenge. On the other side are seen the warriors of the Romans, with noble and dignified faces, but saddened and almost fearful. They do not move so swiftly; and they look and point at the cross which is borne in their centre. Before them is their king, leading them on as if to desperate battle; yet still with confidence apparently in that cross. Two timid, youthful forms are clinging to his sides. Far in the heights of the air other forms are struggling, seemingly in fierce conflict, but so mist-like and uncertain that one can hardly tell whether they are shapes only of the morning clouds, or these spirits of the dead. Both armies appear to have risen from the field of battle, and others are continually rising to join passionately in the strife.

There is scarcely any colouring in the picture except a faint yellow. Yet are the outlines and expressions bold beyond anything I have ever seen in painting. The forms seem as if they might melt away with the first morning light, and yet they are animated with a passion which is almost superhuman. The first sensation which the spectator experiences is almost of shuddering. He connects the whole scene with the awful course of that "*Scourge of God;*" with his own belief that he was commissioned by the Almighty, with the strange connexion which all tradition asserts him to have had with the unseen: and as one gazes at the wild, dream-like picture, a strange feeling creeps over the mind, which cannot be well described or accounted for, as if a glimpse had been had for a moment of something not known in life. In many of its features it is certainly the

most wonderful picture of either ancient or modern art.

It is a very fortunate thing that the modern school, especially among the Germans, turns so much towards historical subjects. It is a difficult department, and demands wide preparation; but it is new, and may perhaps, if fairly used, be one of the most beautiful means of transmitting the history of our times. I am disposed to think that, at the present time, art has reached a higher grade of cultivation among the Germans than among any other people. In minuteness and elaborateness of execution the school of Dusseldorf has no equal; though it may be doubted whether in boldness and grandeur it can compete so well with other artists in Germany. There is one picture of that school—the greatest it has produced, and one of the greatest of modern times—Lessing's painting of "Huss before the Council of Constance." But it seems to me there are no artists now in Germany, or in Europe, whose works can equal in genius and boldness those of Kaulbach's and Cornelius'. They are the reactions against the frippery and superficiality which was beginning to appear in modern painting. Deficient often in beauty of colouring, or in minute execution, they are grand as the bare and strong expression of great thoughts. They come to us like the first works of genius from an uncultivated people, almost awful from their intensity of thought and their *contempt* of form.

The French school I for one do not like. There is throughout a too constant seeking for *effect*. As one studies the collections of modern paintings in the Luxembourg and the Louvre, one cannot but be struck with the number of dramatic terrible scenes; with the delight of the artists in striking contrasts and vivid colouring; with the brilliance and luxuriance of the painting, showing apparently a want of the severe and pure taste which must belong to the highest art. Yet despite all this, every one must acknowledge a tone through them all of that wonderful genius which characterises nearly everything the French people undertake. The pictures of Paul de la Roche, and Calam and Biard, may well rank very high in modern art. There is one painting in the Gallery of the Louvre, by a modern artist whose name I have forgotton, which has left a very deep impression upon me.

It is a moonlight scene, with a murderer escaping from his victim, and the Angel of Justice above him. The whole execution and beauty of the painting, as well as the idea, are so wonderful! The cold, pale moonlight, so difficult to give, falls over the face and unstrung form of the dead, and gleaming on the muscular shoulders of the murderer as he tries to escape, produces an effect of *life* which has rarely been surpassed in painting—the muscles seem to strain out of the picture. His face is turned away from the light as if it almost reproached him; yet you can see in the shadow that it is writhing with agony. He is straining every nerve to escape—perhaps thinks he is almost safe; but above him, with sure and steady sweep, moves the minister of Justice; a being of lofty and solemn beauty, with no expression on his face of cruelty or of vengeance; but calm, almost pitying, yet fixed in its purpose of inexorable justice.

As it is said, mere *execution* and beauty is wonderful. The management of the lights and shadows; the most difficult but almost perfect shading of colour which could so bring out the murderer's form; the softness and beauty of the moonlight, just lighting up the distant landscape, and perhaps throughout giving so much the effect of *peace*, and thus bringing out more strongly the fierce passion of the deed; and the helpless, beseeching look which the pale face and loosened muscles of the dead so naturally give—all this is well worth our study. But the great ideas which all these details harmonise with, and perhaps aid to express, are most wonderfully brought forth. The certainty of Justice pursuing Guilt—the contrast between the wild passion below, and the calm, unerring Government above. It seems as if for a moment one could see in contrast the visible and "the invisible"—man in his petty plans, his ungovernable wrath, his imagined independence; and the awful power above, which ever watches and governs.

When in England I thought I should see no more beautiful *landscape painting* in Europe than Turner's, at least than his earlier efforts. Yet it seems strange that one so eccentric, so almost *perverted* in his private life, could produce anything truly great in art. Indeed, in his latter pictures, we must allow that that eccentricity has at length reached his pencil, and he has drawn scenes which no one would venture to explain or even to criticise, so utterly unintelligible are they. He has always been the *boldest* of modern painters, the least governed by rule or example. In these, however, he has altogether leaped out of either the region of common sense or reality. Though the most *ideal* of composers, we seldom, in his earlier works, lose the impression of reality. He is almost the only landscape painter before whose works a man who has gathered his ideals from Nature alone, can lose himself with those

vague feelings, and thoughts, and dreams of beauty, which fills the mind before the colouring of the sunset, or the wide, sparkling water, or the glimmering of sunlight on the forest leaves, or the shadows and dreamy far-off views of the landscape; feelings which in their subtle nature elude all analysis, and which, in their half-sad and solemn tone, speak of the higher element, that gives to beauty its power.

There is an artist of the French school whose landscapes, in grandeur of conception, seem to me beyond Turner's or those of any other artist. I have seen nothing like them in all painting—in truth to nature, and at the same time in wonderful idealising. I speak of Calam. The only works I have seen of his were in Germany. The Dusseldorf school in bright and truthful picturing, and Landseer in occasional strokes, which have all the more power from their being "aside" from his main subject, must rank high as landscape painters. Yet it seems to me there is now in New York a youthful landscape painter whose works, if they be perfected as wonderfully as they have begun, may equal those of the first masters of Europe; an artist who has not feared to render back the peculiar tone of our own landscapes, which differs as much from that of the ideal landscapes, handed down in the European schools, as the Western climate does from the European. I speak of Mr. Church.

I cannot close this hasty sketch of my impressions from works of art, without speaking of a certain painting in the Antwerp Gallery. A painting, perhaps, not widely known, and one which in colouring and grouping is not remarkable, but which in the *picturing of expression* is wonderful. The artist's name, I think, is Boermaas.

The subject is partly symbolical—"*Christ giving the water of life to men.*" A motley crowd is represented, in the midst of which, by a fountain, stands CHRIST, offering with kind, pitying look and gesture, the water. Above, an angel is flying over, holding the inscription, "*Ho every one that thirsteth!*" The power of the picture is in the expressions on the faces of those thirsting for the water. The idea once conceived that in that company is symbolised the longing and hope of humanity for forgiveness, and the representation is most heart-touching. We see *man* with his weary and guilty heart as no picturing in language could show him, throwing himself down before CHRIST, and some faint realisation comes over the mind of what that *peace*, that purity, must be; and that love which bestows it.

The most prominent figure in the group is a woman, one who has fallen through passion. She is not pictured as such generally are, voluptuous and almost disgusting, but with a fine, noble face. Yet every line of those beautiful and pallid features speaks of agony, of remorse, of longing unspeakable toward CHRIST. There is no frippery, no superficiality in it, as is usual in such picturing; all idea of the mere beauty is lost in the intensity of her suffering and desire of rest. Around her are various figures. A weary, old man, who reaches out faintly, almost hopelessly, for the water; a wrinkled, dark-faced wretch, who seems to feel himself too guilty to touch it, and throws himself down before it. There is the captive, bending down in delight to taste it, and sad, "heavy laden" forms—and those dusty and worn from long journeying—and children who have suffered—and the blind and the sick;—all with different expressions, yet all with such looks of intense longing!

On the right of CHRIST, two common-looking servants are bringing in a sick man; and the expression of suffering and exhaustion, as his head sinks on one side, is wonderful.

The picture cannot be considered great, as a composition—as a poem. There is little of the highest art in it; yet it is a most *earnest* painting; and it is much to say, that there is nothing in it to *disturb* the effect from this picturing of feeling. As we gaze at it, we lose ourselves in the emotions speaking from the faces. We realise, as we seldom do, what it is to have lost peace and purity; what it is, when weary and hopeless with sin, to taste at length "the water" of forgiveness and life.

Still, with all the enjoyment which I have derived from European art, I must say, I turn from it with a sense of disappointment. It is not alone because our ideal is always so much beyond the reality, but I had no thought that painting, as an art of expressing human feeling, was so much below the power of expression in *words*. Beside the great painters in language, the most gifted artists are poor. In all the range of painting there are no lines of passion such as Shakspere draws; no such absorbing, hopeless sorrow; no such fierce, sweeping passion. There are no faces on the canvas which are half as noble as those which look upon us from the pages of Schiller or of Scott. There is so much, too, of superficiality, of want of earnestness about the best painting.

Men paint *repenting Magdalens*, and forget all idea of the "repentance" in the beauty. Scenes of sorrow are drawn, and the eye is caught and absorbed in beautiful costume and graceful posture, and the

great idea disappears. Then the greatest of artists have devoted their talents to such ignoble subjects; to conceptions which could only have arisen from a people altogether unmanned and vitiated by luxury. It seems strange—I can hardly understand it—that a painter so gifted as Correggio could employ his wonderful conceptions of beauty, and his power of soft, dreamy colouring, to consecrate subjects which would disgrace the foulest page of Grecian mythology, or of modern French literature. Rubens, too, of grosser and stronger nature, has given too often his life-like colouring and power of vivid expression to scenes which should have passed away with the perverted imagination that gave them birth. In truth, I have sometimes thought that these old Grecian conceptions, however much they have embodied themselves in the most beautiful forms of art, have done almost as much evil as good in the complete charm they have thrown over painting, and more especially over modern sculpture, and all the forms of monumental record.

But it is not alone mythology which is searched for in its most debasing dreams. Everything in the Jewish History, which was the fruit of a wild age—every deed of lust and blood and unnatural crime which the Bible has recorded as a warning, is worked over and over again with delighted pencil till the mind sickens of the art which could so revel in such scenes.

I am aware that for all this a partial excuse can be found in the fact, that in most of these paintings it is the *conception of beauty* with which the painter is absorbed, and not the apparent idea of the scene; and that considering painting alone as the art of embodying the beautiful, many of these objections would fall to the ground. I would not certainly make painting a merely *hieroglyphic art*, and I do not deny that beauty has its own *expression*—a wonderful language, and telling of the highest and most solemn thoughts; but art can only reach its highest point—can only compete with its kindred poetry and oratory, when the language from beauty of line and colour and shading all unites in expressing intensely and directly the one great idea of the painter, and that idea is such as can thrill the noblest and purest feelings of the human heart.

COLUMNS FOR THE YOUNG.

I CAN.

Of course you can. You show it in your looks, in your motion, in your speech, and everything else. Every attitude shows that your body has a soul, and is inhabited by resolution and moral sense. *I can!* A brave, hearty, soulful, manly expression! There is character, force, vigour, determination, and will in it. The words have a spirit, sparkle, and pungency about them, not to be resisted nor forgotten. There is a world of meaning expressed, nailed down, epigrammized, and crammed, so to speak, into those few letters. Whole lectures are there, and sermons of mighty grandeur and eloquence, on the stern and solid virtues. We like to hear the young man speak it out bravely, boldly, determined, as though it was an outstretching of his entire nature—a reflection of his inner soul. It tells of something that is earnest, sober, serious—of something that will race and battle with the world, when the way is open for it.

I can! What a spirit, purpose, intensity, reality, in the phrase! It is a strong arm, a stout heart, a bold eye, a firm spirit, an indomitable will. We never knew of a man possessed of its energy, vitality, unsubdued and energetic fire, that did not attain a place of some distinction among his fellows.

How should—we may say how could, it have been otherwise? Take Franklin, Washington, Wilberforce, Ferguson, La Place, and all the master spirits that have found a name and a place on the page of history, and where is the nation, where is the people, among whom they would not be distinguished? It could not be otherwise. It is the nature, constitution, order, necessity, the very inevitability of things and events, that it should be so. *I can!* rightly and truly said, and then clenched and riveted by the manly and heroic deed, is the real secret, the true philosophy, of all great men's lives. They took *I can* for a motto, and then went forth and made of themselves and the world exactly what they pleased.

Then, young man, hear us, if it be only this once. If you would be something more than a common, prosy wayfarer in life, just put these magic words on your lips, and their musing, hopeful, expanding philosophy into your heart and arms. Say, *I can!* and do it, and you are a man whose fortune will soon be made, and you blessed with the recollection of making it yourself.

WHAT THE END WILL BE?

When I see a boy angry with his parents, disobedient and obstinate, determined to pursue his own course, to be his own master, setting at nought the experience of

age, and disregarding admonition and reproof—unless his course of conduct is changed, I need not inquire "what will *his* end be?" He not only disobeys his parents and insults his friends, but he disregards the voice of God, and is pursuing that path which leads directly down to the gates of death and woe.

CRANBERRY TARTS.

Which of our young readers has not seen *cranberry tarts* in the pastry-cook's windows? and which of them has not felt a strong desire to spend a penny in purchasing one of them? They look so tempting, that appetite gets the better of economy. Juveniles, however, do not stop to inquire anything about the growth and cultivation of the cranberry; and yet there are a great many particulars respecting the fruit which are worth attention and inquiry.

There are two kinds or species of this fruit—the common cranberry, or, as it is called by learned folks, *oxycocus palustris*, and the American cranberry, or *oxycocus macrocarpus*. The first is found growing wild in the turf-bogs and upland marshes of England and Scotland, and in many of the northern parts of Europe. By the side of little rills its red berries glisten in the sunshine; its small leaves, its slender shrubby shoots, flourish among the snows of Russia, and in some parts of that great empire are so plentiful, that the snow is stained crimson by the berries crushed to pieces by the sledges passing over them. In those cold parts of the world cranberries are not gathered until after the winter is past, and the fresh arrivals in England are the crop of the preceding year. Before our own mosses and bogs were so perfectly drained as they have lately been, cranberries were gathered in large quantities in England; and it is stated that at Langston, on the borders of Cumberland, they were once so plentiful, that during the season from £20 to £30 worth were sold by the poor people each market-day, for five or six weeks together.

Sir Joseph Banks recommended the cultivation of the American cranberry in our own country. It is a larger and finer fruit, but closely resembles the common species, and is sent over from the United States in large quantities. It grows wild, and with little expense barren wastes, meadows, and coarse herbage are converted into cranberry fields. Any meadow, it is said, will answer for their growth. They grow well on sandy bogs, and if these are covered with brushwood, the brushes should be cleared away, as they would impede the growth of the plant; but rushes are soon overpowered by the strong roots of the cranberry. Some old cultivators plough the land previous to planting—the latter process being performed by digging holes, four feet distant each way, to receive the roots of the young plants. In three years the ground is altogether covered with the vines, and an acre will often produce two hundred bushels, worth about forty pounds, or four shillings a bushel.

The extensive growth of the cranberry in America induced several English gardeners to adopt the suggestion of Sir Joseph Banks, and to make that which was formerly a wild fruit an article of cultivation. Mr. Neill says: "Wherever there is a pond, the margin may, at a trifling cost, be fitted for the cultivation of the cranberry, and it will continue productive for many years. All that is necessary is to drive in a few stakes, two or three feet from the margin of the pond, and to place some old boards within these, so as to prevent the soil of the cranberry-bed from falling into the water; then to lay a parcel of small stones or rubbish at the bottom, and over it peat or bog-earth, to the depth of about three inches above, and seven inches below, the usual surface of the water. In such a situation the plants grow readily; and if a few be put in, they entirely cover the bed in a year or two by means of their long runners, which take root at different points. From a very small space a very large quantity of cranberries may be gathered, and they prove a remarkably regular crop, scarcely affected by the state of the weather, and not subject to the attacks of insects."

The Scotch cranberry is said to be quite as fit as any other kind for tarts or marmalade. Every variety has its own peculiar flavour, but the foreign kinds are liked best. We go to the northern and the southern regions to fetch our cranberries, nearly 40,000 gallons of which are brought every year into England. How much labour and mutual help is required before our dainty pastry can be sold for a penny over the counter! How the people in America, or Russia, or New South Wales, must cultivate the fruit—how it must be packed, and shipped, and battle with the winds and waves, and be sold and resold, and finally cooked by an English baker. *Help one another*, is the way to succeed in all things—aye, even in making a CRANBERRY TART.

PUSH ALONG.

Keep striving and striving,
Lose nought by delay,
And something is certain
To be gained every day.

THE JUBILEE OF INDUSTRY.

JOHN SMITH, IN TOWN, TO HIS COUSIN, IN THE COUNTRY.

May 22.

Dear Jessie,—It has struck me since posting my last to you—and I don't altogether understand why my letters should get into print; I hope you have nothing to do with it, Jessie—that the working men ought to be proud of their own Exposition in Hyde-park. They should be, certainly; for, of all the rich and rare commodities—all the splendid, sparkling, dazzling, bewildering beauty here spread out for admiration, there is not a single article which has not in some way or other been indebted to the horny hand of the workman. Here are exquisite statues—the workman dug the stone and marble from out the rough hill-side. Here is a great glass fountain—the workman toiled and sweated in a hot room before a blazing furnace-door, before its separate parts were moulded into form. Great iron gates, of exquisite design and cunning handicraft, grace each side of the noble building—what do they not owe to labour? Deep down in dark mines, where Danger waits stealthily in shape of foul gas, and hanging masses which a blow brings crushing down—have workmen lain upon their backs, and toiled with pick and mattock for the coal which lit the furnace-fire, to melt the crude metal into merchantable guise. With great sledge hammers, which you or I could scarcely lift, and working hard before a blazing forge, with Titan blows upon the white-hot metal, has that rough iron been brought by labour into shapes which beauty's self may wish to imitate; and so at no step of the progress of those great "beautiful gates of the Temple," has the workman been for a single moment absent. A trophy of Spitalfield's silk—around which the lady visitors linger with a sort of fondness peculiar to them—graces the eastern nave; think, Jessie, how many workmen must have sat, hour after hour, before the monotonous, clicking loom, ere the wonderful mass of rainbow colours came to look as it does now! Great blocks of wood and stumps of trees are erected into a heap, to show us the staple produce of our colonial brothers—was not the workman wanted, think you, in the depths of drear Canadian forests, ere the huge oaks and giant elms have yielded to the woodman's axe? And so, through all the beautiful Glass Palace gold, silver, and precious stones have been brought by rough workmen's hands from out the bowels of the dark, barren earth, and by workmen's hands come bright and beautiful to us. The chemist's art and the painter's wondrous power are indebted to the workman for the salts and acids and the dyes and pigments which enable them to show the world the triumphs of mind over material. And no less in the page you read is the product of hard-fisted labour apparent; for, without the labourer and the poor, whence would have come the rags and the industry which produced the paper on which I write? There are furs here, Jessie, from Hudson's Bay, and a series of boots and shoes, which give us the history of the trade in Britain from the earliest times, with specimens of the various kinds of leather employed in the manufacture;—the hand of the workman is apparent here, as elsewhere, unmistakably; for the cheaper and more common the original material, the higher the value which labour bestows upon it. The labour bestowed on gold seldom more than doubles its original value; but when an ounce of iron is made into steel, and the steel into watch springs, the cost of the original metal is multiplied I don't know how many thousand times.

Now all this, you know, should not tend to make the workman proud: quite the contrary; for he need only go into the western gallery of the Exhibition to see how far science and mind triumph over mere physical force. There he will discover—as I did, Jessie, with pleasure—musical instruments, philosophical apparatus, electrical machines, electro-magnetic engines for the working of telegraphs, galvanic batteries, daguerreotypes, and the things necessary to their proper development—calotypes, photographs, orreries, and mathematical inventions—all of which teach him that, though labour is paramount in everything, without mind it is nothing.

But I fear you will think my letter getting too dull for a lady's reading. You would rather hear, I dare say, of the triumphs of labour in more courtly guise. Well then, I may tell you that in the gallery north of the transept there is a bed and hangings, the whole of which is the performance of the needle. It is the most splendid thing in the world, representing, in various parts, well-known pictures and statuary in all manner of colours, all in the stitch known as crotchet; and I may also say, that in the Central North Gallery there is hanging a carpet worked in Berlin wool by the Lady Mayoress and a hundred and fifty ladies, and presented by them to Her Most Gracious Majesty—whom again I say, God bless! But in this specimen of ladies' work, no less than in the bed and hangings exhibited by Messrs. Faudell and Phillips, there is a higher purpose and more enduring moral than at first appears, for it is shown that a branch of manufacture hitherto unpractised except for amusement, may be made profitable as well as beautiful.

In the South Gallery are comprised an extraordinary number of needlework specimens. Exquisite pieces of needlework from Limerick and other parts of Ireland, many of them the labour of poor children; counterpanes of knitted cotton and netted children's dresses; carpets, table-covers, and sofa-covers—anti-macassars I think they call them—and other articles of female industry abound. In one counterpane there are said to be no fewer than one million four hundred and sixty-four thousand and fifty-one stitches, and to have required six thousand three hundred and fifty yards of cotton: a sufficient proof, if any were needed, that the fair sex have not been idle in this Industrial Bazaar.

It is curious to note the various expressions of the people. You may detect a new visitor by the look of wonder and amazement which sits on the face of him who for the first time gazes upwards and around upon that magic transept. The season-ticket holder, on the contrary, has become used to the wonderful effect; and, thinking nothing of seeing a couple of giant elm-trees in a glass case, makes his way quickly through the crowd towards the spot he has selected for his morning's entertainment. And I assure you, strange as it may sound, there are solitary places and quiet, unused nooks in this great palace, which few but the scientific and the searchers after truth in strange disguises, care to visit, even though fifty thousand people pass daily through its doors! There is no bustle, Jessie; no crowding, except in the refreshment rooms; and even there it is quite of a genteel kind; and as for anything like noise, the words of admiration heard upon the lips of scores, hundreds, of passers-by, gives just the sort of *éclat* necessary to the realisation of the wondrous scene. A solitary walk in the Exhibition, splendid as is everything around, would be a dull affair.

I would enlarge, Jessie, on this part of my letter, but that time fails me; and if you were with me in the Exhibition, as I hope you shortly will be, I could point out many things of which I can scarcely speak on paper. There is about to be published, I understand, a cheap book in numbers, to be called "The Illustrated Exhibitor," which will give you a far better idea of the contents of the Crystal Palace than anything I can say here. It will be published at two-pence a number, the first of which will appear next week. I shall regularly send you a copy. Till then, adieu.

J. S.

P.S. I know ladies love postscripts, so I append one. I have just been informed by a well-known artist that he has a commission from the proprietor of the new work I mentioned, to make a drawing of the Crystal Palace from the south door of the transept, which will include all the sights to be seen in that grand avenue. I assure you I look with impatience to the appearance of the first number, The governors are very kind; they have given us all tickets of admission for to-morrow. This graceful act makes me think better of rich men than ever I thought before,—an admission of some weight for such a Radical as Yours, J. S.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.—No. XIV.

FRENCH INTO ENGLISH.

Ma mère! racontez moi quelque petite historiette (f.) s'il vous (1) plait (2)
raconter—to relate story
(if it you pleases—if you please). Très bien, ma fille; mais l'historiette, la (1) désirez vous
vraie (f.) ou feinte (f)? Oh! qu'elle soit vraie! Volontiers—Je vous (1) raconterai (2)
fictitious willingly
une anecdote (f.) *à l'égard de* Louis Quatorze, ce (m.) grand (m.) roi (m.) que l'on
regarding
appelle "Louis le Magnifique." De quel (m.) pays (m.) était=il roi? Il était
appeler—to call magnificent
roi de France, ma fille. Mais je parle à présent d'une époque (f.) qui précédait
at present epoch *précéder—to precede*
son=avènement. Il avait=alors *à peu près* votre age. Son père Louis Treize avait=été
accession then *about*
très malade; mais il commencait=à se (1) rétablir (2) ("*himself to re-establish*"—that
sick *commencer—to begin*
is, *to recover*). *Eh! bien!* son petit fils étant permis *d'*entrer *dans* sa (f.) chambre (f.) le
well permitted into
roi lui (1) demanda (2) avec=un sourire (m.) "*qui êtes vous?*" L'enfant après=avoir
smile child
médité un=instant, donna à son père le roi cette (f.) réponse (f.):—"*Je suis*
méditer—to meditate instant this reply
Louis Quatorze!" Certainement,=après la (f.) mort (f.) de son père, il était destiné
certainly after death *destiner—to destine*
à être "Louis Quatorze"; mais pendant la vie (f.) de ce roi, l'enfant n'avait pas le
during
droit (m.) de porter un tel (1) titre (2). Eh! bien! lorsque le roi avait entendu cette
right to wear title when heard
réponse (1) extraordinaire (2) il EST tombé *(see the list of verbs in the first page of Lesson X.)*
malade *de nouveau.* C'était *comme si* son successeur (m.) lui (1) commandait
afresh, anew *as if* successor *commander—to command*
D'abandonner le trone (m.). Et en effet il l' (1) abandonna; car, il mourut
to abandon—to give up throne in fact for died
incessamment.
very quickly

Now in this exercise the reader has one of the most curious little incidents in French history, and an incident of which several historians make no mention whatever, probably deeming it of too little importance. Nevertheless, it will repay perusal, and we will proceed at once to obviate any little difficulties which our friends may find in that task.

In Lesson XII. they will find, under the example of the verb *honorer*, what part of the verb *raconter*—or as the grammarians would say, what "part of speech"—*racontez* is. The absence of *vous* shows that it cannot belong to the present tense, Indicative mood, and that it must therefore be that part of the verb which, by its own nature, implies a command or a request.

Next, you will perceive that the French do not say, as we do, "if you please," but "if it pleases you," or, more literally still, according to construction, "if it you pleases." As the term is of course in hourly use, it is well to know it quite familiarly. The pronunciation is *seel voo play;* and when very rapidly spoken, it sounds like *see voo play.*

In the interrogation which almost immediately succeeds, there can be no difficulty, after our complete explanation, of the method of putting a question in French.

With regard to *qu'elle soit*, it might seem to belong to a tense already given of *être*, the present Subjunctive; and even so it would make sense—"I desire"

(*understood*) "that it (the story—*fem.*) may be true." But in this lesson we shall give another part of *être;* and the reader will at once perceive that the expression may, more properly still, be referred to that part. Here, therefore, we must repeat a great guiding rule, on which we have already emphatically insisted—that where a term has more than one signification, you should consider which of its meanings makes sense in the place, or makes the best sense.

As to *raconterai*, and other such words, it is observed that we never write beneath them more than the present Infinitive; for, in truth, if our "exercises" be useful at all, one of their uses is that they thus keep fresh in the reader's mind what he has previously learned of the several parts of a verb, *with their equally several imports;* that he, in fact, grows by this means imperceptibly familiar with the most essential points of grammar, while at the same time he practises an æsthetic or mentally improving drill of method, order, and lucidity.

A l'égard de—literally, "at the regard of"—that is, "in regard of," is another of those daily and hourly recurring phrases with which one cannot be too familiar. It has the force of our "concerning," "respecting," "about," &c. &c.

Louis Quatorze speaks for itself, after what we said in Lesson III. about numbers.

The little word immediately following shows that the French very often say "this" where we say "that."

Now we come to what of the whole exercise must prove the greatest difficulty, because we have hitherto given it no mention or notice. And yet it is but one word, and that word consisting of but one letter. We allude to the *l'* before *on*. It means nothing whatever, nor is it grammatically necessary; and it is placed there merely for euphony's sake. There are six words in French which, if they be followed immediately by *on*, give to it this *l'*. Those words are *que, si, ou, où, et*, and *qui*. This is merely, as we have said, for harmony. And for the same reason, the rule, or rather custom, does not hold good if *on*, though preceded by any of the words enumerated, be followed by *le*, or *la*, or *les*; for then the *l*, instead of conducing to the euphony of the sentence, would sound unpleasantly so close upon the *l* which succeeded.

EXAMPLES.

c'est vrai que l'on dit	it is true that people say
c'est vrai qu'on le (1) *dit* (2)	it is true that people say it
si l'on dit cela	if people say that
si on le (1) *dit* (2)	if people say it
on aime ou l'on admire la vertu	people love, or people admire, virtue
on l' (1) *aime* (2) *ou on l'* (1) *admire* (2)	people love it, or admire it
où l'on boit du vin	where people drink wine
où on le (1) *boit* (2)	where people drink it
on danse et l'on chante	people dance and sing
ces vers sont charmants, et on les (1) *chante* (2)	those verses are charming, and people sing [them
le pauvre à qui l'on donne ces vêtements	the poor man to whom people give these clothes
le pauvre à qui on les (1) *donne* (2)	the poor man to whom people give them

Here we may repeat what we have said in answer to a correspondent, that *on*, though we often translate it by a word which is plural (people), yet is itself singular, and therefore requires the verb of which it is the nominative to be in the singular. You must say *on parle* not *on parlent*, &c.

With regard to *se rétablir*, it is a reflective verb, of which kind there are a good many in French. We shall speak of them in due time.

Dans, as it will be observed, may mean "into," as well as "in."

The next point on which we will detain the reader is *après avoir medité*, "after having (literally, 'after *to have*') meditated." It is not for the sake of pointing out again how the French use the infinitive after *après*, while we use the participle, but in order to make our readers, more clearly than some of them appear to do, understand what a past participle is, and how very widely it differs from the perfect tense, Indicative.

Among the more imperfect translations sent to us of the English passage into French, many erred in the using of the past participle where the perfect indicative

ought to have been employed—*il parlé*, instead of *il parla*, and so on. We can see how this error has arisen in the minds of persons who have not been grammatically taught. It so chances that in English (and it is a defect in the language) there are multitudes of verbs of which the past participle and the perfect Indicative are written and pronounced precisely alike. For instance: "he *killed*," and "he was *killed*;" "they *meditated* this change," and "this change is meditated, was meditated, will be meditated," &c. Now a person who was tricked and cheated by his ear, and by want of a little thought, into supposing that there could be no essential difference of meaning where there was similarity of orthography and of sound, and who met with this similarity, or rather this identity, at almost every turn in his own language, might through carelessness imagine that he could use the words of another language with equal indiscriminateness. He would find, for example, that *medité* signified *meditated;* he would recollect that in English, whether an action or an effect were expressed, the word which conveyed the one would convey the other. We not only say, "this project has been meditated," but we say, "people have meditated this project;" and so in a thousand other instances. Very well; you find, perhaps, that the former sentence would, in French, be correctly given thus—*ce projet a été médité;* you accordingly snatch up *médité*, to make it do duty wherever *meditated* can be used in English. This will never do. The past participle has a meaning and force quite distinct from those of the perfect tense, Indicative mood, *whatever accidental identity of sound or spelling may exist between them in English.* The perfect Indicative conveys the idea of *action;* the past participle conveys the idea of an *effect undergone*, at least in the "voice" with which we have now to do; and in no "voice" can it *alone* be made equivalent to the other tense.

An exceedingly simple process will make all this entirely clear. That process is, to select some English verb in which the past participle and the perfect Indicative happen to be as different in sound and spelling as they are in sense; and it is a pity the former difference does not everywhere exist. Take, for instance, the verb "to go." The perfect Indicative is "*went*," "*I went*," &c. Now, if there be no difference of real intrinsic meaning between this tense and the past participle, it would be perfectly unexceptionable English to say, "he has went to Paris." So would it be, on the other, a charming and correct expression to say, "when he eaten his dinner, he gone." The fruit and profit of these remarks are, that when you are in any hesitation as to which of these parts of a verb you must use in French, you should call to mind some English verb of which the two parts are differently pronounced, and reflect which of them you would employ in a parallel circumstance. As for *il parlé*, it means "*he spoken*"—that is, it is nonsense.

In order to impress our readers still more with this necessary distinction, which will not be useless to them even in the grammar of their own tongue, we will ask them what they would think of so exquisite a passage as the following?—

"My dear Sir,—I written the letter which was wrote by me last week, just after your friend was went, and before your second message was came. The thing you spoken of was so old that it was knew already. I never been so vexed as I have was on this occasion; indeed, I thrown away hope, for I was threw down in spirit. I was lay prostrate by the event. I seen what was never saw before. I fallen lower than I had ever fell in my life. My prospects are slew, and he who slain them is one whom I have drew out of poverty. But I shall be took by you for a madman if I continue in this strain, so I will finish with the subject. I have strove in every way, I have did my best, I have bore many inconveniences, and, now that I am took at a disadvantage, I will have did with those that have so took me," &c.

People say that one example is worth a thousand precepts, and therefore we have deliberately chosen this method of disgusting our readers with an error into which they might otherwise easily fall when writing French. In the passage we have given there is no defect except this confounding of the participle and the perfect; and if they so confound them in French, what they say or write will sound just like our warning-specimen.

In the remainder of our exercise there is little which needs commentary.

Imperative of *avoir* :—

FRENCH.	ENGLISH.	PRONUNCIATION.
aie	have thou	*eh*
qu'il ait	let him have	*keel eh*
qu'elle ait	let her have	*kel eh*
ayons	let us have	*a-yoang*
ayez	have ye	*a-yay*
qu'ils aient	let them have	*keels eh*
qu'elles aient	let them have	*kels eh*

Imperative of *être* :—

FRENCH.	ENGLISH.	PRONUNCIATION.
sois	be thou	*soo-awe*
qu'il soit	let him be	*keel soo-awe*
qu'elle soit	let her be	*kel soo-awe*
soyons	let us be	*swa-yoang*
soyez	be you	*sway-yay*
qu'ils soient	let them be	*keel soo awe*
qu'elles soient	let them be	*kel soo-awe*

We will now give the translation of the passage in Lesson XIII., premising that the French very frequently indeed employ the perfect tense indefinite where we use the perfect definite. For instance, instead of "I dined yesterday with your father," they would say, "I have dined yesterday with your father"—thus: *j'ai diné hier chez votre père*, &c.

"Charles Premier a été tué le trente Janvier, 1649 (seize cent quarante neuf); il y a deux cents ans. Que le premier Mai est beau, cette année ci, par comparaison à ce jour de sang!"

Observe here that in talking of a succession of years, the French use the word *ans* (p. m.), but in alluding to some particular and distinct twelvemonth, they employ *année* (f. s.). This lesson is already so long that we must defer the intended continuation of our remarks about the place of adjectives and substantives.

As usual, we furnish a passage, which our readers can translate for themselves at their leisure. (N.B. The French say "the week," "the year," &c., where we say "a week," "per year," &c.)

"Combien gagnez (*gagner*—to gain) vous, la semaine, par votre travail? Je gagne quarante quatre schellings *(shillings)* la semaine; et ma femme en *(of them)* gagne dix-huit. Ainsi nous=avons tout ce qu'il nous (1) faut (2). Lorsque mon fils aura quatorze ans, il en gagnera dix ou douze."

We must beg of our correspondents, when we do not specifically reply to them, to conclude that either we consider their questions virtually answered in past lessons, would they but examine again, or that we shall embody all that they require in our future instructions. Any other mode of dealing with our numerous correspondents is becoming incompatible with the space and time we can command.

Having been pressed by several correspondents to recommend them a French dictionary, we should think Nugent's, which they will no doubt be able to get from any bookseller, would serve their purpose.

We are obliged to defer some special answers till next week.

IRON RAILINGS ROUND ST. PAUL'S.—As it is now in contemplation to remove the iron railings which surround St. Paul's, the following particulars respecting them may be interesting. They were cast at the Gloucester Furnace, in the county of Kent, and compose, perhaps, the most magnificent balustrade in the world, being five feet six inches in height, and having at intervals seven gates of beautiful workmanship, which, together with the rails, weigh two hundred tons and eighty-one pounds. They cost 6d per pound, which, with other expenses amounted to the sum o £11,202 0s. 6d.

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

. noun-substantive ; *a.* adjective ; *ad.* adverb ; *v.* verb ; *v.a.* verb-active ; *v.n.* verb-neuter.

COL'ONEL, *s.* the commander of a regiment or battalion of troops.

COLONNA'DE, *s.* a range of pillars or columns ; a piazza.

COL'ONY, *s.* a number of persons drawn from the mother country to inhabit and cultivate some distant place ; the meaning of the word is also extended to signify the country or place where the colonists settle.

COL'OPHON, *s.* the end, conclusion, achievement.

COLOQUIN'TIDA, *s.* (in medicine) the bitter apple.

COLORIF'IC, *a.* that is able to produce colour.

COLOS'SAL, COLOSSE'AN, *a.* beyond the usual proportion, gigantic.

COLOSSE'UM, *s.* a spacious amphitheatre at Rome ; the name given to a building intended for the exhibition of panoramic views in the Regent's-park.

COLOS'SUS, *s.* a very large statue ; a giant. The "Colossus of Rhodes," regarded as one of the "seven wonders of the world," was about one hundred feet in height.

COL'OUR, *s.* hue, dye, tint. The "primary" colours are red, yellow, and blue; the "secondary" colours are those produced by the union of any two ; thus red and yellow produce *orange ;* red and blue, *purple ;* and yellow and blue, *green. Figuratively*, the word colour means *pretence.*

COL'OURS, *s.* a banner, flag, or streamer.

COL'TER, *s.* the sharp-iron of a plough that cuts perpendicularly to the share.

COLUM'BIAN, *a.* pertaining to America; Columbia being a name given to America in honour of Columbus, the discoverer.

COL'UMBINE, *s.* a plant ; the name given to a principal female performer in a pantomime.

COL'UMN, *s.* a round pillar, or shaft, of wood, stone, or iron. Columns are divided into five orders : the Corinthian, Ionic, Composite, Doric, and Tuscan. The word column is used also to describe a body of troops, drawn up so as to present a narrow front to the enemy.

COLU'RES, *s. pl.* two imaginary circles passing through the poles of the world.

CO'MA, *s.* a morbid disposition to sleep; (in *astronomy*) the hairy appearance that surrounds a comet.

CO'MATE, *s.* a companion, an associate ; *a.* hairy in appearance.

COMATO'SE, *a.* lethargic, inclined to sleep.

COMB, *s.* an instrument for the hair ; a valley surrounded with hills ; the crest of a cock ; the cavities of a hive in which bees lodge their honey ; *v. a.* to divide, to dress, to smooth.

COMBUS'TIBLE, *s.* that which easily takes fire.

COMBUS'TION, *s.* the process of burning ; (in chemistry) a term which denotes the decomposition of certain substances accompanied by light and heat.

COM'EDY, *s.* a laughable dramatic piece.

COMES'TIBLE, *a.* eatable, fit to be eaten.

COM'ET, *s.* a heavenly body of a luminous and hazy appearance ; its revolution round the sun is eccentric, and its appearance varies according to its position with respect to the sun.

COMETA'RIUM, *s.* a machine showing the motion of a comet about the sun.

COM'FIT, *s.* a dry sweetmeat.

COMI'TIAL, *a.* relating to the comitia, or popular assemblies of the Romans.

COM'MA, *s.* a point marked thus (,). In *music*, a comma, practically considered, is the ninth part of a major tone.

COMMANDANT', *s.* a chief in command.

COMMATE'RIAL, *a.* consisting of the same matter.

COMMAT'IC, *a.* brief, concise.

COMMEMORA'TION, *s.* an act of public celebration.

COMMEND'AM, *s.* a void church benefice, held by some person till a pastor is provided.

COM'MENT, *s.* an annotation ; note, remark.

COMMENTI'TIOUS, *a.* invented, feigned.

COM'MERCE, *s.* trade, traffic.

COMMER'CIAL, *a.* relating to trade, trading.

COM'MIGRATE, *v.* to remove in a body from one country to another.

COMMINA'TION, *s.* a threatening, or cursing ; the "Office of Commination" in the Liturgy of the Church of England is called "a commination, or denunciation of God's anger and judgments against sinners."

COMMINU'TION, *s.* the act of grinding to small parts ; pulverisation, reduction.

COMMIS'ERATE, *v. a.* to pity, to compassionate.

COM'MISSARY, *s.* an officer who has the charge of furnishing provisions, &c., for the army.

COMMIS'SION, *s.* a trust; a warrant; a charge made by an agent for transacting business.

COMMIT'MENT, *s.* an order for imprisonment.

COMMIT'TEE, *s.* a certain number of persons to whom is committed the management or examination of any matter.

COMMIX', *v. a.* to mix with, to blend, to unite.

COMMO'DIOUS, *a.* convenient, suitable, useful.

COMMOD'ITY, *s.* interest, profit, merchandise.

COM'MODORE, *s.* in the Royal Navy, an officer commanding a small number of ships of war.

COM'MON, *s.* an open country, public ground.

COM'MON-COUN'CIL, *s.* the council of a city or corporate town, consisting of certain inhabitants elected to assist the mayor and aldermen.

COM'MON-LAW, *s.* the ordinary law of any country; it is called *common*, as prevailing generally over a whole country, in contradistinction to *particular* laws, the operation of which is confined to a limited district, or to a certain class of the inhabitants.

COM'MON PLEAS, *s.* the name given to a superior Court of record, having jurisdiction over England and Wales in all common pleas and civil actions commenced by subject against subject.

COM'MONAGE, *s.* the right of feeding on a common.

COM'MONALTY, *s.* the common people.

COM'MONER, *s.* a member of Parliament; a student of the second rank at the universities.

COM'MON-HALL, *s.* the building in which citizens meet to transact public business.

COM'MONPLACE, *a.* ordinary; the term is usually employed in literature in reference to subjects which are generally known, or in the manner of treating which no originality is manifested. A *Common-place Book* is a book in which things to be remembered are ranged under general heads.

COM'MONS, *s.* the common people; the lower House of Parliament, the assembled representatives of the boroughs, cities, and counties of England; food, or allowance, on equal pay.

COMMONWEALTH', COMMONWEAL', *s.* an established form of civil life; a republic. The term is employed in reference to that period in the history of England occurring between the death of Charles I. and the restoration of Charles II.

COM'MORANT, *a.* resident, dwelling.

COMMO'RIENT, *a.* dying at the same time.

COMMO'TION, *s.* a tumult, a disturbance.

COMMU'NITY, *s.* the commonwealth; the body politic; a common possession.

COMMUTA'TION, *s.* change of one thing for another; alteration, ransom.

COM'PACT, *s.* a contract, a mutual agreement.

COMPACT', *a.* firm, close.

COMPA'GINATE, *v. a.* to set together that which is broken.

COM'PANY, *s.* a number of persons assembled together; fellowship; a corporation; a body of merchants; a small body of foot-soldiers.

COM'PASS, *v. a.* to surround, to grasp, to obtain.

COM'PASS, *s.* a circle, space, limits; power of the voice; the "mariner's compass" is an instrument composed of a card on which are named the points of the compass, in the middle of which is placed a pivot, on which a magnetic needle is balanced, for the purpose of pointing out the true direction of north and south.

COM'PASSES, *s.* an instrument for dividing, measuring, or drawing circles.

COMPATER'NITY, *s.* the relation of godfather.

COMPA'TRIOT, *s.* one of the same country.

COMPEER', *s.* an equal, a companion, a colleague.

COMPEN'DIUM, *s.* an epitome, an abridgment.

COMPETI'TION, *s.* a contest, rivalry, strife.

COMPILA'TION, *s.* a collection, an assemblage; a compiled work is one in which the author, or artist, has put together, from the works of others, what he conceives to be most excellent or best adapted to his purpose; a compilation in this respect differs from an original work.

COM'PLEMENT, *s.* the full number.

COM'PLEX, *a.* compounded of many parts.

COMPLEX'ION, *s.* the colour of the face; *metaphorically*, the outward appearance of an object or event.

COM'PLICATE, COM'PLICATED, *a.* compounded of many parts.

COMPO'NENT, *a.* constituting, forming.

COMPOS'ITE, *a. in civil architecture*, the *composite* order is the last of the five orders of columns, so named because its capital is *composed* out of those of the other orders.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.
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THE OPERATIVE CLASSES:
THEIR TRIALS, SUFFERINGS, AND VIRTUES.

COLLIERS AND COAL MINING.

By G. Wharton Simpson.

"If not the single element of our mercantile and political superiority, Coal is at least absolutely essential; and could we suppose such an event as the exhaustion of our beds, it would be the final and utter catastrophe of our greatness. England would immediately sink into a third-rate power. Her population would have to fly from her empty pits, her drowned mines, her frozen furnaces, her lifeless railways, her paralysed manufactures, with the same wild despair that drives the starving Irish peasantry from their blighted food."

CHAPTER I.

A COLLIERY VILLAGE.

The tale of human suffering reiterated every day in a thousand varying forms hath yet some untold chapters. Deep down in the bowels of the earth, many hundred feet from the light of day, yet all around us, and not more than a few hours' ride from any portion of these British Isles, exists a race of men unknown, almost unrecognised, in the land; yet are these men the bulwarks of England's greatness. Unseen themselves, the result of their labours is everywhere observed; they delve and hew the fuel from which is derived the power which drives our machinery by day, and the gas which lights our streets by night: and whilst they thus furnish that which cheers our homes, which provides at once for our domestic comfort and our national greatness; what, it may naturally be asked, is their own condition? They are in hourly danger of death in all its most dreaded forms: the explosive and devastating fire-damp may in a moment send them by hundreds into eternity; the scarcely less terrible choke-damp may, without warning, overwhelm them by its suffocating breath; the bursting waters may suddenly rush in, and, inundating their subterranean workshop, leave not one to tell the sad story. Falling stones, breaking ropes, and a hundred other casualties, open death's doors at every turning.

In the narrative we are about to present, we happily have not to tell of the times when the collier was a chattel to be sold with the estate;* or of the scenes, revolting to humanity, when females, young and old, performed the work of brutes in the pit: these things have happily passed away. Nor shall we seek to comprehend in our story a combination of all the harrowing details incidental to a collier's life in the present day. We rather seek to give a few scenes from the every-day history of a pitman's life, sketched chiefly from personal observation of actual occurrences. These will present some sufficiently touching phases in the condition of this neglected portion of our countrymen.

It is unimportant to the interest of our narrative to describe exactly in what portion of the great northern coal field the colliery village of Terevale is situated: suffice it to say, that it forms part of a tract of country described in a Government document, compiled between two and three hundred years ago, as "*waste;*" and that it now fills no unimportant position in that field of mineral riches which annually produces, as is ascertained from the latest statistics, not less than ten million tons of coal, which is in itself nearly one third of the entire annual production of the coal-fields of Great Britain.† In

* "North Brtish Review," November, 1847, p. 53.

† This must be taken as an approximation, as it is difficult to ascertain the precise amount of coal worked in each district. R. Cowling Taylor, Esq., F.G.S., in his recently-published "Statistics of Coal," calculates the total production of coal in Great Britain in the year 1845 as nearly 35,000,000 tons. We learn from the same authority that the number of persons engaged in coal-mining in Great Britain is upwards of 110,000; of these, about 32,000 are employed in the collieries in the district of the Tyne, Wear, and Tees. It will thus be seen that the northern coal-field, notwithstanding that it is superficially less than some others in the empire, yields annually nearly one-third of the gross production of the whole island. The area of the British coal-fields is 8,139 square miles; that of the United States of America 133,132 square miles: the annual produce of the latter is about 4,400,000 tons, or less than one-eighth of that of Great Britain. Our annual exports are calculated at upwards of 2,000,000 tons.

its appearance and characteristics it furnishes no exception to the hundreds of colliery villages with which the northern coalfield abounds. It consists principally of two long rows of roughly-built pitmen's cottages, so low that the outer doors reach the eaves of the slanting red-tiled roofs. One of these rows is distinguished as "Back-row," and the other, being nearest the working shaft of the pit, as "Pit-row." The remainder of the village consists of some straggling and ill-arranged clusters of houses, occupied by a few petty tradesmen and beer-shop keepers. There is, besides, a public-house known as the "Green Dragon," and another distinguished as the "Pitman's Rest;" and, standing at a little distance from the village, are the residences of the agent and clerks of the colliery. Notwithstanding that the population is somewhere about eight hundred, one-fourth of whom are men and boys actually engaged in the pit, there is no school, and but one place of worship—namely, a small Methodist chapel, the nearest church being at another colliery village called Bilbeck, about three miles distant.

By day the village presents an appearance grim and cheerless enough; almost everything seeming to partake of the hue of the coals, or to be covered with black dust: by night the scene to any one unaccustomed to such sights is somewhat grand and fearful; the huge heap of small coal, the accumulated deposit from the wasteful process of screening,* known as the "pit heap," which during the day only seemed to smoulder, now gives forth a red, angry glare, lighting the village with a strange and dismal glow. These heaps of coal, having first spontaneously ignited, have burnt without interruption for upwards of a hundred years. Their combustion is scarcely seen by day, but at nightfall, especially when wind prevails, they present a startling illumination. In some collieries, where the quality of the coal is suitable, this waste is avoided by the small coal being used in the manufacture of coke; but here, as in many more cases, it is incapable of this conversion, and is not considered worth the expense of transit to any place where it might be of use.

In immediate contiguity to this heap is erected one of those ungainly-looking assemblages of buildings which so frequently meet the eye of the traveller in the north of England, consisting of a massive-looking engine-house, constructed of the roughest masonry, and some stages and elevated wooden beams, with one or more large wheels revolving at the top. One end of the engine-house is partially open, and from it protrudes the extremity of a gigantic engine-beam, whose slow and regular strokes are indicative of the ease with which it brings to the surface the immense quantities of water constantly accumulating in the workings; and which, thus pumped from the pit, feeds the brook which runs hard by. Immediately contiguous to this is a square platform covered with sheet iron, having in the centre the mouth of the pit, which is bratticed into three portions, two of which are used for working the mine; the other is the ventilating shaft, near the bottom of which is a large furnace, kept constantly burning, to secure a current of air through the pit, to supply the place of the vitiated atmosphere ever accumulating in the workings, and to carry off the foul mephitic gases which are given off from the face of the coal in large quantities. Over the shaft is erected a stout timber framework or scaffold, supporting the two wheels over which pass wire ropes connected with the machinery of the engine, and employed in drawing up the coal. The platform on the side opposite to the engine-house is bounded by the slanting screens upon which the coal is thrown immediately on its arrival at the "bank-head," and by which the large coal is separated and thrown into one train of railway wagons, whilst the small falls into another set, placed beneath; the slaty and "foul" pieces being carefully picked out by boys, and afterwards conveyed to the pit-heap to be burnt. From hence lines of railway stretch in various directions: one to a lime-kiln, in which is prepared limestone obtained in making the "drifts;" another to kilns where the clay similarly obtained is converted into bricks and draining-tiles; whilst a third descends an inclined plane to a public railway connecting the coal district with the sea-port.

At a little distance are the colliery offices; nearer are the workshops in which the pitmen's tools are sharpened and repaired, and stables for the horses used in the above-ground portion of the works; whilst above all towers a lofty chimney, whence roll the dense masses of smoke generated by the engine fires. All around is black and dreary; the air is loaded with steam, smoke, and finely-powdered coal; whilst the measured beat of machinery, the roaring of the fires, the clang of hammers and bells by which the "onsetters" below signal to the "banksmen" above, the loud concussion with which each "cage" is landed at the surface, the rapidity and

* It is calculated that about one-fourth of the entire produce of the pits is thus wasted; but of late years much of the small coal has been collected for sale, it being well adapted for certain kinds of furnace fires.

noise with which the "tubs" of coal are dragged from one cage, tipped over the screens, and sent back empty to descend by another, and the loud and uncouth cries of the men, combine to render the scene one of the most deafening and bewildering of which the mind can conceive.

We must now request the reader to accompany us to the bank-head, and thence to descend with us into the Ruddyburn pit. Having entered the cage and taken a seat in a crouching position, notice is given to the engineman, and on a signal from below we descend in total darkness and with fearful rapidity. Though we see nothing, we hear the dropping of water, and are oppressed by a close, unhealthy smell. At first we experience a painful sensation of sickness and oppression, caused by the blood and fluids of the body rushing to the head. Presently the feeling is changed to that of a rapid ascent, and ere we become assured that we are not ascending, we have sunk to a depth of between one and two hundred fathoms, and reach the bottom with a violent jerk. Hastily quitting the cage, we follow our guide, who is "overman" of the pit, to the stables, where we see, with some surprise, about twenty small horses, or "galloways," and are informed that as many more are now engaged in the various workings of the pit. Some of them have been foaled in the pit, and none of them will ever again see the light of day. We now proceed through a vaulted passage, about six feet wide and seven high, cut through the solid rock. On the bottom is laid a tram-way, on which are constantly passing and re-passing, at a rapid rate, full tubs to, and empty ones from, the shaft, drawn by horses, attended and sometimes assisted by boys denominated "drivers" and "putters." Having passed through this drift to a distance of two or three hundred yards, we take one of the numerous turnings which present themselves, and shortly arrive at the actual workings. Here, in a state of almost perfect nudity (being clothed, as are all the men and boys in the mine, only in a scant and loose flannel shirt and drawers), and begrimed with coal and earth, the poor hewer, in a stooping and sometimes a reclining posture, by the glimmering light of a "Davy,"* and in an atmosphere polluted with the gases arising from the coal, day by day or night by night, pursues his dreary and laborious occupation. His working tools are few and simple, consisting chiefly of picks or mattocks, iron hammers, wedges or mandrils. Having first loosened a large block of coal, forming the end of the narrow cell in which he is "cribbed, cabined, and confined," by cutting away the bottom and one of the sides to a depth of about two feet, he brings down the mass by means of wedges. The constant and imminent danger of such an occupation must be apparent. Besides the risk always attendant upon ignition of gases, the miner is liable to fatal casualties,† owing to the sudden and unexpected separation of the block of coal during the removal of the under portion. When the mass is brought down, it is broken into smaller pieces, with which the tubs are filled and quickly hurried away to the shaft. Leaving this part of the mine, we ascend an inclined passage, and passing through several doors, used for regulating the current of air, and which are attended by boys called "trappers," we find ourselves in another seam much thinner than that below, and called from its measurement the "five-quarter seam." Here we are obliged almost to creep on hands and knees; and the avocation of the collier is still more arduous and trying. Very small ponies are here used for hurrying the tubs, and the hewer is constantly in a recumbent position. In another portion of the pit we see carried on the dangerous work of cutting away the pillars of coal which had been left to support the roof. In the first process of "getting" the coal the miners are compelled to excavate only parallel passages, about six or eight feet wide, having between them walls of coal twenty-four feet thick, which are intersected at right angles by other passages; by which means massive square blocks or pillars of coal are left at regular distances to support the roof. When these passages have been carried to the extreme distance considered compatible with safety, they are abandoned; and in process of time, from the weight of the superincumbent mass, the pillars sink and the floor bursts up so as completely to fill the passages. How greatly must the danger to the pitman be increased when he proceeds to work out the blocks of coal which are thus locked up and which frequently form fifty or sixty per

* The safety-lamp invented by Sir H. Davy, in which the flame is surrounded by a net-work of fine wire to prevent the ignition of gas.

† In a report of a select committee of the House of Lords, appointed to inquire into this subject, it is stated that from the 1st of January, 1848, to the 30th June, 1849, not less than 346 lives were lost by explosions of fire-damp. In addition to these, 93 were killed in the same period of time by the breakage of ropes and chains; 99, by falling down shafts; 221, by the falling of portions of roofs; 16, by suffocation or drowning; and 23, through accidents with the wagons or trams; thus giving a total of 798 human lives sacrificed in this employment in eighteen months. It is stated in the same report, that very many of these accidents are traceable to the selfishness, negligence, and indifference of coal-owners.

cent. of the whole seam! In doing this the first process is to dig through the rubbish, the roof being propped up with posts of timber, and the coal is then taken out in the same manner as in the original workings. This method is pursued until the whole of the coal is extracted, when the props are removed, and the super-strata break down *en masse*, in what is called a "goaf," and completely fill the space previously occupied by the seam of coal. The "thrust" or downfall of the strata, which takes place in a district where the seam has thus been entirely worked out frequently causes a considerable subsidence of the surface, by which buildings of all kinds are greatly injured and occasionally thrown down.

In addition to the classes of men already named as engaged in the pits, there are the viewer and under-viewers, generally men of education and experience, whose duties are to survey the pit and indicate the direction of the workings. Under these is the overman, who has the sole management of the underground economy of the pit, and who keeps a daily account of the labours of the men; he is generally a man of tried experience and practical knowledge of every department of the working of a colliery. Under him are the deputy-overmen, who, in addition to exercising a sub-inspectorship, attend, assisted by the pit joiners and masons, to the roofing of the workings and the laying of the tramways.

The rate of remuneration of these men, whilst not insufficient for the necessities of life, is, considering the hazardous and unhealthy nature of their employment, extremely low, averaging for common workmen from sixteen to twenty-four shillings per week of forty-eight hours' labour. The usual mode of payment is by piece, calculating by the tub, which is of a standard measurement, the price varying at different collieries. In addition to their wages they are allowed a certain quantity of coal for their own use. They are subject, however, to the infliction of numerous drawbacks and fines, which in some instances considerably reduce the amount of their wages, and are often felt by the pitmen to be of a very galling character. We may instance the fact, that, whenever any tub is incompletely filled, or contains "foul coal" (that is, splint, slate, &c.), which in working by the dim light of a Davy it is sometimes difficult to avoid, the whole contents are forfeited. These, and other oppressive regulations, are the prolific causes of discontent and strikes amongst the men.

The terms of engagement entered into by pitmen are generally prescribed by a "bond," containing full particulars for their guidance in all matters connected with the working. It is a somewhat lengthy, printed document, and is hung up in some prominent place for ready reference at all times by the men. The usual mode of payment is by the "score," which varies in different districts: in the collieries on the Tyne the score usually consists of twenty-one "tubs;" on the Wear, of twenty tubs; and in some others, of thirty tubs; each containing twenty pecks. The price per score for hewing is from 5s. 9d. to 8s. 6d.; varying as the hardness or softness of the coal increases or lessens the difficulty of "getting" it. An average price is about 6s. or 6s. 6d. There is considerable difference at times in the difficulty of getting out the coal even in the same collieries; in such cases the men "cavil" or ballot for the choice of places, "caviling day" occurring once a quarter.

Stretched on a bed of pain, in one of the cottages of the before-named Pit-row, lay a middle-aged man.

The apartment was the chief room in the dwelling, and was used as kitchen, sitting-room, and bed-room. The walls were coloured with a mixture of yellow clay and lime; and the floor, scrupulously clean, consisted of a concrete of lime and gravel. In one corner of the room stood a large mahogany four-post bedstead, with faded chintz hangings. A tall chest of mahogany drawers, a clock in mahogany case, half a dozen tolerably well polished birch chairs, a "squab" or settle, covered with chintz similar to the bed-hangings, and a large deal table, were the chief portion of the furniture of the room. In reference to the three first-named articles, we ought to remark that pitmen have a peculiar liking for mahogany furniture, which they make great sacrifices to procure. There was some attempt at ornament and decoration. In the centre of the wall, over the fire-place, was a coarse engraving, representing a kneeling child, in a loose bright blue gown, intended for the youthful Samuel engaged in prayer; a yellow halo, or shekinah, streaming through the window beneath which he kneeled, indicating the divine acknowledgment. At each side of this, in somewhat antiquated type, were suspended, in narrow black frames, the texts, "Thou God seest me," and "He hath done all things well." At opposite sides of the room, in similar frames, were two other pieces, one representing Daniel in the lion's den, and the other, Joseph sold by his brethren, both done in very bright colours, of which the prevailing were red, yellow, and blue. A tea-board, with a bunch of flowers of equally gaudy hues, stood upon

the drawers, and, together with a pair of highly-polished brass candlesticks on the chimneypiece, completed the adornment of the apartment. The remaining portion of the cottage consisted of two small back rooms, one of which served as a bed-room, and the other as a scullery.

Andrew Anderson, whose home we have just sketched, was a little more than forty years of age, but to appearance upwards of fifty. In person he was rather short and square-built, with legs slightly bowed in a manner peculiar to pitmen. His countenance, dark, heavy, and sallow, had a thoughtful expression. He had worked in the pit from a period as early as he could remember, progressively as trapper, putter, hewer, and deputy overman. His father had been killed, whilst onsetting, by the breaking of a rope, which precipitated the cage, laden with a tub full of coal, on to his head, and killed him on the spot, at the time when Andrew was a mere youth. He had from that time supported his mother, who had now, however, been dead some years. From her he had received the only education he possessed, which enabled him to read tolerably, and to write imperfectly. She had imparted to him, however, sound moral instruction, and a love for religious study, which had preserved him from mingling in the various debasing pursuits followed by those with whom he was surrounded. His family now consisted of his wife, a delicate, gentle woman, but a clean, careful housewife, and two sons, aged respectively twenty and seventeen, of whom George, the elder, was in every respect like his father, whilst Joseph, the younger, though a lad of fine disposition, was still of rambling habits and irresolute character. Both were engaged in the pit. His family originally was much larger; some had died in infancy; a boy, about eight years of age, had been killed by a wagon, whilst playing on the inclined plane; and a daughter, a delicate girl, had died just as she was approaching womanhood, of what was called a "decline," chiefly induced by the damp, unhealthy character of the cottage.

Andrew Anderson was now in a restless feverish sleep. He had lain two days suffering the effects of an accident occurring in the discharge of his duty as deputy-overman of the pit, a large stone having dropped on him as he was roofing one of the workings, breaking his collar-bone, and seriously bruising other parts of his body. The pit doctor apprehended no serious results from the injuries, but the patient was now in an excited and nervous state. Circumstances were occurring in connexion with the pit which caused him considerable anxiety, and greatly added to the fever caused by the wounds.

A late mild autumn, and a general stagnation of trade, had caused a long slackness in the coal market.* The pitmen of Ruddyburn Colliery had for some months been working half time, and the privations attendant on these circumstances had materially contributed to the fostering of a spirit of discontent which had prevailed in regard to many of the regulations of the pit. During the last few weeks a general revival of trade in the country, and the setting in of severe frosty weather, had caused a sudden demand for coal, and all hands were required to work long hours. This, then, was deemed a favourable time for the enforcing of the long-talked-of claims of the men upon the owners; and delegates sent out by the Pitmen's Union† were now visiting all the collieries, desiring their co-operation in securing the demands of the men in those cases in which the regulations were deemed most oppressive. A meeting was to be held that night at the Green Dragon Inn, two delegates from Newcastle being present to point out their grievances and the redress they required.

The old man turned uneasily on his bed, and, looking up, inquired the hour.

"Whisht, honey, and lie still," replied his wife; "it's near nine."

"Isn't t' lads yam yit?"

"No, honey, it's t' union meeting, thou knaws; gan te sleep."

* The coal trade has, for the last few years, been peculiarly liable to be depressed or affected by the slightest dullness of trade, in consequence of the large number of collieries opened during the existence of the great combination of owners to limit the vend of each pit, and thus keep up the prices. On the breaking-up of this combination by Lord Londonderry, some years ago, each colliery being free to work to its fullest capabilities, the competition was suddenly increased, and the market has ever since been overstocked, and the prices low; another illustration of the natural reaction following on every attempt to limit the freedom of trade, and keep up prices by restrictive laws.

† The "Association of Colliers on the Rivers Tyne and Wear,"—a union, supported by the weekly contributions of its members, the ostensible objects of which are to make provision for themselves and their families in case of death or sickness, to obtain suitable recompense for and to regulate the hours of labour. Some of the enactments of this union are ridiculous enough, although precisely the same in character as those of the combination of masters. Such, for instance, are the attempts to keep up the price of labour by limiting the amount to be performed by each man. We need hardly add, that however oppressive are some of the regulations which this association attempts to remove, the mode of doing so by strikes has invariably resulted in the reduction of wages to the working man.

Andrews turned on his bed with a sigh, adding, "Ah 's sare feared they'll mak a *stick* on't."

He remembered too well the sad story of a strike which his mother had often told him, and of the miseries which had ensued —the beggary and starvation, the ejectment from their homes, the assaults on new comers, and the murder of an overman. Faithfully had she related all these particulars, and earnestly had she entreated Andrew never to be a party to a turn-out; and now, when the danger was so imminent, and when his voice might have been raised in warning, he was laid on a sick bed. As these reflections passed through his mind, he groaned in spirit, and for a moment repined at his fate.

The latch was now raised, and George, the eldest son, entered, and sat down without speaking.

"Ah doot it 'll be a job," he at length said in a moody tone; "they're gawin te turn oot."

He then proceeded to describe the meeting: it was but a repetition of what had often been told. The delegates from Newcastle were men not chosen for their prudence or sound judgment, or knowledge of the subject; in many cases they were not pitmen at all, but men who, with some shrewdness and oratorical ability, were destitute of principle, contriving to excite and fan the flame of discontent in order that their occupation as paid lecturers might be continued. They had declaimed, in the usual manner, of the tyranny and large profits of the owners, and of the impost-, hardships, and injuries, inflicted on the men; they had pointed to the present demand for labour as a circumstance peculiarly in their favour, as bringing the masters entirely into their power; winding up with a rhetorical flourish, urging the men to "strike a decisive blow, and for ever free themselves from the iron grasp of despotism." The meeting had subsequently resolved that a deputation of the men should wait the following day on Mr. Deanham, the agent—Sir Heselden Wharton, the owner of the pit, never by any chance coming in contact with the workmen. An increase of wages, the removal of the obnoxious drawbacks, and some other alterations were to be demanded; and, in case of refusal, the whole colliery was to turn out.

George's account of the meeting having terminated, the absence of the other son was for the first time noticed.

"But what's getten Joe?" exclaimed his mother.

George was silent for some moments, being unwilling to grieve his mother. He at length said—

"Why, the way on't is, that them fellows fra Newcassel offered to stan' treat, and he's stopping to get a glass, and hear news aboot 't Union."

The old man sighed, and the mother bitterly blamed "the fellows that had comed to make them miserable, and fill their heads wi' their fulery."

REFORMERS ENCOURAGED.

The true Reformer—like the pioneer
Who hews the ancient forest—must throw by
All thought of ease or resting till he die;
Nor in his noble breast admit the fear
Of ill, although through life he may not hear
The voice of friend, nor see one loving eye
To cheer him on his way of duty high,
And warn him when his foes are lurking near!
Yet fields of beauty, by his dauntless hand,
Shall rise in loveliness, where now the gloom
Of Error doth the light of Truth withstand:
The lonely wilderness he fells shall bloom
Throughout all after-time; and those who now
Scowl with mad hate, before his tomb shall bow.

PROSPERITY AND SUCCESS.—While they in one man call forth contentment, gratitude, and happiness, lead another into the indulgence of every sensual pleasure, to the destruction of his bodily health, and the subversion of all the nobler powers of his mind; in a third, they call forth pride, and all the maddening principles and feelings of an intoxicated spirit. Enough of this takes place in the world, to show us that were not our circumstances and conditions in life restrained by an over-ruling Providence, there would not be the amount of happiness, which mankind even at present enjoy.

GLEANINGS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

NO. V.—SPECTRAL ILLUSIONS.

In the year 1842, a foreigner of the name of La Fontaine exhibited to public audiences in several of the large towns of this kingdom a young lady, whom he represented as being susceptible of mesmeric influence, and capable of enduring in that state incisions by needle and lancet on the most tender parts of the body, without any sensation of pain. Several other parties after this lectured on the subject, while public curiosity was most excited. I happened to be in a manufacturing town of some importance in the midland counties, and at the time that a popular lecturer was drawing crowded audiences to witness his experiments. I was taking tea one evening with a select party, and the conversation turned upon the all-engrossing subject of mesmerism. A gentleman in company strongly contended that the phenomena were the results of illusion, and explainable on the same principles as other popular delusions. He held that they were opposed to all the known laws of nature, and that it was a mere charlatanism to make public exhibitions of experiments which ought to be confined to the study of the scientific investigator. I ventured to give my own opinion, that all such effects as were alleged to be produced were of no higher order than the ghost-stories and stories of apparitions and supernatural appearances which had once been matters of popular belief. Another grave-looking gentleman, who had hitherto taken very little part in the conversation, said that some persons had the gift of seeing appartions, and he offered himself as an example. The curiosity of the party was turned at once to the new speaker, who offered his opinions in a quiet and intelligent manner. He said that he had the power of making himself hot or cold by a mere exertion of the will—that he could, by the same means, command the presence of any distant friend at any time, although he could not converse with him—and that only very lately, in the mid-day, he was walking in the public street, and felt a strong desire to see a friend who was at that time in the East Indies, and, at the moment, he beheld him coming down the street; but on meeting, the spectre separated in two parts, and disappeared. These things were related with an immense amount of detail, without any excitement, and with a correctness of speech and collectedness of manner that riveted the attention of the party upon the speaker. I found afterwards that he was a man possessing a great fund of information, and on all other subjects considered very sensible and practical. I observed that his head, over that part where the phrenologists allocate the organ of wonder, was very like that of the busts and portraits of Swedenborg.

It is my purpose to state facts, and not account for them; but the re-appearance of deceased persons to relatives and friends, and sometimes to indifferent persons, has formed a favourite topic for the lovers of the marvellous in all ages and all countries. The philosopher Brutus was haunted by the ghost of the murdered Cæsar, and the incident has been improved by Shakspere in his "Julius Cæsar." In these days of utilitarianism there are few accounts of supernatural appearances, and therefore we have to draw upon the past. One of the most singular accounts of spectral illusions is that related by the Rev. Dr. Rudge. The father of Dr. Blomberg, deputy-clerk of the King's Closet (George III.) and vicar of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, was captain in the army, and was killed in America. Five or six of his brother officers were dining together on the day on which his death occurred, three hundred miles away from the place where it happened. After dinner, while the conversation and the wine flowed freely, they were astonished to see Captain Blomberg enter and take a vacant chair in the room. Several questions were addressed to him, to which he returned no answer. At length one of the officers said, "Blomberg, are you mad?" Turning at once to the speaker, the spectre said, "When you go to London, take my son to the Queen, and ask Her Majesty to be his protector." He then arose from his chair, walked very deliberately across the room, opened the door, and walked out. His friends afterwards heard of his death, and from inquiries they made, found that he was slain on the very day and at the very hour at which he abruptly appeared in the midst of the dinner-party.

Sir Walter Scott relates an instance of a young man of fortune, who had led a dissipated life, and was obliged at last to consult a physician as to the best means of

recruiting his ruined health. He complained that he was haunted by a set of apparitions, dressed in green, who performed in his drawing-room a singular dance, and that he could not rid himself of the spectres. The physician ordered him to go into the country, to live temperately, and to take exercise. In a month the patient wrote saying that the visions had disappeared. After a time he returned to London, and on entering his drawing-room the green goblins made their appearance and commenced their dance. They appeared to welcome him with great glee—"Here we all are; here we all are." He was so shocked that he retired from Great Britain, and took shelter abroad. This host of spectres were no doubt the creations of a diseased imagination.

A curious account is given in the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, in a letter to the editor. "On the 26th of December, 1829," says the writer, "about half-past four in the afternoon, Mrs. —— was standing in the hall, near the fire, and on the point of going up stairs to dress, when she heard, as she supposed, my voice, calling her by name, '——, come here; come to me.' She imagined that I was calling at the door, to have it opened. She went to it, and was surprised, on opening it, to find no one. She returned towards the fire, and again heard the same voice, still calling 'Come to me—come, come away,' this time in a loud, plaintive, but somewhat impatient tone. She answered as loudly, 'Where are you? I don't know where you are'—still imagining that I was somewhere in search of her; but receiving no answer, shortly went up stairs. On my return to the house, about half an hour afterwards, she inquired why I had called to her so often, and where I was; and was of course surprised to hear I had not been near the house at the time. On the 30th of the same month, at about four o'clock p.m., Mrs. —— came down stairs into the drawing-room, which she had quitted a few minutes before, and on entering saw me, as she supposed, standing with my back to the fire. She addressed me, asking how it was I had returned so soon? (I had left the house for a walk half an hour before.) She said I looked fixedly at her, with a thoughtful and serious expression of countenance, but did not speak. She supposed I was buried in thought, and sat down in an arm-chair near the fire, and close, within a couple of feet at most, of the figure she still saw standing there. As, however, the eye still continued to be fixed upon her, she said, 'Why don't you speak to me?' The figure, upon this, moved off towards the window at the further end of the room, the eyes still gazing on her, and passed so very close to her in doing so, that she was struck by the circumstance of hearing no step nor sound, nor feeling her clothes brushed against, nor even any agitation in the air. The idea then arose in her mind for the first time that it was no reality, but a spectral illusion."

There are many instances of this kind, where spectral appearances have been seen by persons labouring under depression of spirits, or affected by disease, to which I may return in subsequent articles. I have before me several instances where persons guilty of murder have been haunted by apparitions of the murdered persons. Sir Walter Scott relates a singular instance of a man of the name of Jarvis Matcham, who was visited by the ghost of a boy whom he had murdered. The hero of the story was the pay-sergeant of a regiment, and was much esteemed for his good conduct. It appears, however, that he was tempted to embezzle part of the money entrusted to his charge. On being summoned from the town where he had been engaged on the recruiting service, he saw that he could no longer avoid discovery, and the idea of deserting occurred to him. He had a little drummer-boy with him, and he was afraid that this boy would make some revelations that would lead to his detection, and in a feeling of desperation he murdered the boy, and made his escape with a balance of money. He changed his dress, and crossed the country to a roadside inn on the Portsmouth road, where he slept, instructing the waiter that he wanted to go by the Portsmouth coach early in the morning. The waiter called him, and remembered that he said, on being awakened, "My God! I did not kill him."

Matcham went on to Portsmouth, and entered the service as a sailor or marine, and managed to maintain a good character for many years. At length, on being paid off at Plymouth, he resolved, with another seaman, to walk to town. They took the route through Salisbury. When within two or three miles of that city, they were overtaken by a storm of unusual violence. Matcham was horror-struck, and manifested more terror than seemed natural to one who had been at sea for many years. At length he began to talk very incoherently, and to complain that the stones from the road pursued

him. At last he cried out, "Who is that drummer-boy that is following us so closely?" It was in vain that his companion assured him he saw nothing—he still cried out about the drummer-boy keeping pace with them. He then made a confession of the fact of his desertion, and of the murder, and urged his companion to deliver him up to the magistrates. This was done; but with the return of day came the love of life and the dread of punishment, and he protested his innocence; but a few days brought evidence proving his identity, and the waiter recalled the remarkable expression he made use of when awakened at the inn. He was convicted, and under sentence of death declared that his first confession was true.

The following remarkable case has appeared in many publications, but from whence I have obtained it does not appear. The captain of a slave-vessel, who was known as possessing a violent and ungovernable temper, had taken a strong dislike to one of his men, called Jones. On one occasion the captain used some strong abuse and threats to the seaman, to which the other replied very freely and coarsely; upon which the captain fetched a loaded blunderbuss, and calling him a —— mutineer, fired, and mortally wounded him. The man fixed his eyes upon the murderer, and said, "You have done for me, but I will never leave you." The story goes on to relate that the body was thrown into the slave-kettle and used as food for the negroes.

The captain then swore the crew to secrecy, and coerced a refractory mate until he solemnly promised not to relate the circumstance. He could not subdue the terror of the crew; seamen are generally superstitious, and they imagined that the ghost of the murdered man was in the vessel, invariably making his appearance after dusk. The men were afraid to speak of it to the captain, although they saw from his altered manner that he was aware of the apparition. One day the captain took the mate into his cabin, and after taking two or three glasses of grog he began to be communicative. He said, "You know what sort of a hand we have got on board. He is always by my side; he never leaves me; he told me he would never leave me, and he has kept his word; there he is now." After this he spoke of leaving the ship. The mate went on deck to attend to his duties, and after a while heard a splash in the water. On running to the side he saw the captain in the water. At the moment, he sprang out of the water, and cried, "By ——, Jones is with me now!" and sunk to rise no more.

These cases may be explained by the sense of guilt weighing upon the conscience of the murderer, and may be the appointed means by which Providence reveals deeds of guilt. Shakspere has made use of this terrible machinery to make known the secret murder of Hamlet's father, and the "buried Majesty of Denmark" is brought to relate the history of his "foul and most unnatural murder," by the "glimpses of the moon," to his appalled son. In "Macbeth," the shade of Banquo occupies the vacant chair at the feast, appals Macbeth, and is the means by which the assembly is broken up in most admired disorder. On Bosworth field, before the decisive battle, the conscience of the crook-backed tyrant is stung by the apparitions, although in a dream, of those he had murdered, and Richard III., who, albeit, is in the eyes of the impartial reader of history a very different person to that which figures through the five acts of the poet's drama, is stricken with terror. In many authenticated instances, dreams and visions have been instrumental in the discovery of guilty persons, and here they may have an object; but when we meet with stories where a ghost could have no mission but that of frightening women or children, or rambling in discontent and gloom over the scenes it made wretched in life, we must set them down as foolish spirits, as the creatures of vulgar fancy or distempered imagination.

Many others may be explained on scientific principles. I knew an instance of a whole family being frightened from its propriety by a variety of noises that defied all investigation. They could not be accounted for. At last, on some alteration being made in the house, and a partition-wall having been taken down, the ghost suddenly departed, and was never afterwards heard of. It was supposed by the servants that the perturbed spirit had objected to the partition, and that he had on many occasions manifested his displeasure by a series of indescribable noises. Nothing was discovered, and how the removal could appease a ghost is a branch of philosophy that can only meet with satisfactory treatment in the kitchen. I remember on that occasion the cook was especially learned on the subject, and treated all who would listen to a great many stories, proving, at any rate, that ghosts are quite as eccentric and unintelligible as the living.

ODE TO INDUSTRY.

By John Gibson, Kilmarnock.

There is a bravery dyed not in the blood
Of human sacrifice; and nobler far
The arduous fight is with the boisterous flood
Of earth's unequal trials, than when War
Calls forth the fiercer passions to the field,
The grim and ghost-like edifice to build,
For empty hero-worship. They alone
Are heroes, worthy of the name, who yield
To arguments of Peace, and kneel at Reason's throne.

The triumphs that we sing are those of Art,
Achieved not by the might of arms that gleam
Through lightning fury, when the feelings part
'Mid thunder of a false ambition's dream.
We sing the triumphs of all-glorious Mind,
Leagued but to aid the progress of Mankind—
To harbinger the glory to the earth
Of better times—when, with the lowliest hind,
Shall intermix the haughty sons of loftiest birth.

There is a music more inspiring far,
In sound of Art's machinery, whirling round,
Than in the hurried noise of victor's car,
Careering o'er the blood-besprinkled ground;
And Commerce fairer banners hath unfurled,
Before the wondering gaze of half the world,
Than e'er has laureled prince to followers shown,
The news of gory game's success to herald,
The wild embattled plain of spectral Death upon.

Whilom rude man a painted savage roved
Where now the smoke-wreathed city's hum is heard;
And woman (angel of the hearth beloved)
Followed the chase—from gentler joys debarred—
To hunt wild game far o'er uncultured hills,
Or pluck red berries by meandering rills,
Till shines the sun of busy Arts around,
And Industry her cornucopia fills
With plenteous stores that spring forth from the fruitful ground.

Wild and unlettered, then, barbaric bands
Swept beauty from the smiling face of earth—
Leveling, by ruthless and untutored hands,
Creation's trophies, with a maniac mirth.
Cheerless the savage state—till giant mind
Blessed Science taught to helpless human kind,—
Till bright Intelligence lit up the eye,
And Industry with graceful Art combined,
To drag dull man beyond a bare necessity.

Spirit of Universal Power! extend
Thy sway as far as wind and waters roar;
See! to thy sceptre numerous nations bend,
And, poised upright on yonder distant shore,
Thy balance of exchange so justly hung!
While mutual concord drops from every tongue!
These are thy symbols, Queen of heavenly Peace!
I hear thy anthems in the distance rung,
And bless thy joyous jubilee—when wars shall cease.

AN AMERICAN UPON ENGLISH REFORMS.

By H. B. Staunton.

THE REFORM BILL.—LORD BROUGHAM.

(Concluded from page 154.)

Turning from the matter to the manner of the orator, (if we have not already passed the boundary,) Brougham stood unrivalled as a debater in the House of Commons. For twenty years he swayed the intellect and passions of the House by his muscular and courageous eloquence, whilst Castlereagh, Canning, and Peel controlled its majorities and dictated its measures by the wave of the official wand. Castlereagh was more self-possessed and matter-of-fact than he; Canning more brilliant and classical; Peel more dextrous and plausible. But, in weight of metal he surpassed them all. His oratory was not the brawl and foam of a dashing mountain torrent, but the steady roar of the deep, broad cataract. In ability to inflame friends and foes, and shake the House till it quaked, he equalled either Chatham or Fox. When thoroughly roused, with all his elements in full play, he thundered and lightened till the knights of the shires clung to the benches for support, the Ministers cowered behind the Speaker's chair for shelter, and the voting members started from their slumbers in the side galleries, as if the last trump were ringing in their ears.

Chatham introduced the style of the House of Commons into the debates of the House of Lords. Brougham's appearance there constituted almost as new an era in its oratory as the advent of Chatham. It was our good fortune to hear him two or three times in the Lords, several years ago—once when his best powers were put in action for a brief hour.

We enter the House of Peers. The lions—Brougham, Grey, Wellington, Lyndhurst, Melbourne—are in their places. An exciting debate is going forward, which has taken rather a personal turn. Yonder is Brougham, stretched out half his length on one of the Ministerial benches; now listening to a clumsy Earl on the floor, whom he eyes with a portentous scowl; anon whispering a hurried word to the peer at his elbow. What an ungainly figure! Those long legs and arms, loosely hung in their sockets, give him a slouching air. Human face could hardly look more ugly or intellectual. His iron-grey hair bristles over his forehead like "quills upon the fretful porcupine." His restless eye peers through eyebrows that seem alive with nerves. He must be agitated with the debate, for he writhes as though his red cushion was a sheet of hot iron. He suddenly starts up, (who ever knew him to sit still five minutes?) walks with long strides towards the door, and while chatting with the ladies, his tormentor stops, and the ex-Chancellor cries, with startling emphasis, lest some one gets the floor before him,—"My Lords!" and slowly advances to the table in front of the woolsack. An audible hush runs round the chamber; for they had been anticipating a reply from the mercurial lord. Every whisper ceases, and all eyes are fixed on the towering intellect before them. The Peeresses leave their damask chairs, and approach the bar, to get a better view of the orator. Members of the House of Commons, till now chatting round the bar, lean forward in silence. The loungers in the lobbies enter the hall, the word having passed out, "Brougham is up!" The untitled spectators rise from their seats on the carpet, where fatigue had sunk them, and stand on tiptoe, to catch every glance of the eye and wave of the hand of the scholar and statesman, whilst the crowded galleries forget their lassitude in listening to one whose name and fame are the property of mankind.

But to the speech. Listen to that first sentence! How it plunges into the very centre of the subject. Every word is an argument—every period a demonstration. The first blow knocks the keystone from his last antagonist's speech, and tumbles the whole structure on his affrighted head and shoulders. And the dandy young lord over in the corner, who, in the puny oration he recited so prettily an hour ago, went out of his way to sneer at Brougham—see the blood fly from his cheeks when his nice little piece of rhetoric comes rattling in bits round his ears. As the lion fixes his eye on him, he would give his coronet and his curls if he could shrink into a nutshell. A fiery glance or two having withered him, the monarch of the debate grapples with worthier antagonists. What a sweep does he give to the argument—what redundancy of facts—what fertility of illustration. How large the field of his comprehension—how exhaustless and varied his resources. What execution is done by those long-drawn sentences, with parenthesis within parenthesis, each a logical syllogism, or a home-thrust fact, or a blighting sarcasm, wound round and round

his victims, till they are crushed in their folds! Great in matter, his speech is equally powerful in manner; violating every law of rhetoric and oratory promulgated by the schools, he is a law unto himself—original, commanding, majestic.

Brougham, having demolished his antagonists, took a seat at the clerk's table, and began to write a letter, when the Chancellor (Cottenham) rose and commenced a conciliatory speech. His calm, slow, cool manner contrasted strongly with the tempest which had just passed over our heads, reminding us of those dewy shadows which follow smilingly in the trail of a dark cloud, after its thunder and lightning and torrent have raged and blazed and poured, and passed away.

I have spoken of the versatility of Brougham's talents and acquirements. Sir E. B. Sugden was arguing a cause before him in Chancery. The Chancellor was not very attentive to the argument, employing part of the time in writing letters. This greatly piqued Sugden; and on retiring from the court, he drily said to a friend, "If Brougham only knew a little about Chancery law, he would know a little of everything." Undoubtedly he knows something about everything, and much about most things. Somebody has compared him to a Scotch Encyclopædia without alphabetical arrangement. If he has not reached the highest place in any department of knowledge, it is because, in traversing so vast a field, he must here and there be necessarily only a gleaner. His success in so many departments proves that had he cultivated but one or two, he might have surpassed all contemporary competition. Looking to the variety and extent of his acquisitions and labours, posterity will regard him as one of the most extraordinary men of his time. He reached his eminent position by no royal road. He is among the most laborious and diligent men. Well known facts attest his wonderful activity.

His able work, "Practical Observations upon the Education of the People," published in 1825, was composed, he says, during hours stolen from sleep. Combe states of him, that he was once engaged in a court of law all day, from which he went to the House of Commons, and mingled in the debate till two o'clock in the morning; he then retired to his house, and wrote upon an article for the Edinburgh Review till it was time to go to the court, where he was actively employed till the hour for the assembling of the Commons; thither he went and participated in the discussion as vigorously as usual till long after midnight—taking no rest till the morning of the third day! The witty Hazlitt, alluding, at the time, to his speeches on commercial and manufacturing distress, said, "He is apprised of the exact state of our exports and imports, and scarce a ship clears out its cargo from Liverpool or Hull, but he has a copy of the bill of lading." It will be remembered that, while performing his political and miscellaneous labours, he was surrounded by a large circle of professional clients. His inaugural discourse, as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, thickly strown with Greek and Latin quotations, was, as the preface informs us, written during the business of the Northern Circuit. Sydney Smith says, in one of his graphic Reform Speeches, "See the gigantic Brougham, sworn in at twelve o'clock, [as Chancellor,] and before six, has a bill on the table abolishing the abuses of a court which has been the curse of the people of England for centuries."

A full share of the preparation and defence of the measures of Earl Grey's Administration devolved on him; while at the same time he did the work of an ordinary man in writing rudimentary articles for the Penny Magazine, and scientific tracts for the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, lecturing to Mechanics' Institutes, and contributing essays to the Edinburgh Review. An English friend informed me that during one of the busiest periods of his official life, a fatal accident happened to some labourers in excavating a deep well. Forthwith, out came a tract from the Lord Chancellor, on the best and safest mode of digging wells! Though his numerous publications and addresses on learned subjects, and his participation in the proceedings of the Royal Society and French Institute, showed their author to be a scientific man, his later Lives of Men of Letters and Science exhibited an acquaintance with the sciences in his old age, for which his friends were hardly prepared.

The great political error of his life was his acceptance of the Chancellorship, and consequent removal from the House of Commons. It may be remarked, in passing, that it is a mistake to suppose he diminished his reputation as a lawyer by his judicial administration. He was never a first-rate technical lawyer. His mind was too broad, his ambition too high, to be a mere lawyer, tied down with red tape to *nisi prius* precedents and the *dicta* of cases. The profession to him was not an end, as it was to Scarlett and his school, but a subsidiary means to attain political eminence and influence. A great cause, like that of Queen Caroline, or of Williams, indicted for a libel on the Durham clergy, showed what he could accomplish when he bent

his powers to professional work. His speeches on Law Reform prove his minute acquaintance with and utter contempt for the great body of the common law, as administered by the courts; and when presiding in a tribunal whose currents had been brought to a dead stand by the "everlasting doubts" of Lord Eldon, the best service he could render suitors and the country was to clear out the channel, and set the streams flowing, even though he might make mistakes in acting on the expedient maxim, that "it is better to have a case decided wrong than not at all."

No man laments his removal to the Upper House more keenly than himself. Speaking of Chatham's removal, he says, "No one ever did it voluntarily without bitterly rueing the step, when he found the price paid to be the loss of all real power." Grey first offered him the gown of Attorney-General. Feeling it to be beneath his position in the Reform party, he contemptuosly rejected it. The great seal was then placed in his hand. He should rather have taken the pen of one of the Secretaries of State, and remained on his "native heath:" there he would have been at home, and there he would have been now. By superiority of intellect, or his "managing" or "pushing" propensity, the chief defence of the ministry in the peers devolved on him instead of the Premier. He was in a false position. His native element was opposition. He was unequalled at tearing down; he had no skill for building up. The Reformers expected much from the new Administration, and everything from Brougham. All went smoothly till the Reform bill passed. Large quantities of ripe fruit were expected thereupon to be immediately gathered. Sydney Smith foreshadowed this, in his droll way. Said he, in a speech during the struggle, "All young ladies will imagine as soon as this bill is carried, that they will be instantly married. Schoolboys believe that gerunds and supines will be abolished, and that currant tarts must ultimately come down in price; the corporal and sergeant are sure of double pay; bad poets will expect a demand for their epics; fools will be disappointed, as they always are; reasonable men, who know what to expect, will find that a very serious good has been obtained."

Much was done for Reform by the Grey ministry after the passage of the bill. In less than two years, West India slavery was abolished—the East India Company's monopoly destroyed—the poor-laws amended—the criminal code softened—the administration of the Courts essentially improved—the Scotch municipal corporations totally reformed—and many abuses corrected in the Irish Church Establishment. But young ladies, bad poets, and fools of all sorts, clamoured for more; and many reasonable men were disappointed. The dead weights on advance movements were the Melbournes, the Palmerstons, the Grants, who, having bitterly opposed Reform all their days, were converted at the eleventh hour of the recent struggle, and brought into the cabinet. The fatal measure of the administration was an attempt to suppress agitation in Ireland by a Coercion Bill, which excited a quarrel with O'Connell, made divisions in the cabinet, and finally led to the resignation of Grey. Glad to escape from an uneasy position, Brougham soon followed. Would that he could have got rid of his title, like Mirabeau, by opening a shop, and gone back to the Commons! But it stuck to him like Nessus' poisoned shirt. Though consigned to perpetual membership in a body possessing no original influence in the State, and hemmed in by the usages of a mere revisional council, he has now and then shown himself "Harry Brougham" still. His speeches in the Lords on Parliamentary, legal, municipal, and poor laws reform; on popular education; abolishing subscription in the universities; retrenchment; abolition of negro apprenticeship, and the African and Eastern slave trade; Canadian independence; repeal of the Corn-laws; and other topics, exhibit no abatement of intellectual power, or, so far as concerns those subjects, of regard for popular rights and social improvement. Indeed, some of them rank among his greatest and best forensic displays. The speech on the education of the people, in 1835, contains as much valuable information, and that on negro apprenticeship, in 1838, as many eloquent passages, as any he ever delivered.

The conflict with Melbourne, in 1837-8, which threw him out of Court and Whig favour, was a matter of course, if not premeditated. In a speech at Liverpool, just after his resignation in 1835, he declared that "his position of absolute political independence" would not be abandoned to join or sustain any ministry that did not stand by the people, and go for large measures of reform. In 1837-8, on the Canada question, he first assailed the Melbourne Cabinet; he being for restoring peace to the colony, by granting the petition of its legislature for an elective council, they for crushing disaffection by a dictator and the sword. His defence of the Canadian reformers was generous, bold, radical, and eloquent—worthy of the times when the young Commoner shook the Tory chiefs from the point of his lance, and fulminated

living thunders at the crowned despots of the Holy Alliance. Pointing his long finger at the quailing Melbourne, he said, "Do the ministers desire to know what will restore me to their support, and make me once more fight zealously in their ranks, as I once fought with them against the majority of your lordships? I will tell them here! Let them retract their declaration against reform, delivered the first night of this session; and their second declaration, by which, to use the noble viscount's phrase, they *exacerbated* the first; or let them, without any retraction, only bring forward liberal and constitutional measures, and they will have no more zealous supporter than my myself. But, in the meantime, I now hurl my defiance at their heads!"

But the truth of history requires that another view be taken of these transactions of 1835-8, and a far less eulogistic strain be employed in noticing the course of Lord Brougham for the last ten or twelve years. Early taught to admire him as the gallant leader of English reformers, it is painful to say, that during this period his conduct has been frequently such as to forfeit the esteem and confidence of his friends on both sides of the Atlantic, and to give currency to the charge that his line of action has been caused by chagrin at being left out of the Melbourne ministry, and to strengthen the suspicion that his denunciations of that Administration for faltering in the work of reform were dictated by mortified pride and thwarted ambition. For five or six years subsequent to 1835, he frequently attacked men and principles which he had won all his fame by previously advocating. But, it must not be forgotten, that, though supported by neither party and assailed by both, and set upon by Tory terriers and Whig whipsters, which betrayed him into losses of temper and dignity, it was in these years that he carried through Parliament several valuable reforms; whilst his writings—those records for the perusal of posterity—exhibited no marked change in his regard for liberal institutions.

On the return of the Tories to power, in 1841, he made a still wider departure from his early path. He has since shown much acerbity of temper, given his vote nearly as often to the opponents as to the friends of reform, and has succeeded in alienating the affections of many who adhered to him during the Melbourne Administration. He has been alternately wayward, sour, vindictive, bold, brilliant, noble; exciting the contempt and fears of his enemies, and the disgust and admiration of his friends; now cracking a joke on the Duke of Wellington, that set the House in a roar, and then pounding the head of Melbourne till its chambers rang again; playing off eccentricities on some railway bill for the amusement of *Punch*, while sending to press a work on Voltaire and Rousseau that astonished Paris; giving his cheering voice to the repeal of the corn-laws, and his growling "non-content" against the repeal of the navigation laws; making himself ridiculous by trying to force his way into the French National Convention, and being received with loud plaudits as he entered the hall of the French National Institute; now losing and then winning the favour of the people; and ever and anon silencing the cry that "his powers were failing" by pronouncing a speech that startled the walls of St. Stephen's, and made every hill-top and valley in the land echo back the shout, "Brougham is himself again!"

It was a remark of Madame de Staël, that "foreigners are a kind of cotemporaneous posterity." Americans may therefore pass an unbiased judgment upon the character of Lord Brougham. When his imperfections are forgotten in the grave, and the mists of prejudice and party are cleared away, posterity, which generously throws a veil over the follies and frailties of genius, will not willingly withhold from his tomb the epitaph he coveted in one of his earliest speeches—"HERE LIES THE DEFENDER OF LIBERTY, THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE, THE FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE!"

THE HUMAN BODY.—The number of bones in the framework of a human body is 260, 108 of which are in the feet and hands, there being in each 27. The quantity of blood in adults is, on an average, about 30 lbs., which passes through the heart once in four minutes. Only one-tenth of the human body is solid matter. A dead body, weighing 120 lbs., was dried in an oven until the moisture was expelled, and its weight was reduced to 12 lbs. Egyptian mummies usually weigh about 7 lbs. The lungs of an adult ordinarily inhale 40 cubic inches, or 48,000 inches, in an hour, and 1,152,000 inches in a day, which is equal to 86 hogsheads.

NATURALISATION OF THE FUCHSIA IN BRITAIN.

MANY of the most highly-prized ornaments of our gardens and conservatories are among the commonest hedge-row flowers of the lands of their birth. The *cactus*, that beautiful red blossom hanging out of green flesh-like leaves, is a mere weed in India, no more valued than the *marsh-mallow* is with us. Again, the flower called the *Fuchsia*, that blushing pendant like a lady's eardrop, was a stranger amongst us fifty years ago; and yet it was so well known in the West Indies and opposite coasts, as scarcely to attract attention. Indeed, there is scarcely a weed which grows in the hedges, which has not been, or might not be, transformed by cultivation and knowledge, into something on which the eye of youth and beauty may fondly linger. The thousand varieties of heath-blossoms, the golden gorse and the crimson furze, may be discovered side by side in the conservatories of the wealthy; while the modest little blue bell of the hedges, which sends out its tiny arms and twines itself around whatever in its way is stouter and more hardy than it, becomes the beautiful *convolvulus* of the window garden, and helps to shade the occupant of the rustic summer-house.

The flowering shrub, known as the *Fuchsia*, of which there are now numerous varieties, was originally an inhabitant of the tropics. Its introduction to this country is said to have been owing to accident, and its cultivation is accounted for in the following anecdote, for which the world is indebted to Mr. Shepherd, the conservator of the Liverpool Botanical Gardens:—

Old Mr. Lee, a well-known nurseryman and gardener, living in London about fifty years since, was once exhibiting his floral treasures to a friend, and expatiating on the beauty and rarity of certain new plants, when he was interrupted by an exclamation from his visitor—

"Well! you have not in your collection a prettier flower than I saw this morning at Wapping."

"Indeed!" said the old gentleman, "and what may be the name of this wonder—what was it like?"

"Why," returned the other, "the plant is elegant, and flowers of the richest crimson, with a centre fold of deep purple, hanging like tassels from its pendant branches."

This description was sufficient to excite the old man's attention; and, particular descriptions being given and received of the whereabouts of this wonderful flower, Mr. Lee posted off to Wapping at once. Ardent in pursuit, he was not long in discovering the owner of the flower, nor slow in admiring its then new and beautiful form.

Entering the house, "My good woman," said he, "that is a nice plant of yours; I should like to buy it of you."

"Oh! but sir, I could not part with it on any account, for it was a present from my poor dear husband, dead and gone, who brought it home from the West Indies for me; and I mean to keep it for his sake."

Mr. Lee put his hand in his pocket, and taking out a guinea, laid it on the table beside the widow.

"There," said he, "let me have the little plant, and that coin is yours."

No; the temptation was too small, and the widow determined to keep the flower.

"Well," said the old gardener, "if that is not enough, I will double it;" at the same time laying another guinea on the table.

The widow eyed it anxiously, for she was very poor, but she still resisted.

"I must have the plant," thought Mr. Lee, "cost what it may." "My good creature," said he, kindly, "I admire you for wishing to keep your husband's present; but I have a great desire to be possessed of that little plant; and if you will let me have it, I promise you the first and healthiest of the young ones I rear, to keep for your husband's sake." With that he turned out the contents of his pocket on the table—gold, silver, and copper—before the astonished eyes of the widow.

"Well-a-day," said the poor woman, "that is a power of money, sure*ly*."

"Give me the flower, and 'tis yours," exclaimed the gardener.

But it was not till she was assured again and again that she should have a plant of the same description, that the widow consented to make the exchange. Once in his possession, the fuchsia did not long remain in the neighbourhood of Wapping; but, calling a coach, Mr. Lee got quickly inside, and taking the plant as tenderly and carefully in his hands as though it had been a diamond crown or a sick baby, made his way as speedily as possible towards his own home.

His first action as soon as he arrived there, was to strip off every bud and blossom from the fragile plant, and cut it into small slips. These being duly buried in the earth, and forced in hotbeds, and divided and subdivided further to multiply

the plant, came forth in process of time, young, fresh, and beautiful.

It was a proud day for old Mr. Lee when the first bud of his tiny fuchsia unfolded its delicate crimson petals. Another day succeeded, and another little plant put forth its blushing flowers, till at last old Mr. Lee had the pleasure of possessing upwards of three hundred fuchsia plants, all giving promise of blossom. One of the best was sent to the poor widow, and two others removed into the conservatory.

A lady came, as ladies will, to see the flowers growing there.

"Why, Mr. Lee, where did you get this charming blossom?" she inquired.

"Hem!" said the old gentleman, "it's a new thing, my lady. Pretty, is it not?"

"Pretty! it is lovely. What is its price?"

"A guinea. Thank your ladyship;" and one of the two fuchsias was removed from the conservatory to the carriage, and from the carriage to my lady's boudoir.

"My dear Charlotte, where did you procure that beautiful flower?" inquired one of her ladyship's friends.

"Oh! it is a new thing. I got it from old Mr. Lee's. Pretty, is it not?"

"Beautiful! what is its price?"

"Only a guinea." There was another left.

The visitor's horses soon smoked off to the dirty suburbs. A third flowering plant stood on the spot whence the first had been taken. The second guinea was paid, and the second chosen fuchsia adorned the drawing-room of her second ladyship. The scene was repeated as new comers saw and were attracted by the beauty of the plant. New chariots flew to the gates of old Lee's nursery-ground. Two fuchsias, young, graceful, and bursting into healthy flower, were constantly seen on the same spot in his repository. He neglected not to visit the poor sailor's widow, and even to add to her little comforts: so that ere the flower season closed, three hundred golden guineas chinked in his purse, the produce of the single shrub of the widow of Wapping, the reward of the taste, decision, skill, and perseverance of old Mr. Lee, the gardener.

Of the fuchsia, thus fortuitously introduced into the horticultural world, there are now upwards of a hundred varieties, besides several hybrids, procured by cross impregnation of *Fuchsia fulgens, F. globens, F. conica, and F. gracilis;* and varieties of considerable value and beauty are expected to result from the intermixture of the fuchsias *cordata superba* and *corymbiflora.* Though originally a stove plant, it is now so hardy that some sorts may be left in the ground all winter. The writer of this account saw specimens of the *Fuchsia fulgens* (the original plant bought by old Mr. Lee) growing in the open air in the Isle of Man, which looked like little trees, being upwards of five feet in height. They had remained in the ground continually, both winter and summer. The fuchsia is so called in honour of Leonard Fuchs, a German botanist and author of celebrity who lived in the sixteenth century. It is placed by botanists in the natural order, *Onagraceæ,* and in the eighth class *(Octandria),* and in the first order *(Monogynia)* of the Linnæan System. It is easily cultivated in pots of light rich soil, and is propagated by cuttings.

THE SERENADE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.)

"What wakens me from slumber now,
With music's sweetest power?
O, mother, see who it may be
At such an early hour!"

"I nothing hear, I nothing see,—
O slumber on, so mild;
No serenade is brought thee now,
My poor, my suff'ring child!"

"It is not music of the earth,
That thrills me with its might;
But angels call my soul with song—
O mother, now—"GOOD NIGHT."

JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD.

JAMAICA—ITS PHYSICAL AND INDUSTRIAL RESOURCES.

JAMAICA embraces about 4,000,000 acres of land, of which there are not probably any ten lying adjacent to each other which are not susceptible of the highest cultivation, whilst of this immense area not more than 500,000 acres have ever been reclaimed or even appropriated.

The quality and productiveness of the soil can scarcely be described too favourably. Very little of it has ever been manured, or indeed requires to be, and an exhausted estate is hardly known. The negroes sometimes exhaust little plots of three or four acres, of which they have become proprietors, by injudiciously covering the ground with too many kinds of fruit and vegetables, and without giving the soil either rest or restoratives, but these exceptions are of trifling importance. Vegetation is not suspended here by the approach of winter, which averages a temperature of only ten or fifteen degrees lower than that of summer. Planting and harvesting go on throughout the year.

The richness of the soil may be inferred from a usage which has existed since long previous to the abolition of slavery, of setting apart to the negroes one day in seven for the cultivation of their own little grounds, from which they gather nearly their entire support. On Saturdays they are never expected to work for anyone but themselves. They devote that day to tilling their grounds and marketing their produce. This one day's labour in each week is all they require to keep up to the highest power of production from three to five, and sometimes ten, acres of provision grounds.

The fruits of the island are of infinite variety, and most of them grow spontaneously, or with very little culture; each month having its own peculiar harvest. Among those fruits which grow in greatest abundance and perfection are the pineaple, shadduck, orange, pomegranate, fig, grenedillo, cashew apple, banana, star apple, cherimoya, tamarind, cocoa nut, olive, date, plantain, mulberry, akee, jack fruit, and every variety of melons, grapes, pears, plums, mangos, &c.

Among vegetables most easy of cultivation are potatoes, yams, cassava, peas and beans of every variety, all the common table vegetables of the United States, ochro, choco, calalue, and a curious variety of salads. Maize and Indian corn grow here luxuriantly. The Guinea grass, which is superior for grass purposes to any other, grows wild to the height of five or six feet.

The island also abounds in dye stuffs, drugs, and spices of greatest value; to these may be added the aloe, ginger, cochineal, spikenard, liquorice-root, castor oil nut, vanilla, peppers of every variety, arrow-root, ippecacuanha, jalap, cassia, senna, and many others. Immense crops of pimento also used to be gathered here, and in the year 1848, in spite of general agricultural depression in the island, the production of this spice amounted to more than five millions of pounds. A curious fact in connection with pimento is stated. Jamaica furnishes nine-tenths of the whole of the spice supplied to the world's markets. Yet there is not a pimento walk on the island which has been cultivated from seed planted by human hands. The seed is all dropped by birds, and when it comes up the bushes and shrubbery by which it happens to be surrounded are cut away from about it, and thus their pimento walk is laid out. The same thing is true of the guava. A proper analysis of the soil in which the seed germinates would probably reveal the secret, hitherto inviolate, by the aid of which the pimento could be cultivated from its seed in the manner of other plants.

This statement becomes the more astonishing when the fact is considered that Jamaica has exported over three millions of pounds of this spice in a single year.

The forests of Jamaica abound with the rarest cabinet woods in wonderful variety. Among the trees of most value, in various ways, may be mentioned the bread-fruit tree, which takes a fine polish; the satin wood; the cedar, which grows to an immense size; the cotton tree, the body of which is cut out by the negroes for canoes; the bamboo, one of the most useful trees on the island; the trumpet tree, the bark of which is used for cordage, and the body for other purposes; the black and green ebony; lignumvitæ; the palmetto, which sometimes grows one hundred and forty feet in height; and others. The mahogany is native to Jamaica, but is now getting quite scarce, so extensively has it been cut and exported during the last forty years.

SUCCESS.—Every element of success is, in its own place and degree, equally important; but the very starting-point is the adjustment of the reformer to his work; and the next after that is the adjustment of his work to those conditions of the times which he seeks to influence.

OMNIANA.—BY PARSON FRANK.

(§ 9.)—In the employment of mixed metaphors in oratory, Lord Castlereagh generally has the credit of standing at the top of his class. One of the best specimens, however, of this composite eloquence that I remember to have seen, is that ascribed to a learned counsel, who, in addressing a jury, used the following exquisitely harmonious figures, while alluding to the tactics of the opposing barrister :—"Gentlemen of the jury, I smell a rat; I see it brewing in the storm; but, please God, I will crush it in the bud!"

(§ 10.)—Writers of genius, whose mannerism and innovations in style or language become fashionable, must often be sorely vexed at the excessess of their imitators, who, in many instances, seem to aim at a reputation for originality, simply by outdoing and exaggerating the peculiarities of their original. One comfort there is in surveying the extravagances of these second-hand copies: the more violent the rage of imitation, the shorter will be its existence. Once upon a time everybody affected the plethoric style of Johnson. Byron was worshiped by a host of frantic devotees—some of them we may call unclean spirits—whose name was Legion. Wordsworth's weak points became law and gospel to petty poets and rhymesters without number, who, striving to be, like their *maestro*, very simple, went a little farther and proved themselves very silly. At present there is an epidemic in Great Britain and America, the sufferers from which babble broken *Carlylese* with delirious vehemence, some of them interspersing it with ejaculatory fragments traceable to Emerson and our present poet-laureate. That these acute diseases do not become chronic, is, we repeat, a subject of gratulation.

(§ 11.)—A notable chapter might be written in the "Curiosities of Literature," upon the mutual compliments paid by literary men to one another, when personal good feeling has warped their critical judgment. They like one another, and forthwith proceed to say civil things extraordinary of each other's writings. One is startled at finding Sir Egerton Brydges using the following hyperbolical panegyrics towards Mr. R. P. Gillies—(as recorded by the latter gentleman in his "Memoirs of a Literary Veteran") :—"It (Mr. G.'s poetry) is *perfect inspiration!* It is as far superior to any the best composition of any living poet,* as Shakspeare, and Milton, and Spenser, are to the dead. . . . All the compositions of other living poet's will (henceforth) appear comparatively as nothing to me. . . . . You have fixed yourself on my mind, *beyond competition, the greatest genius o the age*, &c., &c., &c." Think of *that*, Master Brook.

* This was in the year A.D., 1813. "The prognostics of poets with regard to each other," says Hartley Coleridge, "are as fallible as their political vaticinations."—*Introduction to Massinger.*

GLASS.—When or how the art of glass-making was first discovered is unknown; but that it must be of great antiquity is proved from glass beads and other ornaments being found with the bodies of Egyptian mummies. Pliny says, that the art of glass-making was discovered by some shipwrecked Phœnician mariners, whose vessel was laden with fossil alkali, a component part of glass; that kindling a fire on the shore, to prepare some food, and placing their cooking-vessel on pieces of the substance just named, the same by the agency of the fire, and its union with the alkali, became vitrified; and hence, according to this authority, the discovery of the art of glass-making. The first manufactories of glass mentioned in history, were at Tyre, an ancient Phœnician city, on the coast of Syria. In the reign of Tiberius, a company of glass-makers established themselves at Rome. At what time glass was introduced into England is uncertain, but in 1557 the finest sort of flint glass was manufactured at Crutched Friars in London. From a recent return it appears that in the year ending January, 1850, the quantities of British glass exported, amounted to 208,778 cwt.; besides 50,920 square feet of plate glass.

A LADY'S VIEW OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

IN A LETTER FROM JESSIE PRIMROSE, A VISITOR IN TOWN, TO HER FRIEND AND SCHOOLFELLOW, IN THE COUNTRY.

May 29th.

Oh, Annie, you never could conceive the beauty and splendour of this wonderful xhibition! We went there yesterday, John and I, and I think I never saw anything a iarter so fine in all my life. We went in uncle's chaise—John drives *so* nicely, quite style; and I assure you I felt quite proud—that is, if you can imagine your old friend essie feeling proud. But, bless me, the trouble we had in getting up to the door! olicemen directing you this way—constables taking hold of the horse's head—I never as so frightened! But at last we got in, and very glad I was to do so. John bought catalogue; but, law! it is not a bit of use; for what with classes, and sections, id all that, you are quite puzzled to find anything you want. I cannot describe o you what sort of building the Crystal Palace is, though of course you have iscovered that long ago from the newspapers—they are all full of it; all I can recollect , that wherever you look there are beautiful statues, fine carpets, and hanging draperies, id, oh, such delightful fountains! And the flowers, Annie! You recollect last immer, when we went over to Greenside to see the horticultural *fête*, don't you? Vell, then, the flowers and fountains we saw there are nothing—positively nothing, to hat they are in the Crystal Palace. As soon as we had done admiring the transept, e got through the crowd (there are crowds of people everywhere, except among the inerals and the natural productions, as John calls them—and of course, you know, I idn't want to see them), and then we went to look at the great Koh-i-noor diamond. Oh, it is so beautiful! about as large as a good-sized ball of cotton, only shaped ifferently. I don't see, however, why they should cage it up so strongly; I'm sure one oliceman could guard it well enough. You recollect the tale we read about the adven- ures of this famous jewel, which they say is worth more than two million pounds. I'm ure I feel quite sorry for poor Runjeet Singh. What curious names all those Indian rinces have! What should they have taken him prisoner for, and stolen his beautiful iamond? I could have stayed admiring the great Mountain of Light (you know that s what they call the diamond in the Eastern language), and the two little hills of light y its side, only John—you know his disagreeable ways—would make me move away to ee the Egyptian things, telling me it was only a lump of charcoal after all. Well, we aw the Queen of Spain's jewels. Oh, they are beautiful! You never *did* see nything like them, I'm certain. And then we went right up the great central avenue, vhich extends through the whole length of the building, from east to west; and I'm ure, if I were to attempt to tell you of half the lovely things we saw, I should never go o bed to-night. The fountains, Annie, and the statues, and the models of bridges and owns, and all that, John was kind enough to point out to me, explaining the way they vere made, and so on. They were all very beautiful and very useful, I dare say; but oh, if you had seen the lovely silks and satins, and the dear darlings of little watches, and he sweet pianos! John did not like it, but I *would* sit down and play upon one of Broadwood's horizontal grands. He said it drew the attention of the people to us; but I said I was sure it was no use bringing beautiful pianos there, if we must not play hem; besides, what did they put music-stools before them for, and why didn't they lock hem up, if they were not to be used, I should like to know? and so I *did* play, very nuch to my gentleman's annoyance. I could see that, though he pretended to be ooking at the chandeliers and the glass roof of the building.

You know, Annie, how fond I am of old-fashioned furniture. Well, John, like a good fellow as he is, took me into what they call the Mediæval Court; and, oh my! I think I never was so delighted. What a dear man that Mr. Pugin must be! and what taste he must have, to arrange all those elegant chairs, and ottomans, and stained glass windows, and oratories, and draperies, so beautifully! They say he is quite an old man; I'm sure you would never think so, if you may judge from his lively imagination in designing this elegant place.

And then, do you know, we saw such a sweet little room, fitted up, John told me,

like the boudoir of a bride, all in blue and white satin and gold. I wish I was a bride Annie, and you were my maid.

But besides the heaps of elegant things to be seen in the grand avenue, I was delighted with the silks, and jewellery, and musical instruments in the gallery. John would have me go with him among a lot of seeds and blocks of wood, and insisted on my understanding all about sandstone formations, limestone concretes, bituminous shale, plumbago, anthracite coal, and all such uninteresting stuff; for he said (you know what a grave way he has sometimes) that upon a right comprehension of the worth of these various articles depended the real use of the Exhibition; and that, but for the increase of actual knowledge which must necessarily ensue from this gathering together of the peoples and productions of all nations, the Crystal Palace might have remained unbuilt, and Prince Albert and Mr. Paxton given their exertions to a better cause. And then, when I laughed—for do you know, Annie, I couldn't help it, though I wanted so much to look serious—he looked so pained that I felt quite annoyed with myself. But in a minute more he took me by the hand, and said quite kindly, "Look you, Jessie; there is knowledge to be obtained in this place, and a moral to be gained *even from carbon in the shape of diamonds.*"

After this, nothing could exceed his attention. He showed me, in the East Indian collection, specimens of those beautiful jewels, and rich gold and silver ornaments, of which you and I have read so much. And then we had such a laugh at the edible birds'-nests! But dear me, if you only saw the exquisite furniture and the rich dresses in various parts of the building! I really cannot describe them. Just imagine, dear, that all the fine things in the Pantheon, Soho Bazaar, Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, and the Tower, were collected together in one grand summer-house, large enough to hold seventy thousand people—more than all the inhabitants of Greenside—and then try to realise to yourself the effect. John says that it is impossible for any one to attempt a description of the Exhibition that will at all approach perfection; and you know that John is always right.

My dear Annie, I have not an inch of paper left on which I may say another word. Adieu, then, till next week.

J. P.

P.S.—I take another half-sheet just to tell you that as we were coming out we met the Queen and Prince Albert, with the Prince of Wales, and two or three foreign-looking gentlemen, with large moustachios, coming in. The Queen looked very nice, only rather stouter than I expected to have seen her. She was dressed quite plainly, in a dark coloured satin gown, and a great white shawl; but the Prince, he is a fine-looking fellow, only rather thin. John says that he has been so busy with the preparations for the opening of the Crystal Palace, in which he has taken so much interest, that he has sat up night and day, that he was almost making himself ill, poor fellow. Oh, I forgot to tell you that there is a delightful little fountain here, playing real eau de Cologne! I dipped my handkerchief into it—and, would you believe, if that John didn't want his scented, too! so I just gave him a little, and, in return, he showed me some of the most splendid shawls, and the finest lace, I ever saw in all my life. The Queen appeared very much pleased with all she saw, and I could see that she and her dear husband had their hearts in the success of the Exhibition. John says that anything like the kindly feeling existing between all classes of people was never witnessed in all the world before. I don't understand such things myself, but I daresay he is right, for everybody seems in a good humour, and every single person you meet, no matter in what company, is pleased and gratified with the results of Prince Albert's beautiful idea. Oh, the crowds of grand folks in carriages, the ladies and gentlemen on horseback, and the people everywhere on foot—you would be astonished, Annie! In the evening John and I took a quiet walk in the park—not Hyde Park, but Victoria—and then he explained to me a great many things of which I had before been very ignorant; and I do begin to think, Annie, that I don't know half so much as John does, though I went to a boarding-school for five years, and learnt French and music, while John toiled through a weary apprenticeship in London, and slept every night under the counter.

P.P.S.—Burn this letter as soon as you have read it. I wouldn't have it seen for anything.

JUVENILE CABINET.

ANCIENT CROWNS OF ENGLAND.

The kings of the Saxon race in England had a crown like that of other European nations—namely, a plain fillet bound round the forehead; but king Egbert fixed on the fillet points or rays, resembling the crown worn by the emperors of the East, and king Edmond Ironside topped these points with pearls. William the Conqueror next made an alteration in it, his fillet "being surrounded with points and leaves, the points being much higher than the leaves, and each of them topped with a cross pattée." The crown of Henry I. was adorned with fleurs-de-lis only, and his successors to king Edward III. had their crowns variously ornamented with points and leaves, or points and fleurs-de-lis placed alternately.

Edward III. enriched his crown with fleurs-de-lis and crosses pattée, arching it with four bars. His successors to Henry VII. bore the same.

Henry VII. and VIII. had their crowns composed of fleurs-de-lis and crosses pattée, with two arches embellished with pearls.

The crown, which is placed upon the head of a British monarch at the time of his coronation, is called "St. Edward's crown," because it is one made in imitation of the ancient crown, said to have been worn by that monarch, and kept in the Abbey Church of Westminster till the beginning of the civil wars in England, when, with the rest of the regalia, it was stolen and sold in 1642.

At the restoration, the crown made for Charles II. was formed as nearly as possible like the lost one. It is richly ornamented with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and sapphires, and has a mound of gold on the top enriched with a fillet of gold, which is covered with precious stones.

FILIAL DUTY.

There is no virtue that adds so noble a charm to the finest traits of beauty as that which exerts itself in watching over the tranquillity of an aged parent. There are no tears that give so noble a lustre to the cheek of innocence as the tears of filial sorrow. Those sons and daughters who are destitute of filial respect rarely become good men and women.

SPEAKING THE TRUTH.

Petrarch, the celebrated Italian poet, who flourished above four hundred years ago, recommended himself to the confidence and affection of Cardinal Colonna, in whose family he resided, by his candour, and strict regard to truth. A violent quarrel occurred in the household of this nobleman, which was carried so far that recourse was had to arms. The Cardinal wished to know the foundation of this affair; and, that he might be able to decide with justice, he assembled all his people, and obliged them to bind themselves by the most solemn oath to declare the whole truth. Every one, without exception, submitted to this determination; even the Bishop of Lima, brother to the Cardinal, was not excused. Petrarch, in his turn, presented himself to take the oath. The Cardinal closed the book, saying, "As to you, Petrarch, *your word is sufficient.*"

THE STEAM ENGINE.

What a wonderful machine is the steam engine!—how many things it can effect; how much labour it can perform; it

Agitates	Drills	Plans	Sifts
Beats	Drives	Ploughs	Shaves
Blows	Elevates	Polishes	Shears
Bolts	Excavates	Presses	Shovels
Bores	Files	Prints	Slits
Brings	Grinds	Propels	Sows
Brushes	Hammers	Pulls	Spins
Cards	Heads	Pumps	Splits
Carries	Hews	Punches	Stamps
Coins	Irrigates	Pushes	Throws
Collects	Kneads	Rasps	Thrashes
Condenses	Lifts	Rivets	Turns
Confines	Lowers	Rolls	Twists
Crushes	Mixes	Rows	Warps
Cuts	Mortices	Saws	Washes
Digs	Moulds	Screws	Weaves
Drains	Opens	Sculls	Winnows
Draws	Picks	Separates	Winds

TO JESSY.

The world as yet is young to thee,
  Its cares unknown, its paths untried,
Whose happy lot it is to be
  In safety by a mother's side;
But clouds may come, tho' sunshine now
  Gives smiles to light the maiden cheek,
And sorrow casts a shade of woe
  On eyes that now but gladness speak.

There's ONE who knows the lot of all,
  And who HIMSELF the earth has trod;
On HIM thou canst with safety call,
  Since, linked to man, HE yet is GOD.
And still, in pleasure or in pain,
  Apply to HIM to guide thee right,
And though the world be dark to some,
  To thee 'twill be supremely bright.

HUMOROUS SELECTIONS.

USE OF LETTERS.—A schoolmaster, wrote to a lady—

"How comes it, this delightful weather,
That U and I cannot dine together?"

She answered—

"My worthy friend, it cannot be—
U do not come till after T.

THE DOCTOR POSED.—An old physician was declaiming, the other day, upon the propensity which a majority of people display for eating unripe fruit and vegetables, and said—"There is not a vegetable growing in our gardens that is not best when arrived at maturity, and most of them are positively injurious unless fully ripe."—"I know one thing that aint so good when it's ripe as when 'tis green," interrupted a little boy, in a very confidential but modest manner.—"What's that?" sharply said the physician, vexed at having his principle disputed by a mere boy.—"A cucumber!" responded the lad.—The doctor winked at a gentleman near him, but said nothing.

THE MILLER AND THE PAINTER.—A miller at Lynn, who lately quitted his mill to keep a public-house, sent to a painter to paint him a sign, on which he would have a mill.—"I must have the miller looking out of the window."—"It shall be done," said the painter.—"But," replied the miller, "as I never was seen to be idle, you must make him pop in his head if any one looks at him."—This was promised, and in due time the sign was finished, and brought home.—"It is well done," said mine host; "but where is the miller?"—"Oh," replied the painter, "he popped in his head when you looked."

Is there any word which contains all the vowels?—*Unquestionably.*

A READY WRITER.—"You labour too hard on your composition, doctor," said a flippant clergyman to a venerable divine; "I write a sermon in three hours, *and think nothing of it.*"—"So do your congregation" quoth the doctor.

THE LETTER H.—Rowland Hill made a good remark upon hearing the power of the letter H discussed, whether it were a letter or not. If it were not, he said, it would be a very serious affair for him, for it would make him *ill* all the days of his life.

DIGGINGS.

"SMALL, BUT GOLDEN, GRAINS."

Compete not with persons who have means beyond thy reach.

A man who knows how to speak knows also when to be silent.

Errors in religion may claim our pity, but should excite no anger.

Generosity of *manner* often imposes upon us for generosity of heart.

He is idle who might be better employed.

Labour is preferable to idleness, as brightness is to rust.

Pride may climb high, but its fall will be the greater.

Reform those things in yourself that you blame in others.

Riotous livers can never know the pleasures of Temperance.

Peace flourishes where Reason rules.

Little men and little minds are seldom conscious of their diminutiveness.

Learning is wealth to the poor, and an ornament to the rich.

Kindness is lost upon an ungrateful man.

Decide not by authoritative rules when they are inconsistent with reason.

Courage ought to have eyes as well as arms.

Few things are impossible to skill and industry.

Flattery is like an empty tomb, on which friendship is inscribed.

He who sows brambles must not go barefoot.

That is a happy memory which forgets nothing so soon as injuries.

If we subdue not our passions they will subdue us.

Indulge not desire at the expense of virtue.

Jealousy is a proof of self-love, but it is no proof of social love.

Leave not that to chance, which foresight might provide for, or care prevent.

Men who are too apt to promise are not less apt to forget.

Not he that has little, but he that desires much, is poor.

Of all prodigality, that of time is the worst.

Conscience and covetousness can never coalesce.

Content in the humblest dwelling is better than care in the most splendid palace.

We increase in wealth by lessening our desires.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.—No. XV.

FRENCH INTO ENGLISH.

[The figures with which we have marked certain words should merely remind you of the order of French; for we do not employ those signs except where the orders of the two languages differ.]

En considérant le sujet (m.) des gages (m. p.) de ceux qui travaillent, il y a
considérer—to consider *wages* *those*

deux choses (p) qui *se* (1) présentent (2) à l'esprit (m.). En premier (m.)
themselves *présenter—to present* mind

lieu (m.) ce que demande (1) la justice (2) [we reverse this order in such an instance,
place that which

and say "*that which justice* (1) *demands*" (2)]. En second lieu, ce que peut (1)=obtenir
can, is able *to obtain*

le maître (2). Car *(the conjunction)* très souvent le maître peut=obtenir du travail pour
for often for

(the preposition) des gages (p.) bien plus modiques (p.) que le serviteur n'en (1, *of*
scanty, moderate than

them—of the wages) mérite (2). Il y a des services (m. p.) que l'on ne peut
mériter—to merit, to deserve services which one

pas rendre sans beaucoup d'ans de préparation et d'etudes (p). Pendant ces ans
to render preparation studies these years

là, il faut avoir dépensé *(past participle)* des sommes (1, p.) très considérables (2, p.).
there *dépenser—to spend* sums

He! bien! Si l'on ne considère pas cette circonstance en payant *(present participle)* les

gages, on est coupable du crime (1, m.) épouvantable (2) qui *s'* (1)=appelle (2)
culpable, guilty crime itself calls

"L'OPPRESSION DES PAUVRES," crime contre le Saint Esprit.
oppression against Holy Ghost.

Let us go through this exercise together. Something new will be acquired; but more still will previous acquisitions be strengthened and stabilitated.

The *en* in the first sentence, though coming immediately before a verb, still means "in;" because the verb is in the present participle, which long ago we specified as the only exception to the general rule laid down by us at the time. The rule, it will be remembered, is, that *en* is a preposition, and has its more natural meaning of "in" if immediately preceding adjectives and substantives; but, if immediately preceding a verb, it becomes a pronoun, signifying "of it, of him, of them," or "some," as the circumstances may be. Should the verb, however, be in the present participle, *en* relapses into a preposition, and again means "in." The three positions are thus exemplified:—*en Italie* (in Italy): *il en parle* ("he speaks of"—whatever is referred to): *en parlant* (in speaking).

In the second place, by the way *il y a* is used you are reminded again that this idiom remains always singular, whether it refers to plural objects or not.

Next, we come to *se présenter* ("to present themselves," or, literally, "themselves to present"). You see how it is used, and may quietly grow familiar with reflective verbs in French. By the by, we may observe here that *se* is unchangeable, whether "itself," or "himself," or "herself," or "themselves," or "oneself" be meant. The sense is of course always made clear by the context, the general import and drift of the sentence. Further, *se*, when thus preceding a verb, may also signify "*to* itself, *to* himself, *to* herself, *to* themselves, *to* oneself." Here are examples:—*se charger*, "to load oneself;" *il se charge*, "he loads himself;" *elle se charge*, "she loads herself;" *ils, elles se chargent*, "they load themselves: *on se propose*, "one proposes to oneself" (or people propose to themselves); *il se propose, elle se propose, ils, elles proposent*, &c.

Most verbs can be made reflective in this manner. There is another instance lower down in the lesson:—*Qui s'appelle*, "which calls itself," or as we English prefer to express it, "which is called." Now, "to call" *(appeler)* is in French naturally a plain active verb, and is *made* reflective only by the manner of using it. In the particular idiom under discussion, custom is so powerful that, though *qui est appelé* ("which is called") would be strictly and grammatically correct, yet it would sound to our neighbours' ears almost like a barbarism. Their phrase for "what is your name?" is *comment vous appelez-vous?* ("how yourself call you?") "What is his name?" would be *comment s'appelle-t-il?* ("how himself calls he?")

As to the point of ascertaining when the *se* thus preceding the verb means "himself," &c., or "*to* himself," &c., our old receipt is the most practical—that is, think which makes sense, or makes the best sense.

With respect to the inverted construction in the phrase, *ce que demande la justice* ("that which justice demands"), we have no remark to make, except that it is rendered necessary now by long custom. Obscurity is prevented by *que* being the form of the "which;" for *que* is not the nominative case preceding a verb, but the objective case governed by the verb. In connection with verbs, *qui* is the nominative for our "which" or "who," and *que* the accusative for "which" or "whom;" thus, *le fusil* QUI *part*, "the gun *which* goes off;" *l'homme* QUI *frappé*, "the man *who* strikes;" *le fusil* QUE *j'ai acheté*, "the gun *which* I have bought;" *l'homme* QUE *j'ai frappé*, "the man *whom* I have struck."

Another expression shows you that the French, contrary to their general rule, have the custom of leaving out the definite article in at least one instance of daily recurrence. They say, "in first place, in second place, in third place," instead of "in *the* first," &c.

You have also the means of distinguishing between *car*, the conjunction, and *pour*, the preposition—both commonly translated by "for." But "for" may mean "because;" and to confound *car* and *pour* would be as absurd in French as to say, for instance, in English, "this letter is not because you, it is because your brother," (meaning "*for* you," &c.)

The chief peculiarity of the exercise comes next. It is the expression, "*que le serviteur* N'*en mérite*," "than the servant deserves." The *n'* is the short before a following vowel for *ne*, the half negative. In comparing one thing with another, if there be a verb used about the second object as well as about the first, then the second verb is accompanied by this half-negative in French. But if only one verb be employed—that which connects itself more immediately with the first object of the comparison—then the sentence runs as in English. Thus: *elle est plus sage que sa sœur;* "she is more wise (well-conducted) than her sister." But suppose you had a verb also connected with the second member of the comparison, besides having the first verb *(est)*, then you would employ the half-negative; thus: "she is more wise than her sister thinks"—*elle est plus sage que sa sœur* NE *pense*.

As we are not explaining the *why* of the terms used in the language now the object of our study, but merely stating the *how* to use those terms, it is not necessary to give any reasons for this curious and peculiar turn. We will therefore for the present pass on, though we think it would be in our power to show that there is much elegance and beauty in what may appear, at best, an arbitrary and eccentric custom, if not an intrinsic blunder.

The *l'* before *on* we have fully treated of already.

We have no observation to offer on any other part of the exercise, except the fifth last word. You will notice that *crime* is not preceded by the indefinite article, which nevertheless must be used in translating it into English. The French always omit this article in such recapiulatory members. Thus: *Londres est une grande cité;* (no art.) *cité où*—"London is a great city; A city where."

ENGLISH INTO FRENCH.

An Englishman who was at Rome, one day asked a celebrated (2) painter (1) [of]
célèbre (m. and f.) *peintre* (m)

aint his portrait. In two or three days the portrait was *finished (past participle)*;
ndre portrait (m.) *achever—to finish*

t the price asked *(past part.)* was very large. "*What!*" exclaimed *(s'écria*, from
prix (m.) *demander—to ask* *quoi*

rier—to exclaim) the Englishman, "such (2) a (1) price (3) for the work of two or
tel (m.) pour
telle (f.)

ee days!" "You forget, Sir," replied the artist, "that it (1) has (3)
oublier—to forget *artiste* *il*

ost (4) me (2) twenty-five years of work in order to gain the art of finishing *(of*
iter—to cost *pour* *art* (m.) *achever*

finish) such (2) a (1) task (3) in two days."
tel (m.) *tâche* (f.)
telle (f.)

We now return to the subject of adjectives and substantives, and their relative ace. The first thing we have to do at present is to give a list of some of the jectives the very meaning of which changes according as they are placed before after the substantive. Still that list shall be shorter than certain instructors ve made it; because, in truth, a change is coming over the French tongue—a ange which narrows the application of all rules on this point. Study and obrvation of the phrases used will prove the safest guide in a matter in which rdly one universal law continues to prevail.

Nevertheless, we may venture to lay it down that a decided difference of meang results from the different place of the adjective in the following instances:—*n brave homme* may be translated "a capital fellow;" *un homme brave*, "a brave an." *Un grand soldat* means "a great soldier" (such as Cromwell); and *un soldat and*, "a tall soldier" (such as may be seen any day at the Horse Guards). *Une osse femme*, "a big woman;" *une femme grosse*, "a woman *enciente* near confinement." *Une pauvre race*, "an ungifted race" (of people); *une race pauvre*, "an digent race." *Une seule personne*, "one single person;" *une personne seule*, "a rson (who is) alone."

There are several other instances; but really they will be best learned by pracal attention to French phrases as they come under your notice in the course of udy. The main point is gained when you are made aware that the difference es exist, and when, as here, you are enabled to appreciate by a few examples e way in which it operates.

Now, with respect to the change to which we have more than once made allusion; is that, now-a-days, it is growing common among the most polished authors and e most eloquent speakers of France to place the adjective before the substantive circumstances in which the old writers and orators would have made it follow. Whether this arise from *Anglomanie* (a rage for everything English), or whatever else may come from, so it is. We have at this moment lying before us a work written the very first style, by an accomplished author, and there is not a page of it that es not contain examples of this partial departure from the rigour of the old ench style. Within a few lines of each other we find, after opening the book at ndom, such phrases as these:—*Cet admirable récit—l'éloquent patriarche—l'inépuible bonté—les tendres clartés*, &c. &c., respectively signifying "this admirable cital"—"the eloquent patriarch"—"the inexhaustible goodness"—"the tender beams," &c. &c. (We could multiply such samples without end.) Thus, you erceive, it will never do to tie yourself too rigorously by the rules given on this ead by some, even of the most standard authorities.

Since we are on this subject, we may mention that *saint* (holy), which in Lesson

XIII. was given among the adjectives that ought to be placed *before* the substan tive, follows it in the well-known name of the Holy Land—*la Terre Sainte.*

Try to master the following little exercise :—

Un=homme avait deux filles ; l' une était=avare *(miserly)* mais prévoyante *(provident* l' autre était liberale *(bountiful)* mais dépensière *(thriftless, profuse).* Etant=en colère *(passion* celle qui était=avare disait=à sa sœur: "vous n'aurez jamais de quoi *(wherewitha* donner=aux pauvres; vous=êtes si dépensière." "Et vous," repondit *(replied)* ell "vous en aurez tonjours, de quoi donner, mais cependant *(nevertheless)* vous ne donnere jamais ; vous êtes si avare."

TO OUR "FRENCH" CORRESPONDENTS.

D. G—THS.—Where, in Lesson VIII., we refer to the vulgar error of "than hin than me," &c., our meaning requires no elucidation. All that our remark implies i that "*than*" cannot govern the objective case, "me," "him," &c. Of course, if son word is used which does govern it, the regimen will take place.

You are right in the general rule, concerning the correctness of which you inquir that *si* (in the sense of *yes*) is used "as an affirmative reply to a negative assertion. You might add, "*or to an assertion evidently implying negation or incredulity,*" thou not decisively couched in the form of positive denial. Such is the case where an inqui is made, in the affirmative of which the questioner evidently does not believe ; and th is what we intended should be the sense of the Frenchman's query addressed to the g at the lodging-house (Lesson XI.) We ought to add, that *si*, used in this meaning, very *familiar* style. It is not elegant in any circumstance.

JN. PL——.—Boyer's dictionary is rather old.

A WORKING MAN.—We will take an opportunity of giving the *sound* of the Lord Prayer in French.

JN. T.—*Oon* is too broad and full a sound for "*une ;*" and *yune*, though near requires that the *y* be very faintly pronounced. *Eu* sounds not unlike the *i* in "flirt *Chrétien* is pronounced *krateeaun* (*g*) ; *intrigue* sounds *antreeg ;* and the *g* is har when followed by *ue.*

We must beg others to have patience with us, and we will endeavour to embody wh they require in our lessons, as we proceed.

Next week we propose to give our prize exercise.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"CAPSULAREM OPIFEX" is desirous of obtaining a knowledge of drawing and designing; to do so in the least expensive manner, and after seven o'clock in the evening. The classes formed at Mechanics' Institutions are admirably adapted to meet his wants—a thorough acquaintance with drawing may thus be gained by any persevering working man. We are glad, by the by, to find our correspondent is somewhat of a latinist.

P. F. W.—Register your new gas burner before you seek any one to help you in making it public.

ABRAM ASHWORTH might acquire the languages he appears so earnestly desirous to understand, by joining the classes which are usually formed at Literary or Mechanics' Institutions—but much may be gained by patient private study. Buy a cheap grammar and lexicon; as for time, your very hours of labour may be employed in stud Eliha Burritt wielded the anvil in t smithy and worked a proposition at t same time. A little at a time and go o is the great secret of success.

P. A. R.—Water boiled by gas-heat *not* prejudicial. The second question only one of theological facilities which a common in the schools. Something like finds its way into every treatise on log Merely as exercises for ingenuity su questions are good enough; otherwi they are valueless.

E. SACKETT.—We do not think the n rative you propose would be either "u ful" or "entertaining." The "horrors war" have been already depicted in colou sufficiently glowing and sufficiently disgu ing.

JOHN BAXTER.—The present Numb contains a reply to your inquiry.

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

s. noun-substantive; *a.* adjective; *ad.* adverb; *v.* verb; *v.a.* verb-active; *v.n.* verb-neuter.

COMPOSI'TION, *s.* a mixture of several ingredients; a written work, or piece of music; the act of discharging a debt by paying part thereof.

COMPO'SITOR, *s.* one who arranges the types for printing.

COM'POST, COMPOST'URE, *s.* manure; mixture for enriching soil.

COMPOTA'TION, *s.* the act of drinking together.

COM'POUND, *s.* a mass of ingredients; a word formed from two or more words, as "coach-horse."

COMPRESS', *v. a.* to squeeze much into a small compass; to embrace.

COMPRI'SE, *v. a.* to contain, to include.

COM'PROMISE, *s.* a compact, or bargain; *v. a.* to settle a dispute by mutual concessions.

COMPT, *s.* account, computation.

COMPTROL'LER, *s.* a superintendent, a supervisor, a director.

COMPURGA'TOR, *s.* one who bears testimony to the innocence of another.

COMPUTA'TION, *s.* a calculation, an estimate.

COM'RADE, *s.* a companion, an associate.

CON, *v. a.* to study, to think over.

CON AMO'RE, *a.* with love of a subject.

CONCAM'ERATE, *v. a.* to arch over, to vault.

CONCA'TENATE, *v. a.* to link or join together.

CON'CAVE, *a.* hollow; *s.* a regular cavity.

CONCA'VO CON'CAVE, *a.* concave on both sides.

CONCA'VO CON'VEX, *a.* concave one way, and convex the other.

CONCEN'TRIC, *a.* having one common centre.

CONCEN'TUAL, *a.* harmonious, accordant.

CON'CERT, *s.* music in various parts, harmony.

CONCER'TO, *s.* (*Italian*) in music, a composition in which many performers play in concert—that is, in unison, but in which some one or two instruments take rather a more prominent part than the others.

CON'CHOID, *s.* the name of a curve.

CONCHOL'OGY, *s.* the science or natural history of testaceous animals, such as have a covering of shell.

CONCI'SE, *a.* brief, short, contracted.

CONCIS'ION, *s.* a cutting off, excision.

CON'CLAVE, *s.* a private room; the name given to an assembly of cardinals, especially when meeting for the purpose of electing a pope.

CONCOA'GULATE, *v. a.* to congeal together.

CONCOCT', *v. a.* to digest by the stomach; a "well-concocted plan" means a plan that has been digested, that is, carefully considered and well arranged.

CONCOM'ITANT, *a.* accompanying, joined to.

CON'CORD, *s.* agreement, union, harmony; in *music*, two combined sounds which are universally agreeable to the ear.

CONCORD'ANCE, *s.* a dictionary, or index in which every word in the Bible, or other book, is given in reference to the book, chapter, page, or verse in which it occurs.

CONCOR'DAT, *s.* a covenant or agreement with the Pope concerning ecclesiastical affairs.

CONCREMA'TION, *s.* the burning many things together; a conflagration.

CONCRE'TE, CONCRE'TION, *s.* different matters or substances formed into one mass; in philology and mathematics, it is an epithet applied to the conception or expression of a quality which refers to, or implies, some particular subject in which the quality exists. In this sense it is directly opposed to the term *abstract*.

CONDEN'SE, *v.* to compress, to bring within a small space; to grow thick or close.

CONDEN'SER, *s.* a pump or vessel by which a volume of air may be reduced into a much smaller space.

CON'DIMENT, *s.* seasoning, sauce, zest.

CONDUC'TOR, *s.* a leader, a director, a chief. In *electrical* science, a conductor is a substance which transmits the electrical fluid readily. *Non-conductors* are bodies which have the opposite quality. Most metals are good conductors, and glass is a good specimen of a non-conducting substance.

CON'DUIT, *s.* a water-pipe, a canal, a duct.

CONDU'PLICATE, *v. a.* to double; *a.* doubled over, or folded together.

CON'DYL, *s.* a protuberance, a joint.

CONE, *s.* a solid body, broad at the base, and small at the point, like a sugar-loaf.

CONFEC'TION, *s.* a sweetmeat, a mixture.

CONFEC'TIONER, *s.* one who makes sweetmeats.

CONFEDERA'TION, *s.* a close alliance, a union.

CON'FERENCE, *s.* a meeting for taking counsel or conversing together; a discourse; a parley.

CONFES'SIONAL, *s.* the box in which, in the Romish Church, the priest or confessor sits to hear confessions.

CONFI'CIENT, *a.* that which causes or procures.

CONFIDANT', *s.* a person trusted with a secret, a bosom friend.

CONFIG'URATE, *v.* to show like the aspects of the planets towards each other.

CONFIRMA'TION, *s.* a Church rite by which baptized persons are said to be "confirmed" in the Christian faith.

CONFISCA'TION, *s.* the act of seizing private property when forfeited by real or alleged crime, &c.

CONFLAGRA'TION, *s.* a general fire, or burning.

CONFLA'TION, *s.* the act of blowing many instruments together; a melting of metal.

CONFLEX'URE, *s.* a bending or turning.

CON'FLUENCE, *s.* a multitude of people; a junction or union of several streams.

CONFRATER'NITY, *s.* a religious brotherhood.

CONFRICA'TION, *s.* rubbing against anything.

CONGEE', CONGE', *s.* a bow, an act of reverence.

CONGE'-D'ELIR'E, *s.* literally, "leave to elect;" the monarch's permission to a dean and chapter to choose a bishop.

CONGEAL', *v.* to freeze, harden, grow stiff.

CONGE'NER, *s.* one sprung from the same original; one of the same kind.

CON'GERIES, *s.* a mass of small bodies.

CONGES'TION, *s.* a collection of humours; a preternatural accumulation of blood in the capillary vessels of the blood system, attended with disordered function of the organs in which such an accumulation takes place.

CONGLA'CIATE, *v. a.* to turn into ice, &c.

CONGLO'BATE, CONGLOB'ULATE, *v.* to gather together into a round mass.

CONGLOM'ERATE, *v. a.* to gather into one mass; *a.* gathered into a round mass.

CONGLU'TINATE, *v. a.* to cement.

CONGREGA'TION, *s.* an assembly; most commonly, an assembly of persons for the purpose of public worship and religious edification.

CONGREGA'TIONALISM, *s.* independent Church government.

CON'GRESS, *s.* a meeting; an assembly of various parties who meet to concoct measures for the community, or for the accomplishment of some object supposed to be important to the welfare of the people.

CONGRU'ITY, *s.* fitness, consistency.

CON'ICAL, *a.* like a cone.

CONIF'EROUS, *a.* having seed vessels of a conical figure.

CO'NIFORM, *a.* shaped like a cone.

CON'JUGATE, *v. a.* to join, to unite; to vary a verb according to its tenses, &c.

CONJUNC'TION, *s.* a union, meeting together; in English grammar the sixth part of speech.

CONJUNC'TURE, *s.* a critical or peculiar time.

CONNA'TE, *a.* born with another.

CONNOISSEUR', *s.* (*French*) a critic, a judge of the arts, &c.

CONNOTA'TION, *s.* an inference, implication.

CONNU'BIAL, *a.* relating to marriage.

CON'OID, *s.* a figure like a cone.

CONQUAD'RATE, *v. a.* to bring into a square.

CONSANGUIN'ITY, *a.* relationship by blood.

CON'SCIENCE, *s.* the faculty by which we judge of the goodness or wickedness of our own actions; veracity, justice, honesty.

CON'SCRIPT, *s.* one enrolled to serve in the army; the term is more particularly applied to soldiers drawn by lot for the French army.

CONSEC'UTIVE, *a.* following in order, succeeding each other interruptedly.

CONSENTA'NEOUS, *a.* agreeable to, accordant.

CONSERV'ANCY, *s.* courts held for the preservation of the fishery in the river Thames.

CONSERV'ATORY, *s.* a place where anything is kept; a building in which plants are preserved.

CON'SERVE, *s.* a sweetmeat, preserved fruit; *v. a.* to preserve or candy fruit.

CONSIGNEE', *s.* a person with whom goods are deposited for sale, or who is deputed to dispose of them.

CONSIGN'MENT, *s.* the act of making over merchandise by one to another.

CONSIS'TENCE, CONSIS'TENCY, *s.* the natural state of bodies; agreement; substance; form.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.
[VOL. VI.—No. 75.—SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1851.]

EXHIBITING OURSELVES AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

In a recent number we endeavoured to impress upon the minds of our readers, that the most remarkable being in this world is MAN. He is a wonder to himself and to every one else. There never has been an individual who has taken the trouble to reflect a little upon his own body, or to turn his thoughts inward, and attend to the operations of his mind, who has not stood amazed at himself. We are often astonished at the various instruments and machines which are invented by the art and device of man, but the most marvellous of all mechanism with which we are acquainted, is the human body, and the most wonderful of all powers by which any machine can be moved, is the human soul. Comparative anatomy and metaphysical inquiries have shown the truth of these observations. There has never been found among any of the bodies which we have dissected any one so "fearfully and wonderfully" formed as the frame of man; and of all instinctive or sagacious beings in this world which have come under the notice of our philosophers, there has been nothing discovered that would bear one moment's comparison with the intellect of the race of Adam. And hence the human family have always been to the human family the most interesting objects. The catalogue of "*The Great Exhibition*" contains an overwhelming number of curious inventions of almost every description, so that those who have travelled from America or China to see them, will return satisfied that they have been amply repaid for their labour and expense; and yet we feel assured that all will be most interested in the mass of human beings which from day to day will be gathered together. It will, therefore, be especially an Exhibition OF OURSELVES.

We have already referred to "*dress*" and "*manner;*" but there are several other matters which will be closely scrutinised by our visitors, and which ought to have our careful attention, and to some of these we now direct the thoughts of our working friends.

INTELLIGENCE.—We are often spoken of as an uneducated and an unthinking people. This has arisen from the fact that we have rarely, as a people, been anxious to make more of ourselves than we really are. A mechanic who was rather plainly dressed once said to us, "*My principle is to be a little better than I appear to be.*" There was something truly English in this expression; for while we have plenty of upstarts who wish to make a "fair show in the flesh," and try to seem what they really are not; whose speech is feigned; whose gait is a piece of affectation; whose dress is a visible falsehood; and whose whole outward man is one mass of hypocrisies; yet, we have myriads among us who scorn such offensive ostentations; and who are a thousand times better than they appear to be. From their habits of display; from the timidity of modesty; from having placed a high standard of excellency before them; and from a deep consciousness of feeling far short of it; we have known numbers who have never taken their proper position in society, have never done themselves and the country justice, and have passed to the grave without being duly appreciated, except by a few who have been their intimate acquaintances. This is what our French neighbours call "*mauvaise honte,*" a kind of "bad taste" or "condemnable shame," which has prevented thousands of men and women from doing their duty to themselves or their genera-

tion. It is said that some of our continental friends are never guilty of this fault; and that while you may add fifty *per cent.* to the appearance of an Englishman, you must often deduct quite as large an amount from the politeness, polish, and pretence of many a foreigner. Now, we do not wish our working friends to be aping the learned, or the nobility; but we would say that if they are conscious of having any bad manners, or ignorance, it will be as well to leave them at home, and not bring them to the Great Exhibition; and if they part with them for ever, they will be none the worse.

As rudeness will not be at all in character with the Crystal Palace, so ignorance and folly will not by any means harmonise with the intelligence which will everywhere greet us from its various exhibitions of skill and ingenuity; and as we should like to have our character completely cleared from the charge of vulgarity, so we shall be happy to find that the intelligence which most of the visitors possess may in no case be obscured by folly. We may have some follies, but we are, notwithstanding, an intelligent and intellectual people, and no good end will be answered by putting our light under a bushel. The best way to prevent this disgrace will be to go to the Exhibition with a full determination to see all that we can; to understand as much as we can; and to bring away the largest possible amount of knowledge and improvement. We are happy to say, that of late years nothing has done so much to remove the reproach which has been cast upon the masses, as the throwing open of galleries, museums, polytechnics, zoological gardens, and such-like institutions, to the public. The order, good behaviour, and intelligence, which in every case have been observed, has done more than anything else to raise the people in the estimation of those who have too often viewed them with suspicion. We trust that the Great Exhibition will not only unfold the intellect of the nation in the variety of its inventions, but also the intelligence of the people by the propriety of their behaviour and the deep interest which they will take in the various productions of art and taste which are presented for their consideration and instruction.

Honesty.—We lately showed that the words "*honour*" and "*honesty*" are from the same root, and were by the Romans called by the same name. The fact is, you cannot make a dishonest man honourable. He may have his thousands of acres or his ten thousands vested in the funds or the railways; he may wear a coronet or a crown, but still dishonesty is a blot which nothing can remove or cover. On the other hand, a truly honest man wants neither titles nor wealth to make him honourable. London thieves have advertised themselves throughout the world, and have thus disgraced their country in the estimation of strangers. We fear that many of these are sunk so low beyond any sense of shame, and have so thoroughly lost every vestige of conscience, that there is hardly a moral feeling left to which we could appeal; but we would earnestly entreat those who are growing up into life, not to allow any temptation to beguile them into a single act of dishonesty, and let everything be done that we can do, to show strangers that we may be safely trusted with their property, and that they can trust themselves in our presence without any fear of being robbed and injured.

But there is a race of thieves on whom the law can have no hold, and which are as numerous on the continent as here—we mean those polite but designing knaves who rob us behind the counter, or who take advantage of our ignorance and our wants to rob us of our money. It should be remembered that the man or the

woman who asks for an article more than its real value, is as great a thief as he who comes and picks our pockets outright. Most Englishmen have been thus robbed when they have visited the continent, and some have thought that this would be a fair time for making reprisals. But it should be considered, that it is *never* justifiable to steal because others steal; that to imitate a swindler can never be reputable; and that ill-gotten treasure never will spend well. And further, that we cannot do our neighbours a greater benefit than by exhibiting to them a good example. To give a practical proof that we scorn everything dishonourable in our selling, as well as in our buying, will be one of the best rebukes we can administer to any foreign swindler who may visit our country or enter our shops. We have heard that some intend, by extortion, to make their fortunes out of the pockets of those *who visit* the Exhibition; but we warn these thieves against dishonouring their country, and cursing themselves with the gains of unrighteousness.

Kindness.—One of the most touching appeals of Scripture is contained in the words, "Ye know the heart of a stranger." A stranger is in a peculiar position, and has peculiar feelings; and perhaps there is not a being on the face of the earth whose heart is more susceptible of a kind look, word, or action. Our Lord intends, at the judgment day, to lay great stress on this species of philanthropy, when exercised towards his followers. "*I was a stranger, and ye took me in,*" will be one of his first words of approbation to those who have been kind to his people. In fact, by addressing this sentence to all on his right hand, there is an intimation that none will be there of those who acted unkindly to strangers. Now, as we boast aloud of being the most Christian people upon the face of the earth, and as we all hope to go to heaven when we die, it is very important that we should attend to the apostle's advice, and be not unmindful "to entertain strangers, knowing that some have entertained angels unawares." It is of no use to attempt to avoid the text, by saying that it alludes to real Christians and not to irreligious foreigners; because one article of our faith is, that we should "do good to all men." And not only Christianity, but our common humanity teaches that we should be kind to strangers. Were we in their condition, we should deeply feel every act of benevolence; and it is a dictate of nature as well as of Christianity, that we should "do unto all men as we would that they should do unto us." Sound policy also would suggest the same kind of conduct. We have had enough of enmity, national antipathy, and wars; and now we ought to begin the arts of peace and goodwill, and the Crystal Palace should be made the Temple of Concord. Every foreigner that lands on our shores, and visits our country, should be greeted by benevolent looks, addressed with kind words, and cheered with friendly actions. When they return, let them go home loaded with proofs of our good wishes; and thus let us give for ever the death-blow to that jealousy and ill-will by which we have for ages injured each other, which has cost us the national debt, and robbed us of a revenue from the reciprocities of trade, equal to treble the amount of our taxation; and, therefore, it is high time that we should abandon such madness and malignity, and resolve hereafter, by every act of kindness and love, to promote the reign of universal peace, brotherhood, and love.

Temperance.—In the estimation of most foreign nations we are a drunken people; and it is well known that we are the most drinking race on the face of the earth. There is more drunkenness among us than in any other country. Our wines must be brandied so as to be rendered as poisonous as possible; even our gin must be doctored to make it burning hot; our brandy must be almost proof;

and our beer be mixed with all sorts of drugs to render it heady. On the Continent there is a good deal of drinking, but the liquors are not so strong, and there is less drunkenness. Besides, they use much more coffee, and thus are far more sober. We fear that total abstinence has done but little amongst us to check the evil; and that our visitors will have all the reports they have heard verified by our dissipation; and thus we shall disgrace ourselves in their esteem. We talk about converting them, and send them Bibles to lead them into the way of truth; but what use is all this, while we encourage drunkenness? They cannot understand dissipation and Christianity. A drunken religion is to them not only no religion, but gross profanity and presumption. Now they pretty well know that our drinking customs are kept up by our religious people; hence strong drink is not only our national blot, but it is the ruin of other nations, by producing in them a prejudice against all our philanthropic and religious movements. If for the next three months we would but abstain, what a deal of crime we might prevent! what a large sum of money we might save! how many more might visit the Crystal Palace! and what a reproach we might at once roll away from the nation, and especially from our religion! We would advise all who come to the Exhibition to be total abstainers; and we would call upon our patriots and philanthropists, if they value the honour of their country, or the welfare of strangers, to exert themselves, by example and precept, to put an end to the national disgrace which our drinking habits have produced.

Morals Generally.—*Quarreling, swearing, profanity, Sabbath-breaking,* and *sensuality* are actions which degrade a people. Men that do not reverence the Deity have no great thoughts, and must sink and be immoral; hence no truly moral person ever swears or takes the name of God in vain. Perhaps there is no sin in the world which has in it so much of the "superfluity of naughtiness" as profanity. It does no one any good, and can harm no one but the individual himself who thus debases his tongue. To call on the Creator, or Saviour, on every trivial occasion; to change every sacred term into an interjection; or to utter the most horrible execrations on friend or foes, is so irrational, cruel, and profane, that no individual who reflects, or regards his own respectability, will be guilty of it. Sabbath-breaking also is a crime which shortens our days; to work on that day is too much for our physical frame. Hence all Sabbath-breakers die before their time. To spend the day in mere pleasure and dissipation is too exciting, and must lead to the same result. Philosophy teaches that there is nothing so good for health of body and mind, as one day in *seven* devoted to *rest*, to soothing meditations, or divine love and works of benevolence. The daughter of a working man has justly called the Sabbath the "*Pearl of days.*" We are delighted to think how many of our working friends have shown their esteem for the Sabbath by writing so admirably upon it. Those sceptics and philosophical radicals who advocate labour or dissipation on the seventh day, are the enemies of the poor man, and more fit for West Indian slave-drivers, or the bacchanalian debauchery of paganism, than to influence an intelligent, free, and moral people. We need not dwell on sensuality. The life of a street walker, on an average, is *five years*, and her course is always downward. Seduction is worse than murder; and those who support the debauchery of the land, are the desolators of the fairest portion of God's creation. They are filthy Goths and Vandals in the midst of civilisation and Christian purity. As to quarreling, we need not say that there is so much of the snarling beast in it, that no one who regards himself as a rational and civilised person will thus debase

himself. If the points mentioned under this head were only attended to, and the crimes we have noticed carefully avoided, we should give to our visitors a moral exhibition which would be ten thousand times more valuable than any of the scientific wonders of the "*Crystal Palace*," and would confer on them spiritual benefits which would be realised in time and eternity.

We trust that our operatives and tradesmen will feel that the glory of the country is mainly in their hands, and by their *good manners*, *intelligence*, *honesty*, *kindness*, *temperance*, avoidance of *quarreling*, *sabbath-breaking*, *profanity*, and *debauchery*, will give to our neighbours and visitors an intellectual and *moral spectacle*, which will prove the new alliance of science, religion, liberty, and happiness.

THE OPERATIVE CLASSES:
THEIR TRIALS, SUFFERINGS, AND VIRTUES.

COLLIERS AND COAL MINING.

By G. Wharton Simpson.

(*Continued from page* 230.)

CHAPTER II.

THE CONSULTATION—THE FATAL SHOT.

At the Green Dragon the talk was all of the union, its present strength, the prospects of their success, and their determination not to yield.

"A poor man's labour is his capital," exclaimed one of the delegates, who, having acquired a smattering of political economy, was fond of parading it; "and if the capital of one is too small to compete with that of the owners, then poor men must unite, combine their capital, and stand by one another to resist the grinding and oppression of the masters. They can do no better without us than we can do without them and no man with the spirit of a mouse would put up with the tyranny pitmen have been for some time enduring."

"Aye, aye; that's all varry true," returned an old pitman; "but how if t' maisters stan' oot? T' union brass 'll hev an end, and then whea'll be ony better? Fresh men 'll come te t' pits; and then what 'll come of us? Besides, if they dean't get new hands, t' maisters 'll be nea richer, and we'll be mickle poorer for a few months' stick; and seah there'll be a clean loss o' money."

A chorus of voices declared these remarks to be cowardly. The union was at present rich, and could support them for some time: besides, the masters had entered into contracts that must be carried out. Then, as to any fresh hands, "rats," coming, why, only let them try it on; they would rue it, depend on that. Such were the remarks that were clamorously impressed by a dozen voices.

In the midst of some further talk, which was getting of an angry character, a song was loudly called for, and Joe Anderson volunteered a favourite, known as "The Poacher's Song," the burden of which was the "delight" experienced "on a shiny night, in the seizure of the hare."

This having been rapturously applauded, the talk ran on stories of poaching; deeds of address and daring were related; and some bitter and fierce denunciations were uttered against one Richard Trotter, a game-watcher on Sir Heselden's estate, who having formerly been an inveterate poacher, was now a thorn in the sides of his former companions, his knowledge of their habits and resorts often enabling him to surprise them; the consequence of which was that many had undergone punishment owing to his informations.

Joe Anderson was one of the keenest in these poaching expeditions, but had hitherto eluded the vigilance of Trotter, who had, however, repeatedly expressed his resolve to "nab" him. Joe and he were also rivals for the affections of a girl of some personal attractions, Alice Moore, who, with girlish vanity, kept both in suspense, notwithstanding that, whatever her feelings in regard to Joe might be, she really despised Trotter.

In the midst of the conversation, one of the men commenced "chaffing," or rallying Joe on this rivalship, intimating that if Trotter could "drop on" Joe, and secure his imprisonment, the field would be clear, and he, Trotter, would marry Alice before Joe was liberated.

A muttered threat to the effect that it would be dangerous for Trotter to come in contact with him, was all Joe's reply. His tormentor, who possessed abundance of that coarse pungent wit, which often distinguishes the pitman, was about to pursue the subject further, when one of the delegates, anxious to check anything like quarrels amongst the men, which might prove fatal to their plans at the present juncture, adroitly changed the subject by volunteering to sing "The Bonnie Pit Laddie."

Donkey-racing and cock-fighting, both sports in favour amongst pitmen, were then discussed, the conversation being continually interlarded with allusions to the contemplated strike, the results of which, all seemed to agree, must be favourable.

It was now near midnight: many were in a state of partial intoxication, and one or two stupidly drunk, when the boisterous conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the landlord, exclaiming:

"Noo, my lads, its time to bar up; ye mun toddle."

After some remonstrance the house was cleared. Some staggered home; others, the more serious and sober, stood in groups talking of the prospects of the morrow. Joe hastened home, where his mother sat with anxious heart awaiting his coming. The old man was, fortunately, asleep when he arrived.

"Oh, ma lad, ma lad, thou'll breck thy mother's heart; thy fayther's been near ranty 'at thou didn't come."

Joe saw that his mother had been in tears, and he could not bear that; so with a brief excuse, and a hasty good night, he retired to bed.

The following day was pay-day, when a fortnight's wages were to be received. It was a bright frosty morning, and all were in the highest spirits as to the results of the present application, a few only anticipating refusal. At the appointed time the deputation waited on Mr. Deanham. They handed in a list of their demands, which Mr. Deanham glancing over, briefly informed them that he had that morning consulted with Sir Heselden Wharton, whose resolve was not to accede to the slightest change; adding:

"And now, my lads, let me advise you to proceed to work without further bother. Sir Heselden will close the pit altogether rather than yield: he is willing, however, to give you a fortnight to consider. If, after that time, you do not enter upon your work as usual, why, then, every man will be ejected from his cottage without further notice, to make room for new hands."

The deputation thanked Mr. Deanham, who was always civil, and on that account somewhat a favourite. They knew, however, that he would support Sir Heselden in all matters, and, therefore, did not trust him. They told him that their resolve was to turn out at once, and, with less buoyancy of spirits than when they entered, they left him.

The news was received by the pitmen, who had assembled at the Green Dragon for the purpose, with varied feelings. Some were anxious to return at once to work; others would consent to do so on receiving part only of their former demands. The delegates, however, exhorted them to remain staunch, assuring them that the threats were merely to try them, and that if they were only firm they could not possibly fail. It was resolved therefore to carry out the strike. A committee was to be organised to conduct matters, and a caution was to be issued to men of other collieries, warning them not to accept work at the pit.

Many a wife's heart ached that morning on learning the issue of the application, and many a wife's remonstrance was met with the ready answer, "What do women know about these matters?" How often, alas, in such matters would woman, with less knowledge and more heart-wisdom, be a safer guide!

The first week of the strike passed pleasantly enough; money was not scarce, and the weather was fine, and poaching became more prevalent than ever. As the second week, however, was drawing rapidly to a close, and ejections from their cottages stared many in the face, anxious groups congregated together to ask what should be done with their families and furniture.

A meeting was called and harangued by the delegates, who urged them not to waver. Various proposals were made, the landlords of the public-houses offering to accommodate as many as they could possibly shelter, whilst they could stow away the furniture in some out-buildings. Tents were to be erected for those who could do nothing better; whilst others would accept shelter which had been offered in Bi beck. Under any circumstances the strike was to be continued, and on the whole the men left the meeting in better spirits. Not so was it with the wives of many who had hoped that the prospect of the ejectment of themselves and little ones, and the knocking about and perhaps loss or destruction of the furniture

in which they had felt so much pride, would have put an end to the strike. But it was not so. "What did women know about these matters?"

Meanwhile, Andrew Anderson kept his bed: the anxiety had induced a low fever, and as little as possible of the proceedings of the pitmen were talked of, the doctor's peremptory instructions being that he should be kept quiet. George had attended all the meetings, and used his little influence in endeavouring to oppose the strike, but the only effect of such efforts was that he was jeered as a coward and a "rat."

Joe Anderson, as we have before stated, was very fond of his gun and much given to poaching. During the last week or two he had frequently availed himself of the opportunities which leisure afforded him to follow his favourite pursuit. He had made an agreement with one of his companions to meet him on the Tuesday morning of the second week of the strike, to proceed to Hursellton Folly, a plantation abounding with hares. At five o'clock in the morning Joe was at the place of meeting, his gun loaded, and his equipment complete. Owing, however, to some misunderstanding, his companion was not there, and Joe proceeded alone.

Arrived at the wood, the morning still dusk, Joe quickly bounded over the fence, and in a few minutes a hare started within a few yards of his feet: his gun was just raised to his shoulder when he saw a figure stealthily moving from behind a tree in the direction in which he was about to fire. On looking intently, he saw what appeared in the grey dawn to be the leather legging of a game-watcher, whose person was concealed behind the tree. As he paused to consider what course he should pursue, the hare, which had run in the direction of the tree, suddenly turned and passed Joe at about twelve yards distant: the wood was quite clear in the direction in which it ran, and in the temptation of so excellent a chance, Joe forgot everything else, and fired. He had scarcely done so when a man rushed from behind the tree, and at the same moment demanded his gun. Joe at once turned to escape, and clearing the fence at a bound, ran down the lane: he had not proceeded many steps, however, when the report of a gun behind him caused him suddenly to turn.

A groan of horror burst from him, on beholding Richard Trotter, fallen backwards into the wood, shot in the head, and quite dead. In his haste he had rested the stock of his gun on the ground as he leaped the fence, and the trigger having been caught by a twig, the contents of the piece were lodged in his brain. For a few moments Joe stood stupified and motionless. Gradually, however, a vague sense of terror and guilt stole over him, and he felt himself implicated, as it were, in Trotter's death. A sudden and vivid sense of his danger, and of the certainty of being charged with the murder then seized him, and he at once fled in terror.

The body of Trotter was not discovered until next day, when, as he had not returned home, a search was instituted. When the body was found, the news spread rapidly that Richard Trotter had been murdered, and conjecture was at once afloat as to the probable murderer. The rivalship which had existed between Joe Anderson and Trotter was talked of, and the threats of each were recalled to mind: and then, ominous looks or low whisperings were exchanged, in which all suspicions regarding Joe were expressed. As is often the case, such matters came last to the persons they most concerned, and nothing of the affair was at present known in Anderson's family.

During the day a coroner's inquest was held, when sufficient was divulged to cause strong suspicion, but not sufficient in the eyes of the cautious coroner to fix the guilt on Joe, and the jury by his direction returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown. On the issue of the inquest being made known to Sir Heselden Wharton, he at once issued his warrant, as a county magistrate, for the apprehension of Joe on suspicion. Armed with this power, an officer at once proceeded to Anderson's house to apprehend the unfortunate young man.

"What! what!" exclaimed his mother, who opened the door, "my Joe! my Joe a murderer! Niver, niver!" and fainted.

George had now rushed to the door and on learning the object of the visit, begged the officer for mercy's sake not to make a noise to alarm his father, who now lay asleep. He assured him that Joe had been out all day, and begged him quietly to search the house, whilst he restored his mother, whom he tenderly raised and laid on the settle, bathing her lips with water. She still lay unconscious when the officer returned, and George accompanied him to the door, when at the same juncture Joe came up. He started for a moment, but immediately surrendered himself to the officer, at the same time assuring his brother that he was not guilty. Having ascertained from the officer that he would not appear before the magistrates that night, he bade his brother good by, begging him to break it gently to his mother, and then went with the officer. George needed no charge to deal gently with his mother, whom, on his return to the house, he found

just recovering. He endeavoured to assure her that Joe was safe, and avoided giving her direct answers as to whether the officer would find him, adding that whether he did so or not, there could be no doubt of Joe's innocence. He then related to her such of the circumstances as he had heard from the officer. With bitter tears she exclaimed:

"Ah always said that nea good could come o' this shooting; but ah didn't think it wad come to this. My Joe a murderer! Niver, niver!"

After much more similar bewailing, George prevailed on his mother to go to bed. He remained up to consider what should be done for his brother.

Early in the morning he hastened to the police station at Wolston, a small market town about seven miles distant, where, the petty sessions being held that day, Joe would be examined. He then called on Mr. Witchem, an attorney in great favour among the pitmen, always retained by them when involved in poaching cases. Having taken a memoranda of such particulars as George could communicate, they hastened to the magistrates' room.

The examination commenced soon after their arrival, Joe, of course, pleading not guilty. The various witnesses were examined, and to the facts which were given in evidence before the coroner, there was now added the testimony of the companion with whom Joe had made the appointment for the fatal morning, and of two persons who had seen him soon after the event, running in disorderly haste from the place, with his gun in his hand. Mr. Witchem cross-examined the witnesses with much acuteness, and took some technical objections; but the case was overpoweringly strong, and Joe was committed to take his trial at the next assizes for wilful murder.

Two months after the events we have recorded, the quiet little village of Terevale, never very attractive, presented a sadly changed and deserted aspect. The ejectments from the cottages had been carried out with the most uncompromising rigour, and the pitmen and their families had found themselves houseless at the commencement of a severe winter. The prospect before them was most unpromising; they well knew that none of them would be employed at any pit in the district, for, in addition to the fact that many of them were closed by the strike, in those still at work, even did vacancies exist, the character of a man on strike was no recommendation to employers in the choice of new hands.

For a time many of them hung about the village, in the hope that the demands of the men would be at least partially met, and the working of the pit resumed. Some lodged at the Green Dragon and the Pitman's Rest, and others at the beer-houses; some of the more hardy encamped like gipsies, in the tents, whilst others found shelter in the neighbouring villages.

As time elapsed, however, their privations increased. The allowance from the union, small at first, had been, owing to the extension of the strike to many other pits, reduced after the first month. The weather also continued unusually severe. Frequent meetings had been held, at which an immediate return to work had been advocated by the most prudent, and as strenuously opposed by the more obstinate and boisterous; and it had invariably happened that the latter prevailed.

But little effort had been made by the owner to carry on the working of the pit. Sir Heselden Wharton was not a man dependent to any extent on the proceeds of his collieries; they formed an inconsiderable portion of his estate. He fully expected that the men would have returned to their work, and was unwilling that the families, who had lived in the village and worked in the pit for generations, should be driven off for what he deemed a temporary obstinacy, chiefly attributable to the instigations of the paid agents of the union. The cottages, therefore, remained empty. To this extent Sir Heselden had interested himself in the matter. He had never, perhaps, given himself so much thought about the men engaged in his mines before.

On the first announcement of the strike gaining publicity, a slight influx of labourers, with a view to obtain work in the pit, had arrived in the village. These had been waylaid by some of the pitmen, and a serious affray had ensued, in which several severe injuries were sustained, although happily no lives were lost. A strong body of police, which had arrived in the village a few days after the strike, in anticipation of outrages, had quickly arrived at the scene of action, and the majority of the pitmen taking part in the assault were secured, and afterwards committed for trial at the ensuing quarter sessions, where they were sentenced to various periods of imprisonment, proportioned to their degrees of guilt.

It was now just three months since the commencement of the strike, and Christmas was at hand. The recollections which crowded on their minds, associated with this happy time—with pitmen always a peculiarly happy time—made many a sad heart still sadder. It is difficult to convey, within the limits of a brief paragraph—and perhaps few who read these pages can fully

realise—any adequate idea of the sufferings and trials that now began to crowd upon the families of the pitmen. Accustomed as they had been for a long period to the possession of all the necessaries of life—accustomed as they had especially been to all the comfort which unlimited use of coal can bring during "chill November's surly blast"—the scanty meal, eaten by the camp fire, around which the majority of them now crowded, brought only the recollections of past comforts. In many families agues and fevers had ensued from exposure and want. The workhouse of the nearest Union was already crowded with the wives and children taken ill. In one case, a wife, and mother of a large family, as well as children in several other families, had died from the accumulated effects of these privations. In some cases, grown-up daughters had gone off to neighbouring towns, in the hope of entering into service, or of meeting with employment in the factories; a few were successful, whilst in too many instances, removed from that preserving influence which home, even in the humblest walks of life, possesses, devoid of the checks imposed by a sound education, and exposed at once to want and to the various temptations which, in many of the towns sought—chiefly sea-ports—abounded on every hand, they became the prey of these adverse circumstances, and entered on that abandoned life accounted by the virtuous to be far worse than death.

The position of the men, although somewhat different, was not better. "Quiet, to quick bosoms, is a hell," says the poet; and forcibly does the remark apply to men who from infancy almost have been accustomed to active and arduous duties. With the pitmen, quiet or inaction was impossible: restless and mercurial, they must be active, and their case formed no exception to the proverb, "Idleness is the parent of mischief." For the most part uneducated, altogether undisciplined, and entirely destitute of mental resources to beguile the dreary time, drinking, one of their prevailing vices, was still resorted to by many; poaching, notwithstanding the fatal warning, was still largely practised. Some had formed themselves into companies to traverse the neighbouring towns, soliciting sympathy and pecuniary aid; others assorted themselves into bands, to perambulate the towns during Christmas week as "sword-dancers;"* whilst a few, whose large families had from the first led them to deprecate the strike, as they now looked on the blanched and shrunken cheeks of their wives, and listened to the wailing of their little ones, sat down amongst them, abandoning themselves to "helpless, hopeless brokenness of heart."

We must now return to Andrew Anderson, whom we left on a sick bed, in total ignorance of the fate of his son. When George left home to be present at Joe's examination at Walston, he had hoped that all might be cleared up, and that his brother would return with him; and he had not therefore said anything to his mother of his destination, or of his brother's detention. On awaking in the morning, a miserable vague sense of trouble and unrest first reminded the mother of the events of the previous evening. Rachel Anderson was a Christian, and her first impulse was to bow her knee and lay her troubles before him to whom she looked for succour. She arose refreshed, and with more calmness of purpose than she had felt before, resolved to bear a stout heart, and cheer her husband under the blow which she feared was impending.

With womanly tact and wife-like tenderness, she seized the most appropriate moment to break to her husband what she knew of the matter, and prepare him for the worst. The old man heard all, but could not realise it: it was a calamity too great and overwhelming to be possible; and he preserved a strange complacency. He awaited the arrival of George to assure him that all was well. Joe had on some occasions, since the strike, been absent from home a day or two, when he had stayed at the house of of an acquaintace in Wolston, and his father had no doubt that such was the case now.

During the afternoon George arrived, and his looks quickly prepared his mother for what his tongue knew not how to tell.

"Tell me all, George, honey; tell me all; dinna keep me in suspense," she exclaimed as George hesitated to speak out.

With heavy heart then, George related all that Joe had told him of the facts, and all that he had seen and heard at the examination before the magistrates; and finally, of his committal.

A burst of smothered anguish burst from his mother as he concluded. She thought she had prepared herself for the worst; but nature gave way, and she wept bitterly. Their cup of sorrow seemed full: her husband lay on a sick bed, from which she knew not that he would ever arise; their means of living were cut off by the strike; ejectment from their cottage was impend-

* It is customary in the north of England for bands of men, grotesquely attired, and having swords, to perambulate the towns at Christmas, performing a rude dance, to the music of drum and pandean pipes, known as the "sword dance," whilst one of their number, distinguished as the clown, "goes round with the hat."

ng; and at present she knew not where her sick husband or herself would find shelter from the winter winds; and now her son, her darling Joe, lay in a felon's cell, awaiting his trial as a murderer.

"And he's gan without me seeing on him, ma poor bairn. Oh, Andrew, our Joe cannot be a murderer. No, niver! Oh I canna, I canna bear't," she exclaimed in piteous tones.

The old man had listened to George's relation with fixed gaze and bated breath. He spoke no word: but the struggle for a few moments was terrible; his whole frame seemed convulsed, and quivered with anguish. After some moments, he said slowly, and with a husky voice, "God's will be done."

As his mother sat weeping, George endeavoured to soothe her by calling to her mind the lessons of patience she had often taught him when he had been subjected to the jeers of his pit companions for not joining in their idle sports.

"Mother," he said, "how often hev ye said to me, 'Wait as weel as work, honey, God's will mun be suffered as weel as dune.'"

He then reached the well-worn family bible, and commenced reading aloud. As the Saviour's touching words, "Let not your heart be troubled," &c., fell on the ear, they reached hearts readily open to scriptural consolation; and that volume so rich in words of comfort for every phase of human sorrow, and whose wonderful adaptation to every feeling of the human heart, and ready response to every worthy want of man, so surely indicates its divine origin, brought a solemn, chastened peace to those mourners. "Peace be unto you, my peace I leave with you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you:" the words fell on their ears and at once seemed to become a living power in their hearts.

"He hath done all things well," said the old man in saddened tones, pointing to the printed text on the wall. "Our Joe canna be a murderer; and a greater power than ours will protect him and open his way out."

With subdued sadness, yet perfect confidence, they now conversed on the subject. A hallowed, chastened feeling, very near akin to gladness, filled their minds; they felt there was something "higher than happiness; 'twas blessedness." We will not attempt further to lift the veil, or to describe their peace: it "passeth all understanding."

The ejectment still awaited them; but a friend of whom they little thought now was at hand. We have already spoken of Alice Moore as the girl for whose affections a rivalship had subsisted between Joe and the unfortunate Trotter. She was the only daughter of an old resident in the village, to whom we will now introduce the reader.

Adam Moore was one of those rare characters in the world, an original genius: wholly self-educated, he had acquired a knowledge of mathematics and a practical skill in mechanics, that might have been envied by many of our first engineers.* He made thirty-hours and eight-days' clocks on various plans of construction, as well as models of both locomotive and standing engines of various kinds. He had a lathe of his own construction, and the production of ingenious pieces of mechanism was his sole delight. Many men with not a tithe of his talent attain to fortune in the pursuit of the same objects; but Moore, although a man of much shrewdness and good sense, was of singularly unobtrusive and retiring character, and at the same time slightly disposed to be cynical: he had scrupulously avoided anything which might have led him to publicity beyond his own village. He had, when a youth, worked in the pit; but had early taken to the cleaning of clocks and watches, and subsequently to the making of the former, and maintained himself by these and similar pursuits. He rented a piece of ground on which he had built a cottage, and cultivated a useful garden. He lived much alone, his daughter being his only companion, and seldom mingled with the villagers.

He and Andrew Anderson had been close friends and companions in youth; but as each began to form decided opinions, their difference in religious views and feelings had gradually produced a coldness, which had grown into entire estrangement. Andrew was educated by his mother in the doctrines of Calvinism; and when he began to think for himself, he embraced these views with a sincerity almost approaching to severity. When the youths began to talk of these things, Moore, without being deeply impressed with any religious opinions, expressed a strong dislike to Calvinism;

* Instances are not rare of men of great genius springing from the pits. Without referring to the histories of George Stephenson, Dr. Hutton, and others of a past generation, we may remark that there is at this day, in the village of Wylam, in Northumberland, a pitman named Isaac Jackson, of extraordinary mechanical genius. Some years before Stephenson had made the "Rocket," Jackson had drawn plans of a locomotive with nearly all the qualities of those at present in use; and fourteen years afterwards he produced a model, weighing 12lb. 12oz., with four eccentrics, and capable of reversing itself after making fourteen strokes. He is entirely self-educated, his powers of memory and calculation are exceedingly great. His plans and models are equal in neatness and correctness to those of the best workmen. He works in the pit twelve hours daily.

hence the separation arose which continued in after life.

As soon as Adam Moore had heard from his daughter the news of the misfortunes of the Anderson family, which had rapidly spread in the village, he at once resolved to call. It was on Friday morning, and on raising the latch he found them engaged in talk as to their course on the following Monday, when they must leave their cottage. A somewhat awkward and distant greeting between the old friends over, and some words of sympathy and consolation expressed by Moore, he heard from them their strait as to a home. This was a fortunate opening for Moore: he could practise sympathy, but he did not like to speak it; he now, in few and blunt, but cordial words, offered them a share of his cottage as a home until they could do better. The first impulse of Anderson was, to refuse the offer: he still felt the coldness, and he shrunk from being placed under an obligation to his old friend. A second thought, however, induced him to regard the offer as a kind providence; and with a grateful heart and a warm grasp of the hand he accepted it.

New life seemed to be given to the Anderson family; and after some further consultation, it was arranged that, as Andrew was much better, and now able to rise, they should remove on the morrow. With active hands and buoyant spirits, George assisted in the moving, and in the course of the next day, their furniture was packed in such places as were convenient in Moore's cottage, and the Anderson family were entirely removed thither. The clouds which had hung over them seemed to be clearing away: the old man speedily regained his health, and they looked forward with hope to the future.

Time rapidly wore on, and the assizes were now at hand. The approaching trial of Joe had often been talked of, and by the assistance of Moore, arrangements had been made to secure him counsel in order that nothing might be wanting to make good his defence. It had been resolved, too, that the whole of the inmates of the cottage should be present. Andrew would gladly have prevailed on his wife to remain behind, but she seemed so anxiously bent on accompanying them that he could not refuse her. Alice Moore, too, who had not before ventured to express such a wish, when she ascertained that Joe's mother was to attend, pleaded hard and obtained permission to accompany them. We have before said that Alice was a vain girl, but she was not a heartless girl; and since the event which had terminated so fatally, a great change had come over her. She deeply felt how much she was to blame in accepting the attentions of both lovers, and thus giving rise to the rumours which might have a material influence in bringing about Joe's conviction. She had also discovered, what before she had not owned even to herself, how deeply she loved Joe Anderson.

Early on a February morning they were all on the way to the assize town, which was distant about eight miles. An anxious heart throbbed in each breast; it was the morning of the trial.

The court was just opening when they arrived. The appearance of the judge in his robes, of the barristers in gown and wig, and of the formal opening of the court, all seemed to appal them, and to strike coldly to their aching hearts.

The case was called, and the clerk in a formal tone read the indictment charging Joseph Anderson with the wilful murder of Richard Trotter; and the prisoner was called on to plead. "How say you; guilty, or not guilty?"

There is something peculiarly solemn to those unaccustomed to such scenes, in this part, of a trial for murder; and in the few seconds which intervene between the question and the prisoner's answer, all eyes are turned toward the dock, and an agonizing suspense prevails, as though on this answer the issue of the trial depended. Joe looked extremely pale: his fine open countenance bore the impress of the agony he had undergone. He had met the eyes of his mother on first entering the dock, and had tried to look cheerful: he had met o her eyes also, which sent the red blood through his blanched cheek; he had encountered a look from Alice, expressing interest and affection he had never seen before; and even in his present fearful position it cheered his heart.

"Not guilty, my lord," he said, in a low voice, in answer to the indictment.

The counsel for the prosecution, Mr. Sergeant Nicholls, now rose to state the case to the jury; and all eyes were turned towards him. After a few remarks on the painful nature of the important inquiry upon which they were about to enter, he cautioned them to dismiss from their minds everything they had heard of the case before them, directing them to look only to the evidence to which he should call their attention. He then, with remarkable clearness, and brevity, detailed the whole of the circumstances as they stood against the prisoner. He dwelt on the rivalship and the threats which had been expressed on both sides; on the early hour on a dark morning; and the appointment which Joe had made to be at the place where the murder was committed; on the fact that the paper forming the wadding of the gun by which

the fatal deed had been perpetrated was part of a copy of the poaching song which Joe had sung the night when he was heard to threaten the deceased; and, finally, on the guilty flight of the prisoner. He then proceeded to enlarge in forcible terms on the importance to society of enforcing those laws which rendered sacred human life. His speech was a masterly specimen of forensic eloquence, and produced a marked impression against the prisoner.

The witnesses were now called and examined by the junior counsel for the prosecution. They substantially confirmed and enforced all that the learned sergeant had stated. The case had been carefully prepared; and not a link was wanting to complete the chain of circumstantial evidence; not a loop broken in the complicated network of circumstances in the meshes of which his life was involved.

As fact after fact was proved, each one making the case blacker, the hearts of his friends sunk within them, and hope almost fled.

The gentleman who had been retained for the defence, Mr. Matthewson, used all his ability and ingenuity; but his hawk-like glance failed to discover any flaw in the case for the prosecution, for which he had anxiously hoped, as the case on its merits seemed to present not a single point for defence. With admirable tact he cross-examined the witnesses, to endeavour to elicit the possibility that the gun might have been fired by accident by the prisoner, or even by the unfortunate deceased himself; and he so far succeeded as to gain an admission from the surgeon that the position of the wound partially justified such a supposition.

The trial had been proceeding for nearly five hours, when Mr. Mathewson rose to address the jury for the defence. The interest in the court had now grown to a painful pitch. With great solemnity and earnestness he dwelt on the awful responsibility of sending an innocent man into eternity, and the still more awful responsibility of sending that man into the presence of his judge with but that preparation for death to which he was impelled by the sight of the impending scaffold; of sending a fellow-creature into the eternal world thus "unhouselled, unanointed, unannealled." It was not a question merely of whether the prisoner should be deprived of his liberty, of whether he should return to his farm or his merchandize; but it was a question whether he should forfeit that of which it had been said, "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life." He then commented forcibly on those parts of the evidence which showed the possibility of death having resulted from accidental causes; concluding by an eloquent appeal, urging them by everything they held dear, by their present peace and future hopes, by every domestic tie and every manly sympathy; and in the name of that justice which was the glory of the nation, and which they were that day to uphold, to give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt.

The appeal was powerful and effective, and had evidently produced a sensation on the minds of the jury; but still the alternations between hope and fear were so nearly balanced, that his most sanguine friends dared not anticipate the result.

The learned counsel for the defence had scarcely been seated, when he again arose, and said it was not his intention to call witnesses, but he wished to have the gun of the deceased, which he understood was in court, examined.

The gun was then produced: it was a double-barrelled fowling piece, one barrel of which was discharged, the other loaded, as when found laid beside the deceased. Mr. Matthewson now desired an officer of the court to draw the charge, which being done he examined the contents. Unfolding the shrivelled-up paper with which the gun was wadded, he found that it exactly corresponded with the piece of the song which had adhered to the wound in Trotter's head. A loud buzz of applause ran through the court immediately on the announcement of this discovery, and was succeeded by a shriek and a heavy fall. Both Alice and Joe's mother had fainted on comprehending the influence of this unexpected discovery, and they were carried lifeless from the court.

The judge now carefully summed up the evidence, dwelling on the circumstance so decidedly in favour of the prisoner, and adding that if the evidence had left the slightest doubt on their minds of the prisoner's guilt, it would be their duty to give the prisoner the benefit of that doubt, and return a verdict of acquittal.

The jury then retired, and returned in about half an hour with a verdict of not guilty.

We will not describe the sensations with which Joe was welcomed by his friends, nor the exultation of the band that returned that night to Terevale. We hasten to bring the reader to another event of more vital import.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE REVISITED.

JOHN SMITH, IN TOWN, TO HIS BROTHER, IN THE NORTH.

June 2nd, 1851.

DEAR CHARLES,—I have been so occupied that I have not hitherto had leisure to write you. London at this moment presents an appearance such as was never before witnessed. It is usually full, but now it is crowded. You recollect the look of the streets at this time of year. Well, just imagine them twice as full, with a much larger proportion than usual of carriages, omnibuses, cabs, and working men, and you will perhaps realise their actuality. Just now the Exhibition is all in all. From the papers you will, of course, have obtained a general idea of the building and its contents; but of the influence of the meeting of the nations on the good folks in London you can have no conception. The hotel and lodging-house keepers are all alive with anticipation, and every publication in London finds readers for whatever may be said of the great event.

On May-day morning, writes one of the most acute observers of the age, amidst the roar of cannon, the voice of trumpets, and the pomp and pageantry of a royal ceremonial, the great fact of the year was announced—the Exhibition of the Works of Industry of all Nations was opened in Hyde Park. It is hardly a figure of speech to say that all the world was represented at the ceremony. Royalty was there; the delegates of kings were there; the deputies of foreign nations were there. Much of all that Europe boasts as most distinguished in rank and genius, in wealth and fashion, was gathered within the Crystal Palace; and the hundred thousand votaries of Labour, proud of *their* temple—prouder still of the event which for years to come will lend a new dignity, a fresh interest, to their toils—crowded round the wondrous work, and echoed back the joyous acclamations of those within the building, when the Royal lips uttered the long-anticipated words, "the Exhibition is opened!"

A month has passed, and the people have possession of their palace; and it is wonderful to see how well they behave in it. Various police regulations were promulgated, but they have been found useless, for the people—the working men and women of England—needed no monitors, and required no surveillance. There never was so great an undertaking carried out with such entire success.

Apart from the scientific and philosophic interest which must attach to a gathering of the works of art and industry—the applied and realised science of the world—the Crystal Palace is, to us (says the writer before mentioned), the expression of a great social fact. The collection of materials is as nothing compared with the collection of men. A powerful monarch might at any time collect such specimens of industry and skill as are now on view in Hyde Park—the Emperor of China, or the United States Congress, may either of them buy up a duplicate of the whole Exhibition—a Pericles, a Ptolemy, or a Cæsar, with great cost and difficulty, might have formed a museum of the industry of their times; but in no age except the present—in no country, perhaps, save England—could the industry and the industrials—the conceiving mind and the executive hand of the world—have been brought together under the same conditions of free emulation. What has antiquity to show in comparison with the scene in Hyde Park? The noblest congresses of the ancient world look narrow, insular, and local by its side. The glory of the Olympian games pales in contrast with the Festival of Industry. Pericles could not have called the producers of the world together, because Greeks could not associate on equal terms with foreigners. At the Olympian games the stranger had no place. It was thought enough to allow him to be present as a spectator. In their exclusive pride of race, the Greeks recognised only the man of their own blood. Kings and princes begged in vain to exhibit at their games and contend for their oaken crowns. That this old and formidable barrier between nation and nation is thrown down for the future, the Crystal Palace is a pledge. It is the work of nations, performed in their individual as well as in their corporate capacities. While looking down the eastern nave along the line of American and Continental art, the memory reverts to the Southampton water, where the non-armed war-ships of Turkey and of the United States ride at anchor, after having poured out of their holds, instead of missiles of war, the trophies and the ministers of peace. On this common ground are united nearly all the princes of the world—the

energies of governments and of people; and nothing less than this combination could have achieved the object in view. In this co-operation on equal terms, for a common end, and in the success which has attended it so far in its progress, the future historian will remark the first settled sign of the coming fraternity of nations. The Crystal Palace knows no difference between Jew and Greek, Frank and Saxon. In that arena, for the first time in the annals of mankind, the Negro, the Malay, the Sclave, and the American, will stand together on equal terms, and merit of its kind will carry away the honours of genius and industry, without reference to questions of blood, type, or colour. This is a starting-point for a true theory of equality of nations—a new era in the history of progress. The absence of Naples seems to make her a self-doomed outcast among the communities of the world.

Of the mere contents of the Exhibition, you will have had enough elsewhere; and, therefore, Charles, I should feel more pleasure in gossipping on about its anticipated results. They are those of peace and goodwill all over the world. India makes a fine show—perhaps the most complete of any except Great Britain. In machinery and hardware we are pre-eminent, but in the fine arts, we are confessedly beaten by Austria, and the artists of central Europe. It is curious to note the characteristics of each country as we pass through the various portions of space allotted to them. In the transept all is light, airy, and beautiful; turn a moment into China, and we have the quiet precise manners of the people exhibited in their utensils, their pictures, their mats, and their proverbs. One of these is no less characteristic than cosmopolitan—Clear away the snow from your own door before you think of brushing the frost from your neighbour's roof. A real Chinaman attends this department: he is just now learning English from a child's primer. A step further and we are among the curiosities of Tunis—the mats and furniture, the dresses and utensils of a half civilised people. Another half dozen strides brings us into view of the bronzes, jewellery, vases, perfumery, household wares, aud textile manufactures of France. Belgium, the quietest kingdom in Europe, exhibits arms and artillery. They are made for foreign service, though. Austria is great in furniture, papier maché, glass, toys, automata, and stained glass; but she owns her fine show to Italian hands, and from Milan come some of the finest specimens. In the Zollverein (pronounced Solverine), by which word is to be understood all those German states in which commodities pass duty free, I noticed the best show, taken altogether, of which continental Europe can boast. It comprises the real wealth and industrial resources of more than a dozen states; and the Saxon courage, independence, and activity are observable in every state and in every article exhibited. As for Russia, her show is not yet quite ready; but she is great in ornamental glass-ware, and raw produce; while for America, the 'cute children of the West have for once mistaken their resources. The show which the States make in the Exhibition has provoked various opinions. Jules Janin calls it the "most complete," while the *Times* rather sneers at it as unworthy a great nation. Great gaps occur in the eastern, or American, department. As in her geographical states, she has in the Exhibition, wide wastes, extensive prairies, and thinly covered "locations." A French writer tells us, in his letter to his own paper, the *Journal des Debats*, that the Americans have sent, among other productions, a great number of wigs and beaver hats; among other hats were shown those of the famous hatter, Genin, celebrated for having purchased at the highest possible price the first ticket for the first concert of Jenny Lind. Such is glory—the greatness of a name! To purchase a great name for £60—such is happiness. Another writer speaking on the same subject, says that the United States part of the Exhibition is a complete failure in itself, though useful as a foil to some of the neighbouring districts. Jonathan has evidently exercised the same grasping disposition here, in asking for too much space, as he does at home with his Texas and Oregon annexations. One-fourth of the space devoted to the United States would easily have contained all that it has to exhibit. And yet I could not help fancying that, after all, whether intentional or not, there is something exceedingly characteristic of a young half-peopled country in the spare distribution of goods throughout the extensive, but waste-looking, territory of Yankeedom. Many of the articles they have sent are also singularly in keeping with that character. Huge bales of raw cotton, just as it arrives in Liverpool; samples of leaf tobacco; barrels of Gennessee buckwheat and flour; maple

sugar; heaps of Indian corn, on stalk, in the ear, and after its conversion into hominy and corn meal;—these, with a host of other farm products, fill one large section of the Union. In a neighbouring division I found a number of samples of manufactured goods, but nothing deserving of any special notice. It certainly is not from that quarter of the world that Lancashire and Yorkshire have anything to fear in the meantime. I must confess, however, that I felt considerably disappointed at the very poor display they have made; nor can they be half pleased themselves. It is certain that our cousins across the Atlantic do not altogether "whip the world" even in rocking chairs, and least of all in statuary. Their single marble figure, the Greek Slave of Hiram Powers, is indeed a beautiful conception, but it is not, nevertheless, the most "capital statue in Europe," as I heard the gentleman attending it observe. Altogether, however, it is surprising that peoples of countries far distant from England, should have had confidence enough to have sent us their contributions in such immense numbers and variety. It is no small compliment to the Government and people of this country.

You tell me that many folks will be coming to London by the excursion trains, and you ask for information about lodgings. Well, I may just say that there is excellent accommodation for single men, to be obtained at a building called the Ranelagh Club, in the Ranelagh-road, Vauxhall-bridge. Here, for about 12s. a week, artizans are provided with bed and breakfast, and all the newspapers of the day for their perusal. The ride from London to Vauxhall, by the river, is very pleasant, and, what is better, cheap.

As I have a lady,—a young lady, and a pretty lady,—looking over my shoulder at this moment, with her bonnet on, waiting for me to accompany her to Hyde-park, I conclude by signing myself, yours truly, J. S.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

By Parson Frank.

The biography of

——— "Poet Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll,"

has been made interesting by the labours of three distinct and contemporary writers—James Prior, the industrious; John Forster, the graphic; and Washington Irving, the graceful. One can read all three with zest, provided Mr. Prior does not come last. The biography of Goldsmith has the peculiar charm of being a kind of commentary upon his writings;—a system of illustrations and elucidations of familiar passages in the "Traveller," and the "Vicar of Wakefield," and the "Good-natured Man." This is not often the case with other authors. In reading "Irene," or "Rasselas," we do not find much connexion with Johnson's career in Bolt-court, or his tour to the Hebrides. When we undertake Cowper's "Task," his poetical essays, or any but his directly personal writings, we are not conscious of their affinity to the scanty but sad-coloured events of his gentle life. Byron projects himself upon the paper, but hardly his adventures or incidents of experience. Scott leaves traces of his habits, sympathies, and acquaintances, but does not transcribe into his prose and verse large extracts from his own journal. Southey does not obtrude into "Thalaba" and "Roderick" his own doings and sufferings, his own past and present tenses, his own active and passive moods, while at Bristol or Lisbon, Keswick or Amsterdam. But Goldsmith of the "Deserted Village," is Goldsmith of Lissoy, sweet "Auburn" being a real name—his brother Henry, the village minister "passing rich with forty pounds a year"—and the poem at large a true reflection of Oliver's early days, like as when, in the words of Thomas Moore—

"The spirit of our youth
Returns in sleep, sparkling with all the truth
And innocence once ours; and leads us back,
In mournful mockery, o'er the shining track
Of our young life."*

* "Lalla Rookh."

So again the "Traveller" is Oliver himself, in his two years' tour on the Continent, "pursuing novelty and losing content," with his one spare shirt, a flute, and a single guinea—the veritable "Philosophic Vagabond" of his own unequalled tale, buying Flemish hospitality by his skill on the flute, leading sportive choirs beside the murmuring streams of France,—

> "And haply, though his harsh note falt'ring, still,
> But mocked all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
> Yet would the village praise his wondrous power,
> And dance forgetful of the noontide hour."*

Is not Mr. Honeywood† a copy of the author, and the scene with the bailiffs no idea affair? And does not "She Stoops to Conquer" turn on a mistake which actually occurred in Goldsmith's youth, and introduce company at the "Three Jolly Pigeons" with which this volatile, reckless, open-handed Irishman had been only too-familiar? So many are the allusions in his various writings to the accidents of his life-history, that without a biography those writings seem incomplete. And apart from the interest attached to a man so conspicuous in English literature, the narratives of such masters of style as Forster and Irving cannot but teem with amusement, describing as they do the poet's boyhood, with a Doctor Primrose for his father, and an Auburn, "loveliest village of the plain," for his home; and for pedagogues, Mistress Delap and the romantic, travelled, verse-making Paddy Byrne. And then his university course at Trinity College, Dublin, where we see him in a *sizar's* coarse gown, waiting on the Fellows in hall, singing comic songs in private with his boon companions, scribbling street-ballads for the booksellers at the rate of five shillings each, and hearing them sung in the thoroughfares at night with a joy doubled by the accompanying eulogies of listening strangers; incurring the wrath of the *Dons* by giving a supper and dance at his rooms to a curiously-mixed company, leaving the university in consequent disgrace, and subsisting for three days on a shilling, and saved from starvation by a handful of grey pease given him by a girl at a wake;—and then his loitering purposeless life at Lissoy, greedy of miscellaneous reading, joining the villagers at their games and bearing away the palm of victory, and acting Tony Lumpkin at the little inn of Ballymahon;—and then his doings at Edinburgh as a wild medical student, his continental excursion, his launch upon the weltering whirlpool of London life, wandering the streets of the great metropolis on winter nights with only a few coppers in his pockets—or acting as usher to a school where he was up early and late, browbeat by the master, hated for his "ugly face" by the mistress, worried by the turbulent boys—or playing the M.D. in a tarnished second-hand suit‡ among the unpaying poor of Bankside—or becoming a bookseller's hack, the serf of ignorant Griffiths and his wife, or cultivating the good-will of Mr. John Newberry, of St. Paul's Churchyard—passing hours of dejection in a garret, writing for bread, and expecting to be dunned for a milk score—*plucked* at his examination at Surgeon's Hall, and brooding over the disgrace beside a "rusty grate unconscious of a fire"—quarrelling with the snappish Kenrick, a man—

> "All furious and replete
> With brandy, malice, pertness, and conceit,"—

bandying personalities with the high and mighty David Garrick—consorting with Johnson, and Foote, and Smollett, and Hogarth, and Reynolds—staving off famine by the mediation of that benevolent personage the Vicar of Wakefield—encouraged to write "The Traveller" (for which Mr. Newberry gave him £20 only), and the veracious "History of Little Goody Two-Shoes," and his first comedy, "The Good-natured Man," and the "Deserted Village," and his classical and natural histories;—and then we have his trip to Paris with the "Jessamy Bride" (Miss Horneck) and her family, his retreat

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* "The Traveller." † In "The Good-natured Man."

‡ "The coat," says one of his biographers, "was a second-hand one, of rusty velvet, with a patch on the left breast, which he adroitly covered with his three-cornered hat during his medical visits; and we have an amusing anecdote of his contest of courtesy with a patient who persisted in endeavouring to relieve him from the hat, which only made him press it more devoutly to his heart."

at the pretty village of Hendon, where he wrote "She Stoops to Conquer;"—his dissipation and difficulties in town again, and so on to the period of his decline, sickness, and death. When the last and worst was known, unfeigned was the sorrow of those who were to see his face no more—and "Poor Goldsmith!" was no mere conventional *post mortem* phrase in their mouths. Johnson mourned as for a real friend and brother; for the big heart of the burly bearish philosopher yearned towards his vivacious Irish comrade, with whom, if he readily flew into a passion, he was as readily reconciled. Sir Joshua Reynolds could paint no more the day that the death was announced, and felt, for the time, as though his occupation were gone. Burke—fond of his club-associate and proud of his countryman—burst into tears. Kelly (the newspaper assailant of the dead man), who for years, it is said,—

"Without honour or shame,
Had been sticking his bodkin in Oliver's fame,"

also wept when the obituary was recorded, and attended the funeral of the author he had so long and bitterly reviled.

The poetry of Goldsmith maintains its hold upon public sympathy and favour. He does not indeed arouse us to any high pitch of fervid sentiment, nor fire a train of burning thoughts which kindle our whole being, and illuminate the deepest and most secret recesses of our nature. He has much that is beautiful, but nothing that is sublime. He is a poet, yet—if that *may* be—wanting the vision and the faculty divine, while skilled in the accomplishment of verse. He is a lover of nature, but not, like Wordsworth, overpowered by nature; not subdued in this respect by the turbulence of his own mind, "by mystery and hope, and the first virgin passion of a soul communing with the glorious universe." Perhaps there is no one, however, of his tuneful brethren, who surpasses him in sweetness of natural description and rural imagery. Campbell remarks that he throws a charm of Claude-like softness over his descriptions of homely objects that would seem only fit to be the subjects of Dutch painting. "His descriptions and sentiments have the pure zest of nature. He is refined without false delicacy, and correct without insipidity." He dwells with no pretended or faded pleasure on the external attractions of the different countries wherein he was once the "Traveller"—those stupendous mountains where the "bleak Swiss" force a churlish soil for scanty bread, but which are so dear to every patriot soul in that land of patriots—

"Dear is that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more:"—

and again, the kinder skies and smoother plains of France,—and Holland, embosomed in the deep, with her slow canals, and yellow-blossomed vales, and willow-tufted banks,—and England, beloved for—

"The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that tops the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made."

The English, as Washington Irving observes in his picturesque "Sketch Book," are strongly imbued with a rural taste; they possess a quick sensibility to the beauties of nature, and a keen relish for the pleasures and enjoyment of the country; witness those "incomparable descriptions of nature that abound in the British poets, that have continued down from the 'Flower and the Leaf' of Chaucer, and have brought into our closets all the freshness and fragrance of the dewy landscape. The pastoral writers of other countries appear as if they had paid nature an occasional visit, and become acquainted with her general charms; but the British poets have lived and revelled with her—they have wooed her in her most secret haunts—they have watched her minutest caprices. A spray could not tremble in the breeze—a leaf could not rustle to the ground—a diamond drop could not patter in the stream—a fragrance could not exhale from the humble violet, nor a daisy unfold its crimson tints to the morning, but it has been noticed

by these impassioned and delicate observers, and wrought up into some beautiful morality." Goldsmith, without being one of our professed pastoral poets, has a keen eye and quick ear for the objects thus described. Sweet to him at the pensive *gloaming*, was the village murmur that rose up the hill on which his infant eyes were wont to rest, the swain responsive as the milkmaid sung, the lowing of the sober herd, the gabbling even of noisy geese, the hoarse voice of the watch-dog baying the wind. He exulted in what he calls, with almost *Keatsian* diction, "the bloomy flush of life,"—and his spirit sank within him when he marked the departure of rural virtues from the land, to be succeeded by the gloss of art, and the pomp of fashion, and the midnight masquerade. "Rural life," says another eminent American, "has never found a sweeter eulogist. . . .Pilgrims to the supposed scene of the Deserted Village have long since carried away every vestige of the hawthorn at Lissoy; but the laurels of Goldsmith will never be garnered by the hand of time, or blighted by the frost of neglect, so long as there are minds to appreciate or hearts to reverence the household lore of English literature."

The style of Goldsmith is pure and simple, yet elegant and refined. His clearness is not shallowness. His simplicity is not of what Campbell calls the "gaunt and famished school." He by no means takes the first word that turns up, because that word happens to be simple. It may also happen to be vulgar, and Goldsmith is never vulgar. One of his longer poems is said to have been so carefully and entirely altered and re-written, that we have not a single line of the original copy remaining.* He may have composed the first draft with seeming or real carelessness—witness the story of Sir Joshua Reynolds opening his door one day, and finding him in the double occupation of turning a couplet and teaching a petdog to sit upon his haunches—at one moment glancing his eye at his desk, and at another shaking his finger at the dog to make him play biped a little longer:—"The last lines on the page were still wet; they form a part of the description of Italy:—

'By sports like these are all their cares beguiled.
The sports of children satisfy the child.'

Goldsmith, with his usual good-humour, joined in the laugh caused by his whimsical employment, and acknowledged that his boyish sport with the dog suggested the stanza."† But what he wrote with fluency he corrected with precision. A fastidious poet of our times ascribes to him, beyond any modern bard, a chaste economy and choice of words. None is less frequently harsh or out of tune. Never startling or abrupt, he is often vigorous and emphatic. Perhaps he is unreasonably chary of epithets; but in neat and condensed expressions few rival him—few can smoothe a versicle so tunefully, or point a line with equal effect.

His humour is genuine—a pleasant fusion of the Irish and English—the rollicking mirth of the one tempered and toned down by the quiet fun of the other. With what lively merriment he sits and carves the "Haunch of Venison!" What a genial shrewdness in his "Retaliation," with its characteristic portraitures of philosophic Burke, and Cumberland, and Garrick, and Reynolds! Among his miscellanies, Goldsmith has left some scattered intimations of his rich comic vein—such as the "Elegy on Madame Blaize," the "Description of a Poor Author's Bedchamber," &c. Need we do more than name the names of Doctor Primrose, and Tony Lumpkin, and Mrs. Hardcastle? When will the "Vicar of Wakefield" be discarded? Only when Shakspere is unread and Scott obsolete. That very imaginary personage, "The Last Man" will surely have taste enough to carry a copy in his pocket.

As a man, Goldsmith had many attractive qualities, and some of an opposite kind, although, in the words of Mr. Irving, his very errors "were so blended with humorous and even affecting circumstances as to disarm anger and conciliate kindness." He was diffident, yet vain; shy, yet fussy and obtrusive. Mr. Forster shrewdly remarks, that too little self-confidence begets the forms of vanity. Goldsmith, says an Edinburgh reviewer, was always in Goldsmith's way. He was "constantly possessed with the sense

* "Nothing is more deceitful than the apparent facility observable in poetry. No poet exhibits more of this characteristic than Ariosto, and yet his manuscripts are filled with erasures and repeti ions." —*H. T. Tuckerman.*

† Irving's "Life of Goldsmith."

of his own individuality." He carried this morbid "consciousness of self with him into all societies; and forgetfulness of self is the only secret of social ease."* His companions were amused by his sensitive egotism, and played tricks upon a jealousy that was never far removed from the amiable, never akin to the vindictive. Burke was especially on the alert to extract mirth from his countryman's weak points, while the rest of the club delighted in the sport, and egged on the victim. Crabbe alludes to Goldsmith when he says, in his "Tale of the Patron:"—

"Genius is jealous: I have heard of some
Who, if unnoticed, grew perversely dumb;
Nay, different talents would their envy raise,
Poets have sicken'd at a dancer's praise;
And one, the happiest writer of his time,
Grew pale at hearing Reynolds' was sublime;
That Rutland's duchess wore a heavenly smile,
'And I,' said he, 'neglected all the while!'"

He is not without his section in the calamities of authors. "The world did not ask him to write, but he wrote and paid the penalty. His existence was a continued privation. The days were few in which he had resources for the night, or dared to look forward to the morrow. There was not one miserable want in the long and sordid catalogue which, in its turn and all its bitterness, he did not feel."† With great admiration for the man Oliver, we yet listen approvingly to the philosophy of George Warrington in "Pendennis"—to wit, that if a lawyer, or a soldier, or a tradesman, outruns his income, and does not pay his bills, he must go to gaol, and why not an author, too? "If an author fuddles himself, I don't know why he should be let off a headache the next morning; if he orders a coat from the tailor's, why he shouldn't pay for it. . . . A deal of undeserved compassion has been thrown away upon what you call your bookseller's drudge. Let us give him the benefit of our sympathy, and the pity that is due to his weakness; though I fear that sort of kindness would be resented as contempt by a more high-minded man."

We have cited this suggestive passage, because to this, as to most other questions, there are two sides—and the *other* is the side usually argued when poor Goldsmith is brought up for judgment.

* "Edinburgh Review," July, 1848.
† Forster's "Life of Goldsmith."

LUCY GORDON.

A BALLAD FOUNDED ON AN INCIDENT IN "THE BLACK DWARF."

By Miss H. M. Rathbone.

Bright dewdrops hung on flow'r and tree,
While wrapt in mist the upland lea;
The heather-bells were still unclos'd,
And timid deer in peace repos'd;
When Norman, Lord of Liddesdale,
With hasty steps sought out the vale,
Where dwelt in her secluded tow'r,
Of all that border land the flow'r.

The eastern heav'ns were ting'd with grey,
Ere rose the monarch of the day;
But when the glorious sun awoke,
And light o'er every mountain broke,
When each small blade was gemm'd with dew
Beneath the sky's enchanting blue;
The scene and hour both seem'd so fair,
Young Norman paus'd in grateful pray'r!

Arriv'd at length—the signal giv'n—
Almost he deem'd himself in heav'n!
Since Lucy's speed no coyness stay'd,
She heard his call, and swift obey'd,
For daring not to make him wait,
She join'd him at the warder's gate;
Knowing too well the moments few
Ere they again must say adieu.

How sweet their converse, none may tell!
'Till trampling horse rung out the knell,
Which bade them part, as up the glen
Too soon filed past young Norman's men.
One low farewell—hand lock'd in hand—
One last embrace—then with his band,
To Cheviot side he led the way
To meet the foe in fair array!

To save a child from father torn
By English foes, he fought that morn.
The conflict, short and sharp and keen—
And longer it perchance had been,
But Norman, foremost in the strife,
Forc'd Dacre's lord to sue for life;
And conquerors then, with haughty pace,
His dauntless men their steps retrace.

But when he near'd the broad domain
Belonging to Lord Thirlestane,
He saw approach, at fiery speed,
A yeoman on a bleeding steed!
He came Lord Norman's band to seek:
His breath so scant, he scarce could speak,
When he had gain'd the troop he sought,
And direful was the tale he brought!

"Haste Norman haste! Not long had thou
Lost sight of Hawick's craggy brow,
When Elliott reached the Gorden glen.
Accompanied by some forty men!
We greeted him with sturdy blows,
But were to few his course t' oppose;
And thus he forc'd the maiden's tow'r,
And Lucy now is in his pow'r!"

Young Norman spurr'd his gallant horse,
And mustering his strongest force,
Without refreshment or delay,
To Elliott's hold then rode away:
Swearing the robber should be hung,
Or in the Solway Frith be flung.
While over mountain, moss, and stream,
His stalwart troopers' helmets gleam!

Soon other bands to meet them came,
Commanded by red Walter Graeme
(Fresh seemed they from some deadly scene).
A foster-brother, Wat, I ween,
To the young chief of Liddesdale.
Both parties spur across the vale—
Then halt—for fain would Norman know
Was *he* too late to meet the foe?

Red Walter hasten'd to unfold
How he had met the villain bold,
And having fought a battle stern,
Forc'd him the maiden to return;
Who now in guardian care repos'd,
While Elliott's course in death was clos'd
And long his clan would rue the day
When he had caus'd this fatal fray.

"Thanks, Walter, thanks!" did Norman shout,
Wheeling his charger round about;
That noble steed, who wearied sore,
Yet still his master proudly bore;
And just as evening's shadows fell
Young Norman gain'd the Gordon dell.
But who can speak his mute despair?—
For Lucy was no longer there!

He marvell'd if some herdsman's cot
She'd fondly deem'd a safer spot;
Feeling afraid to seek the tow'r,
Where she had learnt the robber's pow'r.
Sadly he took his homeward course,
Dismounted from his jaded horse,
And bade the grey-hair'd seneschal
Head him to the banquet hall.

There noble dames, with stately air,
And young knights, with his sisters fair,
Gaily to greet him each advance,
And meet him with triumphant glance.
But Norman by their smiles displeas'd,
With no caress would be appeas'd;
And sternly ask'd how they could deem
That morning's deed for mirth a theme?

"Look round, my son," said Lady Grace
"Look on each well known form and face
'Tis shame thou hast no greeting paid
To our young guest, the Gordon maid."
Then gravely smiling, she withdrew
The plaid which Lucy hid from view:
And Norman, starting to her side,
Clasp'd to his breast his lovely bride.

COLUMNS FOR THE YOUNG.

PERSEVERANCE.

CHARLES CRANBROOK sat by his little work-bench, busily employed in making a small box, or trunk, as he chose to call it. Its form was peculiar, his tools were blunt, and the hard wood made his work no easy task. The perspiration stood in drops on his forehead, and the quick motion of his hands showed that he was very tired. "My son," said Mrs. Cranbrook, who happened to see him thus engaged, "you look very weary. Lay aside your tools for a time, and rest yourself."

"I wish to finish my trunk very much, and I am not tired," Charles answered, but a moment's thought told him that he had not uttered the exact truth; so he added the words "not very." As these words were not spoken until Mrs. Cranbrook had gone into the house, they did not affect his expressions, so far as she was concerned. How careful young people should be, aye, and old people too, to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

After sunset, Charles brought in his trunk, and placed it on the table near where his father was sitting.

"What have you there?" said Mr. Cranbrook.

"My newly-invented trunk," said Charles,

and he began to point out all its advantages.

"It is very well done," said his father, handing it to Mr. Stone, a neighbour, who had come in to spend the evening.

"Did you invent this, Charles?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"How long did it take you to make it?"

"I have been at work upon it since breakfast."

"Yes," said Mrs. Cranbrook, "the poor boy has been at work upon it all day long. He must be very tired."

"He must be a persevering boy. That is a good sign. When I see a smart boy who is persevering, I am sure he will make a man."

"I was very tired," said Charles, "before I got through with it, but I thought I would not stop till I finished it."

"That was right," said Mr. Stone, "always make it a rule to finish whatever you undertake."

"Charles undertakes too many things to finish them all."

"That is unwise, but it is a habit that is easily corrected. When you take a fancy to do a thing, think it over before you begin it, think whether you will be able to finish it, and whether it is worth finishing. By this means, you will engage in fewer plans, and will be able to execute them all. Let this be your motto, 'A persevering boy will surely make a man.'"

Charles was pleased with the praise bestowed upon his perseverance by Mr. Stone. Let us see how well he deserved it.

On the next Monday school began, and as usual, Charles was in his place. If you had entered the school-room about ten o'clock in the forenoon, you might have seen him sitting at his desk, gazing with a vacant look about the room. Before him lay a slate, with a large sum in division upon it.

"What is the matter, Charles?" said the teacher, "have you nothing to do?"

"I cannot get the answer to this sum," said Charles, in a tone that would leave one to suppose that he was a greatly injured boy.

"Have you tried to get it?"

"Yes, sir."

"How hard?"

"I have done it all over."

"How many times?"

"Once."

"I do not call that trying hard. Give your whole attention to it, and go over it again, step by step, with great care, and you will, I doubt not, get the answer."

Charles was accustomed to follow the directions of the teacher, or rather he had no idea of disobeying his teacher. He went over his sum again, and though not with fixed attention, he detected several mistakes, but the result was that he did not come so near getting the answer as he did before. He turned over his slate as though the case was a hopeless one. At length the teacher, seeing him unemployed, said, "Charles, have you got the answer to that sum?"

"No, sir, I cannot get it."

"Bring it here."

Charles did so. The teacher ran his eye over it, and then said, "Charles, there is no difficulty whatever about this sum. You know how to do it. All that is wanted is a little attention and perseverance,"

"I have been over it twice."

"That matters not. You must keep at it till you get it right, if you have to go over it ten times, or a hundred times. You will never make a scholar unless you acquire more perseverance."

Charles went to his seat, but did not seem disposed to concentrate his efforts on the sum. The teacher observing it, told him in a kind but decided tone, that he would not be permitted to leave the school-house till the sum was done. Charles, being thus compelled to work, succeeded in getting the answer before twelve o'clock.

In the afternoon a similar scene was enacted in connexion with a Latin sentence.

Was Charles a persevering boy? Was Mr. Stone's commendation just? Like a great many boys, he was persevering in his play; he was persevering so long as the object in which he engaged was pleasant to himself. There is really no true perseverance in this. True perseverance will lead one to hold on to a thing, though it be not interesting—to finish whatever we undertake, whether we get weary of it or not. Ture perseverance will prevent one from growing weary in well-doing. It will lead us to hold on to the right, whatever temptations we may meet with. Perseverance is important everywhere; it is very important here. Those only succeed who persevere to the end, and those only will obtain the crown.

YOUTHFUL INSTRUCTION.—Instruct your son well, or others will instruct him ill. No child goes altogether untaught. Send him to the school of Wisdom, or he will go himself to the rival academy kept by the lady with the cap and bells. There is always teaching going on of some sort; just as in fields vegetation is never idle.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.—No. XVI.

(The Prize Exercise will be given at the end of this chapter, which, with the lessons that will follow it, should be carefully studied.)

FRENCH INTO ENGLISH.

Il y a beaucoup de genres (m. p.) de soif. Il y a une (f.) soif (f.) pour la boisson (f.)
kinds thirst drink

il y a une soif pour l'honneur ; et il y a une soif pour le savoir. La soif de la boisson
honour

vous (1) excite (2) à devenir brutal (m.) ; la soif de l'honneur et du savoir
exciter—to excite to become brutal

vous (1) empêche (2) de devenir indigne.
empêcher—to hinder unworthy

From this short exercise a correspondent (a "*Prolétaire*") whom we answered in Lesson XI. may take notice that *soif* is not masculine, and that he was guilty of a solecism in saying "*qui a* DU *soif.*" It should have been *qui a* DE LA *soif*, or, better still, *qui a soif.* He had no means, probably, at that time of knowing the gender of the word.

We now come to the explanation of a point on which we have been questioned by a great many of our correspondents. And we may observe that the very manner in which they have put this and other queries to us shows how closely they have looked into the lessons. It has been with many of them a truly microscopic study. They will be sure to reap the benefit of this, if they but show perseverance, and continue to exercise courage and attention.

The point to be cleared up is the use of the preposition *à*, meaning "to," before the present infinitive of a verb, that present infinitive signifying of itself alone "*to do something.*" Thus we seem to have managed to place two words together, both of which have the same sound and the same sense. Such is the difficulty. An instance occurs in the exercise just given—*la soif de la boisson vous excite à devenir brutal ;* "the thirst of drink excites you to become brutal." Here we may be asked, would not a literal and a proper construction of the French give you nonsense?—viz., "the thirst of drink excites you to *to* become brutal."

All this perplexity arises from the narrowness of considering one language solely by the light of another. The seeming absurdity here would not be really greater (were there an absurdity in the phrase at all) than that which seems to result from putting *de* before the present infinitive. For, even considered abstractly, "*to to*" is not a more preposterous expression than "*from to ;*" and, though it is far from being altogether a parallel instance, yet we must remind our readers of the well-known pluperfect tense of "to have," in English—"had had : "I had had my say, and that satisfied me."

In the next place, our readers have already observed that frequently where we use indifferently either the present participle or the perfect infinitive, it is the custom of the French to use the infinitive (in its perfect tense) with just the same effect. For example : "After dining," or "after having dined ;" *après avoir dîné* —literally, "after to have dined." Here the French, according as you choose to compound the words, or to separate them, gives you either the present infinitive of the auxiliary verb, followed by the past participle of the verb *dîner*, or the perfect infinitive of the latter, formed, of course, in part by means of its auxiliary ; and both equally answer to our "dining," or "having dined."

In the third place, when we translate the present infinitive of a French (and, for that matter, of any foreign) verb by "*to* do something," it is really more from want of a better mode of translating it, than because intrinsically and philosophically that mode will repel every criticism, solve every difficulty, and answer every objection. We have done it chiefly because we should otherwise have uselessly perplexed our students when they came to look for any verb in a dictionary. It is the present infinitive which is always given there and it is always so translated.

Let it, then, be understood that the present infinitive is the head of the verb, or (if an artistic, rather than an animal, metaphor be preferred) that it is its founda-

tion. If it means "*to*," &c., it means it in a potential manner—that is, it means it whenever convenience and necessity so require. The infinitive is to the other parts of the verb what the queen, in the beautiful game of chess, is to the other pieces: it has its own peculiar move and power, and the move and power of some of the neighbouring pieces also.

As, therefore, we have found that the infinitive of a French verb may be frequently translated by the participle of an English verb, see whether the difficulty will not vanish in the present instance by the same mode of construction:—*La soif de la boisson vous excite à devenir brutal;* "the thirst of drink excites you to *becoming* (that is, 'towards becoming') brutal." Again: *La soif de l'honneur et du savoir vous empêche de devenir indigne;* "the thirst of honour and of knowledge hinders you from *(de) becoming* (instead of 'to become') worthless."

Of the meanings of *de* we select that which evidently makes the best sense. The time, in fact, is now come when the remark fully applies which we made in our first lesson of all. These apparent anomalies must not deter the student. Remember what we then said: "execution, whether in music or in languages, is to be acquired only by fearless confidence. Take two men; one of them is afraid to speak till he can speak without an error (or what he suspects for an error); the other is determined to express himself, even though he should make several blunders. The latter is certainly the one who will make the quicker progress."

Well, from the remarks we have made, and from numerous examples previously introduced, it appears that there are some verbs in French which, if they require another verb to follow them, require also that this second verb should be in the present infinitive, and that this present infinitive should be preceded by *à* or by *de*. Now, as there are only two or three instances in which the *à* or *de* may be indifferently used, we must give a classified list of the more important of the respective verbs. Such a classification enters most legitimately into the scope of these instructions. Remember that we speak of verbs which require to be followed by other verbs in the present infinitive, *or in any part that might be altered into the present infinitive, without detriment to the sense.* For instance, you might say, "*My brother intends going to Ascot.*" Is it not evident that here the "*going*" might, without the slightest injury to the meaning, be changed into "*to go?*"

We have already mentioned some instances in which *de* is thus required before the infinitive of the second verb; as, "I am very glad to find;" *Je suis bien aise* DE *trouver.* "I am sorry to speak thus;" *Je suis faché* DE *parler ainsi*, &c. &c. We will now give a few more of the verbs that require *de* to be thus employed before the second verb which they cause to succeed them. Let us premise that the second verb which we will insert in our list might be any other you please; it is the *first* verb that governs the *de;* and further, in order to show that, no matter what part of the first verb be used, it equally governs the second in the infinitive—that is, causes it to be in the infinitive—we will put the first verb in a different mood; we will put it in the first person singular of the present tense, Indicative mood:—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
I finish speaking	*J'achève* DE *parler*	*zhah-shave dup arlay*
I accuse (you) of lying	*Je (vous) accuse* DE *mentir*	*zhuv voo zakkuse dum-onteer*
I blame (you) for lighting	*Je (vous) blâme* D'*allumer*	*zhuv-voo blâhm dallumay*
I burn to speak	*Je brûle* DE *parler*	*zhub-rude dup arlay*
I cease to work	*Je cesse* DE *travailler*	*zhus-ess dut-ravvah-ee-yay*
I charge (you) to cease	*Je (vous) charge* DE *cesser*	*zhuv-voo sharzh dus essay*
I conjure (you) to go	*Je (vous) conjure* D'*aller*	*zhuv voo koanzhure dallay*
I command (you) to work	*Je (vous) commande* DE *travailler*	*zhuv voo koammaund dut-ravvah ee-yay*
I counsel (you) to study	*Je (vous) conseille* D'*étudier*	*zhuv-voo koansay ee datudeeyay*
I dissuade (you) from speaking	*Je (vous) dissuade* DE *parler*	*zhuv-voo diswād dup-arlay*
I dispense with proving that	*Je dispense* DE *prouver cela*	*zhud-isponse dup roovay slah*
I avoid listening	*J'évite* D'*écouter*	*zhuv-eet dakootay*

Now here you have twelve verbs, each of which, if followed by any other verb whatever in the present Infinitive (a thing, you see, which often happens, though in

English the corresponding verb be followed by a present participle), must give to that following second verb the preposition *de*. There are a good many other verbs which are used in the same way, and we will resume and continue our little list in future lessons. In the meantime, we must next give at present some of the verbs which in like circumstances require *à*, not *de*, before the subsequent infinite:—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
I like to study	*J'aime à étudier*	*zhame ah atudeeay*
I aspire to learn	*J'aspire à apprendre*	*zhaspeer ah approndr*
I have to learn	*J'ai à apprendre*	*zhay ah approndr*
I consent to go	*Je consens à aller*	*zhuk-oansons ah allay*
I seek to make	*Je cherche à faire*	*zhush-ersh ah fare*
I condescend to listen	*Je condescends à écouter*	*zhuk oandes-sons ah akootay*
I contribute towards making	*Je contribue à faire*	*zhuk-oantreebu ah fare*
I hesitate to speak	*J'hésite à parler*	*zha-zeet ah parlay*
I invite (you) to speak	*Je (vous) invite à parler*	*zhuv vooz anveet ah parlay*
I persevere in speaking	*Je persèvère à parler*	*zhup er-suvvare ah parlay*
I think of making	*Je pense à faire*	*zhup-onss ah fare*
I gain by remaining	*Je gagne à demeurer*	*zhug-an-yah dummūr-ay*

This list, also, we will enlarge in future lessons; and when we have completed a triple catalogue, given as above, with pronunciation and all (though the latter can be but an approximation), first of verbs requiring *de* before the next Infinitive; secondly, of those requiring *à*; and, thirdly, of those not requiring any preposition at all—when we have completed this triple catalogue, we will reproduce it in full, only with this difference, that we will give the present Infinitive of the various verbs in question. Meantime let us observe, in passing, that it is a general principle, running more or less through all regular languages, and not confined to French and English, that one verb requiring another to follow it governs the latter in the Infinitive (causes it to be in the Infinitive), whatever part it may itself happen to be in.

In due time we shall show our readers also how to form the plural of adjectives and substantives (the singular only of which is ever given in dictionaries), and how to recognise and to form their genders.

The translations of the French passages in Lessons XIV. and XV. respectively are—

1. How much do you gain (earn) a week by your work? I gain forty-four shillings a week, and my wife earns eighteen. Thus we have all that we require (that it to us needs.) When my son *is* (the future tense, where, as now, the future time is meant, is used in the French) fourteen years old, he will earn ten or twelve (shillings)."

2. A man had two daughters—the one was miserly, but provident; the other was liberal, but thriftless. Being in a passion, she who was miserly said to her sister, "you will never have wherewithal to give to the poor, you are so profuse." "And you," replied she, "will always have the wherewithal to give, but never will you give, nevertheless—you are such a miser (so miserly)."

The last conjugational piece which we gave was the Imperative Mood respectively of *avoir* and of *être*. We have entirely finished the regular verbs of the first conjugation, ending in *er* in the present Infinitive. We will therefore in this chapter begin with those of the second conjugation, ending, in the same tense, in *ir*. Let us take *bâtir*, to build; *bâtissant*, building—not "*a* building," but "building" something; *bâti*, m., *bâtie*, f., (built).

The present tense, Indicative Mood, is—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
I build	*Je bâtis*	*zhe battee.*
thou buildest	*tu bâtis*	*tu battee*
he builds	*il bâtit*	*eel battee*
she builds	*elle bâtit*	*el battee*
we build	*nous bâtissons*	*noo batteess-oang*
you build	*vous bâtissez*	*voo batteess-ay*
they build	*ils bâtissent* / *elles bâtissent*	*eel batteess* / *el batteess*

Imperfect tense, Indicative:—

English.	French.	Pronunciation.
I did build, or was building	*Je bâtissais*	*zhe batteessay*
thou didst build, or wast building	*tu bâtissais*	*tu batteessay*
he did build, or was building	*il bâtissait*	*eel batteessay*
she did build, or was building	*elle bâtissait*	*el batteessay*
we did build, or were building	*nous bâtissions*	*noo batteess ee-oang*
you did build, or were building	*vous bâtissiez*	*voo batteess-ee-ay*
they did build, or were building	*ils bâtissaient* / *elles bâtissaient*	*eel batteessay* / *el batteessay*

Now to proceed with *avoir* and *être*. The imperfect tense, Subjunctive Mood, of the former is—

English.	French.	Pronunciation.
That I might have	*que J'eusse*	*"cu" zhūss*
that thou mightst have	*que tu eusses*	*"cu" tu ūss*
that he might have	*qu'il eût*	*keel ūss*
that she might have	*qu'elle eût*	*kel ūss*
that we might have	*que nous eussions*	*"cu" noos ūssee-oang*
that you might have	*que vous eussiez*	*"cu" voos ussee-ay*
that they might have	*qu'ils eussent* / *qu'elles eussent*	*keels ūss* / *kels ūss*

In turning back to look at this same tense in the first regular conjugation, we perceive an error. It is in the third page of Lesson XI. The third person singular should there be *grondât*, not *grondasse*, and it should be pronounced *groandah*.

The imperfect tense, Subjunctive Mood, of *être*, is—

English.	French.	Pronunciation.
That I might be	*que je fusse*	*"cu" zhe fuuss* (the *oo* would be too full a sound)
that thou mightst be	*que tu fusses*	*"cu" tu fuuss*
that he might be	*qu'il fût*	*keel fu*
that she might be	*qu'elle fût*	*kel fu*
that we might be	*que nous fussions*	*"cu" noo fūssee-oang*
that you might be	*que vous fussiez*	*"cu" voo fūssee ay*
that they might be	*qu'ils fussent* / *qu'elles fussent*	*keel fuuss* / *kel fuuss*

As for the perfect and pluperfect Subjunctive of *être* and *avoir*, they need not be given in full, because they are formed out of tenses already learned, and out of the past participle, thus:—"That I may have had," &c., *Que j'aie eu*, &c.; "that I might have had," &c., *Que j'eusse eu*, &c.; "that I may have been," &c., *Que j'aie été*, &c.; "that I might have been," &c., *Que j'eusse été*, &c.

We now have gone through the whole of the two auxiliary or helping verbs (so called because used in conjugating other verbs), as well as of the first regular conjugation. The second conjugation is, besides, commenced in the present lesson; and all these things will be found to grow easier as we advance.

ENGLISH INTO FRENCH.

That hat has cost more than this hat *(see Lesson XI. for the proper*
chapeau (m.) *coûter*, to cost
mode of using "this" and "that," when compared or opposed). How much has your coat
habit (m.)
cost (*your coat, how much has he, &c.*) I like to buy *(remark the list of verbs in this lesson)* an
article which will last, even (2) though (1) it may be dear (*may be*, here
article, (m.) *durer*, to last *quoique*
evidently requires the present subjunctive of *être*—the "*that*," which is only understood in English, being often expressed in French before "*may be*," &c.). It is a good
c'est
system.
système (m.)

We shall now give our proof exercise—a double trial, first of English into French

secondly, of French into English—and for the twelve best translations of this twofold task, the proprietor of this periodical will give twelve respective copies of the Holy Scriptures in French.

For the benefit of those who may not possess dictionaries, we will furnish a glossary of every necessary word, exactly in the manner in which a dictionary would give it.

The versions must be sent to us (postage free) before the end of the first week in July. The lessons which will appear in the interim will afford every reasonable facility of a general nature in aiding the purposes of the competitors. To a certain extent we must rely on the honour of the class for whom we labour. They will feel that the work of each ought to be his own; and we are sure it will be. Truthfulness does not belong to rank, but to the individual. In the meantime, anything not perfectly understood in the lessons our readers can continue to indicate, and we will, as heretofore, endeavour to remove the difficulty.

For the exercise of French into English we will take part of an exceedingly fine passage from Chateaubriand :—

NIDS DES OISEAUX.

Une admirable Providence se fait remarquer dans les nids des oiseaux. On ne peut contempler sans être attendri cette bonté divine qui donne l'industrie au faible, et la prévoyance à l'insoucient.

Aussitôt que les arbres ont développé leurs fleurs, mille ouvriers commencent leurs travaux. Ceux-ci portent de longues pailles dans le trou d'un vieux mur, ceux-là maçonnent des bâtiments aux fenêtres d'une église, d'autres dérobent un crin à une cavale, ou le brin de laine que la brebis a laissé suspendu à la ronce. Il y a des bûcherons qui croisent des branches dans la cime d'un arbre; il y a des filandières qui recueillent la soie sur un chardon. Mille palais s'élèvent, et chaque palais est un nid; chaque nid voit des métamorphoses charmantes: un œuf brillant, ensuite un petit couvert de duvet. Ce nourrisson prend des plumes; sa mère lui apprend à se soulever sur sa couche. Bientôt il se perche sur le bord de son berceau, d'où il jette un premier coup d'œil sur la nature.

For the English into French, the following few sentences will be enough. They are slightly altered from Lord Bacon :—

It is a miserable state of the soul when one has few things to desire, and many things to fear; and yet that is the common lot of kings. Moreover, they are surrounded by shadows and perils. The Holy Scriptures declare that "the king's heart is inscrutable." In fact, he himself knows not his own heart.

GLOSSARY

of some of the words (for those who may have no dictionary by them.)

N.B.—Such words as we omit are either the same in English as in French, or they are already familiarly known to our readers; and our glossary is arranged, not alphabetically, but according as the terms occur in the passage.

GLOSSARY FOR THE FRENCH PASSAGE.

Se—For this word see Lesson XV. It precedes the word which, with us, it would follow.

Fait, third person singular, present tense, indicative, of *faire*, to make, to cause.

Remarquer (present infinitive), to remark, &c.; often used (and so are many other such words) for "to be remarked"—just as in English we say, "there is nothing *to do*," for "there is nothing *to be done*."

Nid, *m.* a nest; plural, *nids*.

Oiseau, *m.* a bird; plural, *oiseaux*.

Peut can, is able, from the irregular verb *pouvoir*, "to be able."—N.B. Only one negative is *necessary* with this verb.

Contempler, present infinitive, to contemplate.

Sans (preposition), without.—N.B. It governs the present Infinitive, and not, as in English, the present participle, of any verb with which it is used.

Attendri (past participle), softened, moved, affected; from *attendrir*, to soften.

Ce and *cet*, *m.*; *cette*, *f.*; *ces*, *m.* and *f. p.* this, these

Donner, to give.

Bonté, *f.* goodness.

Industrie, *f.* industry.

Divine, divine.

Faible, weak, feeble.

Prévoyance, f. foresight.
Insouciant, careless.
Aussitôt que, as soon as.
Arbre, m. tree; plural, *arbres.*
Développé (past participle), from *développer*, to develope, to put forth.
Leur, s. leurs, p. their.
Fleur, s. fleurs, p. flower (s.)
Mille, a thousand.
Ouvrier, s. workman.
Commencer, to commence.
Travail, s. work; *travaux*, p. works.
Ceux ci, these. It is the plural for *celui-ci*, concerning which, &c., see Lesson XI.
Portent, from *porter*, to carry.
Longues, f. p. long.
Paille, f. s. a straw. The plural merely takes an *s.*
Dans, in, into, &c.
Trou, m. a hole.
Vieux and *vieil, m. vieille, f.* old.
Mur, m. a wall.
Ceux-là, the plural for *celui-là.* (See Lesson XI.)
Maçonnent, from *maçonner*, to mason, to build, &c.
Bâtiment, s. a building, either big or little, &c.
Fenêtre, s. a window.
Eglise, f. a church.
D'autres, some others, others.
Dérobent, from *dérober*, to steal, &c.—N.B. The French say "to steal anything to," or "at" an object, instead of *from* that object. So "to borrow *at*," and not *from.*
Crin, m. a horsehair.
Cavale, f. a mare.
Brin, m. bit, scrap, piece, lock, &c.
Laine, wool.
Brebis, f. sheep.
Laissé, past participle, from *laisser*, to leave, &c.
Suspendu, suspended—past participle, from *suspendre*, to suspend, hang up, &c.
Ronce, f. thorn, thorn-bush.
Bûcheron, s. woodcutter.
Cime, f. summit, top, &c.
Croisent, from *croiser*, to cross, to place transversely, &c.
Filandière, s. spinner.
Recueillent, from *recueiller*, to gather.
Soie, f silk.
Chardon, m. thistle.
Palais, sin. and *p.* palace, palaces.
S'élèvent, from *s'élèver*, to arise—literally, "oneself," or "themselves," or "himself," or "herself," or "itself to raise."
Chaque, each.
Voit, sees, beholds—from *voir*, to see.
Métamorphose, s. change, metamorphosis.
Charmantes, f. p. charming.
Oeuf, m. egg.
Brillant, m. s. brilliant, glistening, &c.
Ensuite, then.
Un petit (idiom), a little one.
Couvert, past participle, from *couvrir*, to cover.—N.B. The French say, "to cover *of*," and not "to cover *with.*"
Duvet, down, thin young hair.
Nourrisson, m. nursling.
Prend, takes, assumes—from *prendre*, to take, &c.
Plume, s. a feather, &c.
Mère, f mother.
Apprend, teaches, from *apprendre*, to teach, &c. (The object taught, if a pronoun, precedes the verb).
Se soulever, to raise (itself, himself, or whatever is spoken of).
Sur, upon.
Couche, f. bed, couch, &c.
Bientôt, soon.
Se percher (pres. infin.) to perch (himself itself, &c).
Bord, m. brink, edge.
Berceau, m. cradle.
D'où, from where, whence.
Jette, present tense, indicative, of *jeter*, to throw, to cast.
Premier, first.
Coup d'œil, literally, "stroke of eye," glance.
Nature, f. nature.

GLOSSARY FOR THE ENGLISH PASSAGE.

Miserable, malheureux (m.), malheureuse (f.)
State, état (m.), or condition (f.)
Soul, âme (f.)
When, quand, lorsque.
One (in the sense of *people*) on.
To have to, avoir à (these two words are separated in French, just as in English).
Few, peu de.
Thing, chose (takes *s* in the plural).
Desire (pres. infin.), désirer.
Many, beaucoup de.
Fear (pres. infin.) craindre.
Yet (in the sense of *nevertheless*) pourtant.
Common, ordinaire (m. and f.)
Lot, sort (m.)
Moreover, de plus, en outre.
To surround, entourer.
By, par, or DE.
Shadows, ombres (p.)
Perils, périls (p.), dangers (p.)
Holy, saint (m.) sainte (f.) Both genders take an *s* in the plural.
Scriptures, écritures (f. p.)
To declare, déclarer.
Heart, cœur (m.)
Inscrutable, inscrutable.
In fact, en effet.
Himself, lui-même. (In French, reverse the order of "*he himself.*"
Knows, connait, from *connaître*, to know.
Own, propre (m. and f.)

TO OUR "FRENCH" CORRESPONDENTS.

KAPPA.—We have to thank you for the long letter which you have been at the pains of writing, on the subject of our French Lessons; and we proceed to deal *seriatim* with the points you raise. First, our object and aim have been to give some idea of French to those who knew nothing of it previously; and we judged that we could not effect this by merely filling our pages at the outset with specimens of the purest style, no regard being had to leading the student point by point, and to making him firmly master one thing before perplexing him with another. As well might we at once have transcribed whole chapters from Vertot; and then (bidding our students construe them) have enlarged upon their beauties. This would have been a method of lecturing scholars, not of teaching beginners. Until we have explained a French idiom, we avoid, as much as possible, introducing it; from which it necessarily follows that, in points previously not explained, some English-French, at the best, is blended (in smaller and smaller proportions as we advance) with the purer idioms. This, on system. And as a tree is known by its fruits, there must be some virtue in a system which, after a few weeks, has enabled hundreds upon hundreds who knew nothing previously of the language, to construe whole passages. There is a profound meaning in what the Italian poet says:—

"Così all 'egro fanciul porgiamo aspersi
Di soave licor gli orli del vaso."

As to *zh*, the sign we use to indicate the sound of the French *j*, it is understood, and that is enough. It is, besides, employed by standard authorities. We may say the same of the *g* at the end of words which really have no *g* in their sound, but only a nasal effect such as we were at a loss how otherwise to indicate, even remotely.

The phrase *quelle est la route*, page 82, Les. IX., is the natural and simple mode of asking *which* is the right road. The other phrases, given also (page 82), would have a different import; and should be answered not by pointing out the right road, but by explaining its nature, that it was a macadamized way, &c. If *Kappa* will look again, he will observe that we have used the word "*what*," and not the word "*which*." In endeavouring to be very accurate, he is not accurate enough. *Leçon française* is only just as incorrect in French as "French lesson," logically speaking, is in English: for these are not French lessons, but *lessons of French:* and yet any one who is not a purist, would say "French lesson," without fearing to be misunderstood. There is here less latitude in French than in English.

With regard to *bel homme*, which every school-boy knows to be correct, instead of "*un* bel homme," let Kappa look at the exercise given towards the close of the same 8th Lesson, and he will see that the right idiom is purposely introduced in the exercise, *four times running*. Had it been prematurely given in the former phrase, it would have distracted the attention of those on whom the writer was then trying to impress the use of *que*, and that point only. Even as it is, a similar difficulty has occurred more than once.

Of *pleine*, Lesson IX., Kappa remarks that it "means in the family-way as applied to animals." It is applied to London, which is not an animal. But even so, it is a very poor phrase, introduced merely as a practice in gender, &c. The pretty phrases he suggests have this disadvantage, that they would not in any way have served to illustrate the preceding instructions. Better to help in a homely and even lame manner, than to puzzle in the very purest and choicest style.

In Lesson X. (opening exercise), *elle* AVAIT *le malheur* is most unquestionably not half so good as would have heen the tense suggested by Kappa, *elle eut*, &c. Unluckily, our readers had not yet learned that tense. We have had to play our instrument without all its strings.

In the same lesson, in giving a list of the domestic words before which the French put *my*, we inadvertently, as Kappa notices, included in that list "papa," and "mamma:" it ought to have been "father" and mother." On account of the advantage of being reminded to correct this one *erratum*, we are obliged to Kappa for his long letter.

ERRATUM.—In the third page of the 11th Lesson, in the imperfect tense, subjunctive, of the first regular conjugation, third person singular, read *grondât*, instead of *grondasse*. The pronunciation is *groandah*.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.
[VOL. VI.—No. 76.—SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1851.]

THE GREAT EXHIBITION AND ITS CATALOGUE.

When we came to London, as a preliminary to our visiting the *Crystal Palace*, we purchased and perused the *Catalogue;* and we can assure our readers, that great as our expectations had been, we perceived that the half had not been told or conceived; and we allude to the subject here because we want our working friends to know that they will derive considerable advantage from imitating our example. We feel assured that if we had come up from the country, and gone at once into the Exhibition without some idea of its form and of its contents, we should have lost by far the greater part of the advantage. The catalogue is one of the most wonderful works ever published. There never has been, there never could have been, such another volume issued by the press from the Creation down to the present day. To our friends who cannot come to London we say, buy and read the "Catalogue." Our novel writers have given us the most fanciful descriptions of mansions and palaces, and have depicted them in all the gorgeousness of their exuberant fancy; but here is a building which makes all Arabian tales of enchantment appear particularly dull and prosy. And what is more, here is *a reality*. After sitting up half the night to peruse a volume of oriental fiction, who has ever dreamt of having his vision realised? but here, he not merely has all verified, but his loftiest conceptions of the power of human art and elegance completely surpassed.

The building has been justly called the "*Palace of Industry*," for it contains exhibitions of human art and skill collected from all parts of the globe. We have heard of summer palaces and winter palaces, of royal and ducal palaces, but here we have for the first time an "Industrial Palace," in which we have represented the taste, the ingenuity, the toil, and the wealth, of the whole world. Versailles, St. Cloud, and all the other costly buildings of the monarchs of ancient or more modern times, must now give place to the Palace of Industry. The "*Sovereignty of the people*" has always been a favourite phrase in the lips of our patriots, but perhaps few of them ever dreamt that the working classes would have a palace; but here is the thing itself, sprung up as by magic, and furnished from all the world with a rapidity that makes the whole appear like a dream. The old adage, "No sooner said than done," has been fulfilled; and what is more, it has been done by the people. We grant that all due honour should be given to the Prince who suggested the thought, and we believe that he has clothed himself with immortality beyond all the heroes that have ever lived. When wars shall have ceased, and warriors be consigned to their just oblivion or execration as the enemies of man, of trade, of art, and of liberty, the name of Albert shall be associated with peace and industry, and the prosperity of the nations. And not only this illustrious *prince*, but *the people* who caught the idea as it fell from his lips, and more than realised his loftiest conception, shall receive their due meed of praise. We feel persuaded that the Crystal Palace, both as a building and as to its contents, very far exceeds anything that the consort of our sovereign imagined. And, indeed, what use would it have been for any other royal person in the world to have promulgated such a thought? Only in England could it have been carried out. America is as yet a new empire, and too far away. France and the other countries are so fettered by Government restrictions, that they could not send cards of invitation to the whole earth. Had the matter been made a Government concern, it must have failed for

want of skill and funds. The Industrial Palace is a monument of the *voluntary principle*, of the art, industry, and wealth of our tradesmen and merchants, and of the talent of the working classes. We say then to all, Read the "Catalogue;" it surpasses any novel, poem, or history, that has ever appeared; and be sure you read it before you go to the Exhibition.

We cannot better exhibit the industry and skill of our countrymen than by just quoting the classification of the various productions given in the table of contents. After the articles exhibited by Her Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, we have:—1. Mining and Mineral Productions. 2. Chemical and Pharmaceutical Products. 3. Substances used as Food. 4. Vegetable and Animal Substances used in Manufactures. 5. Machines for direct use, including Carriages, Railway and Marine Mechanism. 6. Manufacturing Machines and Tools. 7. Civil Engineering, Architecture, and Building Contrivances. 8. Naval Architecture, Military Engineering, Guns, Weapons, &c. 9. Agricultural and Horticultural Machines and Implements. 10. Philosophical, Musical, Horological, and Surgical Instruments. 11. Cotton. 12. Woollen and Worsted. 13. Silk and Velvet. 14. Flax and Hemp. 15. Mixed Fabrics. 16. Leather, Saddlery and Harness, Skins, Furs, and Hair. 17. Paper, Printing, and Bookbinding. 18. Woven, Felted, and Laid Fabrics, Dyed and Printed. 19. Tapestry, Carpets, Floor Cloths, Lace, Embroidery, &c. 20. Articles of clothing, for immediate, personal, or domestic use. 21. Cutlery, Edge, and Hand Tools. 22. General Hardware, including Locks and Grates. 23. Works in Precious Metals, Jewellery, &c. 24. Glass. 25. China, Porcelain, Earthenware, &c. 26. Furniture, Upholstery, Paper Hangings, Papier Maché, and Japanned Goods. 27. Manufactures in Mineral Substances for Building or Decorating. 28. Manufactures from Animal and Vegetable Substances not being woven or felted. 29. Miscellaneous Manufactures and Small Wares. 30. Sculptures, Models, and Plastic Art, Mosaics and Enamels.

Besides these productions of the United Kingdom, the *Colonies* have sent home a large number of articles manufactured chiefly by our own countrymen. And there are large contributions from foreign states, including every quarter of the Globe.

If we had but space to describe, under each head, the numerous articles which have been sent, our readers would be still more astonished; and yet the Crystal Palace has received but a small portion of the productions of our British and Anglo-Saxon manufacturing skill. There is not a house in the country but contains various examples of our arts; nor is there an individual, from infancy to hoary hairs—from the pauper to the Queen, but has in his clothing, &c., more or less of these productions. A catalogue of the different articles which from time to time have been invented and manufactured by our countrymen would extend to many closely printed folios—so exuberant has been the genius of Englishmen. But to return to the Exhibition—which can, of course, notwithstanding its vast dimensions, hold but a very few of them—yet in this building there are enough to occupy our attention for months, although we did nothing else, through the twelve hours of every day, but study them. It will not be uninteresting to our readers just to glance again at the contents of the "Catalogue" which we have given above.

Under Class I., embracing "Mining and Mineral Products," we have five hundred and seventy-seven exhibitors presenting articles differing from one another, but all in some way or other connected with the comfort, the luxury, or the instruction of

man. Some of these numbers also include a great many things. Take, for example, No. 125: "Oxland, R., Buckland-street, Plymouth, inventor and manufacturer. A series of specimens illustrative of an improved process for dressing ores of tin, containing wolfram, the tungstate of iron, and manganese. A series of specimens of sugar, produced by the process of refining by the acetate of alumina, patented by R. and J. Oxland, of Plymouth. Specimens of Dartmoor peat, and the products obtained by its destructive distillation in cast-iron retorts, peat charcoal, pyroxylic spirit, chloroform, &c." We have taken this illustration at random; but if we had room and space to go through the whole of the specimens of science and art included in this first class, we should find here alone some thousands of objects which have demanded an almost incredible amount of mental and physical labour, research, and ingenuity, to bring them to their present importance, either as matters of science and curiosity, or as inventions which may minister to our wants. And we make these remarks to show that going through the Exhibition and reading such names as "Wolfram," "Tungstate of iron and manganese," "Pyroxylic spirit," &c. &c., and thus passing on from name to name and thing to thing, will not impart to us a very large degree of edification. We must proceed a little further to have our intellects instructed and enlarged. We should look at everything as a specimen of human art and industry, or of divine munificence, adapted either to minister to our necessities or to elevate our minds. Everyone who intends visiting the Exhibition should, if possible, obtain a catalogue beforehand, and well study its contents, that he may thus be mentally prepared to appreciate this grand collection of objects illustrative of the skill of man and the bounty of the Creator. Here he will have science and metaphysics on a large scale, not expressed, or rather concealed, in the dark phraseology of the schools, but taught as Nature teaches, by the exhibition of interesting facts, which have required for their existence the operation of powerful intellectual agents or causes.

In Class II. we have "Chemical and Pharmaceutical Products," and *one hundred and forty-six* exhibitors, many of whom place before us several objects. One, for example, gives us "Stains for wood;" "Patent ever-pointed pencils;" "Fountain inkholders;" "Ink powders;" "Patent Fountain pens;"—another, "Colours for oil-painting and paper-staining;" "White oxychloride of lead;" "White zinc paint;" "New drying oil;" "Anti-corrosion and stucco paint;" "Patent dryer;" "Composition for ships' bottoms;" "Oils, black lead, and varnishes;" "Patent hydraulic presses." These various articles are presented by only two of the chemical and pharmaceutical exhibitors, and therefore our readers may form some idea of the vast number produced by the whole of this class. They will also observe that all these things not only required a large degree of science and art to discover them and bring them to their present state, but that all of them, in some way or other, minister to the wants of mankind. If we had been created as independent as the brute creation, we should never have thought of entering on these researches and inventions. If our bodies had been covered with hair, wool, feathers, or scales, beautifully dyed, dressed, painted, and varnished, as are the hide of the leopard, the body of the serpent, the wings of the birds, or the skins of the finny tribes, we should never have manufactured any of the productions given above. Hence, an intelligent mind would be a superfluity to the lower creation. They are born with all their needs supplied, or else their wants are easily gratified. They never require to invent anything.

"Their little all flows in at once;
In ages they no more could know, or do,
Or covet, or enjoy."

But man requires an intellect which can observe, search, reason, and invent. His necessities are such that, without this divine power, he would be hardly able to exist, or, if he contrived to live, it would be more like a brute than a human being. Hence what an almost infinite distance intervenes between savage and civilised nations! The former have scarcely a comfort, and are sunk so low that many have actually ranked them with the beasts that perish. It is a striking fact that, in trying to minister to our necessities, we improve ourselves in every particular, by calling into exercise all our powers. The barbarian has done little for himself or others, and, therefore, he is a barbarian. He has naturally and essentially the same soul as we. There is in him, and near him, the same physics and metaphysics, and his wants are as great as ours. He has as much chemistry in his own body, and the bodies around him, as we. The air he breathes is of the same composition as ours; and the water he drinks produced out of the same proportions of oxygen and hydrogen. The botany of his country is perhaps more inviting than that of ours; his mines are richer, his skies more clear and sublime; his mind, also, has the same natural powers and susceptibilities; and yet what an immeasurable contrast between the wigwam of the North American Indian and St. Paul's Cathedral, Buckingham House, or the Crystal Palace! What difference, too, between the appearance, the manners, and the moral character of the New Hollander and the inhabitants of England! And why? The former are idle, and have never employed themselves in searching into the resources of their own country, or in ministering to their own wants. England is great in art, because she has exerted herself to supply her own physical, mental, and moral necessities, either by using her own riches, or by trading with other countries; and thus we owe our elevation to our necessities. These have prompted us to labour, to contrive, to reason, to trade, and traffic. Had we been as listless as the aborigines of Australia, we should now have been as degraded; and our history would have recorded no Bede, Alfred, Bacon, Shakspere, Milton, Newton, Davy, Stephenson, Herschell, Watt, Lord Rosse, Howard, Sir Christopher Wren, Stewart, Brown, or Robert Hall. We are what we are because we have gone to work, and determined to supply our wants; and consequently we have risen, because Heaven has ordained that all shall rise who will properly exert themselves to do so by following the dictates of science, wisdom, and religion.

In Class III. we have "Substances used as Food," and *one hundred and sixty-three exhibitors*. One of these, who is a lady, introduces to our notice "Specimens of gluten from wheat, potato-flour," &c.; "Specimens of vegito-animal substances for long voyages;" "Specimens of chocolate, biscuits, starch, tapioca, arrow-root, and imitation of sago." In fact, in this department we have a large variety of fruit, grain, and vegetables, made into a vast number of new substances by the art of the baker, the confectioner, the chemist, &c. We have "Patent crystallised malt made into sugar;" and a "Loaf of sugar produced from sugar-cane grown in the county of Surrey," &c. &c. &c. And yet the Crystal Palace will hardly give us a bird's-eye view of the culinary and confectionery skill of England. Here we have a history of almost boundless extent, in which science and art have united their powers to minister to our wants, or gratify our taste, or pamper our luxury; and alas! that in so many instances it should destroy our health, debase our intellects, corrupt our morals, and shorten our days! Still, whether the substance be

nutritious or poison, the ingenuity called forth to produce it is the same. Animals neither analyse, cook, bake, distil, brew, nor manufacture wines, cigars, tobacco, snuff, or confectionery. They have no skill for such efforts. The savage allows his mind to be dormant, while he tears his prey to pieces with his teeth, devours it raw, or subsists upon the roots which he digs out of the earth, or the animal food or carrion which chance throws in his way. Such had been our mode of life until the present time, had not science and art cherished our industry and ministered to our wants.

Class IV., containing "Vegetable and Animal Substances used in Manufactures," is a rich display of chemistry and ingenuity presented by *one hundred and thirty-four exhibitors* from all parts of the United Kingdom, showing how extensively science and art are cultivated among us. Almost everything now is done mathematically, mechanically, and chemically. The pure and the physical sciences, as well as the arts, are everywhere practised in our workshops and our manufactories, and thus thousands of our operatives are becoming theoretical and practical philosophers and artizans. A short analysis of the class before us would be a delightful example of the benefit we owe to the researches and invention of our countrymen.

In Class V. we have a large number of "*machines for direct use, including railway and marine mechanism;*" and in Class VI. we have "*manufacturing machines and tools,*" or, in other words, machines for producing machines, and tools for making tools; and in Class VII. we have "*civil engineering and building contrivances.*" In the fifth Class there are *nine hundred and seventy-six* exhibitors; in the sixth, *six hundred and thirty-one;* and in the seventh, upwards of *two hundred and fifty.* A machine or an engine is nothing less than a simple or complicated association of thoughts. There is no part of it but must have been contrived before in the intellect of the inventor. Every wheel, cog, crank, piston, &c., is only a thought made visible; for as the whole material universe is but an embodiment of the grand and sublime idea which previously existed in the Divine mind, so the various machines which aid the weakness of man and minister to his necessities were at first only notions and conceptions in the imaginations of their authors. Most of our readers are doubtless aware that there are only five mechanical powers. These are, "the lever," "the wheel and axle," "the pulley," "the wedge," and "the screw;" and to these some add the "funicular," or "rope machine." Now, if music has astonished us because of the variety of harmony or discord which may be produced from seven notes, and light, in the almost countless hues which it can assume, we are certainly no less surprised at the myriad of machines which have sprung from these few mechanical powers. We can hardly imagine a higher treat for our ingenious countrymen than the perusal of those advertisements of the "Catalogue" which are contained in Classes V., VI., and VII.; and not only our scientific and inventive friends, but we imagine that every reader will be improved, every patriot enchanted, and every lover of his species cheered, by merely glancing at the various productions of art and mechanism which are brought before us in these pages. To read them, without seeing them, is a luxury, and we can hardly suppose a greater scientific feast than to be permitted to enter the Crystal Palace and actually behold them. We should much like to classify them, and record a few of their names and uses; but really they are so numerous and so various, that the task would be almost insurmountable.

The "*indirect* machines" here are not less marvellous than the "*direct.*" By the latter, of course, we mean those which are employed in the manufacture of the

former, so that we have machine producing machine, instrument making instrument, and tool forming tool.

If the reader has ever entered the workshop of a smith, carpenter, cabinet-maker, watchmaker, &c. &c., he must have been no less struck with the skill of the mechanic than with the ingenuity of the implements which he employs in his work. An enumeration of the myriads of these that exist in England at the present time would be a magnificent display of art, which would cause us to cease to wonder at anything which our countrymen may achieve. Hundreds of these will be seen in the Exhibition; but still the number which will be there placed before us will bear very little proportion to the multitudes of tools that are found in our various workshops and manufactories. A building which could contain and unfold all to view must be larger than the mind of the architect has ever yet imagined, and than the power of man can possibly execute.

It is probable that we shall return to this subject, for we feel assured that we cannot do our working friends a greater service than by inducing them to study the "Catalogue" before they visit the Industrial Palace; and even if they cannot go, its perusal will be of considerable advantage.

THE VOICE OF LABOUR.

I LOVE the ploughman's whistle,
The reaper's cheerful song,
The drover's oft-repeated shout,
As he drives the flock along;
The bustle of the market man,
As he hies him through the town;
The halloo from the tree top,
As the ripe fruit tumbles down;
The rude noise of the lab'rers,
As they thrash the ripened grain,
And the dancers' joke and mirth and glee
'Neath the moonlight on the plain;
The kind voice of the dairyman,
The shepherd's gentle call—
These sounds of active industry,
I love, I love them all.

Oh! there is a good in labour,
If we labour but aright;
It gives vigour to the day time
And a sweeter sleep at night;
'Tis a good that bringeth pleasure,
E'en to the toiling hours—
For duty cheers the spirit,
As the dew revives the flowers.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.—Our safest way of coming into communion with mankind is through our own household, for there our sorrow and regret at the failings of the bad is in proportion to our love, while our familiar intercourse with the good has a secretly assimilating influence upon our characters. The domestic man has an independence of thought which puts him at ease in society, and a cheerfulness and benevolence of feeling which seems to come from him like a soft bright day. As domestic life strengthens a man's virtue, so does it help to a sound judgment and a right balancing of things, and gives an integrity and propriety to the whole character. GOD, in his goodness, has ordained that virtue should make its own enjoyment, and that wherever vice and frailty are rooted out something should spring up to be a beauty and delight in the mind. But a man of character, rightly cast, has pleasures at home, which, though fitted to his highest nature, are common to him as daily food. He moves about his house under continued sense of them, and is happy almost without heeding it.

THE OPERATIVE CLASSES:
THEIR TRIALS, SUFFERINGS, AND VIRTUES.

COLLIERS AND COAL MINING.

By G. Wharton Simpson.

(*Continued from page* 264.)

CHAPTER III.

A CATASTROPHE—IMPROVEMENTS.

The strike had now continued five months; and the prespects of the pitmen and their families had become desperate. Andrew Anderson, before the trial of his son, had neither health nor spirits to attempt, by expostulation or advice, to bring the strike to an end. Aided by his son and one or two others, he now, however, managed to muster a large meeting of the men.

The meeting assembled. Andrew pointed out to them how severely they had suffered for the past few months, and that they were now further from gaining their object than ever; the only effect produced by the strike had been the injury of themselves and their employer; for whilst their labour had been idle, the capital of their employer had been unproductive. He reminded them that the strike had originated not with themselves, but with the mischievous men who lived upon their contributions, and whose labours as lecturers only stirred up a spirit of discontent and repining. They had never known, he said, a strike have the effect of raising wages; their depression, however, being often the result. In his own plain manner, but with much earnestness, he endeavoured to set these things before his fellow-workmen. Some others spoke to the same end: the experience of the last few months had prepared the men fully to enter into such views; and it was agreed at the meeting that a deputation should wait on Mr. Deanham, the following day, to acquaint him with their determination to return to their work.

Not more than two-thirds of the pitmen or their families were now in the village: some had acquired a vagrant habit of life, which they never forsook; a few had gone to the Staffordshire collieries and obtained engagements there, whilst the remainder had continued in and about the village in a pitiable plight, barely supporting life by the pittance still allowed by the Union. Many were the glad hearts that night when the news was spread of the probability of a return to their homes and work.

Mr. Deanham had received instructions at once to allow the men to return to their old duties on the old terms; and on the following Monday about one hundred and thirty of the men and boys entered the pit for the first time for five months.

It was on a bright, cheerful, morning in February that, with glad hearts, they once more descended the pit. Strange though it may appear, they welcomed its begrimed machinery and dusky galleries after their long absence as they would the face of an old friend. But the day which opened so auspiciously was to close on the saddest event which had occurred in the history of the village.

It was between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, when the men entered the pit; in about an hour afterwards, the whole village was alarmed by the sound of an explosion, which was succeeded in a few seconds by another; a slight trembling of the ground, as of an earthquake, agitating the village at the same time. Immediately were seen immense quantities of dust and small coal covering the village as with a cloud, completely darkening the atmosphere, and over the shaft of the pit assuming the form of an inverted cone. In the immediate vicinity of the pit fell a shower of broken tubs, pieces of wood and coal, which had been thrown up the shaft by the blast. The bank-head and machinery at the mouth of the pit were completely shattered.

The scund of the explosion struck the villagers with alarm; and the wives and children of the pitmen rushed in wild terror to the mouth of the pit, around which a crowd of some hundreds was soon collected. The nature and extent of the catastrophe were unknown, but the most frantic anxiety was depicted on every countenance, and the most touching cries were uttered. One cried for a husband, another for a son, and a third for both. The machinery having been rendered useless, it was some time before a descent could be made into the pit. With all speed, however, the wheel was adjusted, and a rope with a tub attached was let down. The men who had remained at the surface supplied the place of engine-power,

and a man at once descended. Quickly, however, was the signal given from below to draw up; and on the tub again reaching the mouth, its occupant was found to have sunk down inanimate, the carbonic acid gas, or after-damp, succeeding the explosion, having overpowered him. On reaching the atmosphere, however, he speedily recovered, and stated the impossibility of proceeding into the pit at present.

It is impossible to describe the agony of grief with which this statement was received. Shrieks, howlings, and bitter moanings prevailed on every hand; and that unreasonable impatience which often characterises grief in undisciplined breasts, found violent utterance. After the lapse of some hours, the descent was again ventured upon, and two persons entered the tub and were lowered into the pit. They had not proceeded far when the bodies of a boy and a horse were found lying in the drift, quite dead, although without a bruise: they had been suffocated by the choke-damp. As they felt the air again becoming very foul, they returned, and, shortly after again descended, accompanied by two others. They now proceeded to the south-west point of the workings, where it was anticipated a number of the men might be, and where they would have been least exposed to the effects of the explosion. On arriving at the door or trap by which it was expected this portion of the workings would be cut off from the more serious effects of the explosion, they found a man leaning against it, pressing his hand spasmodically on his breast as if from faintness. He was quite dead: the influence of the choke-damp had destroyed life before he could reach the point of safety to which he was hastening. Further on they found about twenty of the men, faint, and completely prostrated by the effects of terror and foul air: they were sitting together, not daring to make their way to the shaft on account of the after-damp, which they feared filled the passages. These, with several others in a similar condition, having been conveyed to a place of safety, the party in search bent their steps toward the probable source of the explosion, a part of the workings where "blowers," or discharges of pent-up gas, were frequent. On their way thither, numbers of dead bodies were found: in one place, where the way had been blocked up by a horse, behind which was a number of tubs, five men were leaning against each other; they had been suffocated whilst hastening to escape, not having been able to pass the tubs and horse in time to avoid the influence of the foul air. Further on were several bodies severely scorched and blackened.

The men had now conveyed to the pit's mouth about seventy or eighty of their companions, who, though suffering in various degrees, had escaped with life: they had also recovered fifteen dead bodies. They had again returned with the intention of pursuing their search still further in the direction in which it was now evident the explosion had been: they had not proceeded far when another, and in rapid succession another, explosion was heard in the distant workings. Each shock, however, was slight. On the first sound they all threw themselves on their faces, and, although they felt the fierceness of the blast, it passed over them in safety. As soon as they were able to rise, they became assured of what they had before suspected, that the pit was on fire: and they hastened without further delay to the pit's mouth.

As these few brave men, who had now spent two hours in bringing up their comrades, "the quick and dead," now proclaimed the startling fact, and the utter hopelessness of there remaining in the pit any more to be found alive, the cheerfulness which excitement and hope had temporarily induced, gave way, and the pit-mouth presented a most heart-rending scene. Those who had recovered their friends had hastened home in joyous exultation: many, however, had still remained, awaiting in fearful suspense the recovery of husbands and sons, fathers and brothers; and the announcement that no more would be brought out of the pit alive was too terrible to be believed. There were not wanting those, either, who loudly expressed their conviction that it was cowardice which prevented the men from continuing the search. As this idea gained ground, the grief of the villagers began to assume a tone of gloomy and dogged irritability; and the proposition to exclude the air from the pit in order to extinguish the fire, was at once received with cries of "Murder," and a determination was expressed to stop any attempt of the kind. During the night, the approach of which had stayed all further proceedings, the mouth of the pit was still crowded with women, who lingered in the hope of hearing the voice of a husband or a son calling for help. On the following morning numbers of pitmen and others from the surrounding villages were congregated around the fatal scene, and were profuse in their reproaches because nothing more was done to recover those still missing. Each was eager in propounding some plan, but none were sufficiently hardy to enter the inflammable jaws of the pit. Sir Heselden Wharton himself had arrived, and offered a large reward to any one who should devise means whereby the remaining sufferers could be recovered; but it was the unanimous opinion of the viewers that it would be certain

destruction to any one who attempted to descend.

After another ineffectual attempt, therefore, the idea of a further attempt to descend was abandoned, and it was now resolved to exclude the air from the pit, in order to extinguish the fire, of the existenee of which there was abundant evidence. A scaffold was then suspended in the pit, a few fathoms from the surface, and the remaining portion of the shaft was filled up by piling on the scaffold alternate layers of clay and straw, until it was rendered completely airtight. This suspended mass in about a week fell into the pit; and the absence of any smoke ascending the shaft, indicated the subsidence of the fire. It was thought safer, however, to construct another, and allow it to remain nearly a fortnight more before attempting to enter. During this interval, many idle rumours were afloat in the neighbourhood to the effect that several of the men had found their way to the shaft, and were recovered in the interval between the falling of the first lot, and the suspension of the second. Their number was told; and how they fed on oats, beans, and candles; and how they had heard the men who first went in search, but could not shout to make themselves heard. Another group were spoken of as having eaten their shoes and other parts of their clothing, and drunk the drops of water which oozed through the roof. Tales of horror like these were plentiful, and served to keep the sorrow of the village in a state of alternate agonizing hope and gloomy irritability.

On the 10th day of March, about three weeks after the occurrence of the explosion, the pit having been re-opened some days, was again to be entered, and every preparation having been made, and precaution taken likely to secure safety, four men were ready to descend. An anxious crowd was collected round the pit-mouth that morning, some out of curiosity, but the greater part with streaming eyes and throbbing hearts, for there was scarcely a house in the village "in which there was not one dead." The four men now descended, and happily, were able to proceed, though with some difficulty, on their doleful and unwholesome search. They proceeded in the direction whence the explosion had originated, and found that the efforts which had been made during the preceding few days, to obtain some ventilation in the pit, had succeeded better than they had anticipated. The first body they found was that of a hewer, with his mattock in his hand. They stood over the body in speechless horror; it was in such a state of decomposition they feared it would fall to pieces in their hands. After some hesitation, however, they raised it and placed it in one of the shells which had been sent down for the purpose. Another and another body was found in similar condition, and they thus continued their search for about three hours, during which time they had discovered thirteen bodies, some of which were in a frightfully mangled and scorched condition. They then ascended to the pit's mouth, and detailed the state of things they had met with. Shortly after, accompanied by some others, they again descended, and the search was prosecuted during the remainder of the day, at the close of which they had discovered, in all, the bodies of twenty-eight men and boys, the majority of whom, it was apparent, had been killed instantly by the blast. Some were scorched and blackened in a frightful manner, several being literally reduced to cinders. The bodies of several horses were also found, considerably scorched and bruised.

The following morning witnessed a mournful and touching scene: the relatives of the sufferers arrived to identify and claim their own. The bodies were arranged in coffins which had been prepared previously; and as parents, children, and sisters passed from one to another, endeavouring to recognize, in the blackened, formless corpses before them, some traces of their lost relatives, the scene was heart-rending beyond description. It was generally intended, at first, that the relatives of each should convey the bodies home to their own residences, and afterwards bury them in their own manner; but a strong opinion having been expressed by the medical man on the danger and impropriety of such a course, it was resolved to bury them altogether in the churchyard of Bilbeck, whither they were followed by a procession consisting of the whole of the villagers.

We will not pursue further these harrowing details, nor seek to lay bare the sorrows which hung, like a funeral pall, over those desolated homes and bereaved families. Suffice it to say that the number of bodies found was forty-three, whilst one of the missing men was never discovered. Twenty-four of these sufferers were husbands and fathers, the remainder being young men and boys. Andrew Anderson was amongst the sufferers, whilst his two sons escaped. Coroners' inquests were held on the bodies; the inquiry was unavailing, however, in throwing any light upon the cause of the explosion, as all the men in its immediate vicinity were killed, and all traces of the cause were removed by the shock and subsequent fire. The general opinion was, that it had been the result of an accumulation of foul air generated during the strike. The jury accompanied their verdict by an expression of their opinion that the gene-

ral ventilation of the mine was in an exceedingly defective state.

Our narrative is well-nigh concluded: we have endeavoured, feebly, but faithfully, to pourtray the characteristics, vicissitudes, and present position of many thousands of this neglected portion of our countrymen. Many of their vices are the results of the system to which they have been exposed, and are indicative of that impressibility of character which, properly managed, furnishes the surest facilities for their improvement and elevation. Their social position and education have been most fearfully neglected; and it is to education and the amelioration of this social position that we would look for the source of their moral elevation. Selfishness and thoughtlessness in colliery owners have prevailed to a lamentable extent; but there are symptoms of the dawning of a better state of things. It is surely a disgrace to a nation like Britain, that thousands of those to whose arduous labours we owe so much of our domestic comfort and our national greatness, should be left totally uncared for, in a state of danger and degradation, both physical and moral, almost unparalleled in the history of the civilised world.

Ten years have passed since the events recorded, and Terevale now presents a widely different appearance. In place of the ill-constructed, inconvenient, and grim-looking dwellings described in the first chapter, there are several neat rows of convenient cottages, each with a small garden in front. In the centre of one of these rows is a handsome building, loftier than the rest, in which are baths and wash-houses for the pitmen and their families. In place of the one shaft bratticed into three portions, there are three shafts, one of which is used for working the pit, the other two are sunk at convenient points, and are employed entirely for the purposes of ventilation. In one of these the steam-jet of Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney is used, and by the discharge of a jet of steam up the shaft, creates a vacuum, and supersedes the use of a blast furnace in creating an upward current of air. The entire ventilation and general management of the working of the mine is, so far as the application of the vast discoveries can make it so, quite perfect. In connexion with the working shaft, is used the apparatus recently invented by Mr. Fourdrinier, for arresting the descent of the cage in the shaft in case of a breakage of the rope. The system of drawback and fines for imperfect measure, foul coal, &c., has undergone considerable modification, so as to render it much less like an impost than formerly: the proceeds of such fines being added to a fund for relief in cases of sickness, accident, &c. To this fund the owners also contribute a handsome sum annually. There are now two large and flourishing schools, one for boys, and the other for girls, to which all the children under ten years of age are sent; it being one of the conditions on which the pitmen are employed, that their families shall be thus cared for. To the support of these establishments the owner contributes £20 annually. There is an excellent Mechanics' Institute in vigorous operation, of which many of the pitmen are members: here, in addition to a well selected library, there are, in the winter season, courses of popular and instructive lectures, which are well attended by the pitmen and their families. There is also an active Total Abstinence Society, which is rapidly gaining ground amongst the men, its influence on their drinking habits having already been such as to give occasion to the closing of the majority of the beer-shops in the village, their occupation being gone. A Freehold Land Society is just in course of formation; the money saved from the beer-shops being henceforth devoted to the purchase of freeholds. There is in course of erection another place of worship which will shortly be completed; the Wesleyan chapel is now generally full; and a considerable number of the villagers regularly attend the church at Bilbeck. In very few of its characteristics would Terevale be recognized as the same village it was ten years ago. These changes have been mainly brought about by the efforts of one individual, Mr. Grainger, the new agent, who entered into office when the pit was first opened after the direful explosion. One of his first attempts was, assisted by a few others, to establish a Total Abstinence Society, which was the means of reforming two or three drunkards, who afterwards became zealous co-operators in the work of reform. The temperance movement, however, made small progress until the mechanics' institute was established; it has since then been in a flourishing condition. George Anderson, who now supports his mother, is one of the most active in these ameliorative movements; his brother Joe, who, with his young wife Alice, resides with his father-in-law, also cordially engages in the movements. Adam, too, to the extent his energies will permit, takes part in the management of the Mechanics' Institute. He has constructed a model colliery, with all its workings and other apparatus, now shown, in complete working order, at the Great Industrial Exhibition.

(To be concluded by an Appendix in our next Number.)

FOUR ADVANTAGES OF INDUSTRY.

The bread which we ask of God, he gives us through our own industry. Prayer sows it, and Industry reaps it. Industry is habitual activity in some useful pursuit. Let me describe some of its advantages.

1. A Hearty Industry promotes Happiness.—Some men of the greatest industry are unhappy from infelicity of disposition; they are morose, or suspicious, or envious. Such qualities make happiness impossible under any circumstances.

Health is the platform on which all happiness must be built. Good appetite, good digestion, and good sleep are the elements of health, and industry confers them. As use polishes metals, so labour the faculties, until the body performs its unimpeded functions with elastic cheerfulness and hearty enjoyment.

Buoyant spirits are an element of happiness, and activity produces them; but they fly away from sluggishness, as fixed air from open wine. Men's spirits are like water, which sparkles when it runs, but stagnates in still pools, and is mantled with green, and breeds corruption and filth. The applause of conscience, the self-respect of pride, the consciousness of independence, a manly joy of usefulness, the consent of every faculty of the mind to one's occupation, and the gratification in it, these constitute a happiness superior to the fever flashes of vice in its brightest moments. After an experience of ages, which has taught nothing from this, men should have learned that satisfaction is not the product of excess, or of indolence, or of riches; but of industry, temperance, and usefulness. Every town and village has instances which ought to teach young men that he who goes aside from the simplicity of nature and the purity of virtue, to wallow in excesses, carousal, and surfeits, at length misses the errand of his life; and sinking with shattered body prematurely to a dishonoured grave, mourns that he mistook exhilaration for satisfaction, and abandoned the very home of happiness, when he forsook the labours of useful industry.

The poor man with industry, is happier than the rich man in idleness; for labour makes the one more manly, and riches unmans the other. The slave is often happier than the master, who is nearer undone by leisure than his vassal by toil. Luxurious couches, plushy carpets from oriental looms, pillows of eider down, carriages contrived with cushions and springs to make motion imperceptible;—is the indolent master of these as happy as the slave that wove the carpet, the Indian who hunted the northern flock, or the servant who drives the pampered steeds? Let those who envy the gay revels of the city idlers, and pine for their masquerades, their routes, and their operas, experience for a week the lassitude of their satiety, the unarousable torpor of their life when not under a fiery stimulus, their desperate *ennui*, and restless somnolency, they would gladly flee from their haunts as from a land of cursed enchantment.

2. Industry is the Parent of Thrift.—In free countries, Industry is prosperity. Although God has stored the world with an endless variety of riches for man's wants, He has made them all accessible only to Industry. The food we eat, the raiment which covers us, the house which protects, must be secured by diligence. To tempt man yet more to Industry, every product of the earth has a susceptibility of improvement; so that man not only obtains the gifts of nature at the price of labour, but these gifts become more precious as we bestow upon them greater skill and cultivation.* Some of the seeds which now crown ample fields, were food fit but for birds, before man perfected them by labour. The fruits of the forest and the hedge, scarcely tempting to the extremest hunger, after skill has dealt with them, and transplanted them to the orchard and the garden, allure every sense with the richest colours, odours, and flavours. The world is full of germs which man is set to develop; and there is scarcely an assignable limit to which the hand of skill and labour may not bear the powers of nature.

The scheming speculations of the last ten years have produced an aversion among many young persons to the *slow* accumulations of ordinary industry, and fired them with an idea that shrewdness, cunning, and bold ventures, are a more *manly* way to wealth. There is a swarm of men, bred in the heats of adventurous times, whose thoughts scorn pence and farthings, and who think they humble themselves to speak even of pounds—hundreds and thousands are their words. They are men of *great* operations. Five hundred, or a thousand pounds is, with them, a moderate profit of

* Illustrations of this, at once beautiful and instructive, are furnished in abundance in the Crystal Palace. It is there seen, in innumerable instances, that in proportion as human industry and ingenuity are bestowed upon raw materials is their beauty and their relative and intrinsic value increased.

a single speculation. They mean to own the Bank, and to look down, before they die, upon Hudson and Rothschild. The young farmer or tradesman becomes almost ashamed to meet his schoolmate, whose warehouses line whole streets, whose stocks are in every bank and company, and whose increasing money is already well nigh inestimable. But if the butterfly derides the bee in summer, he was never known to do it in the lowering days of autumn.

Every few years, Commerce has its earthquakes; and the tall and toppling warehouses which haste ran up, are first shaken down. The hearts of men fail them for fear; and the *suddenly* rich, made more suddenly poor, fill the land with their loud laments. But nothing *strange* has happened. When the whole story of commercial disasters is told, it is only found out that they who slowly amassed the gains of useful industry built upon a rock; and they who flung together the imaginary millions of commercial speculations built upon the sand. When times grew dark, and the winds came, and the floods descended and beat upon them both, the rock sustained the one, and the shifting sand let down the other. If a young man has no higher ambition in life than riches, industry—plain, rugged, brown-faced, homely-clad, old fashioned industry—must be courted. Young men, now-a-days, are pressed with a most unprofitable haste. They wish to reap before they have ploughed or sown. Everything is driving at such a rate that they have become giddy. Laborious occupations are avoided. Money is to be earned in genteel leisure, with the help of fine clothes, and by the soft seductions of smooth hair and luxuriant whiskers.

Parents, equally wild, foster the delusion. What! shall the promising lad be apprenticed to his uncle, the blacksmith? The sisters think the blacksmith so very smutty; the mother shrinks from the ungentility of his swarthy labour; the father, weighing the matter prudentially deeper, finds that *a whole life* had been spent in earning the uncle's property. These sagacious parents, wishing the tree to bear its fruit before it has ever blossomed, regard the long delay of industrious trades as a fatal objection to them. The son then must be a rich merchant, or a popular lawyer, or a money broker; and these only as the openings to speculation.

Young business men are often educated in two very unthrifty species of contempt; a contempt for small gains, and a contempt for hard labour. To do one's own errands, to wheel one's own barrow, to be seen with a bundle, bag, or burden is disreputable. Men are so sharp now-a-days, that they can compass by their shrewd heads what their fathers used to do with their heads and hands.

3. Industry gives Character and Credit to the Young.—The reputable portions of society have maxims of prudence, by which the young are judged and admitted to their good opinion. *Does he regard his word? Is he industrious? Is he economical? Is he free from immoral habits?* The answer which a young man's conduct gives to these questions settles his reception among good men. Experience has shown that the other good qualities of veracity, frugality, and modesty are apt to be associated with industry. A prudent man would scarcely be persuaded that a listless, lounging fellow would be economical or trustworthy. An employer would judge wisely, that where there was little regard for time or for occupation, there would be as little, upon temptation, for honesty or veracity. Pilferings of the till, and robberies, are fit deeds for idle clerks and lazy apprentices. Industry and knavery are sometimes found associated; but men wonder at it, as at a strange thing. The epithets of society, which betoken its experience, are all in favour of industry. Thus the terms, "a hard-working man," "an industrious man," "a laborious artisan" are employed to mean, an *honest* man, a *trustworthy* man.

I may here impart the secret of what some call *good* and *bad luck*. There are men who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan in the poverty of a wretched old age the misfortunes of their lives. *Luck* for ever ran against them, and for others. One, with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time in rowing and fishing, when he should have been in the office. Another, with a good trade perpetually burnt up his luck by his hot temper, which provoked all his employers to leave him. Another, with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at everything but his business. Another, who steadily followed his trade during the day, as steadily followed his bottle in the evening. Another, who was honest and constant to his work, erred by perpetual misjudgments; he lacked discretion. A man has never good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early-rising, hard-working, sober, prudent man, careful of his earnings, and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits, and iron industry, are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill-luck that fools ever dreamed of. But when I see an untidy, shabby fellow, creeping out of a tavern or dram-shop in the forenoon, with his hands stuck into his pockets, the rim of

his hat broken, and the crown knocked in, I know *he* has had bad luck ; for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard, a tippler, or a knave.

4. INDUSTRY IS A SUBSTITUTE FOR GENIUS.—Where one or more faculties exist in the highest state of development and activity—as the faculty of music in Mozart, invention in Watt, ideality in Milton—we call their possessor *a genius*. But a genius is *usually* understood to be a creature of such rare facility of mind, that he can do anything without labour. According to the popular notion, he learns without study, and knows without learning. He is eloquent without preparation ; exact without calculation, and profound without reflection. While ordinary men toil for knowledge by reading, by comparison, and by minute research, a genius is supposed to receive it as the mind receives dreams. His mind is like a vast cathedral, through whose coloured windows the sunlight streams, painting the aisles with the varied colours of brilliant pictures. Such minds *may* exist.

So far as my observations have ascertained the species, they abound in some academies, among amateur theatricals, in discussion societies, in coteries of young artists, authors, and professional aspirants. They are to be known by a reserved air, excessive sensitiveness, and utter indolence ; by long bushy hair, and very open shirt collars ; by the reading of much wretched poetry, and the writing of much yet more wretched; by being very conceited, very affected, very disagreeable, and very useless—beings whom no man wants for friend, pupil, or companion.

The occupations of the great man and of the common man are necessarily, for the most part, the same ; for the business of life is made up of minute affairs, requiring only judgment and diligence. A high order of intellect is required for the discovery and defence of truth; but this is an unfrequent task. Where the ordinary wants of life once require recondite principles, they will need the application of familiar truths a thousand times. Those who enlarge the bounds of knowledge must push out with bold adventure beyond the common walks of men. But only a few pioneers are needed for the largest armies, and a few profound men in each occupation may herald the advance of all the business of society. The vast bulk of men are required to discharge the homely duties of life ; and they have less need of genius than of intellectual industry and patient enterprise. Young men should observe, that those who take the honours and emoluments of mechanical crafts, of commerce, and of professional life, are rather distinguished for a sound judgment and a close application, than for a brilliant genius. In the ordinary business of life, industry can do anything that genius can do ; and very many things which it cannot. Genius is usually impatient of application, irritable, scornful of men's dullness, squeamish at petty disgusts ; it loves a conspicuous place, short work, and a large reward. It loathes the sweat of toil, the vexations of life, and the dull burden of care.

Industry has a firmer muscle, is less annoyed by delays and repulses, and, like water, bends itself to the shape of the soil over which it flows; and if checked, will not rest, but accumulates, and mines a passage beneath, or seeks a side race, or rises above and overflows the obstruction. What genius performs at one impulse, industry gains by a succession of blows. In ordinary matters they differ only in rapidity of execution, and are upon one level before men who see the *result* but not the *process*.

It is admirable to know that those things which in skill, in art, and in learning, the world has been unwilling to let die, have not only been the conceptions of genius, but the products of toil. The masterpieces of antiquity, as well in literature as in art, are known to have received their extreme finish from an almost incredible continuance of labour upon them. I do not remember a book in all the departments of learning, nor a scrap in literature, nor a work in all the schools of art, from which its author has derived a permanent renown, that is not known to have been long and patiently elaborated. Genius needs industry as much as industry needs genius. If only Milton's imagination could have conceived his visions, his consummate industry only could have carved the immortal lines which enshrine them. If only Newton's mind could reach out to the secrets of nature, even his could only do it by the homeliest toil. The words of Bacon are not Midsummer-night dreams ; but, like coral islands, they have risen from the depths of truth, and formed their broad surfaces above the ocean by the minutest accretions of persevering labour. The conceptions of Michael Angelo would have perished like a night's phantasy, had not his industry given them permanence.—*Adapted from Dr. H. W. Beecher.*

GLEANINGS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

No. VI.—EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCES OF RECOVERY FROM APPARENT DEATH.

In ancient works there are many extraordinary instances of recovery from apparent death. Plutarch relates one case; several are quoted by Celsus; Pliny tells us of several who returned to life when they were about to be laid in the grave; and, on the testimony of Varro, he records the history of a man who, being carried a considerable way to be interred, recovered, and returned home on foot. These, among many other instances, have induced writers to inculcate great caution in pronouncing upon the signs of death, and on the subject of interment. Both the Greek and Roman writers firmly believed that many people were buried alive, and even modern writers have asserted the same thing. Maximilian Neisson, in his "Travels in Italy," informs us that the number of those buried alive is very great in comparison with those who are rescued. He gives the following case:—"Some years ago, the wife of one M. Mervache, a goldsmith, of Poictiers, being buried with some rings upon her finger, as she had desired when on her death-bed, a poor man of the neighbourhood, being apprised of the circumstance, opened the grave the following night, for the purpose of possessing himself of the rings; but as he could not not pull them off without some violence, he awaked the woman in the attempt, who spoke distinctly, and complained of the injury done to her, upon which the robber made his escape; and the woman was roused from her apoplectic fit, rose from her coffin, which, for her, was thus luckily opened, returned home, and in a few days recovered her perfect health. She not only survived this misfortune many years, but also gave birth to many children."

This writer describes a painting which he saw in the Church of the Holy Apostle at Cologne. It was painted to commemorate the following circumstance:—In the year 1571, the wife of one of the magistrates of Cologne having been buried with a very valuable ring on her finger, the gravedigger opened the grave the following night, for the purpose of abstracting it; but what was his surprise when, on making the attempt, he found his hand squeezed by the supposed defunct, who, besides, laid firmly hold of him to raise herself from her coffin! The nocturnal marauder, however, effected his escape with all possible expedition, and the lady, extricating herself in the best manner she could, went home and knocked at the door, in order to get the readier admission; and, to prevent herself from being longer than necessary exposed to the cold, she called to one of the servants by his name, to whom she gave a brief account of what had taken place; but the servant, who was not a little alarmed, treated her as an apparition, and ran with all possible expedition, and a mind full of terror, to relate the circumstance to his master, who, being as incredulous as himself, ridiculed him for his folly. The lady in the meantime stood shivering in her shroud, till the door at length was opened for her admission; after which, having been warmed and treated with cordials and other restoratives, she resumed as perfect a state of health as if nothing had happened.

These cases are so similar, that they favour the idea of having been derived from one single fact, coloured differently by the first narrators. There is, however, a case related in the "Causes Celebres et Interessantes," of which the date is not given, which bears the marks of authenticity. There can be no doubt that Leigh Hunt had the general idea in his eye when writing his "Legend of Florence." Two merchants, residing in the Street St. Honorius, at Paris, were bound to each other by the most sacred and inviolable ties of friendship, possessed of equal fortune, and concerned in the same branch of trade. One of them had a son, and the other a daughter, nearly of the same age. The first sentiments which made the daughter sensible that she was capable of love, told her that it was for the son of her father's friend, whose attachment, in return, for her, was no less warm and reciprocal. This mutual and endearing passion, founded on the most honourable intentions, was sanctioned and

encouraged by the parents, who with pleasure watched the dispositions of their children exactly adapted to the views they entertained of uniting them. A marriage was consequently proposed, and was on the point of being consummated, when a rich collector of the king's revenues paid his addresses to the betrothed lady. The delusive charms of superior fortune soon induced her parents to waver in the resolution they had previously formed with respect to their neighbour's son; and the lady's aversion to her new lover being surmounted by the duty she owed to the will of her parents, she married the collector, and, like a virtuous woman, rejected her first lover, with a determination, notwithstanding her predilection, not to see him again. This painful alternative threw her into a state of despondency, which ultimately so disordered her senses that she to all appearance died, and as such was interred.

In this state of things it may readily be supposed that her first lover was not the last person to whom these melancholy tidings were communicated. The excess of his grief, however, was somewhat alleviated by the recollection that she before had been seized with a lethargic paroxysm resembling death, and he flattered himself that her present inanimation might be produced by the same cause. Actuated by this impression, he was induced to bribe the grave-digger, who assisted him in opening the grave, whence they removed the corpse to a proper place, where, by using every expedient that could possibly suggest itself, she was restored to life.

The lady's surprise on finding herself in a strange house, in the presence of her first lover, who related everything to her, may be better conceived than described. Volumes of gratitude swelled her breast—her former love was recalled, and proved a moving and pathetic orator in his behalf. As soon as she was perfectly recovered, she concluded that her life belonged to him who had so miraculously preserved it, and, to convince him of her unalterable love, she accompanied her deliverer to England, where they lived together for many years.

About ten years after this they returned to Paris, where they lived without the least care to conceal themselves, imagining that no one could suspect what had really occurred. Fortune, however, threw the lady's husband in her way as she was walking in the street. The sight of her person made a strong impression upon him. He accosted her, and parted with her labouring under the strong conviction that she was his wife, for whom he had gone into mourning. He made inquiry after her, and discovered her address, and claimed her as his spouse. In vain did her lover insist upon the right he had to her—in vain did he represent that, but for him, she would have been rotting in the grave to which she had been consigned. Perceiving that the Count was not likely to be won by his arguments, he made his escape with the lady to a foreign country.

In the various works on medical jurisprudence there are many curious cases related, showing how persons may be deceived by the appearance of death, and that, in fact, persons may live several hours without breathing. Bhonius relates the following case:—In the year 1619 a young woman, who was no model of chastity, had the misfortune to bring a daughter into the world, in a meadow near Torgan. In order to conceal the infamy and scandal thus brought upon her character, she buried the fruit of her body alive; but the knowledge of her crime coming to the ears of the authorities, the grave was opened and the child taken out alive. The fact is strongly vouched for, having been extracted from the criminal process instituted against the inhuman mother on that account. Another instance of the like kind is related as happening in 1674. Two young persons, whose amours had given birth to a daughter, in order to hide their shame had wrapped up the infant in woollen cloth, and buried it in a hole. They threw a quantity of earth over the body, and then piled upon the earth several bundles of straw. By some accident, the particulars of which are not related, the child was discovered and taken out, seven hours after its interment, alive—a circumstance which saved the guilty couple from the charge of murder. We are not informed how long the infant was interred in the first case. These are the only two instances, beside the recent one of Maria Clarke, which have come to my knowledge, of parents burying a child alive.

Many of the old authors deal largely in cases of this kind. When disease and

disturbed action of the system were less understood, appearances of death would excite less attention, and be more likely to deceive the relatives or friends. Many singular cases of recovery from hanging and drowning are upon record, but the limits of this paper will not allow us to enter upon them. It would require much space to dilate upon the remarkable speculations of ancient writers upon these subjects. Cases of lethargy were accounted for on the most singular grounds. Queenstadt says, "That the soul sometimes remains in the body when the senses are so fettered, and as it were locked up, that it is hard to determine whether the person is dead or alive." Incisions have sometimes been the means of restoring the apparently dead to life. Vessalius, the eminent anatomist, and physician to Charles V. of Spain, on hearing of the death of a gentleman whom he had under treatment, went to view the body. He applied his knife, and immediately on opening the thorax he saw the heart palpitating before him. The friends dragged him before the Inquisition, and he would have suffered death but for the intercession of Charles, who procured his pardon on condition of his undertaking a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. His subsequent history is disastrous and melancholy. He was cast away upon the island of Zante, and died of hunger. The advance which has been made in medical science renders such mistakes all but impossible.

CASHMERE SHAWLS.

The following particulars respecting the ceremonies attendant on the sale of Cashmere shawls in the East, are collected from the account of an eye-witness.

THE shawls are brought to the village of Makarief once a year, in great bales, by the merchants of Cashmere. *Makarief* is a village on the river Volga, in the centre of the Russian empire, to which, at one period, merchants thronged from every part of Europe and Asia, to purchase these shawls and sell the productions of their respective countries. The sale is carried on before witnesses; and the traveller before alluded to having been, as he informs us, invited to attend, repaired to the fair with the buyer and his broker.

"We entered," he writes, "an unfinished stone building without a roof, and were introduced into a kind of cellar or vault. Though the abode of a Hindoo millionaire, the only furniture of the cellar was eighty-four chests, ranged one above the other along the walls." The most costly lots are sold without the purchaser being allowed to see more than the mark on the shawls. He is not suffered either to unfold or examine them, and yet he knows every shawl, even to the most minute particular, from a catalogue procured by his broker with great difficulty, which, according to a mark woven in the shawls themselves, describes with the most scrupulous accuracy the quality and defects, the beauty and the flaws, in each shawl—tells the name of the manufacturer, that of the master who has completed it, its dimensions, the kind and number of the flowers or palms, the colour, &c. With this official document in the pocket of the merchant, a lot of the shawls is sold without ever being seen. The brokers, who have paid dearly both in trouble and purse for the catalogue, ask, as may be supposed, a high price for it, charging for a single copy in proportion to the value of the lot, from two hundred to six hundred rubles.

The buyer enters with the witnesses and his brokers (for sometimes he has two), and they sit down. Not a word is uttered by the buyer; the whole treaty is carried on by the brokers, who are perpetually going from him to the seller, whispering to each other alternately, and at every conference taking them separately to the farthest corner of the room. Matters go on thus till there is sufficient reduction in the first price named to give some hope of final agreement betweeen the parties, though, as the demands of the seller are exorbitant, the difference between them is still very great. The shawls are now brought, and the two parties begin to communicate directly. The seller extols his merchandise, and appraises it highly; the buyer casts on it a contemptuous glance, and deigns not to unfold it, while rapidly comparing the marks and numbers.

This part of the proceedings over, the scene becomes more animated. The buyer makes a direct offer; the seller gets up and walks away; the brokers follow him, remonstrating, and bring him back by force; they push and drive him back and forward, hustling him in every direction, and a clamour ensues, baffling all description.

The Hindoo merchant is perfectly passive in their hands, allowing himself to be pulled about, and even bruised and beaten.

When the tumult and conflict have lasted a certain time, and they think the Hindoo is yielding to the force of persuasion, they proceed to the third stage of the business, which consists of striking hands in token that the bargain is closed. The brokers have now a great part to play. They seize on the seller, and seek to force his hand into that of the buyer, who holds out his hand, repeating his offer with loud shouts. The Hindoo resists, struggles, escapes from their hold, wraps his hand in the wide sleeve of his robe, and repeats, with a whine, his first price.

Now an interlude comes on. They part, break off the contest, and pause—but only to get breath for a fresh onset. The tumult, the shouts, the struggles, begin again, till at length the two brokers again seize the hand of the seller, which this time, notwithstanding his resistance and clamorous lamentations, they succeed in forcing him to put into that of the buyer.

Suddenly succeeds the most perfect quiet. The Hindoo appears ready to shed tears, muttering his regrets for having been too hasty in closing the bargain, while the brokers congratulate the buyer. They now sit down again, and proceed to the delivery of the goods.

It is needless to say, that in all that has been described the parties were only playing a part; but that part must be enacted as a matter of course; for the Hindoo must appear to have been forcibly assailed and defrauded. If it should appear that he has not been dragged about and bruised—that he has not received a certain number of blows in the ribs and on the head—that his right arm is not black and blue from being squeezed in the endeavour to force his hand into that of the buyer—he spends the interval to the next fair in repenting of his bargain, and it henceforth becomes still more difficult to make him hear reason. Hence the most esteemed broker amongst buyers is the one who possesses talent enough to maintain the conflict for three hours—to torture, shake, and pommel the Hindoo, till, quite out of breath, he at length yields his hand to the grasp of the buyer's.

The price first named always undergoes a great reduction. In the bargain to which I acted as witness, the Hindoo had asked two hundred and thirty thousand roubles, and he not only agreed to take one hundred and eighty thousand roubles, but to pay the broker two per cent.

The bargain concluded, they all sit down—buyer, seller, brokers, interpreters, and witnesses—cross-legged, on a handsome carpet with broad fringe, spread purposely on the floor. Sherbet is brought in in pretty porcelain cups, and, instead of spoons, little spatulas of mother-of-pearl, with a silver handle, fastened on by a ruby, an emerald, or some other precious stone. It is not till after partaking of refreshments that they proceed to the delivery of the goods. "Whilst the broker and the interpreter," says our traveller, "were notifying aloud the bargain that had just been concluded, a Hindoo again brought the bales, opened them, and held up each shawl successively. The marks were ratified a second time, and, everything being found to agree with the catalogue, new debates arose as to the term of payment. At length, as everything under the sun must have an end, the discussion terminated, and all present fell on their knees and betook themselves to prayer.

"Great was the diversity of creed between the men thus assembled together in prayer. There were Hindoos, worshippers of Bramah and of multiplied idols; Tartars, who believed their fate to depend on the will of Allah and Mahomet his prophet; two Parsees, fire worshippers; a Kalmuck officer, who honoured in the Dalia-Lama the living image of the Deity; a Moor, who reverenced I know not what unknown god; and besides these, an Armenian, a Georgian, and myself, all three Christians, but of different communions. While ardently desiring that unity of spirit which is the true bond of peace, and uplifting a fervent prayer for the light of truth to be given to all, yet I could not help admiring this remarkable instance of toleration, all simultaneously offering up, each in his own language, and according to his own mode of worship, the tribute of adoration to the Deity.

"Prayer over, the shawls were delivered to the buyer in due form, and the bills of exchange, after undergoing the strict scrutiny of everyone present, were handed to the seller, and then a huge silver vessel, something like our large coffee-pot, was brought in by a servant. It was nearly two feet high, richly chased, and inlaid with pearls and precious stones. A cup was placed before each of us, and filled from the large vessel with a beverage made of sugar and water, the juice of sweet oranges, various kinds of spices, and a little rum. Salutations were exchanged, and the cups emptied, and I do not think I ever tasted a more delicious drink.

"And now the assembly broke up, and I returned to my lodging indulging in speculations upon the impulse given to multitudes by this splendid production of the Eastern loom; and as, in my mind's eye, I

beheld the shepherd in the mountains of Lahore keeping watch over the Kinghesian goats, whose costly fleece furnishes so soft a down, and the slave, learning the art of dying, spinning, weaving, and forming the most beautiful and the most varied patterns; and then the Hindoo merchant, selling at Makarief the shawls to other merchants, who in their turn bear them to every capital in Europe—as thus I beheld in fancy the countless numbers employed, the various toils endured, the industrial resources developed—I could not help regarding with complacency the extravagant luxury which makes this costly article almost a necessary to some of our fine ladies."

AN AMERICAN'S DESCRIPTION OF LOWELL.

In a recent number* of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND we presented our readers with "An American's Description of Manchester." As a contrast to that description, we now present them with some particulars, from the same author, respecting Lowell, the Manchester of America :—

IT was a clear, bright morning when I alighted from the railway car; and as I walked up the wide street I could scarcely persuade myself that I was in a busy and flourishing manufacturing city—so cleanly, so fresh-looking, so new did everything appear. The sky above was clear, and the atmosphere was so transparent, that objects at the greatest distance were plainly discernible. I, all at once as I gazed, became conscious of a great absence of a *something*, and I could not exactly make out what it was. It could not be the factories, for there they were all around me, with their little bell turrets, their ladders running up the sides and over the roofs; nor churches, for I saw many white and glittering in the sunshine. I at last discovered what it was *not*. There was no *smoke;* and so used had I been to see the columns of sooty vapours curling up, and expanding into a dense cloud, that now I almost wished for it as a finish to the picture before me.

A pretty city is Lowell; and when one considers that but a very few years since—scarcely a quarter of a century—the place on which it stands was a leafy wilderness, through which the picturesque Merrimack wound its way, it is really wonderful to observe what the energy and enterprise of man have done. Where the boughs of tall trees, laden with verdure, cast flickering shadows, paving, as with mosaic gold, the grass beneath, factories stand, and spindles almost continually revolve. The water nymphs have been scared from their haunts by water wheels, and the sound of the loom is heard where once the Indian rose up at the voice of the bird.

Of course I was soon attracted to the mills, but I did not visit their interiors until the following Monday. Instead of their being situated, as in England, in dingy suburbs, surrounded by low and miserable dwellings, where the work-people lived, huddled together by hundreds, they were placed in healthful situations, and gardens or grass plats around them imparted to them quite a cheerful aspect. The ladders, which I just now alluded to, were intended, I afterwards discovered, as fire-escapes, in case of the staircases becoming too crowded in the event of an accident. They were all plentifully protected, too, by lightning conductors, which stood as sentries over every chimney and angle.

I am not aware, by the way, whether any column or memorial of any kind has been erected in this country to the memory of him who drew lightning from the skies and rendered it harmless. It is, however, of little matter, for, as I stood upon the plain flat stone which marks his grave in Philadelphia, and looked at the roofs of the houses around, I could not but think that the philosopher had more living monuments than any living man, for every little lightning rod which tapered up from house, tower, and steeple, was a more suitable memorial than the proudest production of the sculptor could possibly be; and there can be but one opinion as to the *usefulness* of these iron testimonials to the genius of Franklin.

Having seen, and with considerable pleasure, too, the "Lowell Offering," I was of course curious to see the class of persons who contributed to, and supported a periodical produced under such peculiar circumstances. Accordingly, in the company of a friend, I watched the operatives of one of the mills as they left it in the evening. As I have alluded to the ap-

* No. 67.

pearance of the Manchester people under a similar aspect, I need not, for the sake of contrast, again refer to them, and will only observe that if the Lowell girls had belonged to another race of beings, the difference between them and those I had hitherto seen, could scarcely have been more marked. All the Lowell operatives were neatly dressed, and of the hundreds who passed by us I did not notice, although I looked with very inquisitive eyes, one whose appearance was slatternly or repulsive. The countenances of most were intelligent, and those of some indicated a degree of refinement, which in Manchester I should have no more looked for than for the appearance of the sun at midnight.

I was quite pleased during my evening perambulation of the streets of Lowell, to observe the good order and general quiet which pervaded everywhere. Many of the factory girls were taking their walks in pairs or in little groups, and many were busily employed in going from shop to shop —but there were no loiterers (except myself), no coarse language was heard anywhere; and at a very early hour the streets were as quiet as those of a country village.

The following day being the Sabbath, I attended one of the churches, and was not altogether surprised to find that the greater proportion of the congregation consisted of females. The building was quite filled, and the utmost attention was paid to the services. A great deal has been written and said abroad of the attire of the Lowell operatives; and therefore I looked about, perhaps a little more than I ought to have done, during the sermon; but really I did not observe anything at all out of the way. I have seldom indeed seen a better-dressed set of girls in every respect, and their deportment was far more becoming than that of many who I know would turn up their pretty noses at the idea of a factory girl wearing silk stockings.

As I looked at these girls I could not help feeling respect and admiration for their many sterling qualities. I was told, too, anecdotes of some of them, which abundantly proved their self-denying virtues, and their true nobility of character. Tales of privation endured, and toils encountered, in order that the embarrassments of a family might be swept away, or the education of a beloved relative be afforded. For obvious reasons I forbear to mention particulars of cases like these—it is enough to know that there are such, and many such, to confirm us in our good opinion and high estimate of the working classes of the mills.

Towards the close of the Sabbath I took a quiet walk along the banks of the river, and returning to my hotel, as I passed by one of the corporation boarding-houses, I heard the music of a pianoforte. Several female voices united in a hymn tune, which was very sweetly sung—a tune learned, perhaps, in some New England village home, and now sung by the far-away factory girls, whose toils were cheered by the sweet hope of a return to it.

HOME EDUCATION.

From the dawn of being to its close, the process of education is continually going on. Circumstances are the moulds in which the mind is cast. Education, says Lord Bacon, is nothing more than custom—good custom. The object of the public instructor is not, therefore, so much to supply facts, as to form habits—habits of observation, reflection, and comparison, that will render the mind capable of rightly using the information which in after years it may acquire, or, in other words, of *educating itself*. Indeed, to attempt more, during the short and precarious period allotted to the schoolmaster, would be altogether vain. Even this he cannot accomplish without the co-operation of the parent. His best efforts will in a great measure be rendered nugatory, unless home training accompany school education. How is it possible that during six hours he should succeed in creating habits that the next six are to be spent in destroying? Even if there were no obstruction, no interruption—if there were no previously-acquired habits to be uprooted —the task would be difficult in the extreme; but when these are thrown into the balance, where is the remotest chance of success?

There is nothing more easily affected by external influences than the infant mind. Early impressions are, generally speaking, indelible. During man's second childhood, when "the grasshopper becomes a burden," and the memory refuses to retain the events of yesterday, the occurrences of early life are ever present. Hence, therefore, arises the necessity for commencing well. The first step of the parent will either prove a material assistance or serious detriment to the future labours of the public instructor, and to the

well-being of the child. It may sour his temper, and give his disposition a bent that may never be eradicated. The father must maintain his authority. How? By taking care that his demands are based upon justice; and they will then seldom, if ever, need compulsory enforcement. It is the abuse of authority that commonly engenders disobedience. It is because the government of the parent does not appeal to the understanding of the child, that the child refuses to submit. It is true parents may, by superior physical force, compel mere mechanical obedience; but the will they can only influence by convincing the reason, and that they can only do when LOVE is the basis of their government. Cuffs, blows, and hard beatings, may make slaves and tyrants in embryo, but they never can produce willing obedience, and that which is not willingly rendered is not worthy of the name. Good government, then, is one way in which parents may essentially promote the formation of right habits in their children.

EXAMPLE is another. Children are eminently imitative. The future man will be a fair embodiment of the influences which were brought to bear upon him during the formation of his character; and of all influences, that of example is the most powerful. If the father, in the hearing of his child, permits his lips to be polluted by unclean language, what can we expect but that the faculty which enables the child so easily to acquire the use of his mother-tongue will also lead him to acquire its abuse? If the father and mother are continually at variance, can we expect the brother and sister to be more peaceably inclined? While the parent is spending his Sabbath in the gin-shop, must we go to the house of prayer to find the son? It may be so. GOD'S free grace is as omnipotent as his mercy is unbounded; but arguing from human probability, as reasonably might we expect to find figs on thistles. The son's conduct would naturally be the correlative of the father's. The child watches, and, more or less, imitates, every action that he sees performed. Even when his hands are most actively engaged, his eyes, his ears, are as busily employed. How all-important does it therefore become that the parent should perform none other actions than those that he could with pleasure see exerting their influence upon the character of his offspring, and afterwards being perpetuated in the manifestations of its mind!

CONVERSATION forms an important portion of home education. The mind is affected in proportion as sentiments either of pleasure or of pain are produced. Hence, instruction should, as far as possible, both in the medium of communication, and the object with which the child is taught to connect it, be associated with pleasure. What so capable of being rendered agreeably instructive as intelligent fire-side conversation. Stowe was well aware of its power when he framed his training system. The nearer the lessons of the schoolmaster can consistently be brought to approximate to it, the greater will be his success. The freedom it allows, the variety it introduces, the facilities it affords for immediate explanation, and the necessity it enforces for the exertion of individual mind, render it one of the most powerful, interesting, and agreeable mediums through which a parent can exert his influence. He who sits in moody solitude smoking his pipe, poring over his newspaper or his book, annoyed at and resenting every interruption, can have little regard either for the moral or intellectual growth of his progeny. He is a mental miser, who injures himself not less than he injures others; for thought, like money, increases most when it is most used.

AUDIBLE READING is another useful auxiliary which the parent may advantageously employ. Happily the anomalous policy of a government which, while it annually expends large sums in the promotion of education, at the same time places restrictive taxes upon knowledge, does not wholly prevent the working man from providing himself and his children with proper mental nutriment. The efforts of CHAMBERS, KNIGHT, CASSELL, and others, have placed instructive and really valuable works within the reach of all. "There is no aristocracy in the world of letters." The labourer has now *his* magazine, *his* library. All other classes have their organs—he has his. When the evening returns, he, seated by his own fire-side, in the bosom of his family, may—while his little boy reads, and his listening wife and daughters ply the busy needle—sailing over the globe, follow in mind the adventurous course of a Columbus or a Cook, tread in the footprints of the daring traveller, or ponder on the vicissitudes of his father land. And, as in the course of his reading he meets with first one and then another prominent actor upon the great stage, he can turn to his dictionary, and, lo! the individual lives again.

Thus may the evenings of the operative be enlivened—himself and his family instructed, and his home rendered happy. And this at the expense of what? Of sin! The blessing—knowledge, happiness, plenty; the forfeit—ignorance, misery, want! The drunkard cannot afford to buy knowledge, cheap as it is: the sober man *can and does*. Brethren, we none of us live to ourselves. We all expect some influence either for good or evil upon our day and generation. Our destiny, individually, and as a class, is in our own hands. There are those standing by who are ready to help us; but if we are to rise, we must *help ourselves*. If we are to ascend in the scale of moral elevation, it must be by our own efforts. All eyes are directed towards us. Never yet in the history of the human race did the well-being of the working classes excite so much attention as it does now. The aristocracy are learning that the base cannot suffer without the superstructure feeling the shock. The dawn of a brighter day already appears. Let us, therefore, see to it, that we and our children are ready for the "good time coming!"

Spilsby. D. E. L.

STRAY JOTTINGS.

WASTE.

Few of us when using the word, waste, consider how very extensive is its application. We read of waste, as waste cotton, waste-paper, and think little of it; or if we do, that it is something gone. How seldom do we apply the word and its significance to ourselves, but how ready we are to apply it to our neighbour. Again, we consider it as a defined something, instead of being indefinable. In trying to account for some applications of waste, only see what it will open to our view.

We begin life, and continue living, by a continual wasting; we do nothing without wastefulness. Say we awake in the morning, who can catch and save the wasted thoughts, themselves immortal, passing through the brain ere the body has partaken of its first meal to supply the waste of night?

You may well-order your household, but still you waste. Look to it well, it ever is so. Many will say we watch every item of cost, we grudge ourselves every little indulgence, we spend our time in calculating cost, for the main purpose of saving—are we wasting? Yes; you are wasting still. You are taking too much thought for a morrow that may never arise; you are training your immortal soul to wear and waste the body on ignoble things.

What! says another, do you consider I am wasteful, when I have plenty of means, and spend my time in all the enjoyments of life, and can with difficulty spend, by how I will, my yearly income? do I not do good by encouraging trade and manufactures? does not my taste set many busy hands to work? and will you now say I am wasteful? Yes; more wasteful than you think of. What use are you if you can simply take credit for what you say; to what nobler and better purpose were you born? think, think again, and then admit that you are wasteful.

Man, the special care of the Almighty, is the greatest abused of his gifts: all things in nature tend to good, but man in the using of the blessings that are bestowed upon him, throws them wastefully away, and seems to luxuriate in showing how little he values them, and how little he thinks them gifts, as if he himself created all things instead of being the dependent creature.

Look where we will, everything proves that Nature wastes nothing, and all that is bestowed is well appropriated. Man makes a large fire merely to warm himself, and sends the surplus heat in smoke away. But Nature takes the wasted product, assimilates it to her own pure purpose, and by and by the flower springs from that so recklessly thrown by.

Oh, man! think, think again, how every step thou takest is accompanied by waste. Think how often famine would be there, too, if an over-ruling power did not kindly interpose, and turn your sinful actions into good.

We could go on; but enough has been said to make a man look well into himself. Remember, every idle thought is waste, every excess is waste, and even riches may more conduce to sinful waste than biting poverty; though biting poverty is anything but free.

Let us strive to correct this evil. which cannot be wholly eradicated from us, by thinking ever to a kindly purpose, by distributing our surplus to those that need, by restraining our appetites to Nature's bounds, and using, without abusing, Nature's gift's. All can save waste. Some in the distribution of the fruit of the brain, some in liberally dispensing the goods of this life; the humblest in kindly offices to his neighbour; and all in praying GOD to help them in doing good.

SYSTEM.

By this we mean such an arrangement of parts in the conduct of any enterprise, business, or other matter, as will form a perfect check and counter-check, so that not only are all parts actively at work, but no part can cease to work without being at once detected, and disarranging the whole.

It matters little that a man rises early and goes to rest late if his efforts are ever to be disjointed; he is then only running parallel to his interest, not in combination with it.

Every man, be he master or servant, should well consider the end before he commences anything, and must be himself as much subject as those he has to guide. Although we cannot uphold the idea of war, yet we are bound to admit that our armies afford a striking proof of the effect of System. Why, then, not adopt it in those occupations which are decidedly peaceful?

Now, fellow-workers, we exhort you to acquire system. We will suppose you are in an establishment so varied and so large, that for a time you know not what to set about. At once commence by taking notes of everything in your particular department, and reduce what you well know to order. Should it happen your master has little leisure to reduce his share of the labour to order, take your opportunity quietly and respectfully—suggest where a matter could be conducted better, even though it should give you much personal trouble. Never mind trouble; your time will come, and you will be appreciated. Who cannot tell how valued a kind word and gentle smile becomes, when it is given in return for simply and truly performing our duty? On no account be induced to consider it no affair of yours; remember we are all servants one to the other, and forget not that in doing to others as you would they should do unto you, you will possess the wealth of a free and noble conscience, powerful in its integrity.

It is possible you may have an anxious and irritable master, whose every word cuts deeply, and who seems to think that, do what you will, he has done most in paying you the weekly wage. Never care; go on quietly; conquer him against himself; return not railing for railing, but give place unto wrath; show by every act that it is his interests you have engaged to serve, and manfully go on.

Fellow workman, add temperance to order, without which order would soon run riot in disgust, and you would be left among a wreck of things that were.

Bear in mind the day may come when you will be masters. What then! Carry with you, in your new sphere, all you have so dearly prized below it. Set yourselves your task, and do it well. The master ought to give those who have the working of his plans not only sufficient material, but well-defined orders. The part he takes himself should so define itself that nobody should trench on it; and so his workmen, having the example, would reduce theirs to such an amount of necessary vigour, that any scheme commenced must result in triumph. Alas! my friends, how many noble minds have attempted more than they could manage for want of system! how many men are ruined, not by having too little business, but too much! How many, in fact, now pine and sigh in poverty, well knowing that the sole cause was drifting with the tide, without a rudder, striking now here, now there, until the battered bark, deserted, glided quietly to the ocean.

COLUMNS FOR THE YOUNG.

FORGETFULNESS.

"Henry, did you bring that book down?"

"No, sir; I forgot it."

"Forgot it! This is the third time. You are, indeed, a heedless boy; and if I had time I would preach you a homily on forgetfulness. When a person begins to forget, there is no knowing where he will end. Why you need not forget. You can tie a string round your finger—put a paper in your hat. Place it in your mind, my boy, and there's no danger. Do you ever forget to eat? Never. When you are promised an excursion of pleasure, do you ever forget it? Never. You engrave it on your mind. So it should be with anything you wish to recall. Be determined to do whatever you are told, and you will never come to me with the excuse, 'I forgot it.' *I dislike those words.*"

CAUTION TO YOUTH.

Sir Walter Scott, in a narrative of his personal history, gives the following caution to youth:—"If it should ever fall to the lot of youth to peruse these pages, let such a reader remember that it is with the deepest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth; that through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance; and I would at this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if by doing so I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science."

CARRY A THING THROUGH.

Carry a thing through. If you are satisfied that a thing is right, and that it ought to be done, and once begin it, let it be carried through, though it cost you your best comfort, time, energies, and all that you can command. We heartily abominate turning backward, wearying and fainting of soul and purpose. It bespeaks imbecility of mind, want of character, courage, and true manliness.

Carry a thing through. Don't begin till you are fully prepared for its accomplishment. Think, study, dig, till you know your ground, and see your way. This done, launch out with all your soul, life, heart, and fire, neither turning to the right nor left. Push on giantly—push as though you were born for the very work you are about beginning; as though creation had been waiting through all time for your especial hand and spirit. Then you'll do something worthy of yourself and your kind.

Carry a thing through. Don't leap and dally from one thing to another. No man ever did anything great that way—you can't. Be strong-minded, patient, consistent. Be hopeful, stern, manly. When once fairly in a work, don't give it up. Don't disgrace yourself by being on this thing to-day, on that to-morrow, and on another next day. We don't care if you are the most active mortal living; we don't care if you labour night and day, in season and out; be sure the end of your life will show nothing, if you perpetually change from object to object. Fortune, success, fame, and position are never gained but by piously, determinedly, bravely sticking, growing, living to a thing till it is fairly accomplished.

In short, you must carry a thing through if you would be anybody or anything. No matter if it is hard. No matter if it does cost you the pleasure, the society, the thousand pearly gratifications of life. No matter for these. Stick to the thing and carry it through. Believe you were made for the matter, and that no one else can do it at all. Put forth your whole undivided energies. Stir, wake, electrify yourself, and go forth to the task; only once learn to carry a thing through in all its completeness and proportion, and you will become a hero. You will think better of yourself; others will think better of you. The world in its very heart admires the stern, determined doer. It sees in him its best sight, its highest object, its richest treasure. Drive right along then, whatever you undertake. Consider yourself amply sufficient for the deed. You'll be successful, never fear.

IMPORTANT PRECEPTS.

Follow God. Obey the law. Reverence thy parents. Understand what thou learnest. Know what thou hearest. Command thyself. Relieve thy friends. Govern thy anger. Exercise prudence. Honour Providence. Disparage none. Do what is just. Practise generosity. Speak words of good omen. Redeem time. Regard the future. Hate injury. Fear deceit. Converse with the wise. Envy none. Hate calumny. Return benefits.

DIFFICULTIES.

The greater the difficulties, the more glory in surmounting them. Skilful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.—No. XVII.

FRENCH INTO ENGLISH.

Mon père, quelle (f.) distance (f.) y a-t-il de la terre (f.) au (m.) soleil (m.)? Quelle
earth sun
distance, mon fils, pensez vous qu'il y ait? J'ai *oui dire* (idiom) que l'éloignement (m.)
heard say remoteness
du soleil est prodigieux (m.). Mais, papa, dites-moi, je vous en prie, quelle est
prodigious tell
précisément la distance? Maman, dites donc à papa, DE m' (1) éclairer (2) *(present*
precisely therefore enlighten
infinitive) là-dessus. He bien! croyez-vous qu'il y a plus loin de la terre au soleil, *que*
on that head believe *than*
de Londres à Péking, la capitale de la Chine? Oui, je le (1) sais (2). Ce que
capital China know that which (what)
je veux apprendre, c'est, combien il y a de milles (p.) d'ici au soleil. Bon: il y en *(of*
wish to learn miles
them—of miles) a quatre vingt quinze millions. Oh! ma foi! quelle (f.) prodigieuse (f.)
millions
distance (f.)! quel (m.) prodigieux (m.) éloignement (m.)! quel éloignement effroyable!
awful
Mais, comment donc est ce que nous pouvons voir un=objet (m.) si reculé? C'est=
is it that are able object for—placed
à cause de la grosseur (f. 1) énorme (2) du soleil que nous pouvons le (1) voir (2).
on account bigness enormous that
Le soleil donc, papa, est=il plus gros (m.) que la terre? Cela ne serait guères
big than scarcely
possible! Si, si; il est bien plus gros que la terre, mon=enfant. *Deux fois* plus gros?
yes, yes child. *twice*
Deux fois *(literally, "two times")*! Ah! *s*'il n'était *que* ("if it was but," or "only") (see
if *but*
Lesson XI.) deux fois plus grand, il ne nous (1) serait (2) pas visible. *Il est treize cent*
to us visible
trente mille fois plus gros que la terre. Quelles (f. p.) merveilles (f. p.) papa! Que les
wonders
cieux (m. p.) sont énigmes (f. p.)! (what enigmas the heavens are!). See Lesson VIII.
heavens enigmas

Here are some astronomical facts for us to ponder together in French—the distance of the sun, his size.

First, you would say in English, "Father;" but you observe you must put "my" before this appellative in French, as well as before "friend," "cousin," "brother," "sister," "uncle," "aunt," and in general before all terms of relationship. Nay, even soldiers, in addressing their officers, say, "*mon* capitaine," "*mon* colonel," "*mon* général," &c. Of course a civilian in common society could not employ this term, and that which he would substitute for it is curious: he would say, "*Mr. the* captain," &c.; *Monsieur le capitaine, Monsieur le général,* &c. So, "Monsieur le vi-comte" (to a viscount), &c. If very intimate and familiar, you would drop the *monsieur.* As we have since remarked, in answer to a correspondent, the enumeration, in Lesson X., of persons before whose generic names the French put *my*, should have contained "father" and "mother," in lieu of *papa* and *mamma,* which latter terms you will see by the foregoing exercise are used in French as in English.

In the second sentence of the exercise the word *ait* is used instead of *a;* the subjunctive of *avoir,* instead of the indicative. The construction, therefore, is, "What distance, think you, there *may be,*" not "*there is*" (literally, "*it there may have,*" not "*has*"). *Dites* is the imperative of the irregular verb *dire* (to tell, to say, &c.), *disant* (telling, &c.), *dit* (told, said, &c.) In the second instance where it occurs, you perceive that when it has the sense of "*tell* such a one *to do anything,*" it is one of the verbs which,

require *de* to be used before the present infinitive which follows it, and which it governs. *Là-dessus*—literally, "*there upon.*"

The next point to which we would call attention is in the sentence, *Ce que je veux*, &c. (what I wish, &c.) In English we say, "what I wish *is*," &c.; but it is necessary in French to repeat the *ce* when it has commenced the sentence. Thus: "What do you think on that head?" *que pensez-vous là-dessus?* (or *qu'est ce que vous pensez.*) "What I think is that," &c.; *ce que je pense c'est que*, &c. This is necessary when *ce que* begins the expression. There are other instances where it is allowable to make the same superaddition or pleonasm, even though there be no *ce* at the opening of the phrase. These will be learned by observation as we proceed.

Mille may mean "a thousand," or it may mean "a mile." But if it means "thousand" it never takes the "*s*," no matter how many thousand may be specified. Therefore, that it means *miles* is quite clear where it occurs in the exercise, "Thirty thousand miles," *trente mille milles;* "thirty thousand women," *trente mille femmes*, &c. The only cardinal numbers which take an *s* in the plural are, not as M. de Fivas says, in his grammar, *vingt and cent*, but *vingt*, *cent*, *million*, *and millier*. "Eighty boys," *quatre vingts garçons;* "three hundred sheep," *trois cents moutons;* "ninety-five million of miles," *quatre vingt quinze millions de milles;* "thousands of flies," *des milliers de mouches.* Nevertheless, M. Fivas is right in what he meant, though not in what he has expressed; for *millier* and *million* are numerical substantives, and he was evidently speaking of numerical adjectives. In the three exclamations which follow the words "*Ah! ma foi!*" you again perceive how unfixed is the place of the adjective with respect to the substantive. Bearing in mind what we said on the subject in Lessons XIII. and XV., *beyond* what we there said, the best rule is to consider which order sounds the better, the finer, the easier.

The last point is *que les cieux sont énigmes!* "What enigmas the heavens are!" Here you perceive, there is no article before *énigmes*, no *des*. Where, in Lesson VIII., we first introduced this mode of using the *que*, it was that alone which we made it our business to impress; employing (of set purpose) in the remainder of the sentence terms which previous remarks made the reader expect, and which would be used if custom had not ruled in favour of an idiom. So in the case of *qu'il est un bel homme*, "What a fine man he is!" it is quite evident that, grammatically, this is correct French; but custom, and custom alone, requires the omission of the *un*, if you desire not merely to speak with strict abstract correctness, but according to idiom. Therefore, you should say *qu'il est bel homme!* In other instances, of course, the *un* would be employed; "What *is* a fine man," *qu'est ce qu'un bel homme*, or *qu'est ce que c'est, qu'un bel homme?* "What is an eloquent discourse?" *qu'est ce qu'un discours éloquent?* &c., &c.

ENGLISH INTO FRENCH.

God has placed *(past participle)* the sun in the firmament for the advantage of the
Dieu *placer—to place* soleil (m.) firmanent (m.) pour avantage

earth. He has interposed *(past-participle)* between the heat of the sun and the things
terre (f.) *interposer—to interpose* entre *chaleur* (f.)

which it preserves such (2) a (1) proportion that it (1) is (3) always (4) salutary (5)
que tel (m.) proportion (f.) que toujours (4) salutaire (m. & f.)
telle (f.)

to (2) them (2). A greater (more great) remoteness *would leave (pres. conditional)* the
leur (2) éloignement (m.) *laisser—to leave*

earth frozen *(past participle)*; and the earth *would be* burnt *(past participle)* if the remote-
glacer—to freeze *serait* *bruler—to burn*

ness was less.
moindre.

In translating this exercise into French, observe the figures with which we have marked the words according as they should occur in that language. The exercise will not be found difficult, though it will prove exceedingly profitable.

Now to return to the conjugations, the perfect tense definite of the indicative mood, of the second conjugation, taking the verb *choisir* (to choose), *choisissant* (choosing), *choisi* (m.) *choisie* (f.) (chosen), is as follows:—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
I chose	*je choisis*	*zhe shoo aw see*
thou chosedst	*tu choisis*	*tu shoo-aw-see*
he chose	*il choisit*	*eel shoo-aw-see*
she chose	*elle choisit*	*el shoo-aw-see*
we chose	*nous choisîmes*	*noo shoo-aw-seem*
you chose	*vous choisites*	*voo shoo-aw-seet*
they chose	*ils choisirent* / *elle schoisirent*	*eel shoo-aw-seer* / *el shoo-aw-seer*

It seems scarcely necessary to repeat that the *s* and the *t* closing the respective persons of the tenses cease to be mute, if a vowel, or *h* not pronounced, follow immediately.

The perfect indefinite, "I have finished," need not be given, as it is formed from *avoir*, and from the past participle of the second verb, *J'ai fini*, &c. The same may be said of the other tenses, as "I *had* finished," &c., *J'avais fini*, &c.; "I shall have finished," *J'aurai fini*, &c. We pass over these, therefore, to come to the future indicative:—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
I shall finish	*je finirai*	*zhe feeneeray*
thou shalt finish	*tu finiras*	*tu feeneerah*
he shall, or will, finish	*il finira*	*eel feeneerah.*
she shall, or will, finish	*elle finira*	*el feeneerah*
we shall, or will, finish	*nous finirons*	*noo feeneeroan*
you shall, or will, finish	*vous finirez*	*voo feeneeray*
they shall, or will, finish	*ils finiront* / *elles finiront*	*eel feeneeroan* / *el feeneeroan.*

Remember that the terminations *ons* and *ont*, &c., must be pronounced nasally, to which the nearest approximation that a written sign can afford (if any can be employed) is the *g*, used as we sometimes have used it.

As we find that a very strong wish is felt by some of our correspondents to be able to pronounce the Lord's Prayer in French, we will try (and it is with reluctance, because only an approach can be so accomplished) to indicate the sound of it as closely as English letters may:—"Noatr pair kee ates o sieu voatr noam sooaw saunkteefeeay—voatr raeen noos avvyenn—voatr voloantay sooaw fate on lah tair kum o see-el. Dunnay noos osiourdwee noatr pah(n) koteedeeon—eh pardunnay noo no-soaffonse kum noo lay pardunnoan-s-ah seu kee noo-soant oaffonsay—eh ne noos andweesay pwant on tontasseeoan—may daleevray noo du mal. Ansee soo-awt eel."

In some respects the French itself of the Lord's Prayer is of course not the French of every-day life; particularly in *en la terre; dans* being generally used before the definite article, and *en* in a more indeterminate sense, as *en France*, *en ville*, &c.

ERRATA.—Lesson XV., p. 248, for *qui frappé*, read, of course, *qui frappe;* and p. 249, for *enciente*, read *enceinte.* Page 250, for *disait* (imperfect tense) read *dit* (perfect tense) in the exercise; and for *tonjours*, read *toujours.*—Lesson XVI., page 274, for *après avoir dine*, read *après avoir diné.* Page 277, in the pronunciation of the third person singular of the imperfect subjunctive of *avoir*, read *ū* and *ū* instead of *uss* and USS. We have still to give the perfect tense definite (of the Indicative mood) of *avoir* and of *être*, the conjugation of which will then be completed.

N.B.—Before any of the competitors can receive a prize, he must sign a declaration which we will send him, to the effect not only that he began the study of French in these lessons, but that his performance in the matter of the prize exercise has been entirely his own work.

We must defer some answers to correspondents until next week.

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

s. noun-substantive; *a.* adjective; *ad.* adverb; *v.* verb; *v. a.* verb-active; *v. n.* verb-neuter.

CONSIS'TORY, *s.* a spiritual court.

CONSOL'IDANT, *s.* that which has the quality of uniting wounds; *a.* healing wounds

CONSOL'IDATE, *v.* to harden, to combine, to form into a compact body.

CON'SOLS, *s.* a term familiarly used to denote a considerable portion of the public debt of this kingdom, more correctly known as the three per cent. *consolidated* annuities.

CON SONANCE, *s.* an accord of sound; consistency, agreement, friendship, concord.

CON'SONANT, *a.* agreeable, suitable, fit; *s.* a letter not sounded by itself.

CON'SORT, *s.* a wife or husband, a companion.

CONSORT', *v.* to associate with, to marry.

CONSPEC'TION, *s.* a seeing, a beholding.

CONSPIC'UOUS, *a.* easy to be seen, eminent.

CONSPIR'ACY, *s.* a plot, a lawless combination.

CONSPISSA'TION, *s.* the act of thickening.

CON'STABLE, *s.* a subordinate peace-officer.

CON'STABLEWICK, *s.* the district over which the authority of a constable extends.

CONSTAB'ULARY, *a.* relating to the civil force.

CONSTELLA'TION, *s.* a group or cluster of fixed stars.

CONSTIPA'TION, *s.* an obstruction occasioned by over fullness; condensation.

CONSTIT'UENT, *s.* one who deputes another; an elector; *a.* essential, composing, or forming.

CONSTITU'TION, *s.* the frame of body or mind; law of a country; form of government.

CONSTITU'TIONAL, *a.* legal, according to the established government.

CONSTRIC'TION, *a.* contraction, force.

CONSTRIN'GENT, *a.* of a binding quality.

CONSTRUC'TION, *s.* the act of building, fabrication; meaning, interpretation; the syntax.

CON'STRUE, *v. a.* to explain, to translate.

CONSUBSTAN'TIAL, *a.* of the same substance.

CONSUBSTANTIA'TION, *s.* the union of the body of our Saviour with the sacramental element, according to the notion of the Lutherans.

CONSUETU'DINARY, *a.* customary.

CON'SUL, *s.* the title of the highest ordinary magistrate in the Roman Republic; an officer appointed by a government to reside in some foreign country, in order to give protection to such subjects of the Government by whom he is appointed as may have commercial dealings in the country where the consul resides; and also to keep his employers informed concerning any matters relating to trade which it may be interesting or advantageous for them to know.

CONSUMP'TION, *s.* (in political economy) the end of production; the use, the expenditure, of articles produced.

CONTAB'ULATE, *v. a.* to floor with boards.

CONTA GION, *s.* an infection, a pestilence.

CONTEM'PORARY, *s.* one who lives at the same time with another.

CONTESSERA TION, *s.* an assemblage; a collection.

CON'TEXT, *s.* the succession, order, or connection of a discourse, the consideration of which is often necessary to ascertain the meaning of the text.

CONTIGU'ITY, *s.* actual contact.

CON'TINENT, *s.* land not disjoined by the sea from other lands.

CONTIN'GENCE, CONTIN'GENCY, *s.* a casualty or event which happens by what is called chance.

CONTINU'ITY, *s.* uninterrupted connection.

CONTOR'TION, *s.* a twist, a strain, a flexure.

CONTOUR', *s.* the outline of a figure.

CON'TRA, a Latin preposition used in composition, which signifies *against.*

CON'TRABAND, *a.* unlawful, forbidden, illegal.

CON'TRACT, *s.* a bargain, an agreement.

CONTRACT'IBLE, *a.* capable of contraction, shortening, or abridgment.

CONTRACTIL'ITY, *s.* the inherent quality by which bodies shrink or contract.

CONTRADISTINC'TION, *s.* a distinction by opposite qualities.

CONTRAFIS'SURE, *s.* a fraction or fissure opposite to that side which received the blow.

CONTRAIN'DICANT, *s.* a symptom forbidding the usual treatment of a disorder.

CON'TRARIES, *s. pl.* propositions that oppose.

CONTRAVALLA'TION, *s.* a fortification thrown up to prevent sallies from a garrison.

CONTRI'TION, *s.* deep sorrow on account of sin; penitence.

CONTROL'LER, *s.* one who has power to govern, restrain, or confute.

CON'TROVERSY, *s.* a dispute, a debate, a quarrel; enmity.

CONTUMA'CIOUS, *a.* obstinate, perverse, stubborn.

CONTUND', *v. a.* to bruise by beating.

CONTU'SE, *v. a.* to bruise, to beat together.

CONUN'DRUM, *s.* a riddle, a quibble.

CONVALES'CENT, *a.* recovering, getting health.

CONVE'NE, *v.* to call together, to assemble.

CON'VENT, *s.* a corporation or community of religious, whether Monks or Nuns; the house, abbey, monastery, or nunnery, in which such Monks or Nuns dwell.

CONVEN'TICLE, *s.* an assembly for religious worship; a secret assembly; a meeting-house.

CONVEN'TION, *s.* an union; an assembly; a contract or agreement for a limited time. A *military convention* is a treaty made between the commanders of two opposing armies concerning the terms on which a temporary cessation of hostilities shall take place between them.

CONVER'GE, *v. n.* to tend to one point.

CONVERSAZIO'NE, *s.* (Italian) a meeting or company for the purpose of conversation.

CON'VERSE, *a.* contrary, opposite; *s.* conversation.

CONVER'SION, *s.* a change from one state into another; transmutation; change from one religion to another; change of life.

CON'VEX, *a.* rising in a circular form, as the outside of a globe; opposite to concave.

CONVEX'O CON'CAVE, *a.* having the hollow on one side, corresponding to the outward rising.

CONVEY'ANCE, *s.* (in law) a deed or instrument in writing by means of which real or personal property is transferred from one person to another.

CONVIC'TION, *s.* a detection of guilt; full proof.

CONVIV'IAL, *a.* (literally, "with life") social, festive, gay, pleasing.

CONVOCA'TION, *s.* an assembly; the term is generally applied to an assembly of the clergy in form of Parliament, under the authority of the King's writ.

CONVOL'VE, *v. a.* to roll together, wind, turn.

CON'VOLUTED, *a.* rolled upon itself, twisted.

CON'VOY, *s.* in the *military* service, a detachment of troops appointed to guard supplies of money, ammunition, provisions, &c., while being conveyed to a distant town, or to an army in the field, through a country in which such supplies might be carried off by the peasantry, or by parties of the enemy. In the *Navy*, the name is applied to one or more ships of war which are ordered to protect a fleet of merchant vessels on their voyage.

COO'LY, *s.* an India road porter.

COOM, *s.* soot, dust, grease for wheels.

COOMB, *s.* a corn measure of four bushels.

COOP, *s.* a wooden or wicker cage for poultry.

COOP'ER, *s.* a maker of barrels, &c.

CO-OR'DINATE, *a.* holding the same rank.

CO'PAL, *s.* hard resin, the juice of a tree growing in India and Africa, from which a fine varnish is made.

COPART'NER, *s.* a joint partner in a business.

COPER'NICAN, *a.* relating to the astronomical system of Copernicus.

CO'PHOSIS, *s.* dullness of hearing.

CO'PING, *s.* the covering of a wall.

CO'PIOUS, *a.* abundant, plentiful, full.

COP'PEL, *s.* an instrument used in chemistry to purify gold and silver.

COP'PER, *s.* a valuable metal found in various parts of the world; a large boiler.

COP'PERAS, *s.* a species of metallic salts, including sulphate of copper (blue copperas), sulphate of iron (green copperas), and sulphate of zinc (white copperas).

COP'PICE, *s.* a wood or plantation of various kinds of trees, which shoot up from the root after the parent stem has been cut down, and which are periodically cut down before they acquire any considerable size.

COP'PLED, *a.* rising in a conic form.

COP'PLEDUST, *s.* powder for purifying metals.

COPSE, *s.* a small wood of low trees.

COP'TIC, *s.* the language of the Copts, the Christian descendants of the ancient Egyptians.

COP'ULA, *s.* in *grammar*, the verb which joins words in a sentence. In *logic*, the term which connects the subject with its predicate, or the thing which is affirmed.

COP'ULATIVE, *a.* joining or mixing together.

COP'YHOLD, *s.* a tenure under the lord of a manor, held by the copy of a court roll.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.
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HUMAN PROGRESS, BY MEANS OF LABOUR, THE WILL OF THE CREATOR.

At the back of the title of the "Official Catalogue of the Great Exhibition," is the following motto, in Latin and English:—

"HUMANI GENERIS PROGRESSUS,
EX COMMUNI OMNIUM LABORE ORTUS,
UNIUSCUJUSQUE INDUSTRIÆ DEBET ESSE FINIS:
HOC ADJUVANDO,
DEI OPTIMI MAXIMI VOLUNTATEM EXSEQUIMUR."

"THE PROGRESS OF THE HUMAN RACE,
RESULTING FROM THE COMMON LABOUR OF ALL MEN,
OUGHT TO BE THE FINAL OBJECT OF THE EXERTION OF EACH INDIVIDUAL.
IN PROMOTING THIS END,
WE ARE CARRYING OUT THE WILL OF THE GREAT AND BLESSED GOD."

As we read these words we could not help thinking that they contained a text which might be expanded into a useful sermon. A gentleman in orders would perhaps call the attention of his audience to *six* prominent ideas which lie on its surface.

I. Progress.—We need hardly tell our readers that the word "*Progress*," both etymologically and conventionally, means "*to step on, or forwards.*" We might say that this is the end of walking generally, and of the legs which the Almighty has given to us. Man was not made to move backwards. It is said that the crab walks backwards, and therefore the ancients placed that animal on the northern tropic, because the sun on attaining that height began to return. Man is a more noble being than the sun, and for his race there is no Tropic of Cancer assigned. Even death is no bound to his advancement; for if he has served "his generation according to the will of God," he then rises to a higher sphere, where his spirit, from the contemplation of the Deity without a veil, may increase in knowledge and bliss for ever. Those who will read history attentively will perceive that we have made wonderful progress. One of the greatest proofs of this ever brought together into one place, is the Industrial Palace, and its variety of inventions. A Crystal Palace in Eden was a human impossibility. How far art and science may have proceeded before the flood we cannot tell; but there is reason to fear that as the whole earth was filled with violence, there was hardly unanimity enough among them to allow of such an exhibition of the arts of peace. It would be idle to talk of such a Palace of Industry in Babylon, Persia, Greece, Rome, Mecca, Constantinople, or any other of the cities of the olden time. There was not science, art, or morality enough to produce or allow of a universal collection of the people and productions of all countries. Its existence in our day is a proof that we have made wonderful progress; and therefore it is one of the greatest evidences we have had of the capacities and powers of the human mind for improvement and advancement.

Man is born the most helpless and indigent of all creatures. He comes into the world "naked." He has nothing, and for several years he can do nothing. Only imagine, then, what a miserable wretch he would be if he made no progress. Everything depends upon his physical, mental, and moral growth. Babies at three-

score years and ten! a world of babies! would be the most pitiable scene of wretchedness that the mind can imagine. To increase in *wisdom* and *stature* is essential to our happiness; and even, we might say, to our very existence. Growth or death is the law of existence. "To forget the things which are behind, to reach forth to those which are before, and press towards the mark for the prize of our high calling," is as necessary in physics, in science and the arts, as in religion. Our wants are endless, but our material and mental resources for ministering to them are just as extensive; so that though we are born the poorest, the weakest, and the most dependent of all creatures, yet we can become, by means of our ingenuity and industry, the strongest, the richest, the noblest, and the happiest of all beings on the face of our globe. Could we only impress on all our working friends, of both sexes, that PROGRESS is the great law of humanity, and that we all can advance if we choose, we should teach them the greatest, the most profitable, and the best lesson that man can impart to his fellow-man.

II. LABOUR.—Everything in the constitution of man shows that he was made for labour. His erect position, which enables him to have his hands at liberty, while he supports himself, and moves along on his feet, is admirably adapted for toil. Hence, he can stand at the bench, follow the plough, drive the truck, or grasp and carry a large weight upon his shoulders. Were he compelled to walk on all fours, by far the greater part of his mechanical power would be lost. His spine also is a marvellous piece of mechanism. We saw a man, the other day, carry a package on his back, which weighed three hundredweight and a-half; and we have known three men stand erect on each other's shoulders. Now when we take into consideration that the back-bone is capable of supporting these burdens, and that this part of the human body is a tube, and consists of a number of joints fastened together by cartilages, we behold in its formation and muscle a most remarkable implement for labour. And then the hands and the arms, especially, are beautifully adapted for works of art. Their great use, and almost infinite skill, will appear in a moment, if we consider that not a single production in the Industrial Palace, nor the Palace itself, could have been formed or manufactured without the hand of man. The human body, therefore, is the most stupendous working machine on our globe. Our best engines and instruments, our most ingenious contrivances, are childish, and mere toys, compared with this divine piece of mechanism.

But the material engine without the mind would be as useless as the locomotive without steam. The soul also is something more than a mere power, or an instinct. It can of itself reason, calculate, contrive, and invent. The words of Paul, "We are His offspring," are capable of almost mathematical demonstration. We argue that bees are bees, and belong to the same species, because they all make cells and fill them with honey. The drone in appearance is very much like a bee, but then it elaborates no honey, and therefore belongs to a different order. This mode of argument applies to all the creatures with which we are acquainted. Similarity of talent, instinct, or whatever else you choose to call it, is sufficient to constitute a relationship. When we used to go birds'-nesting, the form of the nest was sufficient to satisfy us respecting the animal that had built it. We distinguished the architecture of the thrush from that of the blackbird, and the cell of the wren from the house of the sparrow. Now, the universe is a great and glorious invention, and the watch, or the steam-engine, is also an invention; both required mind and intellect, or rational, calculating, and contriving faculties. It is

true that the one is finite, and the other infinite, but this makes no difference to our argument. A drop of water from the Atlantic or Pacific is only a drop, and yet its analysis would show that it possesses all the essential attributes of the ocean; so mind may be infinite or finite, and its productions may be the starry heavens, the body of a bee, an elephant, a man, a spinning jenny, a wheel-barrow, or an eight-day chronometer; but there was mind required in each case, whether the work be the vast creation of the Almighty, or the imperfect machines and manufactures of man. Human beings are the children of the Most High, and their bodies and spirits, by their immense capacity of adaptation for almost every kind of occupation, show that they were made to labour.

III. The motto speaks of "The Labour of All."—From what we have said, it is evident that all were made to labour. The Almighty has not given us any superfluous members or faculties; and as all bodies and souls are alike, we may be sure that there was a work for all of us to do. Those persons who merely eat, drink, sleep, and decorate their persons, seem to have no use for those vast powers of mind and body with which they are endued; and almost intimate that the Creator has been redundantly benevolent in giving them human bodies and rational souls. It is lamentable to think what numbers of persons pass through life without doing anything to advance society, or benefit their fellow-creatures. As we have such a variety of talents, there is a loud imperative call that we should exert ourselves for the good of our species. All are not designed or qualified to fill the same stations, or work at the same trades. One may labour with his hands; another, with his feet; a third, with his head; a fourth, with his heart; and a fifth, with his tongue; and it matters little as to the employment, provided it be useful, and adapted to move on the world. The relative respectability of labour, trades, and professions, will soon be viewed as an idle fiction, and be discarded by every reasonable individual in the land. One of the great ends of life is to work at something that will benefit our age and generation. God made us to work; work is one of the greatest sweeteners of our existence, for even pleasure becomes irksome when carried too far. Recreation and toil must be mingled both for health and happiness. Hence, the operative often tastes more bliss in his one day of freedom from labour, than the 'squire in his six months of successive ease and indolence.

IV. Progress should be the end of Labour.—We have seen that man is capable of interminable improvement, and, therefore, that he was made to advance. Other creatures are not thus distinguished. How little can be taught to the most sagacious of our animals! Who thinks of taking dogs, horses, elephants, or parrots to the Crystal Palace to improve their minds? But man is always at school, and can learn from everything he sees, hears, tastes, smells, or touches. He can take in a world of thought at a glance, and go away from a landscape, a lecture, an Exhibition, or a Museum, inconceivably enriched. Good and useful ideas are to him worth all the gold, diamonds, and jewels in the world. Hence, the price of wisdom is "far above rubies." How many Kings and Queens might have saved themselves their crowns and their empires, and have blessed their subjects with all that heart could wish, if they had been as rich in wisdom as they were in precious stones? As man is made to labour, so he is made to advance; and progress should be the end of every effort. The needle should move, the hammer

strike, the adze be uplifted, the shuttle ply, the wheel turn, the oar be plied, the pen be used, the tongue plead, the feet run, and the engine propel, for the glorious, the noble, the benevolent object of advancing society. Hence, when followed from a right motive, all secular pursuits become religious exercises, and toil no small portion of our worship. As the chimney-sweeper or the smith washes away the soot from his body in the evening, he may congratulate himself that he has done something to advance the comfort of his fellows; and the weary spinner, operative, or day labourer, may rejoice that, though he has exhausted himself at his calling, yet he has added to the improvement of the world. Our mechanics and peasants are among the mainsprings of universal progress; and every occupation, employment, and even recreation which has not this object in view, should be abandoned as an abuse of our talents, a waste of our time, and, consequently, a crime against ourselves, our country, our species generally, and the Great Being who presides over us all.

V. We can All Aid in this Labour and Progress.—Here is a task which all may undertake. *Women* can do as much as men to accelerate the world's progress. There are some stations which they may never fill; there are occupations for which they are not fitted; there are honours which may never encircle their brow; but to be useful in advancing society is a work for which females are just as competent as the other sex. Here, too, the *poor* may do as much as the rich. There is not a farthing in the country, but has been obtained by industry. Money does not grow on hedge-rows. You cannot collect tithes, rent, and revenues, like blackberries; even the peach will not drop into your mouth, nor the grapes quench your thirst of their own accord. "All things," says Solomon, "are full of labour." Without toil our earth would be a wilderness. Its present riches have all been produced by the hand of the labourer. But the *rich* can also occupy themselves in the notable work. We are no enemies to an aristocracy. We have no idea that oppression and injustice are inseparable from the nobility and gentry, any more than we believe that dishonesty is an essential quality of poverty. On both sides we have had illustrious examples of the contrary. Many peers and princes have ennobled nobility by their virtues, and we anticipate a time when there shall be more than one Lord Rosse, Carlisle, or Ducie. And a glorious day it shall be when the aristocracy of the land shall put forth all their energies to advance in every possible way the intelligence and happiness of the world. Let all the talents of men and women, of young and old, of rich and poor, of princes, nobles, operatives, and peasants be properly and usefully employed, and the progress of the world will exceed the hopes of the most sanguine philanthropist.

VI. Progress from Labour is the Will of the Most High.—All our resources come from Him. He created the mines, the grass, the corn, the vine, the oak, the cedar, and all the various races of animals, and gave them to man. He also formed our bodies, and breathed into them the breath of a living and a rational soul. He made us weaker, poorer, and more defenceless than any creatures; and he also gave us all the powers, and faculties, and resources necessary to raise us to the highest eminence in comfort, intelligence, and morality. Everything in man and around man show us that labour, and progress from labour, and from labour alone, are His will. Where there is no toil, there everything is under a blight; the land is a wilderness; the horse and the ox are wild; the human face is that of a savage; and the soul the counterpart of a malignant fiend. But art, labour, invention,

education, and morals everywhere succeed. Cities rise, trade increases, the wants of the people are supplied, riches abound, property is secure, peace prevails, and earth promises to be the reflection of heaven. Human progress is the will of GOD, and as soon as it shall become the will of man, and lead to all necessary effort, the world shall appear in all the beauties and glories of truth, liberty, equity, and benevolence—a scene of happiness, cheered with the perpetual smile of our universal FATHER and FRIEND.

COLLIERS AND COAL MINING.

(Concluded from page 290.)

APPENDIX.

GENERAL STATISTICS.

THERE are 3,000 coal mines in Great Britain, which employ nearly 250,000 men, women, and boys, underground and above. The capital invested in working stock, tramways, shafts, and harbours, altogether exceeds £30,000,000 in value. The "get of coals" amounts to about 34,000,000 tons annually, the estimated value of which at the pit's mouth is £10,000,000. One third of this is worked from the Northern Coal Field, in the counties of Northumberland and Durham, from whence by the rivers Tyne, Wear, and Tees the chief shipments of coals are made, both foreign and coastwise. The chief points of home consumption are in the iron works of Staffordshire, South Wales, and the West of Scotland; which, with the lesser works of North Wales, Shropshire, Yorkshire, and Derbyshire, consume nearly one-third of the whole. The Lancashire coal field produces about 4,000,000 tons annually; Wigan, 2,000,000 tons annually; Bolton, 1,000,000 tons annually; St. Helens, 1,000,000 tons annually. The cost of "getting" the coals appears to average much the same in Lancashire as in Durham and Northumberland; the reason of the latter obtaining such a heavy preponderance in exporting appears to arise from the increased vigour with which the trade has been pushed there, and the increased facilities that have been created in railways, staiths, &c.; the operation of loading a vessel with coal at Newcastle, Sunderland, Shields, Hartlepool, Middlesbro', &c. being performed in about as many *hours* as it takes days for the same task in Liverpool.—(From a "Report of the Coal Traffic of the Country," by Braithwaite Poole, Esq., in *Mining Journal.*)

EXPORTS OF COAL, CINDERS, CULM, ETC.

In a recently-published return of the comparative exportation of coal, cinders, and culm during the years 1848 and 1849, it is stated that:—In 1848 the total exports of these articles to foreign countries and British settlements amounted to 2,785,300 tons, the declared value of which was £1,088,221; and 1849, to 2,828,039 tons, the declared value £1,087,122. The amount of duty on the last mentioned quantity was £3,233 13s. 2d.; the charge being made only in the case of foreign ships not entitled to the privileges conferred by treaties of reciprocity; the duty levied is 4s. per ton. The total quantity of coal, cinder, and culm shipped at the several ports of the United Kingdom coastwise to other ports of the kingdom amounted, in 1848, to 9,074,079 tons; in 1849, to 8,552,706 tons. The quantities of coal brought coastwise, and by inland navigation to London, into the port of London during 1848 was 3,479,189 tons; in 1849 it was 3,380,786 tons.

EXPLOSIONS AND DEATHS.

In a report on the Great Northern Coal Field, by Mr. Phillips, up to the year 1849, the following tabular statement is given:—

				Explosions.	Deaths.
From 1756	to 1765	inclusive	.....	5	34
,, 1766	1775	,,	.....	6	101
,, 1776	1785	,,	.....	9	41
,, 1786	1795	,,	.....	12	105
,, 1796	1805	,,	.....	12	151
,, 1806	1815	,,	.....	17	302
				61	734
		(Davy Lamp introduced).			
From 1816	to 1825	inclusive	.....	20	296
,, 1826	1835	,,	.....	23	344
		(Parliamentary Inquiry).			
From 1836	to 1845	inclusive	.....	15	328
,, 1846	1849	,,	.....	1	31

In a consideration of this table it must always be borne in mind that in the century over which the inquiry extends, the extension of the coal trade has progressed in a greater ratio than the number of accidents. And, further, that in those decades presenting the most frightful array of deaths, occurred some of the most disastrous accidents recorded in the annals of the coal trade. The table itself furnishes another ground for hope that accidents will decrease. Whilst the average loss of life between 1806 and 1815 was 30·2 ; between 1816 and 1825, 29·6 ; between 1826 and 1835, 34·4 ; and between 1836 and 1845, 32·8 ; the average of the last four years recorded was only 7·75. These figures refer to fatalities from gas in the counties of Durham and Northumberland only.

AVERAGE PRICE OF COAL.

Years.	Best.	Bituminous. General Range.	Anthracite, and Steam.
	£. s. d.		£ s. d.
1838	1 3 0	18s. to 25s. 6d.	1 7 0
1840	1 1 0	17s. to 23s. 0d.	1 6 0
1842	0 19 0	16s. to 21s. 0d.	1 0 0
1843	0 18 0	15s. to 20s. 0d.	1 0 0
1844	1 2 0	17s. to 23s. 9d.	0 19 0
1845	0 15 0	14s. to 20s. 0d.	1 1 0
1846	0 17 0	13s. to 20s. 0d.	1 1 6

Since the last date prices generally have declined, and the average has not exceeded 14s per ton.

By far the greatest proportion of the coal brought into London is from the pit of the Great Northern Coal Field. The following statement of the ordinary charges which arise on this coal in its passage from the pit's mouth to the consumer has been handed to us by a coal merchant of considerable experience :—

	Per Ton. £ s. d.
Freight from any of the northern ports, varying from 5s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. but recently averaging	0 6 0
City dues in the Thames	0 1 1
Factorage	0 0 9
Certain expenses to the coal owner.....	0 7 10

The following expenses generally accrue to the coal merchant :—

	Per Ton. £ s. d.
Barge hire	0 0 6
Landing	0 1 0
Screening	0 0 3
Loss by ditto	0 0 3
Cartage within a circle of three miles	0 2 6
Wharfage 3d. and weighing 1d.	0 0 4
	0 12 8

Add to this sum of 12s. 8d. a further sum of 6s. 6d., as the price of the coals on board the vessel at the place of shipment; being about 3s. 6d. or 4s. for the coal at the pit's mouth, a price which generally remunerates the owners for good household coal, and the remainder the cost of transmission from the pit's mouth to the place of shipment, and we have a cost of 19s. 2d. per ton to the merchant for household coals, costing the consumer something like 21s. per ton. 6s. 6d. is named as the value of the coal on board at the place of shipment, but owing to a variety of causes the owner often receives a much less sum. The prices of coal have been gradually declining for the last few years, a circumstance which may be attributed mainly, if not entirely, to the undue stimulus given to the opening of pits during the time of the "limitation of the vend," and the attempt to keep up the price of coals by means of artificial restrictions. A new source of competition has recently been opened in London in the efforts made by the Great Northern Railway Company, who have recently been bringing the Silkstone coal to London from Yorkshire and Derbyshire, and selling it at their station in town at something like 13s. 6d. per ton. This coal is, however, inferior to the coal from Northumberland and Durham.

A COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE PRODUCTS OF THE LARGEST COAL-PRODUCING COUNTRIES.

The following statistics are selected and condensed from a valuable and comprehensive work, entitled "Statistics of Coal," by Richard Cowling Taylor, F.G.S., &c., published in 1848.

BELGIUM.—In 1844-5 there were in full operation 212 mines, and not in work 97 others; making 309 mines, comprising 540 coal pits in operation and construction, employing 38,500 miners, and 500 steam engines, of an aggregate force of 22,841 horse power. The product of their labour was 4,445,240 tons, which were returned at the value of 39,844,191 francs at the place of extraction: equal to £1,660,000 sterling. In 1845 the quantity raised was 4,960,077 tons.

PRUSSIA.—In the year 1840 there were about 752 mines, Anthracite and Lignite, in operation. These employed 24,024 miners, and produced 3,245,607 tons, the value of which in the official returns is given as 19,687,704 francs—equal to £793,860 sterling. In 1844 the four coal provinces of Prussia produced 3,650,000 tons, value 22,500,000 francs. Three German States of the Zollverein yielded 250,000, of the value of 2,250,000 francs. The Prussian collieries in 1844 employed 25,000 miners. These returns, remarks Mr. Taylor, appear to be incomplete.

FRANCE.—During the year 1845 there were, according to official documents, 449 coal mines, worked and unworked, employing 30,778 miners, and producing 4,141,617 tons of mineral fuel. Value, at the pit's mouth, 39,705,432 francs, equal to £1,603,106 sterling.

GREAT BRITAIN.—As the details of production and distribution are not all officially registered as in the Continental States, we can only ascertain that about 1845-6 the current estimate of the total production of coal in the British mines was 31,500,000 tons; the value of which at the place of extraction was considered to be £9,100,000. Another statement for the year 1845 gives the production as 34,754,750 tons, of which one-third was shipped coastwise of foreign, and the remainder consumed in the interior. The value here is assigned at £9,450,000. In 1844 the number of persons employed in coal mines was 118,233.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.—Little can be said with certainty of the coal statistics here, owing to the repugnance which prevails in a republican country to give information of an official character on matters touching their business undertakings. The returns made to Congress, under the census act of 1840, were known to be very much understated, while in many instances no returns whatever were made. The following, however, are the facts then obtained:—Annual production of Anthracite, 863,489 tons; of Bituminous coal, 985,828 tons. Total number of workmen employed, 6,811; capital invested, 6,224,464 dols. Proportion of capital to production, for Anthracite, five dollars per ton, Bituminous, two dollars per ton. In 1845, the production of Anthracite in Pennsylvania was 2,023,052 tons; in 1846, 2,343,992 tons; in 1847, 2,982,309 tons.

PROGRESS OF THE TRADE.

	Increase per cent. in 20 years.
Pennsylvania:—Anthracite only, Bituminous unknown,	5,654
Great Britain:—Production and consumption not registered, exports	713
General shipments at the mines for exportation and home consumption	97
Brought into the port of London	83
Prussia:—Indigenous production	124
France, do do	181
Belgium, do do	111

It is to be regretted that no accurate data exist for computing the general increase of production in Great Britain, the inland consumption being so great—calculated at 23,500,000 tons—in South Wales alone not less than 5,000,000—that the amounts shipped furnish but slender criteria for basing a comparison upon.

COAL FIELDS.

The following general arrangement of the coal-fields in England and Wales seems to be as good and natural a classification as can be adopted:—1. The Great Northern district, including all the coal-fields north of the Trent. 2. The central districts, including Leicester, Warwick, Stafford, and Shropshire. 3. The western districts, which may be subdivided into North-Western, including North Wales, and South-Western, including South Wales, Gloucestershire, and Somersetshire.

Coal is found in these fields in strata of various thicknesses, and alternating with slate, clay, and sandstone; the alternations being frequently and indefinitely repeated. The coal-beds, which are of various qualities, are principally distinguished by the proportion of bitumen in the coal. Three species are enumerated, in each of which the quantity of bitumen has been ascertained:—1. The *caking coal*, likewise distinguished by many other provincial names, yields about forty per cent. of bitumen: this is the prevailing kind in the Northumberland and Durham mines. 2. The *cannel coal*—called parrot coal in Scotland—contains about twenty per cent. of bitumen: this coal occurs in Lancashire also. 3. The *stone coal*, likewise known under many other names, contains little or no bitumen: this is the ordinary coal of the Staffordshire and Scotch collieries. The coal seams, together with their alternating strata, called the *coal measures*, usually lie on beds of millstone grit and shale (hard coarse-grained sandstone and slate clay), which sometimes exceeds 120 fathoms in thickness. Under this species is the mountain or carboniferous limestone, an assemblage of calcareous strata of variable thickness, sometimes exceeding nine hundred feet. This limestone is frequently characterised by caverns and fissures. The carboniferous limestone rests on a bed of old red sandstone, varying in thickness from 200 to 2,000 feet. These four different series of strata are usually comprehended under the term "*coal formation*." Though in general the coal measures lie above the three beds just enumerated, these beds do not form an essential part of the coal formation; for sometimes the coal measures occur without these intermediate series, and repose immediately on the transition rock. Such is the case in the coal fields of Coalbrook Dale and of Dudley.

A general resemblance in structure appears in all the English coal-fields, but still with considerable local varieties. The phenomena by which dykes or faults are produced have sometimes uplifted the strata on one side of the dyke many fathoms above those on the other side, and occasioned irregularities extremely perplexing to the miner. These dykes are fissures which traverse the strata, often extending several miles, and penetrating generally to an unknown depth. These fissures are usually filled with clay, with portions of the dislocated strata, or sometimes by basaltic rocks.

Anthracite coal is found in considerable quantities in South Wales. This coal contains no bitumen, or gives out no gas or smoke, but requires a uniform temperature to prevent explosion. It does not need the use of a poker, but will smother for hours with intense heat. For generating steam it is invaluable.

RELATIVE AMOUNTS OF PRODUCTION OF MINERAL COMBUSTIBLES IN THE SIX PRINCIPAL COAL-PRODUCING COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD IN THE YEAR 1845.

	Tons.
Great Britain :—Annual production	31,500,000
Belgium	4,960,077
France	4,141,617
United States of America :—	
Anthracite	2,650,000
Bituminous	1,750,000
Prussia	3,500,000
Austria	700,000

THE SUPERFICIAL COAL AREAS OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES.
(From Taylor's "Statistics of Coal.")

	Square miles.
United States of America:—	
Bituminous coal area	133,132
Anthracite coal of Pennsylvania	437
British America :—	
Bituminous coal area	18,000
France, Do	1,719
Belgium, Do	518
Spain, Do	3,408
Great Britain and Ireland :—	
Anthracite and culm coal area	3,720
Bituminous	8,139

VENTILATION OF MINES.

The causes which most frequently vitiate the air in pits are these—the respiration of the workmen, the combustion of lamps, the explosions of powder, the spontaneous decomposition of certain mineral substances, such as the sulphurets, which change into sulphates; the coal, which heats and burns spontaneously; the corruption of the wood; the striking of the tools against rocks which contain ores of arsenic or mercury; in addition to which is the natural disengagement of deleterious gases, which penetrate the rocks, or are accumulated in the crevices and natural cavities, and sometimes in old workings. The proto-carbonated hydrogen, or inflammable air, which is generated in larger or smaller quantities in almost all coal mines, is the most dangerous enemy of the miner. Its presence is indicated to the miner by the flame of the lamp elongating and taking a bluish tint; upon perceiving which, he should immediately lower his lamp, or extinguish it at once. It has been ascertained that the most violent explosions take place on the admixture of one volume of proto-carbonated hydrogen with seven or eight of atmospheric air. Whilst the greatest number of accidents occur from explosions of fire-damp, it frequently happens that the largest number of fatalities connected with these accidents result from the after-damp which succeeds. Its chemical composition is eight parts of nitrogen, with a specific gravity of 0·9722, two parts of aqueous vapour, and one part of carbonic acid gas, of specific gravity 1·5277. Its effect on the system is at first partial insensibility, which is rapidly followed by asphyxia. The only efficient safeguard to the miner against the effects of these gases is sufficient ventilation, to prevent their accumulation in deleterious quantities. The careful use of the safety-lamp will always be prudent, and prevent many accidents; but, even with its use, care should be taken not to place undue confidence in it. As to the most efficient modes of ventilation, it is a subject which would require volumes to discuss; but it is certain that none can be deemed trustworthy which does not insist on the presence of a sufficient number of shafts or outlets from the pit.

MINING CASUALTIES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The *Mining Journal*, January, 1844, published a list of 483 deaths and accidents noted in its columns during the previous eight months. The editor conceives that the number of lives sacrificed annually cannot be less than 2,500, exclusive of numerous cases of severe injuries, ultimately resulting in death.

A table of deaths of miners in the Dudley coal field during five and a half years, from

July, 1837, to December, 1842, as returned to the Registrar General, gives the following results :—

Deaths of miners, of 15 years and upwards during 5½ years	1,122
Of these, killed by accidents.....	610
Proportion per cent. killed	54·3
Average age at death.....	36¾

The following table refers to the Northern coal field alone, of which statistics appear most accessible and detailed :—

		Deaths.
From 1803 to 1821,	From Explosion	105
	Inundated by Water	75
	Choke Damp	9
	Boiler-bursting and other causes.....	40
1821 to 1843,	Explosions.....	732
	Falling Stones, Choke Damp, and other causes	89
1844 to 1845,	Explosions in two cases only, exclusive of deaths from other causes	134
Total killed in 42 years in one district, besides numerous omitted		1,184

Appalling as these facts appear, they fall short of the fatalities in some of the continental coal fields. A statement of miners killed during 15 years in the basin of the Loire, France, gives a proportion of 1 in 100 employed; that of Belgium averages 1 in 327; whilst in the Newcastle coal field it averages 1 in 508.

Startling as are the statistics of mining accidents and fatalities, it is somewhat surprising that remarks like the following, which appear in the *Mining Journal*, should be true :—"England is justly proud of her numerous charities, her hospitals for the sick and maimed, her asylums for aged and decayed members of society, and her institutions for the protection of the widow and orphan. But, with shame be it spoken, a country indebted, in a great measure, for her position to her mineral riches, cannot reckon, amongst her numerous charitable establishments, one which is devoted to the maimed or aged collier or miner, nor a [public] fund wherewith to support the widow and the fatherless who may be bereaved of their natural protector by accidents in the mines."

The only associations which have at all had for their aim the relief of the needy or disabled miner, appear to be in the form of benefit clubs, the majority of which, from various causes, it would appear have failed in their object; whilst some combining arrangements for imposing or attempting to impose artificial checks to the freedom of labour have proved worse than useless.

ROYALTIES, RENT, ETC.

Very few of the English coal mines are worked by the owners. In the majority of instances they are let to one or more persons on leases of from 21 to 40 years. The proprietor of the soil receives a rent to which the name of Royalty has been given, and which is determined on the following principle :—The probable profit is calculated as accurately as possible. This profit is regarded as a sum resulting from the accumulation of capital and its interest during the period of the lease. They then calculate the annuity which it ought to pay to completely reimburse this capital and interest at the end of a term a little shorter than that to which the lease extends, 19 or 20 years, for instance, if the lease is 21 years. This annuity constitutes the rent which the proprietary ought to receive. The royalty is not a fixed sum; it varies with the products of the mine. With regard to coals, it is now fixed at so much per ton worked, varying from 5d. to 18d. per Newcastle chaldron of 2 tons 13 cwt. The mean royalties on the Tyne, Wear, and Tees are 5d. or 6d. per ton.

*** The foregoing Narrative having been selected for publication by the adjudicators, the writers of the non-accepted narratives may have their manuscripts by applying for them at our office, or they will be sent to any place specified, on our receiving postage-stamps to cover the expense of transmission.

THE ALHAMBRA.

"Lonely and still are now thy marble halls,
Thou fair Alhambra! there the feast is o'er;
And, with the murmur of thy fountain falls,
Blend the wild tones of minstrelsy no more.

"Hushed are the voices that, in years gone by,
Have mourned, exulted, menaced, through thy towers;
Within thy pillar'd courts the grass waves high,
And all uncultured bloom thy fairy bowers."—HEMANS.

A WORD of preface, dear reader, and a word only. The Note-book from which this sketch is selected is a medley of strange compounds—a magazine of scraps, strung together in many lands, and indifferent humours. Sketches of men, things, and places are all jumbled together, mixed here and there with fragmentary tales—the whole an odd farrago of scattered memories and fancies.

After this fair warning, then, if you will bear me company, I'll open at random and run through a page, though "the ghostly hour of midnight" is striking as I begin.

"Ancient city of the Moorish kings! well might the unfortunate Boabdil weep as he gazed for the last time on thy stately palaces and fertile vineyards, and saw the victorious banners of Ferdinand float from thy walls!"

Some such magniloquent exclamation as this, I think it was, escaped me as I entered the tower of Comares, and looked down upon Granada from the ruined battlements of the Alhambra. I had come to sunny Spain in search of health, as many had done before me, and in the course of my wanderings had reached the old Moorish capital the evening before. Wearied with toiling through dangerous roads and over bleak mountains, I approached the narrow defile which led down into the Vega, not in the most enviable state of mind. The chattering tongue of my muleteer had become silent when he found that I no longer paid attention to his traditional wonders, nor praised his songs. But the splendour of the prospect which opened upon us as we emerged from the pass, speedily revived my spirits, and once more let loose the tongue of my companion. A noble expanse of fertile plain opened before us, and far off, against the horizon, lay the white domes and turrets of Granada. On the left, the majestic towers of the Moorish palace crowned the long ridge of hills, and on the right rose the woods of the Soto and the lofty Sierra Elvira. The grandest feature in the whole, however, was the city itself, which extended, in the form of a half-moon, from the river, up the side of the hill, with its tall white spires and gilded cupolas, piled, as it were, one upon the other.

A quickened pace soon brought us to the bridge over the Darro, which we crossed, and entered the city. Once within, much of the splendid illusion created by the distant view was destroyed. The streets were narrow and dirty, instead of being wide and, at least, tolerably clean, like those which I have met with in Seville and some other cities of the peninsula. The only exception was the Rambla, which we entered after winding through a long labyrinth little more than wide enough to let two mules pass. At the opposite end of the Rambla we drew up before a comfortable posada, close by the church of San Jeronimus. Weary as I was with our long jog-trot journey over the worst roads in Europe, bright visions of rest and refreshment rose up before me as I dismounted and entered. Mine host welcomed me with countless assurances of the comforts which awaited me within, to be found nowhere else in such perfection in the whole of Granada. To do him justice, the sight of my scanty luggage in no degree damped the ardour of his welcome.

As the internal economy of a Spanish inn is known almost all the world over, I shall not swell out these reminiscences by adding another to the descriptions of it which everybody has seen. Enough to chronicle the fact, that the one to which I found myself consigned was of the true orthodox class.

After a sound night's sleep, notwithstanding the companionship of sundry bedfellows, to whose wakeful activity my outer man bore witness in the morning, I rose late, and found myself all but entirely free from the fatigues of my uncomfortable journey. It was a glorious day that greeted me as I left the posada to begin my peregrinations through Granada—such a day as can be seen only in the south. Not a cloud stained the purity of the azure firmament, from high up in which heaven's great diamond sent down its scorching rays, tempered on their course by the cool breezes which blew from the Sierra Nevada, whose snowy summits gleamed in the distance like a long ridge of silver clouds against the clear blue sky.

The greater part of the day I spent in visiting some of the architectural beauties of this last stronghold of Moorish chivalry.

Chief amongst them is the cathedral, with its profuse and exquisite ornaments of jasper and marble, and its magnificent dome resting on twelve arches, and supported by as many marble pilasters. Near to it is the *Capilla de las Reyes* (Chapel of the Epiphany), where lie the ashes of Ferdinand and Isabella. There I visited the Alcahiceria, or Moorish bazaar, where two hundred small shops still offer their wares, as in the days of Abu Abdalla. The colleges, squares, and fountains afforded more than enough to engage and delight me till the afternoon; their fuller examination afterwards occupied many a well-spent hour, whose pleasant memories come full upon me as I pen down these fragmentary notes. On my return to the hostelry, a repast of tea and delicious cheesecakes appeased my sharpened appetite. I had purposely delayed visiting Granada's chief glory, the Alhambra, the abiding memorial of its Arabian grandeur, till sunset, when both it and the adjoining palace of the Generalife, robed in the shadows of a southern twilight, are seen to the greatest advantage.

Never fond, at the best of times, of the company of officious *ciceroni*, I determined to make my evening ramble alone, trusting to my own knowledge, scanty though it was, of the history and traditions of the place, for all that was necessary to enable me to wander intelligently and pleasurably over these relics of a brave and noble people, who had rolled like a living, resistless wave into Spain, from their desert homes in Asia, conquered, flourished, and then passed away for ever.

The streets were nearly deserted as I sallied forth from the inn. Passing along the *Calle de los Gomeles*, or Street of the Gomeles, I went out at the *Puerta de los Granadas*, or Pomegranate Gate, and took the middle of the three paths into which the road divides itself. This soon brought me to a thick grove of elm trees, which clothed the side of the rugged hill nearly up to the walls of the fortress. Following the winding path, I soon found myself, on emerging from the wood, close by the fountain of Charles V., which plays upon a kind of natural terrace, the view from which amply repaid me for the short fatigue of the ascent. Continuing the rugged walk, I reached the *Puerta de la Justicia*, or Gate of Judgment, where, in the palmy days of Arab power, justice was administered after the custom of the East. It is an old square tower, the horseshoe arch of which, though built more than five centuries ago (as an Arabic inscription upon it tells), remains a perfect specimen of this style of architecture. Once through this gate, I was within the boundaries of the Alhambra. Passing round the barbican, I entered the *Plaza de los Algibes* (Square of the Cisterns), whence I crossed into the *Patio de los Leones* (Court of the Lions), from which a narrow staircase on the left brought me to the summit of the Tower of Comaces.

Grand, rather than lovely, was the view which burst upon me as I approached the battlements, and cast my eyes over the scene below. The pencil of Claude Lorraine alone could do justice to it. Far off lay the glorious pile of the Sierra Nevada, their snowy summits now tinged with a golden hue by the rays of the setting sun. From this aerial treasury of snow, stretched out a long chain of fertile and sequestered valleys, joining in the Vega, and forming one huge garden, studded at intervals with groves of olive trees, and blooming in perpetual verdure up to the very walls of Granada. Mountain, wood, and river combined to form a landscape of transcendant grandeur. Below me lay the city, spread out like a map; high above its white palaces rose the Gothic dome of the Cathedral, hovering like a guardian angel over castles, towers, churches, and all around. The evening bustle in the Almeda had not yet begun, and the only sounds which broke in upon the silence of the scene were the silver voice of a convent bell, summoning to vespers, and the tinkle of a solitary guitar, keeping time, as it were, with the rippling of the Darro, as it wound its narrow course through the plain below. To my right were the tall white towers of the Generalife, the old summer palace of the Moorish kings, rising up from the groves of fig-trees and aloes which clothed the mountain side. At their base flowed the quiet waters of the Jerril, on their course to the Guadalquiver; and the murmurings of the stream, broken at intervals by huge stones in its channel, were borne like soft music on the perfumed air, and filled my mind with the most delicious feelings. Around and above me rose the other towers of the Alhambra, piled one on the other in fantastic array. Portions of the pile were crumbling to ruins, from the effects of those earthquakes by which Granada has been so often visited; but the massive battlements which had escaped seemed strong and firm as when first raised in 1273. But I cannot note each feature in the magnificent picture; the whole formed one grand panorama of rocky mountain, fertile valley, Moorish towers, blooming groves, and Gothic domes, not to be equalled in beauty from Gibraltar to the Pyrenees.

I sat down on the broken wall—for the tower of the Arabian architect had not escaped altogether uninjured—and remained gazing and listening to the quiet music of

nature which rose up soothingly around me, till I almost fell into a trance of exquisite rapture. A kind of pleasure-cloud fell over my senses, and I was carried back into the past, and heard, in imagination, the ancient halls below me echo the heavy tread of mailed warriors and the clamour of drums and trumpets, as the Moslem host prepared to do battle for the integrity of their last province in Spain. I saw the last monarch of a dynasty which had ruled for seven centuries, in full divan, sending forth his scornful defiance to the investing myriads of Ferdinand and Isabella, and was present, in fancy, at the long ten years' siege during which the sons of Islam held out against overpowering numbers, and were rent by the broils of contending factions. I saw the crescent float for the last time over the towers of Granada, and beheld the Moslem king pass out with his mournful *cortége* through the *Punta de los Molinos* (Gate of the Mills), and wending his slow and melancholy way across the Vega to the Hill of Tears. There I saw them halt. Every eye was turned back upon the beloved scene around which so many tender memories clustered. Loud was the wail which burst from the exiles, as they took their last look and bid farewell to Granada. Then gushed the tears from the eyes of the ill-starred king. The place is still called "*El ultimo suspico del Moro*,"—THE LAST SIGH OF THE MOOR. How long this illusion might have lasted I know not, had it not been dispelled by the heavy footfall of some one behind me. On turning round somewhat in alarm—for it was now late in the evening, and the moon was far up in the heavens—I recognised, in the disturber of my reverie, one of the old invalids by whom the fortress is nominally garrisoned.

"*Dios guarde à usted, caballero*," (God preserve you, cavalier), said the veteran, accompanying this usual greeting of a stranger in Spain with a military salute.

"*Va usted con Dios*," (God be with you), said I, making the customary reply.

As I spoke Spanish with tolerable facility, I was soon *tête-à-tête* with the old soldier, and found him endowed with all a Spaniard's belief in, and love for, the marvellous. He was a native of Granada, and was profoundly versed in the legendary lore of the Alhambra. Like an orthodox Andalusian, he had tales of wonder and horror about almost every cliff, hall, and tower within its boundaries. Pointing to a small tower which had been a Moorish ataloya, or watch tower, perched upon a cliff halfway up the hill of the Generalife, he told how the tiger-hearted Aben Hassam, in a fit of frenzied jealousy, had confined his queen and her infant son, Boabdil, whom he would have sacrificed to his fury, had not the wronged mother lowered the child from the tower in the night, and sent him in the care of a trusty slave to Guadix; purchasing the safety of her son at the expense of aggravated cruelties to herself. Coming back to the tower in which we were, he told how the same Boabdil, after the death of his father and his own accession to the vacant throne, in a transport of passion, murdered with his own hand, his sister and her two children, in the dungeons beneath where we sat—both of which tales being, as were nearly all he related, entirely destitute of historical basis.

The old warrior's cigarillo, which I had given him, being smoked out, we each lighted a second, and prepared to descend, after I had taken another look at Granada, whose white palaces and convents seemed sleeping as it were, in the silvery moonlight. Passing across the Court of Lions, we entered the *Sala de los Abencerrages* (the Hall of the Abencerrages), where my credulous conductor pointed out the blood of these murdered warriors upon the white marble of the still playing fountain. From this scene of traditional massacre, we passed into the Hall of the Two Sisters, beneath the floor of which vast piles of Moorish gold lies buried under a magic spell—at least so said my companion. Few places in this once favourite abode of the Moorish sovereigns, give a more complete idea of its original magnificence than this. The pale moonlight which entered through the cupola above, showed me the beauty of its internal adornments. The upper part of the walls was faced with fine stucco work and fanciful arabesques of the most exquisite workmanship, and richly painted with the most brilliant and enduring colours; whilst the lower part was incrusted with beautiful Moorish tiles, on which were emblazoned the escutcheons of the Moorish kings—these remain, but their owners, alas! have passed away for ever!

"A noble and a great people were the Moors," I soliloquized, the early associations of Arabian romance coming full upon me, as I gazed upon these glorious relics of the past, and forgot, for the time, that I was not alone.

"Ah, senor, but the infidels were leagued with Satan," interposed the superstitious invalid disapprovingly, and devoutly crossing himself as he spoke. "I have often heard Padre Miguel tell my father how the Evil One, mounted upon a black war-steed, went before their armies when they conquered Spain, routing the Christian warriors by his own invisible legions, and not by the courage of his infidel allies. Santa Maria! a great people like the Spaniards

could never have been beaten otherwise Whether the holy father was right, senor, *Dios sabe* (God knows), but I am inclined to think he was, for Jozé Ferrol, the most honest and truth-loving muleteer in Granada, saw what proved it to be true; but you would laugh, senor, and would say he only fancied it, if I told you what he did see.

"*De mingún módo, amigo mio*" (by no means, my friend); "but your cigarillo is done, take another and proceed," said I, offering him a third.

"Well, senor, it was about this time of the year, long ago, when I was a boy, that Jozé Ferrol led his mule, after sunset, to the mountains, for ice and snow, just as his successors in the trade do now; you can see their fires from where you sit," said the old soldier, pointing through the narrow casement to some lights twinkling in the distance along the dark base of the Sierra Nevada. "When he had filled the panniers of his mule, he sat down by one of the fires, for it was cold work, and the night air was chill. Wearied by his toil, he soon fell asleep, leaving the burthened mule browsing beside him, with those of the other carriers who had come with him. When he awoke he was alone. His companions had gone, taking his mule in their train. The moon was still shining brightly, but he knew that it must be far on in the night, so, gathering his cloak tightly round him, he set off for Granada, the tall spires of which he saw gleaming far off in the moonlight. He had crossed the Vega, and was turning round the cliff, on the top of which you see yon ruined tower, when, Santa Maria! a great army came winding along the ravine before him. He rubbed his eyes, fancying that he was mistaken, but no, on came the glittering spears and pennants of the spectre vanguard. He tried to turn and fly, but his legs refused to carry him; he felt as if chained to the spot by some unseen power. Well, senor, the Moslem warriors, cased in their bright shining armour, drew nigh, and at their head rode a mailed knight, with closed vizor, on a jet-black war-horse, whose eyes gleamed like coals of fire, and from his wide nostrils rolled forth columns of hot, sulphurous smoke. Close behind waved the royal banner of the keys and crescent, and the king himself, surrounded by his guards, came on, mounted on his cream-coloured charger, which was covered with trappings of cloth of gold, that glittered brightly in the moonshine. Then passed on whole squadrons of prancing cavalry, armed with lance and scymitar, some seeming to clash the zell or sound the clarion, others to beat drums or strike cymbals, yet making no sound; next followed the foot-soldiers, moving slowly past in thick, serried lines, column after column, without noise, and all looking pale as death. Jozé Ferrol gave himself up for lost. When the last of the hobgoblin army had disappeared behind the cliff, he fainted. How long he continued insensible he knew not, for when he came to himself the sun was far up in the heavens. When he reached Granada, still suffering from the effects of his fright, and told what he had seen, nearly everybody laughed at him; some said he had fallen asleep a second time and dreamed it, others thought it was a wilful fabrication; only a few believed him, but Padre Miguel was one of them, and I am satisfied in my own mind that Jozé Ferrol saw all that he told,—but, *buenas noches, senor* (good night, sir), I am keeping you," for I looked at my watch and found that it was near midnight, as the veteran threatened to treat me to his own inferences from the muleteer's adventure. So, asking him to meet me in the same place on the morrow, when I hoped to visit the other parts of the fortress and hear more of his legendary wonders, I returned to Granada, and dreamed of nothing but Boabdil El Chico and his warriors till morning.

It is fortunate that I have come to a stopping-point, for, after many asthmatic premonitions, my candle has shot up its last glimmer out of the socket, and the grey dawn is breaking in upon me amongst the chimney pots; so, with many thanks for your patience, gentle reader, *à Dios!* till we meet again.

RENOVATION.

The flowers that seem to perish
When storms of winter come,
Returning spring will cherish,
Again to life and bloom;
And gentle hopes that lighted
The heart of many a pain,
Though for a season blighted,
May live and cheer again.

AN AMERICAN UPON ENGLISH REFORMS AND REFORMERS.

By H. B. Staunton.

LIFE, SERVICES, AND CHARACTER OF DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Every page of Ireland's history during the present century bears the name of Daniel O'Connell. He occupied a first place among the persons who have recently figured in European affairs, and was one of the most celebrated orators of our times. His death produced a profound sensation in two hemispheres. Though his character, like that of all men who leave a deep impress on their age, has been variously estimated by those who, on the one hand, received his warm sympathy and powerful support, or, on the other, encountered his fierce reprobation and vigorous opposition, yet all classes of friends and foes concurred in the sentiment that a master spirit had ceased to influence human affairs.

Mr. O'Connell was born August 4, 1774. He was admitted to the Dublin bar at a time when Curran, one of the most witty, graceful, and brilliant advocates that ever swayed a jury, and Plunkett, one of the most eloquent lawyers that ever addressed a bench, were in the zenith of their fame. It is sufficient proof of the ability and skill of young O'Connell to say, that he had been at the bar but a year or two before he was surrounded by a large circle of clients, and had won victories over each of the eminent barristers I have named. But it was not possible for a mind composed of such fervid elements as his to be confined within the purlieus of the courts, looking after the minor interests of John Doe and Richard Roe; and it soon became evident that he was to mingle with the sober duties of the lawyer the more exciting and less profitable toils of the politician. He came to the bar at one of the most memorable periods of Irish history—the year ninety-eight—when the "United Irishmen" struck an unsuccessful blow for the independence of their country. The leaders of the rebellion were arrested for high treason. The life-blood of the chivalrous Robert Emmet was poured out on the scaffold. Several of his compatriots, after suffering cruel imprisonments, and wandering, as exiles, through Europe, reached America, where they were received with open arms by the friends of freedom. The rebellion of ninety-eight resulted in the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland. Against this measure Mr. O'Connell, in company with a majority of his countrymen, uttered a solemn protest. His first political speech was made in opposition to the proposed act, the repeal of which occupied so prominent a place in the efforts of his declining years. His speech, pronounced before the congregated thousands of Dublin, is said not to have been surpassed for power of argument, severity of invective, and splendour of declamation, by any of his later displays on the same subject. His young soul welled up from full fountains as he pourtrayed this final degradation which England was about to inflict upon Ireland; and when the deed was done, and he saw the emblems of national independence born away by the conqueror, Hannibal-like, he swore eternal hostility to the oppressor. And most religiously did he perform his vow!

Mr. O'Connell now turned his attention to the civil and ecclesiastical disabilities of the Roman Catholics of the kingdom. To this work he gave up twenty-five of the prime years of his life. To him, not the Catholics only, but the Dissenters of every name in Great Britain, are much indebted for the enlargement of their privileges during the last thirty years. This endeared him to large bodies of Christian men, who widely differed from him in religious opinion, giving him a strong hold, Catholic and agitator though he was, upon liberal Baptists, Congregationalists, and Quakers, who, while repudiating his creed, cherished the principle of toleration for which he contended. Mr. O'Connell regarded Catholic Emancipation as the great achievement of his life; and it was that which won for him the title of "The Liberator of Ireland."

During the Catholic controversy, Mr. O'Connell for once departed from the pacific policy which was the guiding principle of his excited life. Dublin was the central heart whence he sent out agitating pulsations through every artery of the Irish body. The corporation of that city was a high Tory municipality, of the most bigoted and vindictive class. The leader of the emancipationists was often in collision with its members, many of whom encountered his severest attacks. In 1815, Mr. D'Esterre, a member of the corporation, at the instigation of its leading officers, challenged Mr. O'Connell to personal combat. The parties met, and at the first fire D'Esterre fell, mortally wounded. The successful duellist saw his antagonist stretched on the grass at his feet, gasping in death. The awful spectacle left an abid-

ing abhorrence of blood on the sensitive mind of O'Connell. Twenty-five years later he inscribed on the Repeal banner his memorable saying, "No political change is worth the shedding of one drop of human blood." His remorse for the D'Esterre tragedy brought forth fruits meet for repentance. During their lives, he contributed liberally to the support of the widow and children of the man whom he had slain.

After the death of Grattan, Ireland had no champion in the British Senate, to give utterance to the emotions that swelled her full heart. The Emancipation Act of 1829 opened the doors of the House of Commons to Mr. O'Connell. Born and cradled in Ireland, he had grown up with her people, an Irishman of the Irishmen. He landed on the eastern shore of St. George's Channel the same man as when the spires of Dublin faded from his eye in the western horizon. He carried with him a name endeared in every cabin from Coleraine to Cork, and familiar to statesmen in England and throughout Europe. Widely as he was known, he was known only as an Irishman; and his reputation was, in its kind, purely Irish. To his dying day he gloried in the epithet early bestowed upon him in Parliament, and which, though intended as a reproach, he converted into a talisman—"The member for all Ireland."

A new field was now opened before him. Grattan, alluding to Flood's failure in the English Parliament, said: "An oak of the forest is too old to be transplanted at fifty." Though O'Connell was fifty-four when he entered that body, his parliamentary career, covering eighteen years, was of the most sturdy growth. His speeches in support of the Reform Bill rank with the ablest which that controversy called forth. He threw his soul into the cause of Negro Emancipation, fighting side by side, in and out of Parliament, with Wilberforce, Clarkson, Buxton, Brougham, Lushington, till the slave became a man. He early embraced the doctrine of immediate and unconditional emancipation, and was among the few members who voted against the delusive scheme of apprenticeship. He united with Sturge, Wardlaw, and Scoble, in the subsequent movement that restored to the apprentices the full rights of British subjects. At the outset of the enterprise, he gave his voice and vote in favour of the leading principles of the Chartists, and was among the earliest advocates of Rowland Hill's plan of cheap postage. He joined George Thompson in pourtraying the wrongs of British India and denouncing the crimes of its oppressors, and was an able supporter of the doctrines and measures of the Anti-Corn-Law League.

The member for all Ireland gave a large share of his thoughts to Irish affairs. Regarding the abolition of the Irish Parliament as one of the chief sources of the national suffering, he consecrated the last ten years of his life to efforts for the Repeal of the Union. The means employed were the same as those by which he obtained Emancipation—Popular Agitation. The Repeal excitement, which was soothed for a time by the conciliatory course of the Melbourne Government, broke out with increased intensity when Sir Robert Peel rose to power in 1841-2. In the latter year "Repeal!" resounded from every parish in the island. The next year saw the "Monster Meetings," when the assembled populace, which swayed to the inspiring eloquence of the Liberator, was measured by acres. The Government was alarmed. Just previous to a grand demonstration at Clontarf, O'Connell, and five others, were arrested for conspiring to change the laws of the realm by intimidation. The trials, which consumed nearly the whole of January, 1844, resulted in the conviction of most of the defendants. O'Connell, when brought up for sentence, pronounced an able and dignified protest against the proceedings. He was adjudged to pay a fine of £2,000, be imprisoned one year, and give sureties to keep the peace for seven. He brought a writ of error to the House of Lords. In the meantime he was sent to the Richmond Penitentiary. The Lords reversed the judgment. After spending three months in prison, where his "cell" was fitted up and filled like the presence-chamber of a king, and his "confinement" consisted in walking among arbours and parterres that "a Shenstone might have envied," he was released, and, mounted on a triumphal car, rode in state to his residence in Dublin, attended by uncounted thousands of his shouting countrymen. In the frenzy of its joy, Conciliation-hall declared that "The Liberator had driven the car of Repeal through the Monster Indictment."

Darker skies were gathering over O'Connell. The pacific tenor of his agitations had thwarted the Government. The magic of his name had prevented any overt act of violence by vast assemblies of his excited countrymen. The sub-leaders became impatient of delay, assumed a defiant tone, and demanded that the non-resistant doctrines of O'Connell be repudiated by the National Repeal Association. Then arose "Young Ireland." Then came strife and division, one party clinging to, the other separating from, the great leader. The alienation of large numbers of his friends overtaking him when his powers were impaired by years of exhausting toil, broke

the spirit of the old man, undermined his constitution, and compelled him to repair to the Continent to resuscitate his waning health and drooping heart. But he left the field of exertion too late. His energies rapidly declined; death overtook him while on his weary pilgrimage; his eye saw the sun for the last time in a foreign sky; and he slept his final sleep far from the land which gave him birth, and from that ocean by whose side his cradle was rocked. He died at Genoa, on his way to Rome, May 16, 1847, in the 63rd year of his age. The stroke that felled him to the earth sent a pang through many a heart in every country where humanity has a dwelling-place; for his sympathies, like his reputation, were world-wide. He had delivered his own countrymen from the bonds of ecclesiastical tyranny, and had pleaded for the victims of a hellish traffic on the shores of Africa, for the swarthy serfs of British cupidity on the banks of the Ganges, for the persecuted Jews of ancient Damascus, and for the stricken slaves in the isles of the Caribbean Sea and in the distant States of America.

In respect to Mr. O'Connell's general course as a public man, it may be said that he did not belong to the ascetic school of politicians. He was not exempt from trick and artifice in attaining his ends, and was lavish in promising to do for his followers what he must have known he could not perform. Indeed, he was something of a demagogue. In honesty of purpose, he ranks with the better class of great public leaders; and if this be not saying much, it is saying more than can be uttered of the body. He is a rare man who is worthy to be ranked among the exceptions to bad general rules. The objects to which he devoted his political life were the noblest that can move the hearts of men. He that has never employed questionable means to secure even such ends may cast the first stone at Daniel O'Connell.

Mr. O'Connell had a massive frame, capable of enduring great fatigue, and he was one of the most industrious and laborious of men. His manners were cordial and frank; his social qualities genial and winning; and he was singularly affectionate as a husband and a father. It was only in the fierce conflicts of partisan strife, when challenged by some strong provocation, that the unlovely and almost vindictive traits of his nature were displayed. Then, the man who, an hour before, had been all gentleness and good humour—caressing his grandchildren with womanly fervour, or, in his seat in the Commons, affectionately holding the hand of his son for a half hour together—now opened that terrible battery of invective which he so well knew how to employ, and covered his foe with a storm of fire.

He possessed a mind of uncommon native vigour, trained by a complete education, and enlarged with a knowledge of men and things varied and ample. The versatility of his genius, his extensive information, and his capacity to adapt himself to the matter under discussion or the audience before him, were surprising.

As a popular orator, before mixed assemblies, our age has rarely seen his equal. So good a judge as John Randolph pronounced him the first orator in Europe. Every chord of the human bosom lay open to his touch, and he played upon its passions and emotions with a master's hand. He could subdue his hearers to tears by his pathos, or toss them into laughter by his humour. His imagination could bear them to a giddy height on its elastic wing, or he could enchain their judgment by the strong links of his logic. He could blanch their cheek as he painted before their eyes some atrocity red with blood, or he could make them hold their sides as he related some broad Irish anecdotes fresh from Cork. He could excoriate an antagonist with invective, or roast him alive before a slow fire of sarcasm. When his indignation was fully roused, he boiled like a volcano; yet there was no excess of action or noise, but an eruption whose lava consumed all before it. His recital of facts charmed like a romance, and his appeals to the sympathies, uttered in a musical voice and the richest brogue of his native island, were tender and subduing.

No actor ever excelled him in reflecting the workings of the mind through the windows of the countenance. He *looked* every sentiment as it fell from his lips.

Like most other rare men who have acted conspicuous parts in turbulent times, he had great faults, eminent virtues, crowds of enemies, troops of friends. His flatterers have rarely called him a statesman. In truth, he was neither a good statesman, nor a bad statesman, but simply a bold and generally successful political agitator. He grappled with questions that shook empires; led the van in many a contest against despotism; was indebted in no small degree for his victories to the rottenness of the institutions he assailed. All right-minded and liberal-hearted men will ascribe his defects partly to the evil times in which he lived, partly to a hasty temper and an indomitable pride of opinion, while to a large extent they will be attributed to a generous and impulsive nature, impatient of unmeasured abuse and unreasonable opposition. Impartial history will record that

his fury was usually poured out on the heads of meanness, fraud, injustice, and oppression; that he was the friend, the champion, the brother, of depressed and outraged manhood, irrespective of clime, colour, or creed; and that wherever humanity writhed under the heel of tyranny, there were found the glowing heart and trumpet voice of Daniel O'Connell, sympathising with the victim and rebuking the tyrant.

ELEVEN TRIADS.

I.

THREE Furies are there—Fear, Remorse, and Hate,
That vex, with iron hands, our mortal state,
Yet are they guardians of a heavenly gate.

II.

Three Graces are our stars—Love, Beauty, Truth—
Primeval sisters bright in endless youth,
That cheer man's slavish toils with peace and ruth.

III.

Young Abel lies a wreck in childless death;
Cain withers in his own envenomed breath;
Yet hopeful Eve is yearning still for Seth.

IV.

Faith, Hope, and Love together work in gloom;
What Faith believes, Hope shapes in form and bloom,
And Love sends forth to daylight from the tomb.

V.

To hide the life of man in leprous crust,
Three Gorgons are there, bred from Hell's dark lust,
Potent of death—Despair, Self-scorn, Distrust.

VI.

The rain that wets the summer leaves,
The beam that dries, the wind that heaves,
Each gives a charm, and each receives.

VII.

Three Destinies are throned o'er all supreme—
Life, Death, and Growth. Wide shapes of cloud they seem,
Yet rule each starry age and moment's dream.

VIII.

Thought, Feeling, Will—by these myself I know;
Not some thin vision's transitory show—
Not slave, but subject of all joy and woe.

IX.

Three Nations are there in the world of old,
Who, from their graves, all earth's dominions hold—
The Jew devout, wise Greek, and Roman bold.

X.

Three Growths from seeds, without man's call, appear—
Grain, Flower, and Tree: one gives his body's cheer,
One decks his bride, one yields his roof and bier.

XI.

Prose, Song, and Gabble, are three modes of speech,
The only ones on earth for all and each,
Sense, Essence, Nonsense, as they can, to teach.

OMNIANA.—BY PARSON FRANK.

(§12.)—Did the ancients know anything about the cirulation of the blood? There are certainly passages in some of their extant "remains," which point to such knowledge, and which must sound curious to those who identify the doctrine solely and exclusively with Harvey. For instance; Hipprocrates taught, two thousand years ago, that the heart is the source of the arteries, which carry blood into all parts of the body, communicating to them life and heat; and that they are the rivulets, always in motion, which cherish the human body, and convey life to every part of man. He compared the "course of rivers which return to their sources in an unaccountable and extraordinary manner, to the circulation of the blood *(haimatos periodon)*;"—and remarked that, "when the bile enters into the blood, it breaks its consistence and disorders its regular course." Plato, again, said, that "from the heart sprang the veins and blood, which, with rapidity, carries itself into all parts," adding, that when the blood thickens, it flows with more difficulty through the veins. Similar passages are to be found in Aristotle, Julius Pollux, and other venerable gentlemen, who are ordinarily presumed to be guiltless of all or any implication in knowledge of this sort. The authorities are cited from the original, in that curious book, DUTENS' *Inquiry into the Origin of the Discoveries attributed to the Moderns*, (Part III. chap. 3)—a book which, with all its one-sidedness, crotchets, and all its special pleadings, contains information of an always interesting and frequently startling character.

(§13.)—A very favourite quotation from Shakspere is that in Macbeth on ambition:—

> "Vaulting ambition overleaps itself,
> And falls on the other side."

But what does this mean? What kind of figure is presented to our fancy in these words? Ambition personified is seen performing a rather singular evolution, to imitate which might puzzle the gymnasiasts on Primrose-hill—that is to say, overleaping its own proper self, and falling on the other side of itself—a feat as curious as if a man were to play at leap-frog over his own back, and in so doing tumble and roll a yard or two from his own person. Can this have been Shakspere's meaning? If not, what is the correct interpretation, or, better still, the true reading? One of our most learned critics has proposed the following very plausible emendation, the extent of which is confined to a single letter:—

> "Vaulting ambition overleaps its *sell*,
> And falls on the other side"—

sell being the same as *saddle*. The figure is then clear and consistent—(though one must not say *self*-consistent, remembering the ordinary reading.)

(§14).—Very few readers have a system of reading—and this is especially true of those who have not been privileged to pass through a system of education. They do not study line upon line and precept upon precept—but only here a little and there a little. As Bentley said of Warburton, they have a large appetite, but a very bad digestion. They accumulate facts, but do not arrange them. An ingenious writer (in "Guesses at Truth") illustrates the difference between *desultory reading* and a *course of study* by comparing the former to a number of mirrors set in a straight line, so that every one of them reflects a different object, the latter to the same mirror so skilfully arranged as to perpetuate one set of objects in an endless series of reflections.

(§15.)—If we were each and all constrained to select a dozen authors, and confine ourselves to them for life, what a perplexity most of us would be in! The act of selection could not but be distressing in proportion to our love of literature. Southey, with that sharp, definite, decided spirit which so distinguished him, had

made up *his* mind what twelve authors to choose—had he been compelled to exchange for that number the fourteen thousand volumes which composed his Keswick library. These twelve were as follows:—Shakspere, Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Lord Clarendon, Jackson, Jeremy Taylor, South, Isaac Walton, Sidney's Arcadia, Fuller's Church History, and Sir Thomas Brown. A man's own intellectual and moral characteristics might be pretty fairly judged by his choice in this matter, if that choice were candidly and deliberately made. It seems probable, as well as possible, that no two men would draw up exactly the same list. One would like to compare the lists of such genuises as Charles Lamb and Stuart Mill, Tennyson the poet and Macaulay the historian, Wordsworth the *unbookish* and Jeffrey the *helluo librorum*, Leigh Hunt the cheerful and Carlyle the saturnine. Were Mr. Speaker to call upon sundry M.P.'s, to compare notes in the same way, what an amusing discrepancy of choice would be the result! Fancy examining the list of Mr. Roebuck after that of Mr. Newdegate—or collating those of Messrs. Plumptre and W. J. Fox, or Cobden and Disraeli, or Osborne and Sibthorp, or Lord Arundel and Mr. Brotherton, or George Hudson and Sir W. Molesworth. Half-a-dozen pairs of this sort would select rather more than twelve names amongst them. Twelve times twelve would be much nearer the mark.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION UNVISITED.

A LETTER FROM DANIEL WINTERCOUGH, YEOMAN, TO JOHN SMITH, DRAPER'S ASSISTANT.

My drar Grandnephew,—I have this day completed my eighty-seventh year, and I am proud to say that the opinions I started in life with I retain to this day. I have read your foolish letters to your cousin, and I regret to see that a young fellow like you, who should and ought to know better, is carried away by the popular rage for that great ugly hothouse in Hyde-park. I hav'n't seen it myself, I am glad to say, and I don't mean. At my age a man despises such gewgaws. Why, even down here, if everybody is not mad about getting up to London, inquiring about the cheap trains and return-tickets; as if they couldn't go, if they must go, by the wagon or the stage-coach! Ah, John, these are sad times we live in, and the country is going to the dogs! In my time, when I was a young man, farmers used to be content to till their land in a good old-fashioned way, as their forefathers did before them; but, now-a-days, here's nothing will do for them but they must have foreign manure, and all manner of chemical rubbish, about the place, besides steam-engines and new-fangled contrivances to supersede the plough and the spade. And these are the men who go up to the Great Exhibition. Great Exhibition, indeed! great humbug! I'm sick and tired of hearing about the Chrystal Palace, as people down here call it; and as for the newspapers, you can't take up one but you are bored to death about the Koh-i-noor diamond and the Greek Slave. Why, if I had my way, women should n't be allowed to look at such things; it only gives them expensive notions. Better they'd be thinking about making butter and cheese, and mending their husbands' stockings. There's the *Independent Spectator*, published in the next town—why, if they don't employ a man to report all the goings-on in London; and every week we have about three columns wasted in froth about the "Great Industrial Bazaar" and the "Festival of Labour." I should like to know what they, or the people who go there to see and be seen, care about labourers? If they did, our poor-rates would n't be so high. And, at the same, they neglect all mention of the meeting of the parish guardians, or the commutation of tithes hereabouts. And so it is with the folk everywhere you go. They've all got their heads full o' nonsense about the good the Exhibition will do to trade; and one young fellow here, a clerk to a lawyer and a 'cute chap in the main, has actually made a calculation that if ten million people go to London this summer, and they spend fifty shillings each in riding, and three pound ten in eating and drinking, that there will be a clear profit to the railway companies and the London tradesmen of upwards of twenty-three million five hundred thousand pounds. And he stated all this so positively at the Club, that some of the oldest frequenters began to be of his opinion. Well, of course I was not going to give up in that way to a young

fellow who had only been about twelve months in the village ; so down I went to the club the next night. There was my gentleman, spouting away about the grand results of the meeting of the nations, and the fine things that were to come about from the fusion of interests between foreigners and Englishmen, and a lot of nonsense of that sort. But I was prepared for him, for I carried down with me a copy of the *Old English Gentleman*, one of the best and most consistent newspapers of the day.

"Gentlemen," said I, as soon as my opinion was asked, "I always said that 'the Great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations,' as folks call it, would prove a failure, and it has." "Hear, hear," cried several of my old friends and tenants ; and then I went on, and I think in about half an hour I silenced them pretty well. I told them, John, what I now tell you—that instead of all this fuss and bother about filling a large glass house with silks, and cottons, and machinery, and furniture, and what not, doing us any good as a nation, the inevitable effect will be, that the foreigners will come over and copy all there is worth copying, and so we shall lose the little trade that we have ; while, on the other hand, they will bring over a parcel of finery and statues, for which we shall pay in hard cash, and so find another outlet for our gold—as if it was not bad enough already to have our markets flooded with foreign corn, to the depression of our home manufactures, and the total ruin of that fine sample of breeding, the British farmer. But look at the thing in the proper light, and you will soon discover that I am right. How *can* it benefit us to have a lot of foreigners prying into our affairs, and finding out how we spin our cotton and weave our silk ? It's quite madness altogether ; and I wonder how any thinking people can countenance it. Of course, I don't go altogether the length of Colonel Sibthorp, and wish the place to fall about the ears of the visitors ; but this I do believe, that no good will come of it. It can't—it isn't natural.

And then, John, as to the expectations of the London people, why my paper tells me that everybody is disappointed, and that though London is full of people, there is no business doing ; and that all the money that *is* spent is spent in living and lodging. Of course it is, I knew it would be so. There never was a madder thing than this Exhibition. Fifty thousand people a day go to the Crystal Palace, you tell me ; well, suppose they do, don't you think they would be better at home minding their own business ? *I* don't mean to come to London, so don't ask me. I hav' n't patience with folks, they are so carried away by trifles.

Your cousin Jessie tells me that I should like to see the specimens of agricultural implements exhibited, and that I should be pleased with the raw produce—as if I had not enough of both at home ; but women *will* talk. Once more, John, mark my words ; if the whole affair does not turn out a failure, my name is not

DANIEL WINTERCOUGH.

P.S.—By-the-bye, neighbour Giles has just called in to say that he saw a new clod crusher, which was intended for the show. Our clods here, in Wiltshire, want a good deal of attention ; I wish you would look at it, if you should go again, and let me know what it is like.

Oatlands Farm, Wilts, June 25th, O.S.

INDORSEMENT ON THE ABOVE BY THE RECEIVER.

Read Uncle's letter. Dear old gentleman, I am sure he would be pleased if he could only be induced to come up to London. Write to Jessie to persuade him. I think, together, we might change his opinion a little. Like Dr. Johnson, all uncle's roughness is outside. Nothing of the bear in him but the skin. J. S.

SECRETS OF COMFORT.—Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.

REFRESHING BEVERAGES FOR SUMMER.

First, Water, good and cheap.—Put a gallon of clear, sweet, cold water into a jar, pitcher, or stone bottle, and wrap the vessel well round with a towel or coarse cotton, two or three folds thick, to be kept constantly wet with cold water. The evaporation of the water contained in the wrapping will carry off the heat from the inside, and reduce it almost to a freezing point. In India, and other tropical climes, where ice cannot be procured, this mode of cooling wine, water, &c. is commonly employed. If mechanics and labourers can contrive to have at their places of employment two pitchers thus provided, and with lids and covers, one to contain water for drinking, the other for evaporation, they might always have a supply of cold water in warm weather.

Cheap Imperial Drink. — Peel two lemons, squeeze the juice well out into a gallon pitcher, and put in the rinds. Put in also two ounces of cream of tartar, and six ounces, or perhaps half a pound, of coarse sugar. Then fill the pitcher with water, boiling hot, and set it by. When cold, it will be fit to drink. This is a refreshing drink for invalids also.

Good Ginger Beer.—One ounce and a half of strong *brown* ginger, bruised; one pound and a half of moist sugar; one ounce of cream of tartar; one good-sized lemon, sliced. Boil the bruised ginger and the sugar in two gallons of water for half an hour; then put the sliced lemon and the cream of tartar into a large pan, and pour the hot liquor over them. Stir the whole well round several times, and when it is about bloodwarm put in two table spoonfuls of good yeast. Cover the pan over with a thick cloth, and let it ferment for three or four days, according to the weather, frequently taking off the scum. Strain through a cloth into a two-gallon keg, or stone barrel, and bung it down close. In about a fortnight bottle and cork, tying the corks well down with packthread. This will fill about thirty bottles of the usual size. It will be good for many months. For present use the above is frequently bottled at once from the pan, care being taken to strain it well, and to tie the corks well down. An inferior sort may be made by sweetening with treacle instead of sugar. In that case one pound of treacle will suffice.

Treacle Beer.—Many country people make a refreshing drink, to use at hay and harvest time, as follows:—Boil one ounce of good hops and one ounce of bruised ginger, in two gallons of water for about an hour; strain the liquor off, and sweeten with two pounds of treacle. When cold, put it into a stone bottle. It should be made in the evening, and it will be fit for use the next morning. It should be made every three days. The strength of the hop must be suited to the taste. The ginger may be omitted if desired.

Draught Lemonade.—To one gallon of boiling water put one ounce of cream of tartar, one ounce of tartaric acid, the juice and peel of two lemons, and three quarters of a pound of moist sugar. Strain through flannel or muslin, and when cool add two-pennyworth of essence of lemon. A superior article may be made by using *citric* acid instead of tartaric, and loaf sugar instead of moist. The sweetening is a matter of taste. A beautiful light colouring may be given to the above by a little of an infusion of hay saffron, or powdered cochineal—the former yellow, the latter pink.

COLUMNS FOR THE YOUNG.

FRUGALITY.

Feltham says:—"In expense I would be neither pinching nor prodigal—yet, if my means allow it not, rather thought too sparing than a little profuse. 'Tis no disgrace to make my ability my compass of sail and line to walk by. I see what I may do; others but what I do. They look to what I spend as they think me able; I must look to what my estate will bear; nor can it be safe to strain it at all. 'Tis fit I should respect my own ability before their forward expectation. He that, when he should not, spends too much, shall, when he would not, have too little to spend."

GENEROUS REVENGE.

It is certain that no revenge cuts more keenly than kindness, and acts of kindness and soft words have an irresistible power. "When I was a small boy," says Southey, "there was a black boy in the neighbourhood by the name of Jim Dick. Myself and a number of my playfellows were one evening collected together at our sports, and began by tormenting the poor black, by calling him negro, blackamoor, and other degrading epithets. The poor fellow ap-

peared excessively grieved at our conduct, and soon left us. We soon after made an appointment to go to a skating in the neighbourhood, and on the day of the appointment I had the misfortune to break my skates, and I could not go without borrowing Jim's skates. I went to him, and asked him for them. 'Oh, yes, John; you may have them, and welcome,' was his answer. When I went to return them, I found Jim sitting by the fire in the kitchen, reading the Bible. I told him I had returned his skates, and was under great obligations to him for his kindness. He looked at me as he took his skates, and, with tears in his eyes, said to me, 'John, don't never call me blackamoor again,' and immediately left the room. The words pierced my heart, and I burst into tears, and from that time resolved not to abuse a poor black in future."

What a noble example is here! Who will not imitate this black youth, and oblige those who have unkindly treated them?

GOOD HABITS.

There were four habits which the late excellent Dr. Waugh recommended earnestly in his counsels and by his own example, and which he stated to be essential to the proper management of temporal concerns. These were *punctuality, accuracy, steadiness,* and *despatch.* Without the first, time is wasted, and nothing is done in its proper time and place; without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest, or those of others, may be committed; without the third, nothing can be well done; and without the fourth, opportunities of advantage are lost which it is impossible to recall.

A WELSHMAN'S ADVICE.

Cativy, called "the Wise," gave the following counsel to Tallissin, the chief of bards, when he was his scholar. Cativy was the principal of a college in South Wales that flourished about the fifth century:—

Think before thou speakest—

1st. What thou shalt speak.

2nd. Why thou shouldst speak.

3rd. To whom thou mayest have to speak.

4th. About whom thou art going to speak.

5th. What will become of what thou mayest speak.

6th. What may be the benefit of what thou shalt speak.

7th. Who may be listening to what thou shalt speak.

Put thy words on thy fingers, and before thou speakest, turn these seven ways, and there never will come any harm from what thou shalt say.

Cativy the Wise delivered this to Tallissin on giving him his blessing.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.—No. XVIII.

FRENCH INTO ENGLISH.

Ce qui se (1) fait remarquer (pres. infin.) d'abord, dans les villes (1, f.p.) anglaises.
makes to remark *(to be remarked)* at once towns

(2, f.p.) ce sont les belles *chaussées.* Aussitôt que vous êtes arrivé (past part.) en
paved roads As soon as

Angleterre vous voyez que tout ce qui peut contribuer (pres. infin.) au *bien-être*
sec is able to contribute, to conduce well-being

(1, m.) matériel (2, m.) est *tout-à-fait* *à la portée* (idiom) des classes (1, f.p.) moyennes
material, physical completely *within reach* classes middle

(f.p.) Qu'est ce que c'est que cela? Qu'est ce que le bien-être matériel? Qu'est ce
que vous voulez dire? Qu'est ce qu'il veut dire? Ce que je veux dire c'est
wish to say—mean he wishes I wish

qu'on peut jouir (pres. infin.) du bien-être matériel sans se (1) trouver (pres. infin., 2)
to enjoy to find

heureux. Qu'est ce que c'est que cette institution (f.) là? C'est une école (f.) de
happy institution school

grammaire, où l'on donne des leçons de Latin, &c.
grammar *donner—to give*

In the first sentence of this exercise there is an exemplification of the rule, already mentioned, that when *ce qui* or *ce que* begin the sentence, *c'* must be repeated, and is required to precede the *est* afterwards used in reference to that beginning. In *vous êtes arrivé* you perceive an exception to the principle laid down by us, that

past participles used with *être* as their auxiliary must agree in number and gender with the nominative of that auxiliary. In the instance before us, *vous* is the nominative of the auxiliary *êtes—vous êtes;* and *vous* is the second person plural. Thus strictly speaking, *arrivés* ought to follow, and not *arrivé*. But as *vous* and "you," though plural in French and English, are used in both languages with the meaning of the singular, the phrase becomes an exception to the rule; and therefore the participle, in such instances, is used in the singular, just as if *tu* (thou) were the nominative.

Qu'est ce que c'est que cela? literally, "what is it that it is, that *that*" (*is* understood). In other words, "what is that?" Complicated and far-fetched as the idiom may sound to our ears, it is in constant use. So is the somewhat similar turn which follows—*qu'est ce que le bien-être matériel?* "what is material well-being?" or, literally, "what is it that material well-being (*is*)?" the last word being understood. Thus you would say, *Qu'est ce qu'un cheval?* "what is a horse?" &c.

It is important to distinguish between this term and the other in which *quel* and *quelle* are employed. The former always implies a question of *what*, whereas *which* is generally the gist of the question implied by the latter. "What is a horse?" *qu'est ce qu'un cheval?* "Which is the horse?" *quel est le cheval?* Now observe the two expressions: first, *quel est le courage le plus sublime?* and, secondly, *qu'est ce que le courage le plus sublime?* or, *qu'est ce que c'est que le courage le plus sublime?* The two latter questions mean the same thing, but the former has a distinct and different meaning. The former means "*which* is the sublimest courage?" The latter signify, "*what* is the sublimest courage?" In the one case, we ask which, of various kinds of courage, is the most sublime? but, in the latter case, we seem to have already determined which it is, and to be sneering at its merit, or at least questioning its real character and quality. "*What* is it, after all?"

Qu'est ce que vous voulez dire? "what do you wish to say?" *Que voulez-vous dire?* would be the same. *Vouloir-dire* is the French term for "to mean," &c. *Cela veut dire,* "that means," &c.; *Je veux dire, il veut dire,* "I mean, he means."

Jouir, "to enjoy," requires *de,* or its equivalent, to precede the thing enjoyed: *jouir de la felicité,* "to enjoy felicity;" *en jouir,* "to enjoy it." Thus, *jouir du bien-être,* &c.

Ecole de grammaire. Custom, in such phrases, requires the omission of the definite article; so in the last phrase in the exercise. The *l'* before *on* means nothing, as has been fully explained already: it is introduced, for the sake of euphony, after certain words already enumerated.

ENGLISH INTO FRENCH.

It is very annoying, when *one wishes to sleep,* to be obliged (past part.) to *listen to* the
c'est facheux *on veut dormir* *obliger—to oblige* *écouter*

absurdities of this *madman.* But *it is* always *my* *lot.*
fou (m.) *c'est* *mon* (m.) *sort* (m.)
ma (f.)
mes (m. and f., p.)

Take notice here, that in the phrase *it is,* &c., if the *it* do not refer to some specified matter preceding, but be used in the indeterminate way so common, it is rendered in French by *ce:* "it is well," *c'est bien.*

We resume the list of verbs begun in Lesson XVI. The first verb in each of the following examples requires a *de* to be placed before the Infinitive of the second, no matter what verb the latter may be:—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
I am afflicted (afflict myself) to learn	*Je m' afflige* d'*apprendre*	*zhemaffleezh dapprondr*
I refrain from weeping	*Je m'abstiens* de *pleurer*	*zhemabsteean duplurray*
I affect to be gay	*J'affecte* d'*être gai*	*zhaffect daytr gay*
I take heed to go	*Je m'avise* d'*aller*	*zhemavveez dallay*
I agree to lend	*Je conviens* de *prêter*	*zhe koanveean duprettay*
I fear to look	*Je crains* de *regarder*	*zhe krah(n) drugarday*
I forbid you to come	*Je vous défends* de *venir*	*zhvoo dafond dvenneer*
I challenge him to speak	*Je le défie* de *parler*	*zhe le dafee dupparlay*

The following verbs, on the contrary, require *à* to precede the Infinitive of the second verb with which they may each be used:—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
I learn to sing	*J'apprends à chanter*	*zhapprons ah shauntay*
I make myself ready to travel	*Je m'apprête à voyager*	*zhemmapprate ah voee-ah-zhay*
I expect to see	*Je m'attends à voir*	*zhe mattons ah voo-or*
I authorise you to say	*Je vous autorise à dire*	*zhuvvoos otoreez ah deer*
I amuse myself with drawing	*Je m'amuse à dessiner*	*zhemmamuse ah desseenay*
I excite him to try	*Je l'excite à essayer*	*zhel exceet ah essay-yay*
I encourage him to say	*Je l'anime à dire*	*zhellanneem ah deer*
I apply myself to do	*Je m'applique à faire*	*zhemmappleek ah fair*
I hesitate to believe	*Je balance à croire*	*zhebballonce ah croo-or*

The perfect tense, definite, of the Indicative mood, of *avoir* is :—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
I had	*J'eus*	*zhu*
thou hadst	*tu eus*	*tu ū*
he had	*il eut*	*eel ū*
she had	*elle eut*	*el ū*
we had	*nous eûmes*	*noos ume*
you had	*vous eûtes*	*voos ute*
they had	*ils eurent* / *elles eurent*	*eels ure* / *els ure*

The same tense in *être* is :—

I was	*Je fus*	*zhe fū*
thou wast	*tu fus*	*tu fū*
he was	*il fut*	*eel fū*
she was	*elle fut*	*el fū*
we were	*nous fûmes*	*noo fume*
you were	*vous fûtes*	*voo fute*
they were	*ils furent* / *elles furent*	*eel fure* / *el fure*

The next tense we have to give of the second conjugation of regular verbs is the present tense, conditional mood—taking the verb *avertir* (to admonish), *avertissant* (admonishing), *averti*, m., *avertie*, f. (admonished) :—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
I should or would admonish	*J'avertirais*	*zhavverteeray*
thou shouldst or wouldst admonish	*tu avertirais*	*tu avverteeray*
he should or would admonish	*il avertirait*	*eel avverteeray*
she should or would admonish	*elle avertirait*	*el avverteeray*
we should or would admonish	*nous avertirions*	*noos avverteereeoan*
you should or would admonish	*vous avertiriez*	*voos avverteereeay*
they should or would admonish	*ils avertiraient* / *elles avertiraient*	*eels avverteeray* / *els avverteeray*

Many people are frightened by grammar, or rather by grammars. It appears as if so much were necessary to be learned by heart. For instance, in the indicative and conditional moods of the second conjugation, through the whole of which moods (for all practical intents) we have now gone, there are five other tenses, which we have not given, and need not give. Observe their names : perfect indefinite, pluperfect, perfect anterior, and future anterior (all four belonging to the indicative mood), and the perfect tense of the conditional mood. Now, these tenses the reader knows already without having seen them, for they are formed of the past participle of the verb he wishes to use, combined with the respective parts of the auxiliary verb already learned. Thus (in the order of the tenses just enumerated) : *J'ai averti, tu as averti*, &c. (I have admonished, &c.); *J'avais averti*, &c. (I had admonished, &c.); *J'eus averti*, &c. (I had admonished, &c.); *J'aurai averti*, &c. (I shall have admonished, &c). ; and *J'aurais averti*, &c. (I should have admonished, &c).

The Imperative mood of the same conjugation is :—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
admonish (thy son)	*avertis (ton fils)*	*avvertee toan fee*
let him admonish (his son)	*qu'il avertisse (son fils)*	*keel avverteess soan fee*
let us admonish (our son)	*avertissons (notre fils)*	*avverteessoan noatr fee*
admonish (your son)	*avertissez (votre fils)*	*avverteessay voatr fee*
let them admonish (their son)	*qu'ils avertissent (leur fils)*	*keels avverteess lūr fee*

TO OUR "FRENCH" CORRESPONDENTS.

X. P.—To prevent delay, our students will do well, when they address to us any communication respecting these lessons, to write in small characters in the corner of the envelope or cover of their letter, "French department." We shall thus be enabled to give earlier replies than those which have *seemed* to betoken dilatoriness on our part. The fact is, we have not seen some letters till very considerably after their date.

Bessie.—If, as you say, you have taken this periodical since the French Lessons began, you ought to be under no necessity of asking the question whether females may compete for the prizes; for we have already answered it in the affirmative.

A Pupil.—You are under an unaccountable illusion in imagining that proper names are the same in all languages. We can give you no general rule. You must learn such words like any others. They are, however, many of them, common, and many of them similar.

W. H.—You ask us to explain what we have already explained; and so fully. The figures we use in the exercises denote the proper order in which the words should occur in French. In the French into English, these figures serve no purpose but that of reminder; because the words are already there in the right sequence. But in the English into French, the meaning is this,—that whatever English word is marked with a figure, the corresponding French word should come in the relative place denoted by the figure, as regards the other "figured" words.

Jn. P—t.—Yes: in translating the exercise of No. X. of the Lessons, as we did in No. XII., there is an omission: it is, "and in walking we will sing."

Y. Y. Y.—We have received your prize exercise; and, to prevent mistakes, let each person who sends his attempt to us, watch for a similar acknowledgment of its receipt; otherwise, some one, whose exercise may possibly not have reached us, might hereafter say that he had been deprived of his fair chance of a prize.

Etudiant.—You wish to put into "absolutely correct French" the following words: "These French lessons are not only very useful, but very agreeable." You may say, *ces leçons de francais sont non seulement très utiles, mais très agréables.*

P. P.—How to say, "the town is full of people," and whether *la ville est pleine de monde* would, as "'Kappa' seems to imply," mean some absurdity, such as "the town is in the family-way?" No; it is "Kappa" himself who is absurd, and not the expression. The phrase is wholly and perfectly correct. Be at ease on that head. Indeed, we just chance to light upon some instances in point in the writings of Alexandre Dumas, who, whatever faults he may have on the side of morality, has none in matter of style. He is not only a Frenchman, but one of the most brilliant French writers now living. Well, we find that he says, "*les salons sont pleins de grands seigneurs*" (the drawing-rooms are full of great lords); "*un poisson plein d'arêtes*" (a fish full of bones). Observe here, Dumas speaks actually of an *animal*. Now, "Kappa" would have us believe that *plein*, with reference to animals, necessarily conveys the idea of "pregnant," &c.; and, moreover, he makes this valuable remark in allusion to London. Till then we were not aware that London was an animal: we shall be glad to hear to what genus it belongs—whether it be oviparous, &c.; and, further, whether "Kappa" would translate the words we have just quoted from Dumas thus—"a fish in the family way with bones?"

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

s. noun-substantive ; *a.* adjective ; *ad.* adverb ; *v.* verb ; *v.a.* verb-active ; *v.n.* verb-neuter.

COP'YRIGHT, *s.* the sole right to print and publish a book.

COQUET'TE, *s.* a gay, vain woman, who, by various arts, endeavours to gain admirers; a jilt.

COR'ACLE, *s.* a kind of boat, made by placing painted or oiled leather, or cloth, upon a frame of wicker-work.

COR'ACOID, *s.* a sharp part of the scapula, or shoulder blade; *a.* shaped like a beak.

COR'AL, *s.* a hard, shell-like, marine production; the shells, or cells, of a genus of marine animals, or insects (polypi). There are three kinds of coral, red, white, and black; the red is the most valued.

COR'ALLINE, *s.* a sea plant formed by insects.

CORB, *s.* a basket used in collieries.

COR'BAN, *s.* an alms basket; a gift; an alms.

COR'BEILS, *s.* in *fortification*, baskets of earth.

COR'BEL, *s.* in *architecture*, the representation of a basket; a short piece of timber projecting from a wall; a niche for figures.

CORDELIE'R, *s.* a Franciscan, or grey friar.

COR'DIAL, *s.* in *medicine*, any warm stimulant that tends to raise the spirits and promote the circulation. The principal cordial medicines are the aromatised tinctures. The use of most of these, except in extreme cases, is insidious and destructive.

COR'DON, *s.* (*French*) in *fortification*, a row of stones jutting out before the rampart; a *military* term to denote a line of posts and sentries placed around a district or town to prevent any communication between it and the rest of the country. A *cordon sanitary* is a line drawn round any place in which an infectious or contagious disease is prevalent, for the purpose of preventing its spread by means of visitors.

CORDOVA'N, *s.* a kind of Spanish leather.

CORDUROY', *s.* stout corded cotton cloth.

CORD'WAINER, COR'DINER, *s.* a shoemaker. The word is derived from *Cordovan*, the soft tanned leather used for the upper part of shoes, which was first brought from Cordova, in Spain, where it was manufactured by the Moors.

CORD'WOOD, *s.* wood tied up for firing.

CORE'A, *s.* a large peninsula on the eastern coast of Asia, whose sovereign is tributary to the Emperors of China and Japan, but otherwise independent.

CORIN'THIAN, *a.* relating to the Corinthian order, or to the dissolute manners of ancient Corinth. The Corinthian Order is the name of the fourth order in architecture.

CORK, *s.* the soft, elastic bark, of a kind of oak (Quercus) growing in Spain and Portugal.

COR'NEA, *s.* the transparent membrane on the forepart of the ball of the eye.

CORNE'LIAN, *s.* a precious stone.

COR'NEOUS, *a.* horny, resembling horn.

COR'NET, *s.* a musical instrument; the officer who bears the standard of a troop of horse.

COR'NICE, *s.* the uppermost ornament of a wall or wainscoat; the top of a column.

COR'NICLE, *s.* a small horn.

COR'NIFORM, *a.* having the shape of horns.

CORN'ING-HOUSE, *s.* a house where gunpowder is granulated.

CORNUCO'PIA, *s.* a large horn, introduced in sculpture and painting, filled with flowers and fruits. The use of this horn arose from a Greek fable, to the effect that in Lybia there was a fruitful little territory in shape like a bullock's horn, which Ammon the King gave to his daughter. Poets and painters employ it as an emblem of abundance and happiness; hence its present appellation, "The Horn of Plenty."

COROL'LA, *s.* the coloured petals or leaves of a flower.

COROL'LARY, *s.* an inference from certain given premises; deduction; surplus.

CORO'NA, *s.* (Latin) a crown; one of the constellations; the flat part of a cornice; a crown, or circlet, suspended from the roof or vaulting of churches to hold tapers, lighted on solemn occasions.

COR'ONAL, *s.* a chaplet, a garland; *a.* relating to the top of the head.

CORONA'TION, *s.* the act of crowning or consecrating a monarch.

COR'ONER, *s.* a civil officer, who, with a jury, inquires into casual or violent deaths.

COR'ONET, *s.* an inferior kind of crown worn by the nobility.

COR'ONOID, *a.* pertaining to the lower jaw.

COR'PORAL, *s.* the lowest officer in a battalion of Infantry.

CORPORA'TION, *s.* a body politic, authorised by common consent to grant in law anything within the co pass of their charter.

COR'POSANT, *s.* a sort of volatile meteor, often seen in tempestuous nights about the rigging of ships.

CORPS, *s.* a body of soldiers, a regiment.

COR'PULENT, *a.* fleshy, bulky, gross.

COR'PUSCLE, *s.* a minute particle, a small body, a physical atom; a constituent of animal bodies.

CORREG'IDOR, *s.* a chief magistrate in Spain.

CORREL'ATIVE, *s.* that which has a mutual relation.

COR'RIDOR, *s.* a gallery round a building, leading to several chambers at a distance from each other.

CORRIGEN'DA, *s. pl.* (Latin) words to be altered or corrected.

CORROB'ORANT, *s.* a strengthening medicine.

CORR'ODE, *v. a.* to eat away by degrees.

CORRO'SION, *s.* the act of eating away.

CORRUGA'TION, *s.* contraction into wrinkles.

COR'SAIR, *s.* a pirate, a plunderer on the sea.

COR'SELET, *s.* a light armour for the forepart of the body.

CORS'ET, *s.* (French) a pair of stays, or boddice; an article of dress which, under the pretext of *supporting* the chest, waist, &c., *compresses* them, and produces many serious evils, hindering the lungs and heart in their proper action, displacing the liver, causing unhealthy secretions, and often producing distortion of the spine and chest.

CORTE'GE, *s.* (French) a train of attendants.

COR'TES, *s.* the name of the assembly of representatives of the Spanish nation.

COR'TICAL, *a.* anything belonging to the bark, rind, husk, or outer covering of bodies.

CORVET'TE, *s.* any vessel of war not carrying more than twenty guns.

CORUSCA'TION, *s.* a quick vibration of light.

CORYMBIF'EROUS, *a.* bearing berries in bunches.

CORYPHE'US, *s.* the chief, or leader of a chorus. Metaphorically, the leader or mouthpiece of a party.

COS, *s.* a species of the lettuce plant.

COSI'NE, *s.* (in trigonometry) the right sine of an arch.

COSMET'IC, *s.* a wash used under the idea of improving or beautifying the skin.

COSMOG'ONY, *s.* the science of the birth or creation of the world.

COSMOG'RAPHY, *s.* the science of the general system of the world, distinct from *geography*, which describes the situation and boundaries of particular countries.

COSMOPOL'ITAN, COSMOP'OLITE, *s.* a citizen of the world.

COSMORA'MA, *s.* an extensive view, a painting; the name given to an exhibition consisting of several distinct paintings (seen through a magnifying glass) of different places in each quarter of the world. *Cosmos* signifies "the world."

COS'SACKS, *s.* a people inhabiting those parts of the Russian empire which border on the northern dominions of Turkey, Poland, and Tartary, as well as the southern parts of Siberia.

COS'TAL, *a.* relating to the ribs.

COS'TERMONGER, *s.* properly a dealer in apples; but the term is generally applied to those who carry fruit, vegetables, &c., about for sale.

COSTU'ME, *s.* the strict observance of proper character in dress; the peculiar or characteristic dress of any nation, or class of persons.

COSTS, *s.* (in law) the expenses incurred by parties in proceedings at law or in equity.

COTAN'GENT, *s.* the tangent of an arch which is the complement of another to ninety degrees.

COTEM'PORARY, *s.* one who lives at the same time with another; *a.* living at the same time.

COTERIE', *s.* a select party or society; a club.

COTIL'LON, *s.* a light brisk dance.

COT'QUEAN, *s.* a man who busies himself about affairs which belong properly to women.

COTS'WOLD, *s.* sheepcotes in an open country.

COT'TON, *s.* a plant; a soft downy substance, resembling fine wool, obtained from the cotton tree; cloth or stuff made of cotton.

CO'TYLE, *s.* that cavity of a bone which receives in it the end of another.

COTYL'EDON, *s.* the lobe or leaf that nourishes the seeds of plants, and then perishes.

COU'CHANT, *a.* squatting, lying down.

COUGH, *s.* a violent expulsion of air from the lungs, attended with noise, and during the effort of which a much greater quantity of air is expelled from the lungs than is returned by the corresponding act of inspiration. It is a symptom of disease.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.
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THE SECOND MOTTO ON THE CATALOGUE OF THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

Last week, at the request of a friend of the working classes, we called attention to one of the quotations on the margin of the cover of the "Official Catalogue," showing that "*Progress is the end of labour, and the will of the great* Creator, and that everyone can do something to aid in this glorious object;" the same individual has intimated to us that the other motto is not less worthy of attention. Like the former, it is given in Latin and English, and the words are :—

"NE NOSTRA, ISTA QUÆ INVENIMUS, DIXERIS—
INSITA, SUNT NOBIS OMNIUM ARTIUM SEMINA,
MAGISTERQUE EX OCCULTO DEUS PRODUCIT INGENIA."

"SAY NOT THAT THE DISCOVERIES WHICH WE MAKE ARE OUR OWN—
THE GERMS OF EVERY ART ARE IMPLANTED WITHIN US,
AND GOD OUR INSTRUCTOR, OUT OF THAT WHICH IS CONCEALED,
DEVELOPS THE FACULTIES OF INVENTION."

This is a very beautiful passage, and we trust will perfectly satisfy those who predicted that the Great Exhibition of the works of nature, and especially of human industry, would be the downfall of religion. Here the existence of the Deity is not only recognised, but all art and industry are traced to Him as the creator. The paragraph indicates :—

I. That there are the Germs of all the Arts in Man.—Of course, this means in his *mind* or *soul:* because the body is nothing more than an animal, and is only the tabernacle in which the intellectual power resides, and its various members are the implements which it uses in operating upon the material world. We cannot tell what a spirit may be able to effect without corporeal organs, but we know that, generally speaking, it employs instruments of some kind or other in producing changes upon the visible world; and yet we have no instances of mere animalism exhibiting inventions which will bear any comparison with the works of man. Instinct is not ingenuity, but mere animal mechanism, in which there appears no more voluntary art than in the movements of a clock or a steam-engine. The skill of the bee is often spoken of, because its cell is a far greater architectural prodigy than the Crystal Palace, and its wax and honey are chemical wonders which throw all our science into the shade : but then the bee is born what it is. It learns nothing, it teaches nothing, it invents nothing. The little creature that has just burst forth from its shell is as wise a mathematician and chemist as its progenitor in the days of Adam, and the oldest of its tribe is no wiser. Experience and observation do nothing for instinct. There is in animals no "*omnium artium semina,*" no "seeds of all the arts" which you can develop. These lie hid in the human soul. *Mind* is their matrix, and a glorious progeny has already been brought forth; and yet we have reason to believe that we are only, as it were, at the birth of its firstborn. As the family of the first pair is only an insignificant group, if compared with the teeming myriads which since their time have peopled our world; so our inventions are few indeed, if estimated with what is to be invented and discovered in future years.

We are charmed with the thought that we have "the *germs of all the arts in man;*" that is, in every man and woman; for the word "*man*" here is used generically, and includes all the species. No one has yet ventured to gauge, to

sound, to measure, or estimate, the powers, faculties, and capabilities of the human soul. We have done much to fathom the ocean, to ascertain the distances and gravities of the planets and the stars, but have too often neglected to pause and look at the prying, calculating, measuring, and weighing principle which has prompted us to engage in these enterprises, and to pursue them with so much patience and precision. It is not unfrequently the case that the philosopher is more ignorant of himself, and of his mental and moral powers, than of almost any other object of inquiry. He can tell you all about the double and triple stars in constellations, which are trillions of leagues distant, but he knows not *himself*. He has analysed all sorts of substances, and has arranged and classified them naturally and logically, but his own intellectual being is unexplored. We have a great charge to bring against our philosophical and inquisitive age, that it has too much passed by the most wonderful of all created objects. Some say that the study of mind would bring us too near to the study of Deity, and would remind us of neglected powers, of blighted faculties, of irrevocable responsibilities, and consequently of neglect, ingratitude, and criminality, and therefore men shudder at the subject, and prefer the external to the internal world. Whether this accusation be just or not, the fact is the same, that men and women have not as yet estimated themselves nor their fellows around them.

What an unworthy opinion, in numerous instances, the poor have of the rich, and the rich of the poor. The mechanic laughs at the 'squire, the lord, and the lady, because they invent nothing, and do nothing; and the wealthy, in not a few cases, look down with almost sovereign contempt upon all operatives and labourers. What an object the duchess would be at the state ball but for the dressmaker! and what a pitiable plight the marquis would be in at the levee if he had to make his own habiliments! And on the other hand, if there were none who wore purple and fine linen, what myriads would be out of work! Society is benefited by the 'squire and the artisan; by the nobleman and the peasant. No human being is despicable. Men or women may be proud, ignorant, criminal, culpable, and, therefore, pitiable, but where there is a soul there is greatness which, if duly contemplated, fills us with awe, notwithstanding its follies or viciousness. In that lord who wastes his days in sleep, and his nights in gambling or in revelry; in that lady who rises after the sun has passed his meridian, whose life evaporates in sighs over novels, or in flitting like a butterfly from amusement to amusement; in that scavenger with his broom, in that sweep with his bag of soot, in that young thief and street-walker, in that cringing pauper, to whatever order he may belong, in that negro slave, and copper-coloured savage; in a word, in every man and every woman, in every boy and every girl, of every rank and of every clime, there has been deposited by the God of nature, the germ of all the arts; and therefore there is in every human being a natural nobility, and, we had almost said, a divinity, which makes him an object worthy of the regard, and sympathy, and admiration of his fellow man.

II. All Ingenuity and Inventions proceed from these Seeds of Art which are within us.—The Crystal Palace is a kind of spiritual reservoir, in which we have a glorious collection of these samples of human skill and industry. We say "a *spiritual* reservoir"—for though we see no spirit there—though all the productions are solid matter, and are visible and tangible—yet there is not one of them but tells of the latent mind which called them into existence, and gave them their various forms and uses or motions. The steam in the engine is invisible, and

yet no one doubts its existence or its incalculable powers; for steam has but just commenced its race of utility and wonder. The spirit of man cannot be seen, but who doubts its presence or its boundless capacities; for it also has hardly begun its course of glory and benevolence. What it has effected, however, augurs well for its future deeds and progress. The Industrial Palace tells a tale of enchantment respecting its past achievements which would require not only days and months but years of listening amazement, before the whole could be heard; and yet what is the Great Exhibition but as a drop to the ocean? There were arts before the Flood. Jabal was the father or inventor of tents; Jubal originated the harp and the organ; Tubal Cain taught men to work in brass and iron; Cain built a city, and Noah a marvellous ship. What art and invention there must have been in the old world, in Egypt, in Babylon, in Nineveh, in Tyre and Sidon, Greece, Rome, Persia, India, China, and Japan! Europe, too, has been the cradle of the arts, and no part more so than our native land. Time has driven his ploughshare over ruin after ruin, under which magnificent inventions have been buried for ever.

The proofs of art that now exist in almost every portion of the globe, are in our own day a glorious revelation of the germs of invention which are naturally implanted in the soul. In the book of Genesis we are told that "God made every plant before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew." This was doubtless wonderful; but when it is added that the grass and the trees had each the seed within itself from which others vegetated and sprung up, and if we consider that some of them were so prolific that ten thousand could arise out of one, the first miracle seems to be eclipsed by the second. And yet, after all, what is the fertility of nature, compared with the almost endless inventive powers of mind? The former is physical, chemical, and, perhaps, to some extent mechanical, but the latter is intellectual and voluntary. Man seems to possess the power of creating all things new. What was England four thousand years ago, and what is it now? Perhaps at that distant period some of our mines were worked, and the Phœnician traded on our shores; but where were our cities, our towns, our villages, our mansions, our palaces, our cultivated fields, our parks, our botanical gardens, our machinery, our factories, our shipping, our literature, and our fine arts? To all our readers we would say, Look at the fruits of English skill and industry, and of the skill and industry of the world, and there behold the development and growth of those germs of art which the Creator has implanted within us.

III. The Great Spirit who deposited these Germs within us causes them to be developed in our various Inventions.—That "there is no end of invention," is now a household sentence. Scientific men believe things which in former years would only have been credited by reputed simpletons, and yet they cannot be charged with credulity. Their deep knowledge of the wonders of nature and art has enlarged their faith and their anticipations. It is the will of the Almighty that our talents should develop themselves. He created them not to be laid up in a napkin, or buried in the earth. Those who impose any limit on the cultivation of mind, or who neglect to exercise their own powers, sin against God, against society, and do themselves a personal injury. The man who maims himself is looked upon as a maniac, and he who maims another is amenable to the law; but what shall we say of the *mental* maiming that has been carried on for ages, and is still practised in many of our schools, churches, and domestic establish-

ments? The old practice of cutting off thumbs and great toes, of slitting noses, amputating ears, boring out eyes, and clipping tongues, in which the kings and rulers of antiquity bore such an ignoble pre-eminence, is now abandoned, and we congratulate ourselves on having arrived at a more civilised age; but, alas! the same cruelty is still perpetrated, only that the mind is the victim. What do we see almost everywhere but maimed souls? What is the result of mere secular education but to shut the soul out from the most glorious and inspiring of all studies? It is the will of our Creator that the "*ingenia*," the ingenuities, the capacities, the inventive powers of every human being should be called forth. Already has he in various ways interposed for this purpose. In the Bible we are told that JEHOVAH, "called by name Bezaleel, and *filled him with the spirit of God*, in wisdom and in understanding and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship; to devise cunning works, to work in gold, in silver, and in brass, and in cutting of stones; to set them, and in carving of timber, to work in all manner of workmanship." "And with him JEHOVAH gave also Aholiab; and in the hearts of all that were wise-hearted did God put wisdom, that they might make all the things which were commanded for the tabernacle and its furniture." And in the same book we are told by Isaiah, that GOD "instructs the ploughman to discretion, and teaches him" to break the clods, to plough, and to sow "the principal wheat, the appointed barley, and the rye in their place."

The pagans attributed their agriculture and mechanics to their gods. Sometimes the thought has come direct from heaven, sometimes our wants, sometimes a mere accident, and sometimes close study, have been the parents of our inventions; but in each case we see the hand of Providence—*first*, in creating us with such powers, and, *secondly*, in calling them forth. To "E-DUCATE" or "lead out" the noble powers of the human soul, is the end of all proper tuition. Alas! that so much genius and so much mental and moral power have remained fallow for ages! What a rich harvest shall be reaped when these intellectual and spiritual wastes shall be brought under app ropriate culture!

THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS.

THE gloomy night is breaking;
E'en now the sunbeams rest,
With a faint yet cheering radiance,
On the hill-tops of the West.

The mists are slowly rising
From the valley and the plain,
And a spirit is awakening
That shall never sleep again.

And ye may hear that listen,
The spirit's stirring song,
That surges like the ocean
With its solemn bliss along.

"Ho! can we stay the rivers,
Or bind the wings of light,
Or bring back to the morning
The old departed night?

"Nor shall ye check its impulse,
Nor stay it for an hour,
Until earth's groaning millions
Have felt its healing power!"

That spirit is Progression
In the vigour of its youth,
The foeman of Oppression,
And its armour is the Truth.

Old Error, with his legions,
Must fall beneath its wrath;
Nor blood, nor tears, nor anguish,
Will mark its brilliant path.

But onward, upward, heavenward,
The spirit still will soar,
Till peace and love shall triumph,
And falsehood reign no more.

THE ASCOT RACES.

By Miss H. M. Rathbone.

A large agreeable party were one evening collected at Carslake Priory, the hospitable mansion of Horace Grenville, Esq., then high-sheriff for the county of Kent, and the assembly comprised many of the neighbouring gentry, besides several visitors from the north, who had come to attend the Midsummer meeting on Ascot-heath; a circumstance which naturally caused the conversation to turn chiefly on the subject of racing. Many anecdotes of the turf were related, and many discussions arose on the merits of the celebrated horses which were to run on the following day, while anxious inquiries were made of the more knowing-ones by those who, having already betted more deeply than their fortunes warranted, were nervously agitated about the result of the forthcoming contest. In a bay window filled with beautiful tropical plants, and illuminated by the rays of the setting sun, Julia Grenville was seated on a low ottoman, engaged in an animated argument with her brother Marmaduke respecting the propriety of his going to the course with a party of newly-made college friends, in preference to accompanying his mother and sister. A little apart from the disputants stood a rising young barrister, who, though ostensibly occupied in turning over a portfolio of prints, was evidently listening to the conversation with considerable interest. At last, upon Miss Grenville's appealing to him to confirm her side of the question, he did so with an emphasis which provoked Marmaduke to exclaim:

"What's the use of asking Whitmore about races, Ju.? Don't you know he disapproves of them altogether, as well as reviews, and most other rational enjoyments."

"Nay," said Whitmore laughingly, "I hope I am not so prejudiced as to condemn innocent recreation for all classes, though I certainly plead guilty to disliking the two kinds you have mentioned."

At this moment dinner was announced, and, Miss Grenville gravely accepting Mr. Whitmore's escort, the discussion ceased until the party were seated at table, when it was renewed by the barrister saying to his fair companion:

"I am afraid you are annoyed at my free speaking, and consequently that you do not agree with me."

"Perhaps," she replied, somewhat embarrassed, "I do not quite understand why you think as you do about amusements which I have always been brought up to look upon as harmless. Do you seriously mean to say you would never allow ladies to attend either races or reviews?"

"I will answer you with perfect frankness," he replied, "because I cannot otherwise explain my meaning, and would fain convince all the gentler sex of the justice of my opinions. I look upon races as the plague-spot of English society, and sorrowfully believe that their unholy influence extends from the highest to the lowest ranks with fatal effect upon the morals of those who frequent them. And then also believing, as I firmly do, that ladies—by which term I mean all women of cultivated minds—possess a fearful amount of responsibility in matters of morality, I am more vexed than I can tell you to see them sanctioning such scenes by their presence; and you must excuse my going still further, and saying, that I am surprised how those who are really refined and lady-like in their feelings can choose to attend promiscuous meetings, which can be productive of little pleasure to *them* beyond the unhealthy excitement of a moment, and which entail such fearful consequences upon others. Are you ignorant of the misery which is occasioned yearly to families formerly accustomed to every luxury, but who are ruined by the failure of the enormous bets laid by fathers, uncles, and brothers, upon the mere chance of a horse's speed? Do you not know that thousands of pickpockets look to races as their annual harvest? that the amount of drunkenness is fearfully increased at these seasons? and that hundreds of miserable mothers and unhappy sisters date the downfall of sons and brothers to their attendance upon the course?"

Miss Grenville sighed deeply, and she glanced towards Marmaduke with an uneasy conviction that she could not deny the truth of Mr. Whitmore's remarks; and then, feeling annoyed at the possible consequences to herself of adopting his singular opinions, she tried to shift the argument, by reminding him that ladies did not think about such matters, and only went to races because it was the fashion, and to see and be seen.

Mr. Whitmore smiled gravely, as he replied: "That is partly what I complain of, and I will not allow your plea to stand, because there are thousands of other places possessing the same privileges, but which yet do not entail such uniformly bad results. Can you tell me of any good that is fostered by races?"

"I have always fancied them useful as

affording people—poor people especially—needful relaxation; and that they were manly in their nature because held in the open air."

"In that last respect only," said Whitmore, "do I think they have any advantage; but you must allow me to say, that the training of jockies, the low society which its details lead young men into partaking, and the spirit of gambling which the meetings stimulate in all classes, have the reverse of a healthy effect upon the masses of the working people, or the so-called gentlemen of the turf. Cricket and archery, quoits and boating, are all fine manly national sports, exercising skill conducive to health, and capable of being conducted without the demoralising tendencies which inevitably degrade the barbaric custom of horse-racing."

"I suppose, Whitmore," said Captain Fitzmorris, who overheard this last tirade, "you would not allow *your* wife any option in these matters?"

The barrister seemed pained by the question, which he did not answer until it had been rather jeeringly repeated, when he quietly said, in a voice that betrayed suppressed emotion, "I should rather hope to marry one whose own delicacy would make her averse to attending places unworthy of being so highly honoured."

The conversation now took another turn, although, before the evening concluded, Miss Grenville again, and still more closely, questioned Mr. Whitmore about his opinions, until she became so nearly convinced of the justice of his views, that she voluntarily declared her intention of keeping away from temptation, and spoke with real feeling about her brother Marmaduke, who, she told Whitmore, had only recently left school, and whose pliancy of temper rendered him peculiarly liable to fall into evil courses. It was with great difficulty that the young barrister commanded himself that night to take leave of one in whom he had been long deeply interested, without allowing her to perceive how much his feelings were implicated. It was not, however, that he had decided to give up a young lady whom he admired because they might differ in opinion, but that he plainly perceived the races had already become a question of reason and conscience to Miss Grenville; and he thought if she now allowed herself to be won over to break her resolution by mere considerations of etiquette, or fear of ridicule, she could not possess the rectitude of mind which he desired to find in a companion for life. The next day he returned to his chamber in London, and for a few days remained in no enviable frame of mind, and without the means of gaining any information respecting the movements of his friends, the Grenvilles. The newspaper reports of the fashionables upon the course only casually mentioned the attendance of the High Sheriff and his family; and the first news he heard of those about whom he felt so anxious was conveyed in a police report. This document set forth, that the Petty Sessions of D—— town having met, a case had been brought up of a young man of some note, which had excited considerable attention, in consequence of the unexpected verdict which had been pronounced by the chairman. It stated that Marmaduke Grenville, belonging to the respected family of Carslake Priory, had been arrested on the serious charge of wantonly destroying the iron gate of Morton Lodge, and flinging the same upon a line of railway at the moment when a train was coming up, which had been thereby thrown down a steep bank, and several of the passengers seriously injured. The young gentleman, the report stated, had pleaded guilty, and expressed great contrition for his lawless conduct, which he declared had been brought about by attending Ascot races for the first time, where he had got into bad company, and that he was intoxicated when he committed the deed. But the Court refused to bail the prisoner, considering that his being of a good family only made the matter worse, by rendering him more responsible, and finally he was sentenced to ten months confinement, with three months of hard labour.

"Poor Julia," said Whitmore to himself, "this sad event will do more to open her eyes to the iniquities of this unfeminine degrading resort than any arguments of mine. I wonder whether she went to Ascot after all; I must know."

Half an hour later Whitmore started for Carslake Priory, and on his arrival was shown into an empty sitting room, where he remained alone a long time, until Miss Grenville entering accidentally, he tried to persuade her to sit down and talk with him, though her eyes, swollen with excessive weeping, and her repeated refusals, showed how painfully she felt the interview. But there was a tenderness in his manner which the softened heart of poor Julia was little able to resist; and when he learnt that she had indeed gone to the races, and how utterly miserable she had been ever since under the idea that her refusal might possibly have been the means of saving Marmaduke from his present disgrace, he felt a thorough conviction of her future firmness upon such occasions, which swept away all his remaining prudential considerations, and he no longer kept silence, but succeeded in gaining her half-reluctant and fearful con-

sent to be his. Fearful, because she now better understood the nature, and estimated the force of his opinions, and modestly doubted her capability of becoming as high-minded a wife in all the details of social life as she knew he required.

These doubts proved her strength, and Mr. Justice Whitmore and his aristocratic lady were the first in the fashionable circle to which they belonged to disregard the pernicious example of royalty, and to set the fashion of staying away from Ascot races. Indeed, to the credit of Mrs. Whitmore's captivating manners, firmness of purpose, and judicious efforts to render her singular opinions more *à la mode*, the elegant *dejeuner* which she gave on the opening day of the last grand turf meeting was attended by many of the reigning elegants and eminent dandies, and occupied a distinguishing paragraph in the next day's *Morning Post;* though we hope the gala which she announces for next summer will, for the credit of the English ladies, be still better attended than the small though satisfactory *dejeuner* which made the first commencement in a right direction. But it is the great body of artisans who will most benefit by a change of fashion respecting races, though they should not be expected to be wiser than the apparently better educated; and the ladies first, and then the benevolent portion of the aristocracy, must come forward in the good cause, and thus greatly aid in suppressing vices, diminishing temptations to rich and poor, and set at liberty time and money, now disgracefully lavished on the lowest pleasures, to be expended in ennobling purposes, and in fostering *more* truly gentlemanly recreations.

THE DREAM OF AN EASTERN MERCHANT.

'SOME people are rich who deserve to be poor, their only aim in life being the enjoyment of selfish indulgences. Some people who have power exercise it for evil instead of good; while others, who, though misers, oppressors of the poor, and extortioners, are yet happy and prosperous. Oh! would that I could open their coffers before another coin is added, that I might distribute their ill-gotten wealth amongst the unwary whom they deceived, the widows whom they oppressed, the orphans whom they defrauded. Naked would I drive them from their houses to beg their bread, or to bray amongst the nettles."*

Thus murmuring against the dispensations of Providence, a young Persian merchant lay on his couch; for it was the hour when the inhabitants of the East retire to their secret chambers.† At length sleep stole over his senses, and he dreamt. What his vision was is given in his own words:—

"I fancied myself," said he, "transported into a vast but highly cultivated solitude, where the colossal trees were gracefully united by festoons of parasites, and climbers bearing flowers of the most brilliant and beautifully-blended colours. Wherever I gazed upwards there were endless variety and loveliness, while beneath there was an everlasting vegetation covering the ground, and concealing, by the luxuriance of living plants, the decay and death of those which had given them place. This beautiful solitude was enlivened by the presence of hundreds of the feathered tribe; and as I watched them flying, soaring, hovering, or fluttering, according to their different habits and inclinations, I felt my heart filled with a tranquil joy, and I breathed forth a prayer of gratitude to the Great Being that I was no longer near the habitations of man, obliged to witness evils which I had not the power to remove, and to suffer from follies which I was unable to correct.

"The sun had risen over the horizon; his rays gilded the verdure over my head and gave transparency to the foliage; the birds at once burst forth into song, and amazed me by the diversity of their accents, their forms, their plumage, and their flight. While I yet looked and listened, methought

* In many countries of the East these weeds grow to an enormous size. We read of them in the Bible in the 30th chapter of Job, 5—7, where the patriarch describes the former humble condition of those who were forward to insult him in his time of trial. "They were driven," he says, "forth from among men—under the nettles they were gathered together." One species of this weed is called "Urtiga gigas" or "gigantic nettle;" it is in fact a tree, having a trunk of from eighteen to twenty-two feet in circumference, and heart-shaped leaves, measuring six inches across, whose sting is as painful as that of a wasp. There is another variety of a smaller size, whose sting is still more severe; it is called the "Devil's leaf," and the Asiatics extract a powerful poison from it.

† The habit of early rising in the East, and the heat of the weather during the afternoons, render a short repose between breakfast and dinner absolutely necessary. This sleep is called a "siesta;" and we read in the Bible that Ishbosheth, the son of Saul, was slain by the sons of Himmon when he "lay on a bed at noon."

I was endowed with the power of understanding their language.

"The eagle was perched on the topmost branch of a magnificent palm, and was uttering words of reproach and disdain against all the smaller birds, while they, though they feared to reply to him, reviled each other. The thrush proclaimed himself the 'herald of spring,' and uttering notes of rich melody to convince his auditory of his excellence, called on a little hedge-sparrow to say 'Why he, who had but a few notes, and yet nothing beautiful in his appearance, should presume to cumber the earth with his presence ?'

"The little bird, though in general remarkably gentle in its manners, replied with bitterness. 'My voice,' said he, 'is by no means so contemptible ; and besides the pleasure I afford by my song, I am useful in assisting to free the earth from those insects which would overrun and destroy it in summer, by feeding on the larvæ in winter, and seeking for them in the crevices of the bark of trees, where man could not discover them.'

"Having so said, he flew off, without waiting to hear the thrush boast that he also was useful to man, inasmuch as he lived during the summer on those large troublesome insects which eat up the choicest fruits and vegetables, and flowers. 'For intance,' said he, 'I may be often seen busily employed in destroying noxious snails and worms, or beating against the stones the hard shell of the snail and making a meal of the occupant; *my* usefulness, indeed, is immense.' The sparrow did not hear this boast; he had flown off to a branch on which a pretty robin had just alighted, and was calling to his mate in mild and plaintive notes. The irritated little sparrow turned on him harshly and bid him 'be silent or begone;' but the sprightly and elegant little creature continued his carol, as if unconscious of the unkind words of his neighbour.

"Amazed at the want of harmony amongst the birds, and the consequent absence of all individual happiness, I thought I saw a very extraordinary figure descend from the clouds and alight on a plane tree,* which rose in majestic beauty above all the cedars of the forest. It was that of a young man, whose body had the appearance of newly driven snow over which roseleaves had been scattered ; he had large blue wings edged with gold; his hair was black as ebony ; his eyes were dark and piercing, and his whole appearance majestic in the extreme. He looked round for a moment, and then called to him all the birds. They perched around him on the branches of the cedars ; and having commanded silence, he spoke. Methought his language was a strange dialect, and yet I understood it as well as his feathered auditory.

"'What wranglings do I hear ?' he said. 'What revilings are those uttered by brother against brother ? Know you not that in my eyes you are all alike, mean; becoming estimable only in proportion as you fulfil your duties faithfully and cheerfully ? Go to ! let each one of you learn to esteem his brother better than himself, and to consider, in his species, differences and not defects. Have I not bestowed a variety of qualities, yet whom have I made ruler over the rest ? The eagle, it is true, because of his strength, assumes lordship, and his loud inharmonious cry proclaims his pride ; yet before me is one little fringilla, which points the weary traveller to the well-spring in the desert, of more worth than all the eagles on the earth.'

"He ceased, and I thought he looked earnestly at me for a moment. He then unfolded his magnificent wings, and flew towards the clouds."—"I awoke and found myself stretched on my couch, my heart filled with the heavenly vision. I arose, and falling on my knees, I besought the Giver of all Good to engrave on my heart the lesson I had learned in my sleep, to teach me evermore to seek to do all the good in my power, to discover the virtues and not the vices of my neighbours, and the good instead of the evil arising from their several positions. I prayed also to be given such wisdom as would enable me, when I saw abuses, to correct them prudently, and rather by precept and example than by force and coercion ; inasmuch, as the former would strengthen the bonds of universal brotherhood, while the latter would only serve to break them and tear them asunder."

Thus ends the dream of the Persian.

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* The name given to this tree, the "*plane*," signifies *ample* or *broad*. The ancient Greeks valued it so highly that they poured wine instead of water on its roots. Two great poets, Virgil and Homer, wrote in its praise. And our young friends are, no doubt, familiar with the description given of it in he Bible :—"Thus was he fair in his greatness, in the length of his branches ; for his root was by great waters. The cedars in the garden of God could not hide him. The fir trees were not like his boughs, and the chesnut trees were not like his branches ; nor any tree in the garden of God was like unto him in his beauty."

GLEANINGS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

No. VII.—SINGULAR CASES OF CONVICTION ON PRESUMPTIVE PROOF.

In a work published at New York in 1837, entitled, "Sketches of the Life and Character of the Rev. Samuel Haynes, A.M.," there is a remarkable case given of conviction upon circumstantial evidence, of which the following is an abridgment:—

One Russel Colvin, who had been for some time insane, or in a state of mental incapacity in Manchester, Vermont, left home on the 7th of May 1813, and was not seen afterwards. Many surmised that he had been murdered, and many observations were made by Stephen and Jesse Boorn, which cast suspicion on them as the murderers, but nothing sufficiently definite was known to warrant proceedings against them. The matter was frequently talked of in the neighbourhood; but in 1820 a remarkable dream revived the whole matter, and invested it with peculiar interest. An uncle of the Boorns dreamed that Russel Colvin came to his bedside and told him that he had been murdered, and he must follow him, and he would lead him to the spot where he was buried; this dream was repeated three times. The place indicated was that talked of previous to the dream, which was where a house had formerly stood, under which was a hole about four feet square, which was made for the purpose of burying potatoes, and now filled up. This pit was opened and nothing discovered but a large knife, a pen-knife, and a button. Mrs. Colvin, previous to their being presented to her, described them accurately, and on seeing them said they belonged to her husband, except the small knife.

Another circumstance which occurred soon after also aroused the attention of the community. A lad was walking from Mr. Barna Boorn's, at a small distance, with his dog, when a hollow stump, standing near the path, engaged the notice of the spaniel, which ran to the place and back again several times, lifting up his feet on the boy with whining notes, as though he would draw the attention of his little master to the place, and he finally succeeded in doing so. A cluster of bones was drawn from the roots of the stump by the paws of the animal. Further examination was made, and in the cavity of the stump were found two toe nails, to appearance belonging to a human foot: others were discovered in a crumbled state, which had apparently passed through the fire. They were examined by a number of physicians, who thought them human. Others said the bones were not human, but that the toe nails were. The bones were in a degree pulverised, but some pieces were in a tolerable state of preservation. Suspicions were excited that the body of Colvin had been burnt, some part not consumed cast into the stump, and other bones put among them for deception.

Some time after the disappearance of Colvin, a barn belonging to Barna Boorn was consumed by fire accidentally; it was conjectured that the body was taken up and concealed under the floor of the barn and mostly consumed. About that time the Boorns burned a log heap near the place where the body was supposed to be deposited; it was thought that it was consumed there. These circumstances, together with evidence which was adduced, that previous to Colvin's disappearance a quarrel had occurred between himself and the Boorns, induced the magistrates to apprehend them. For several days nothing sufficiently definite appeared to warrant a committal, and the examining court were on the eve of dismissing the complaint, when, on Saturday, about twelve o'clock, Jesse, with a trembling voice, observed, that the first time he had an idea that his brother had murdered Colvin was when he was here last winter. He then stated that he and Russel were hoeing in the Glazier lot, that there was a quarrel between them, and Russel Colvin attempted to run away; that he struck him with a club or stone on the back part of his head or neck, and had fractured his skull, and supposed he was dead. He said he could not tell what had become of the body. Lewis, the son of Russel Colvin, testified that he saw his uncle Stephen knock down his father, was frightened, and ran home. Other evidence was introduced, and the prisoners were committed for trial.

In due time they were brought up for trial, and after a protracted inquiry were sentenced to be hanged. It is impossible to describe the confusion and anguish into which the prisoners were cast on hearing their doom. They requested, by the council, liberty to speak, and it was granted. In sighs, and broken accents, they asserted their innocence. The convulsions of Stephen's frame were so great that he was unable to walk; he was supported by others, and carried to prison.

The sentence of death was commuted, in the case of Jesse, to imprisonment for life; but Stephen was left for execution. The minister frequently visited him in his cell, and endeavoured to turn his mind to things of another world, telling him that as all other means failed, he must look to GOD as the only way of deliverance. He was at times calm, and at others impatient. One of the last interviews was very affecting; he said, "Mr. Haynes, I see no way but I must die; everything works against me; but I am an innocent man; this you will know after I am dead." He burst into a flood of tears, and said, "What will become of my poor wife and children; they are in needy circumstances, and I love them better than life itself."

Mr. Haynes said, "GOD will take care of them."

Stephen replied, "I don't want to die: I wish they would let me live some time longer, even in this situation. Perhaps something will take place that will convince people that I am innocent." As the clergyman was about to leave the cell, he said "Will you pray with me?" He rose with his heavy chains on his hands and legs, being also chained down to the floor, and stood on his feet during prayer, with deep and bitter sighings. A few days after this, a man of the name of Chadwick wrote to the clergyman of Manchester that he had seen the account of the trial of the Boorns, and that he believed the man who was alleged to have been murdered was yet alive, in the vicinity of his residence. This letter was carried to the gaol, and read to Stephen. The news was so overwhelming that, to use his own language, "nature could scarcely sustain the shock; but as there was some doubt as to the truth of the report, it tended to prevent an immediate dissolution." He then told the minister that "he believed that had Colvin made his appearance at that moment, it would have caused immediate death." Even now a faintness was produced which was painful to be endured! A special message was sent to ascertain the truth of the report. At length the long-expected stage was seen approaching, and the cry was raised, "Colvin has come!"

The village was all alive; all ran to catch a sight of the man whom they supposed dead, and who had come at the last moment to save the condemned from the gallows. Some, like Thomas, would not believe in that tangible evidence. Almost all his old acquaintances he recognised at once, and called them by name. Guns were discharged for joy, and people ran to different parts of the town to give notice. The prison-door was unbolted, and the news proclaimed to Stephen that Colvin had come. The chains on his arms were taken off whilst those on his legs remained. Colvin looked upon the chains and said, "What are these for?" Stephen said, "They were going to hang me for having murdered you." Colvin replied, "You never hurt me."

The prisoners were released; and thus a judicial murder was prevented.

The following parallel case is well known, and has been dramatised under the title of Ambrose Gwynnett.

In the year 1723 a young man, who was serving his apprenticeship in London to a master sailmaker, got leave to visit his mother to spend the Christmas holidays. She lived a few miles beyond Deal, in Kent. He walked the journey, and on his arrival at Deal, in the evening, being much fatigued, and also troubled with a bowel complaint, he applied to the landlady of a public-house, who was acquainted with his mother, for a night's lodging. Her house was full and every bed occupied; but she told him that if he would sleep with her uncle, who had lately come ashore, and was boatswain of an Indiaman, he should be welcome. He was glad to accept the offer, and after spending the evening with his new comrade, they retired to rest. In the middle of the night he was attacked with his complaint, and waking his bedfellow he asked him the way to the garden. The boatswain told

him to go through the kitchen; but, as he would find it difficult to open the door into the yard, the latch being out of order, he desired him to take a knife out of his pocket, with which he could raise the latch. The young man did as he was directed, and, after remaining near half an hour in the yard, he returned to his bed, but was much surprised to find that his companion had risen and gone. Being impatient to visit his mother and friends, he also arose before day, and pursued his journey and arrived at home at noon. The landlady, who had been told of his intention to depart early, was not surprised; but not seeing her uncle in the morning, she went to call him. She was dreadfully shocked to find the bed stained with blood, and every inquiry after her uncle was in vain. The alarm now became general, and on further examination marks of blood were traced from the bed-room into the street, and at intervals down to the pier-head. Rumour was immediately busy, and suspicion fell, of course, on the young man who slept with him, that he had committed the murder, and thrown the body over the pier into the sea. A warrant was issued against him, and he was taken that evening at his mother's house. On his being examined and searched, marks of blood were discovered on his shirt and trousers, and in his pocket were a knife and a remarkable silver coin, both of which the landlady swore positively were her uncle's property, and that she saw them in his possession on the evening he retired to rest with the young man. On these strong circumstances the unfortunate youth was found guilty. He related all the above particulars in his defence; but as he could not account for the marks of blood on his person, unless that he got them when he returned to the bed, nor for the silver coin being in his possession, his story was not credited. The certainty of the boatswain's disappearance, and the blood at the pier, traced from his bed-room, were too evident signs of his being murdered; and even the judge was so convinced of his guilt that he ordered the execution to take place in three days. At the fatal tree the youth declared his innocence, and persisted in it with such affecting asseverations, that many pitied him, though none doubted the justness of his sentence.

The boatswain, however, who was supposed to have been murdered, reappeared some years afterwards, and related the following story:—That he had been bled for a pain in the side by the barber, unknown to his niece, on the day of the young man's arrival at Deal; that when the young man awoke him, and retired to the yard, he found the bandage had come off his arm during the night, and that the blood was flowing afresh. Being alarmed, he rose to go to the barber, who lived across the street; but a press-gang laid hold of him just as he left the public-house. They hurried him to the pier, where their boat was waiting; a few minutes brought him on board a frigate, then under weigh for the East Indies, and he omitted ever writing home to account for his sudden disappearance. The silver coin being found in the possession of the young man could only be explained by the conjecture, that when the boatswain gave him the knife in the dark, it is probable, as the coin was in the same pocket, it stuck between the blades of the knife, and in this manner became the strongest proof against him.

KNOWLEDGE.—*Original* knowledge is that kind of knowledge which was first discovered by its possessor. *Historical*, or communicated knowledge is that which is derived from books, manuscripts, paintings, &c. *Practical* knowledge can only be acquired by actual performance. *Personal* knowledge is the result of observation, experience, reasoning, and calculation. *Practical* and *personal* knowledge are the most certain. All other kinds of knowledge are more connected with *belief* or *opinion* than with *fact*; for we may, and do, believe many things we do not *know*, but what we *know* we must *believe*; or when anything is verified by practical or personal knowledge, it is then *fact*, and therefore ceases to be *opinion* or *belief*.

THE LITTLE HERO OF HAERLEM.

At an early period in the history of Holland, a boy was born in Haerlem, a town remarkable for its variety of fortune in war, but happily still more so for its manufactures and inventions in peace. His father was a *sluicer*—that is, one whose employment it was to open and shut the sluices, or large oak-gates, which, placed at certain regular distances, close the entrances of the canals, and secure Holland from the danger, to which it seems exposed, of finding itself under water. When water is wanted, the sluicer raises the gates more or less, as required, in the same manner as the cock of a fountain is turned, and closes them again carefully at night; otherwise the water would flow into the canals, then overflow them, and inundate the whole country; so that even the children in Holland are fully aware of the importance of a punctual discharge of the sluicer's duties. The boy was about eight years old, when, one day, he asked permission to take some cakes to a poor old blind man, who lived at the other side of the dyke. His father gave him leave, but charged him not to stay too late. The child promised, and set off on his little journey. The blind man thankfully partook of his young friend's cakes, and the boy, mindful of his father's orders, did not wait, as usual, to hear one of the old man's stories, but as soon as he had seen him eat one muffin, took leave of him to return home.

As he went along by the canals, then quite full—for it was in October, and the autumn rains had swelled the waters—the boy now stopped to pull the little blue flowers which his mother loved so well, now, in childish gaiety, hummed some merry song. The road gradually became more solitary, and soon neither the joyous shouts of the villager returning to his cottage-home, nor the rough voice of the carter grumbling at his lazy horses, was any longer to be heard. The little fellow now perceived that the blue of the flowers in his hand was scarcely distinguishable from the green of the surrounding herbage, and he looked up in some dismay. The night was falling; not, however, a dark, wintry night, but one of those beautiful, clear, moonlight nights, in which every object is perceptible, though not so distinctly as by day. The child thought of his father, of his injunction, and was preparing to quit the ravine, in which he was almost buried, and to regain the beach, when suddenly a slight noise, like trickling of water upon pebbles, attracted his attention. He was near one of the large sluices; and he now carefully examines it, and soon discovers a hole in the wood, through which the water was flowing. With the instant perception which every child in Holland would have, the boy saw that the water must soon enlarge the hole through which it was now dropping, and that utter and general ruin would be the consequence of the inundation which must follow. To see, to throw away the flowers, to climb from stone to stone till he reached the hole, and to put his finger into it, was the work of a moment, and, to his delight, he finds that he has succeeded in stopping the flow of the water.

This was all very well for a little while, and the child thought only of the success of his device. But the night was closing in, and with the night came the cold. The little boy looked round in vain. No one came. He shouted—he called loudly—no one answered. He resolved to stay there all night; but alas! the cold was biting, and the poor finger began to feel benumbed, and the numbness soon extended to the hand, and thence through the whole arm. The pain became still greater, still harder to bear, but still the boy moved not. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he thought of his father, of his mother, of his little bed, where he might now be sleeping soundly; but still the little fellow stirred not, for he knew that did he but remove the small slender finger which he had opposed to the escape of the water, not only would he himself be drowned, but his father, his brothers, his neighbours—nay, the whole village. We know not what faltering of purpose, what momentary failures of courage there might have been during that long terrible night, but certain it is, that at daybreak he was found in the same painful position by a clergyman returning from attendance on a death-bed, who, as he advanced, thought he heard groans, and bending over the dyke, discovered a child sitting on a stone, writhing with pain, and with tearful eyes.

"In the name of wonder, boy," he exclaimed, "what are you doing there?"

"I am hindering the water from running out," was the answer, in perfect simplicity, of the child, who during that whole night had been evincing such heroic fortitude and undaunted courage.

The Muse of History, too often blind to (true) glory, has handed down to posterity many a warrior, the destroyer of thousands of his fellow-men—she has left us in ignorance of the name of this real little hero of Haerlem.

HOME.

HOME is a genuine Saxon word—a word kindred to Saxon speech, but with an import common to the race of man. Perhaps there is no other word in language that clusters within it so many and so stirring meanings, that calls into play and powerfully excites so many feelings, so many faculties of our being. HOME—say but the word, and the child that was your merry guest begins to weep. HOME—play but its tunes, and the bearded soldier that blenched not in the breach, droops, and sickens, and dies. HOME—murmur but its name, and memories start around it that put fire into the brain, and affections that almost suffocate or break the heart, and pictures the bewildered fancy with scenes in which joy and sorrow wrestle with delirious strife for possession of the spirit. HOME — what does it not stand for of strongest and most moving associations! For childhood's grief and gladness, for youth's sports, and hopes, and sufferings, and passions, and sins; for all that brightened and tranquillised the breast; for a father's embrace, or his deathbed; for a mother's kiss, or for a grave; for a sister's love, or a brother's friendship; for hours wasted, and for hours blest; for peace in the light of life, and fear in the shadows of perdition. Home, when it has all that nature and grace can make it, has a blessedness and beauty of reality that imagination in its fairest pictures would find nothing to excel. But in many a spot called *home* neither nature nor grace is found. A collection of home histories, honestly set down, would be a rich contribution to materials for the philosophy of character. Neither gay, innocent, nor pleasant would all these home histories be. Many of them would be sad, dreary, and wretched tragedies of life.

And yet nothing can humanity worse spare than pleasant, gracious memories of home. So fervently does humanity cling to what nature owes it, that those who have no home will make one for themselves in vision. Those who have an evil one will soften down its many vices, and out of the scantiest affections bring forth rays of the heart to brighten their retrospect. It is the miracle of the five loaves performed spiritually for the soul, lest the instincts of our humanity should faint and perish by the way. The visitings of early home thoughts are the last that quit us.

TRANSPLANTING SHRUBS.

IN transplanting shrubs, as well as very small trees, a common error is to place them too deep in the earth. This has arisen from the fact, that by receiving more moisture, they often succeed best the first summer; at the expense, however, of their subsequent healthy growth. It is much better to plant shallow, imparting the necessary moisture by means of a deep, mellow soil beneath, and mulching above. The material for the latter may be short litter, manure, moss, spent tan, inverted turf or leaves and leaf mould. A raised surface consisting of these materials, to the height of six inches, will occasion no injury whatever for a year or two, and admirably equalise the moisture of the soil. Manure used in this way operates beneficially not only in preserving the moisture, but in increasing the fertility by the liquid manure carried down in solution by rains, especially if applied in autumn or winter. The contrast between the hard and baked surface too often witnessed when the ground is left bare, and the moist and softened earth beneath a coat of manure or litter, can be only sufficiently understood by actual experiment. Its advantages were strikingly exemplified a year or two since, in planting out a bed of strawberries in the middle of an excessively dry summer. The roots, after being fixed by water in transplanting, were protected from drouth by a coat of manure three inches thick, and although they were watered but once, not a plant perished.

Staking may be in some instances necessary to prevent swaying by the wind, or a one-sided growth where there are imperfect or unequal roots. But usually, if the shrub is furnished with good roots, and if care is taken while the earth is shovelled in, to spread them all out like the arms of an umbrella, they will serve to brace it evenly, and prevent a one-sided growth. Fixing by water, as it is termed, is often sufficient alone to preclude the necessity of staking. It is most conveniently done by three persons, one spreading out the roots with his fingers, a second sifting in the earth, while the third settles it by pouring water from the nose of a watering-pot. Although soft at first, the soil in a few hours dries and

hardens sufficiently to hold firmly the newly-set roots. An additional stiffening, if needed, may be given by encircling the stem with a small temporary mound of earth.

In transplanting roses and some other small shrubs, sufficient pruning of the top is rarely given. Climbing roses and those generally which throw up rapid and vigorous shoots will make a better growth by autumn, by cutting down a few good buds when set out, than by leaving a long portion of stem and branches, which indeed not unfrequently draw so hard upon the roots as to cause the death of the plant. On the other hand, we have seen shrubs transplanted in wet weather with entire success, after having grown six inches, by taking up full roots, and drenching the soil well with water, at the same time very freely shortening back the shoots and lopping most of the leaves.

HINTS WORTHY ATTENTION.

TRUTH.—There is no crime more infamous than the violation of truth. Men can be sociable beings no longer than they can believe each other. When speech is employed only as the vehicle of falsehood, every man must disunite himself from others, inhabit his own cave, and seek prey only for himself.

VIRTUE.—He that would govern his actions by the laws of virtue, must regulate his thoughts by the laws of reason; he must keep guilt from the recesses of his heart, and remember that the pleasures of fancy and the emotions of desire are more dangerous as they are more hidden, since they escape the awe of observation, and operate equally in every situation, without the concurrence of external opportunities.

INDUSTRY.—Whatever busies the mind without corrupting it, has at least this use, that it rescues the day from idleness; and he that is never idle will not often be vicious.

OPPORTUNITY.—To improve the golden moments of opportunity, and catch the good that is within our reach, is the great art of life. Many wants are suffered which might once have been supplied, and much time is lost in regretting the time which has been lost before.

EMPLOYMENT is the great instrument of intellectual dominion. The mind cannot retire from its enemy into total vacancy, or turn aside from one object, but by passing to another. The gloomy and the resentful are always found among those who have *nothing to do*, or who *do nothing*. We must be busy about good or evil, and he to whom the *present* offers nothing will often be looking backward on the *past*.

OLD AGE.—He that would pass the latter end of his life with honour and decency, must, when he is *young*, consider that he shall one day be old, and remember, when he is old, that he has once been *young*.

RICHES AND UNDERSTANDING.—Many can discover that a man is richer than themselves; superiority of understanding is not so readily acknowledged as that of fortune; nor is that haughtiness, which the consciousness of great abilities incites, borne with the same submission as the tyranny of affluence.

COMPARISON BETWEEN RICHES AND POWER.—Power and wealth supply the place of each other. *Power* confers the ability of gratifying our desires without the consent of others—*wealth* enables us to obtain the consent of others to our gratification. *Power*, simply considered, whatever it confers on one, must take from another—*wealth* enables its owner to give to others by taking only from itself. *Power* pleases the violent and the proud—*wealth* delights the placid and the timorous. Youth, therefore, flies at power, and age grovels after riches.

DAILY CARES AND DUTIES are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion; and when they cease to hang upon the wheels, the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still.

POVERTY AND IDLENESS.—To be idle and to be poor have always been reproaches, and therefore every man endeavours with his utmost care to hide his poverty from others and his idleness from himself.

BECOMING DRESS FOR A FEMALE.—Let your earrings be attention, encircled by pearls of refinement. The diamond of your necklace truth, and the chain of charity ornamented with the pearls of gentleness—your finger rings affection, set round with diamonds of industry—your girdle simplicity, with the tassels of good humour—your thicker garb virtue—your drapery politeness—your shoes wisdom, secured by strings of perseverance.

COLUMNS FOR THE YOUNG.

A NOBLE RESOLVE.

A child, twelve years old, had importuned his mother many times to permit him to attend a temperance meeting; but she, being opposed to the society, would not let him go. At last he urged her so closely that she permitted him to go, but charged him not to join; "for if you do," said she, "you shall have nothing but bread and water for three days." The boy went, and saw that these societies were the very thing to prevent boys from becoming drunkards when they grew to be men. When the pledge, therefore, was brought round, he signed: "And now," said the noble boy, "I am willing to live on bread and water three days, or longer, if necessary." Surely the mother would hardly have the heart to fulfil her threat.

NEVER SAY YOU CANNOT.

There never was an instance of a youth who shrunk back at the sight of difficulties having accomplished any great thing. Drones, or stupid boys and girls, who will not, or perhaps can not, exert themselves, may be got along with; but those who are for ever tinkering about something, and will be constantly trying at this, that, and the other with desperate industry, and yet flinch whenever they arrive at some difficulty they cannot see through—with such persons we desire no acquaintance. Give us the lad who, having made up his mind to arrive at a given point, dauntlessly pushes onwards through every obstacle. *Resolution* is the talisman or charm that forces the floodgate of wealth, and unravels the mystery of getting rich. Never, never say, "I cannot."

LEARNING.

Learning is like a bright star to the great, and it raises the humble to equal lustre. If when thine eyes are opened, thou resolvest to fly from evil, it will teach thee the road to truth. The sciences enlighten the heart, and guide it to rectitude and truth; they are our sincerest friends and counsellors.

TIME.

Time is like a creditor who allows an ample space to make up accounts, but is inexorable at last. Time is like a verb that can only be used in the present tense. Time, well-employed, gives that health and vigour to the soul which rest and retirement give to the body. Time never sits heavily upon us but when it is badly employed. Time is a grateful friend—use it well, and it never fails to make suitable requital. Time is the most undefinable yet paradoxical of all things. The past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past, even while we attempt to define it, and, like the flash of the lightning, exists and expires at once. Time is the measure of all things, but is itself immeasurable; the grand discloser of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space it is incomprehensible, because it has no limit, and it would be still more so if it had. It gives wings of lightning to pleasure, but feet of lead to pain; lends expectation a curb, but enjoyment a spur. Time is the most subtle yet the most insatiable of depredators, and, by appearing to take nothing, is permitted to take all—nor can it be satisfied until it has stolen the world from us, and us from the world. Time—the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition—is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise, bringing all they dread to the one, and all they desire to the other. Wisdom walks before it, Opportunity with it, and Repentance behind it. He that has made Time his friend will have little to fear from his enemies; but he that has made it his enemy will have little to hope from his friends.

THE GRAINS OF CORN:

A HINT TO YOUTH.

A FATHER had three sons, and he dwelt with them upon a large island, and nourished them and their children, so that they never wanted for the needs and comforts of life. But when his end approached, he called his sons to his bed-side and said to them—"I must now leave you; the hour of my departure has come, and you must henceforth provide for yourselves, as I have hitherto provided for you. You must no longer dwell together, but must depart, one towards the east, another towards the west, and another towards the north. But take these seeds which I give you and carefully preserve them, and when I am no longer with you let each one choose for himself a piece of land, and dig up the soil and loosen it, that it may receive the sunshine and the rain. When you have done this, strew in the seeds of

corn and cover them with earth, and thus you will reap an abundant harvest for the sustenance and joy of yourselves and your households."

The father died, and the sons went as their father had commanded them—one towards the east, another towards the west, and another towards the north. When each one had come to the place allotted to him, the eldest took the seeds which his father had given to him, and said in his heart, "Wherefore should I burden myself with this toil, and turn up the bosom of the earth? The sun will still warm them and the rain wet them, so that they will bring forth fruit." And he strewed the seeds upon the hard earth. But they came not forth, and brought no fruit. Then the eldest scoffed, and forgot the gift of his father.

The second son, who went towards the west, when he came to the place where he was to dwell, viewed the land and saw that it was very pleasant, and thought in his heart—"Why should I labour and toil to dig up the lap of the earth, so long as the land proffers me freely of its abundance?" And he cast the seeds aside and let them lie unnoticed. But after he had consumed the fruits of the land, he sowed the seeds which he had received from his father, but they came not up, for the worm had gnawed upon the kernel, and he had sowed only empty husks. Then he also scoffed at his father's gift, and forgot it.

But the youngest did as his father had commanded; he chose out the most fruitful field, dug it up with care, and planted a hedge about it, and strewed the seeds in the earth; and the seeds sprouted and grew, and brought forth sixty-fold. The same also did he the following year, and the grain grew, and the harvest was plenteous, so that he and his children and his children's children had abundance.

After a few years when the two elder brothers were sunk in misery and want, and had heard of the riches of the youngest, they journeyed thither and saw the fields around covered with ripe ears and sheaves, and heard the shouts of the reapers at their labours, for it was the time of the harvest.

Then the brothers wondered, and said one to another—"How foolish have we been to despise the gift of our father!"

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

SHALL it be with a tear or a smile, Old World,
That I bid you farewell for a while, Old World?
Shall you and I part
With a pang at the heart,
Or in cold-blooded stoical style, Old World?

In truth, it must be with a tear, Old World,
For much that is near and is dear, Old World!
The lingering mind
Looks sadly behind
In doubt and reluctance and fear, Old World.

Yet ever, by land and by sea, Old World,
God helps us wherever we be, Old World;
My babes He will keep
Awake or asleep,
And happily travel with me, Old World!

So thus with a spirit of rest, New World,
I seek your bright shores of the west, New World!
With a hearty good will
My work to fulfil,
And do what I do for the best, New World.

Gratefully here for a space, New World,
Shall I bask in the sun of thy face, New World,
Wherever I roam
To feel always at home,
With brothers in every place, New World.

No dignified dulness to freeze, New World,
But cordial kindness and ease, New World,
Invite me to stand
With my heart in my hand,
To give it wherever I please, New World.

[The above beautiful lines were written by MARTIN F. TUPPER, on board the "Asia," during his recent voyage to the United States of America.—ED.]

A FEW WORDS ABOUT LONDON AND THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

RICHARD BARKER to JOHN SMITH.

DEAR JOHN,—Once more I am back in Wiltshire; and even now my head spins with the thoughts of the grand sights I have seen in London. Let alone the Exhibition, the grandest sight of all, I think I shall never forget the look of the streets. I never saw such a host of people in all my life before—never. Do you know that it's my opinion that if the Crystal Palace continues open much longer, we shall have no people coming to our agricultural shows and ploughing matches this summer—which would be a mighty pity, would n't it? I see the papers down here are full of the Exhibition, and there's no talk of anything else among the lasses but the Queen and Prince Albert, and the young princes and princesses visiting the Crystal Palace.

I tell you what, John, the more I think of the absurdity of some people, the more I laugh to myself; to think, now, of folks admiring the Koh-i-Noor more than the statues and the fountains, or even more than the machinery. I quite agree with what they say about it in our paper:—After all the work which has been made about that celebrated diamond, those who have seen it will not be surprised to hear that many people find it a difficulty in bringing themselves to believe, from its external appearance, that it is anything but a piece of common glass. In fact, some of the drops for the chandeliers look much more splendid. Amid all the adventures that have befallen it, there is, perhaps, none more odd than that its genuineness should now be doubted. Yet so it is. The fact is, that the "Mountain of Light" has been shockingly ill-used in the cutting, and that when placed in the open light of day, without any arrangements to draw forth its brilliancy, it does not sparkle and gleam like other jewels of the kind. To obviate this disadvantage, and demonstrate to the world that the Koh-i-Noor is a veritable diamond, it is surrounded with a canopy or tent, the interior of which is lighted with gas, and the idea is that this develops its beauties, as a gem of the purest water, with certainty and splendour; but in this, even, the prophets are mistaken, and the "Mountain of Light" does not sparkle as it ought to do.

Everybody seems to say the same thing, though they differ in their manner of expression; and, perhaps, there never was a greater mistake than was made by the London papers when they prophesied an immense rush to the Crystal Palace on Whit Monday. The Great Exhibition seems destined to puzzle everybody. When it ought to be most crowded, it is most empty; and when everybody expects it will be empty, it generally contrives to be very full. When the 5s. admission was reduced to 1s., people imagined that the swarming multitudes would completely overwhelm barriers, and police, and everything else, and that suffocation and ruination would be the result. It turns out, however, that people like to pay *five* shillings quite as well as *one*, and the Crystal Palace is not one whit more popular with "the masses" than with the more genteel part of the community. In like manner we were confidently told that the Whitsuntide holidays would make all the difference, and that when last Monday arrived, *then* we should see a scene at the Crystal Palace which would perfectly astonish us. The Whitsuntide holidays were to be the days of triumph for the Exhibition. The excursion trains were to deluge London in general, and Hyde Park in particular, and serious apprehensions were entertained for the integrity of the Crystal Palace, and the security of its contents. The most extensive and cautious preparations were made in anticipation of Whit Monday. New barriers were erected at the different entrances; reinforcements of police were provided; the chief commissioner was on the spot, full of anxiety and precaution; the Koh-i-Noor diamond was not only encircled with an iron cage painted yellow, but a wooden barrier was thrown round it, and a policeman stationed outside the cage; the jewellery was very securely guarded: and, in short, if an invading and hostile army of foreigners were anticipated, greater precautions could not have been taken.

The great and momentous day arrived—the day sacred to trips, excursions, and parliamentary trains. The morning of Whit Monday dawned cold, raw, and cheerless. "Here's a day for the Exhibition!" was the exclamation of thousands, both natives and foreigners, residents and excursionists, who always take pleasure in a crowd. I determined to be early in the field, or rather in the park; and accordingly I sallied forth a few

minutes after nine, and deposited myself on the top of one of the numerous omnibuses bound for the Exhibition. There was nothing calling for particular remark in the aspect of the streets; nothing to denote that the great "Exhibition Day" had arrived. The only unusual feature was the appearance of divers large pleasure vans, filled to overflowing with holiday visitors from the more immediate neighbourhoods. Groups of pedestrians of all ages and of both sexes, were observable hastening along Piccadilly, increasing their speed as they neared the wished-for haven. Among these were noticeable numerous foreigners, talking loud enough for everybody to hear them, and casting anxious glances at the omnibuses as they passed by. On arriving at Hyde-park Corner, the scene was a little more animated, and it was quite evident that there was something westward which people were going to see. The passengers and vehicles were all moving in one direction. The monstrous statue of the Iron Duke attracted some upturned faces, notwithstanding the rain, which now came down more copiously than agreeably. Some of the pilgrims turned into the park, while others kept the main road, and many were the inquiries addressed to the police for the *very nearest* way to the Crystal Palace. The scene was very much like what took place at Greenwich a little later in the day; but the multitudes who hasten from the steam-boats to partake of "all the fun of the fair" immeasurably exceeded in number the more rational visitors to the Crystal Palace. There was really a greater resemblance between the scene in Hyde Park and the scene at Greenwich Fair than may at first sight seem probable. Without one moment wishing to detract from the grace and elegance of the Glass Palace, and with all conceivable respect to Mr. Paxton, it is an indisputable fact that at the first view of the Palace, as you approach it from the east, it bears a very palpable resemblance to the exterior of those theatrical edifices which we commonly call "shows." The Crystal Palace, at the east end, looks very much like a superior sort of Richardson's Show. Indeed, "The World's Show" is the most appropriate title that could be devised for it. If a perfect stranger who had never heard of the Exhibition were to approach it, he would probably suppose that some very wonderful tight-rope dancing, or some very melodramatic performances, were going on inside. As the building is approached from the east its magnitude is completely hidden from view. The little flags at the top, quite *à la* Batty or Richardson, and the light, unsubstantial, temporary appearance of the structure, half iron and half glass, are quite enough to create an *à priori* impression that sawdust and some very indifferent scenery are the prevailing characteristics of the interior.

Now you must not think that these are entirely my own words; for I have taken them nearly all from a newspaper—those reporters have such a happy way of telling a story. I am told that there are two in London who live entirely on fires, and at least half-a-dozen on coroners' inquests. I couldn't understand how that could be, till I was informed that they were employed in reporting those sort of things to the newspapers.

You must not think either, that I am profane in likening the Crystal Palace, seen from the east, to Richardson's Show. If the outside calls to mind the glories of the Fair, the first glimpse of the interior dispels all such vulgar ideas. It is, moreover, only at the east entrance that this effect is produced, and the most usual and fashionable entrance is at the south. It was the first time I had gone in with the multitude acsoss the Park. Before ten o'clock on Monday morning a considerable number of people had congregated before the doors, but not at all in such numbers as to cause the slightest astonishment or alarm. A little confusion and some astonishment was created by the regulation which forbids change to be given at the pay places. This regulation, which was, no doubt, necessary, on account of the prodigious crush and crowd which was expected was, in reality, not required. There was plenty of room, and very little crowding. Many of the visitors were from the country, and it was truly amusing to notice the expression, both of their countenances and of their feelings, when they found themselves within the wondrous palace. They soon spread themselves over every part of the building; every avenue and every compartment was rapidly filled. The galleries and the floor were alike occupied, not, however, that there was any *extraordinary* multitude. The building was not nearly so full as it has been on several previous occasions. There was no inconvenient pressure. Every part of the vast edifice was filled, but not to overflowing. In fact, in the Exhibtion Palace, as in London itself, there was room enough and to spare.—Yours,

R. B.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.—No. XIX.

FRENCH INTO ENGLISH.

Tout ce qui est femme déteste un=homme (1 m.) efféminé (2 m.). Et tout ce
détester—to detest effeminate
qui est=homme méprise une femme (1 f.) rude (2) et grossière (2 f.). Le
mépriser—to despise rough coarse *no art.*
malheur fortifie l'âme, comme un=exercis, 1 fatigant 2 *(present*
misfortune *fortifier*—to fortify *no art.*—soul as exercise *fatiguer*—to fatigue
participle), fortifie le corps. Celui qui a toujours lutté *(past* participle) contre
no art.—body who always *lutter*—to struggle against
l'adversité n'imagine pas que l'homme constamment
adversity—in English, *no art.* *imaginer*—to imagine constantly
favorisé (past participle) de la fortune, et qui jouit d'une santé (1) parfaite (2),
favoriser—to favour *jouir de*—to enjoy
ait=une idée de la douleur. Pourtant son=esprit est très souvent plein d'anxiété; ce
suffering nevertheless mind often anxiety
qui est la plus pénible de toutes les douleurs.
which painful

The first few words form an idiomatic phrase in daily use. *Tout ce qui est*, literally, "all that is"—or, still more literally, "all that which is." (*Ce*, we have before observed, is often employed where we employ *that*—for instance, *ce grand homme*, "that great man;" *tout ce qui est femme*, "all that is woman," or, in other words, "every woman worthy of the name." For, though this is not said, it is conveyed implicitly by the emphatic nature of the expression. The first sentence, then, may evidently read thus—"every woman, worthy of the name, detests an effeminate man." Of course this is not servilely or slavishly close; but it is sufficient as a translation, because it reproduces not only the exact meaning, but the spirit of the original, in words as much at home in our language as those which they render are in French. One of our students, whom we have had occasion already to answer more than once with praise among our correspondents—we mean "JEAN"—showed himself, long ago, quite familiar with the right theory of translation. This is evident from the method which he tells us he has adopted, and which, indeed, we had recommended previously. He first endeavours to master thoroughly the real signification of the words as they stand in combination, forming the phrases which we introduce in these lessons. After he has completely satisfied himself about their meaning and the true drift of the sentence, he considers what English phrases are as generally current among us. For, be it said again, if, in order to adhere more closely, as you fancy, to your original, you use English terms not sanctioned by custom, but harsh, and strange, and inelegant, then you do the contrary of what you wish—you depart from your original. The object always is, to produce an equivalent in English for the foreign passage; and if the latter, for instance, be perfectly elegant and easy French, and the former be awkward, clumsy, unusual, and unnatural English, the one is most certainly no equivalent for the other. Nor does it mend the matter to say that, literally speaking, the meaning is preserved, when the spirit, the beauty, and the character are lost. Suppose a Frenchman wanted to translate that most sublime passage in Milton descriptive of the terrors of Satan's aspect, where, being touched by Ithuriel's spear in the Garden of Eden, he starts up in his own tremendous form, resolute, as it seemed, to do battle with the whole legion of angels. Well, the Frenchman comes to the concluding words of the famous parley and famous description—

"And on his crest
Sat horror plumed."

Suppose he were to translate this by some expression which should signify, "*and horror was sitting down on top of his head*," would this, however literally accurate, be a translation? We need not dwell further on the subject. The rule we offer our friends is this—*preserve, above all things, the meaning, but so as not to lose the spirit.*

Proceeding with the exercise, you find, of course, a necessary and frequent recurrence of the reversion of our order of adjective and substantive; and you also see several instances of the employment of the definite article, where we have no such thing. Continue to familiarize the eye and ear with these little points—little, and yet making the sum of much gain.

You have already noticed that there are verbs in French which are followed by a different preposition from that used with the corresponding verbs in English. The French, for example, say, "to cover *of*;" whereas, we say, "to cover *with*." So in the present exercise, you perceive they say, "to favour of," while our expression is, "to favour with," or "by." Thus—"a house covered with tiles," *une maison couverte* DE *tuiles;* "a man favoured by fortune," *un homme favorisé* DE *la fortune;* "a woman favoured by God," *une femme favorisée* (*f.*) DE *Dieu*, &c. They also say, "to surround of."

Lower down is again an example of the *de*, which must accompany the verb *jouir* (to enjoy), *jouissant* (enjoying), *joui* (enjoyed). This verb, you perceive, is of the second conjugation, through which we are now hastening. You must not confound it with a verb somewhat similarly spelt, but of a very different meaning, and conjugated according to the rule of the first conjugation. We mean the verb *jouer* "to play", jouant "playing," joué (m.) jouée (f) "played." *Jouer d'un violon*, means "to play on a violin;" but *jouir d'un violon*, would mean "to enjoy, to possess, &c., a violin." *Jouer* is pronounced *zhoo-ay; jouir* is pronounced *zhoo-eer*. A few words further on in the exercise you come to *ait*, third person singular, present tense, subjunctive mood, of *avoir*. We have only to remark about it, that the word *que*, which is employed in the subjunctive mood, is often separated by intervening words from the verb,—as here. Indeed, there are instances in which it is suppressed, that is, merely *understood*.

Proceeding onward, we come to *plein d'anxiété: un esprit plein d'anxiété*, "a mind *full of* anxiety." Take care not to translate this as "Kappa" might, perhaps, unluckily do, "a mind in the family way with anxiety." In using *plein* to mean "full," as it is here used, you will have the French themselves on your side, with the example of their purest and best writers.

In *ce qui*, employed in a recapitulatory manner in the last sentence of the exercise, you have another French idiom. We would say, "which is the most painful of all sufferings:" but they say, "that which is," &c., *ce qui est la plus pénible de toutes les douleurs*. The reason *la* is used, and not *le*, is simply that it refers to *douleur*, understood, which is feminine.

There is another way of framing such a sentence. You might say, *son esprit est plein de la douleur de l'anxiété* ("his mind is full of the suffering of anxiety"); and then you might go on, *douleur qui est*, &c. ("a suffering which is"). And, above all, remember what we have already pointed out, that whenever a substantive is employed as *douleur* is here, in a repetitive or recapitulatory manner, it takes indeed the indefinite article in English, but never in French. In Lesson XV., at the end of the exercise of French into English, we gave our first example of this peculiarity. "One is guilty of the crime which is called 'oppression of the poor'—*a* crime against the Holy Ghost." Observe how the *a* is here omitted in French:—*On est coupable du crime qui s'appelle "l'oppression des pauvres"*—CRIME *contre le Saint Esprit*. This omission invariably takes place in parallel instances, where terms already used are recalled to stamp them with some new epithet or character of truth and force. A correspondent, who signs himself "O. S. O.," says he cannot quite understand why this should be. The *why* is simply the mighty reason of universally established custom—the same reason that makes the Frenchman say *père* where we say *father*.

The last point in this exercise is, as yet, quite new to our readers, and we beg them to attend to it well. It is the method of forming the superlative of adjectives; and in teaching this we shall include the way to form the comparative. First of all, lest there might be some of our readers who do not know the meaning of these terms in English, we will begin there. There are three "degrees" in all adjectives; the "positive," where they are simply predicated of, or applied to, any object; the "comparative," where they are thus predicated in a greater degree; the "superlative," where they are predicated in the highest degree. For example: "A powerful writer." Here you have

the positive degree. "A more powerful writer"—you have here the comparative; "the most powerful writer." This is the superlative. The French would respectively be—*Un écrivain puissant, un écrivain plus puissant; l'écrivain le plus puissant.* Again: *Un grand écrivain, un plus grand écrivain, le plus grand écrivain.*

The general rule throughout the whole French language for forming these degrees is to put *plus* before the adjective when you want the comparative degree, and when you want the superlative to put *plus* (preceded in its turn by the definite article) before the adjective. "A fine woman, and a fine man, and a fine book"—*Une belle femme, et un bel homme, et un beau livre;* "a finer woman, and a finer man, and a finer book"—*Une plus belle femme, et un plus bel homme, et un plus beau livre;* "the finest woman, and the finest man, and the finest book"—*la plus belle femme, et le plus bel homme, et le plus beau livre.*

Beau and *bel* are both masculine; only that *bel* is used before a vowel or *h* mute, for the sake of melody. We have introduced the last three examples to show you that in employing the degrees of comparison, as they are called, you must be just as careful as on other occasions, to preserve the gender. We may say the same of number. "The finest women"—*les plus belles femmes;* "the finest men, books, &c."—*les plus beaux hommes, livres,* &c.

Having now given the general rule, we proceed to lay before our readers the most important exceptions.

English.	French.	Pronunciation.
better	*meilleur*	*may-ee-ūr*
the best	*le meilleur*	*lemmay-ee-ur*
worse	*pire*	*peer*
the worst	*le pire*	*leppeer*
less	*moindre*	*mwandr*
the least	*le moindre*	*lemmwandr*

These are evidently irregular; for as *bon* means "good," *plus bon* and *le plus bon* ought to mean "better" and "best;" but they are never used. It is always *meilleur* and *le meilleur.* With regard to *mauvais* (bad), it is allowed to say *plus mauvais,* instead of *pire,* and *le plus mauvais,* instead of *le pire.* You may take your choice. Among *adverbs* (for the preceding are adjectives), the following are, in a similar manner, exceptions:—

English.	French	Pronunciation.
better	*mieux*	*meeoeu*
the best	*le mieux*	*lemeeoeu*
worse	*pis*	*pea*
the worst	*le pis*	*leppea*
less	*moins*	*moo-aw*
the least	*le moins*	*lemwaw*
more	*plus*	*plu*
the most	*le plus*	*lepplu*

Here again you have the option of saying either *pis* or *plus mal.* Before quitting this part of our subject, let us caution the student to be fully as careful in not confounding the adverb with the adjective, as he has been warned to be in distinguishing the past participle from the perfect indicative.

We shall not have space this lesson to enter on the rules of the plural and the singular.

English into French.

Surrounded *(past participle)* *by* a dark (2) storm (1), the
entourer (or) *envelopper* (or) *environner*—to surround DE *ténébreux* (m.) *tempête* (f.)
ténébreuse (f.)

ship *was struggling* (imperfect, Indicative) against the waves.
navire (m.) *lutter*—to struggle contre flots (p.).

You perceive that "*to surround,*" which in English is followed by "with" or "by," is followed by "of" in French. "Surrounded by a crowd"—*environné* D'*une foule.* "surrounded by *the* crowds who"—*environné* DES *foules qui.*

Here we may observe, for the benefit of those who are competing for our prizes, that

one word, which luckily occurs twice, contains in one of the places where it occurs an erratum of one letter. It is the word *insouciant*, which, in the glossary, is rightly spelled, but in the exercise, appears erroneously as *insoucient*.

We may also as well give other French words for "*to surround*," in addition to the word "*entourer*." One other occurs in this Lesson; they are *environner* and *envelopper*. And further, we may caution our readers that though several words in French require *de* to follow them where the corresponding verbs in English require other prepositions such as "*by*," "*with*," &c., and though the genitive plural of the definite article is *des*, yet this coincidence should not lead the student to suppose that *de* cannot be used with a verb when no definite article is employed. It is often used even with plural substantives, which do *not* require the definite article. Thus—*entouré d'ennemis* (p.) (surrounded by enemies); *percé de dards* (p.) (pierced with darts), &c.

We have not space to continue in this lesson our various lists and conjugations, which we defer till next week.

TO OUR "FRENCH" CORRESPONDENTS.

O. S. O.—Your various queries are all implicity answered in this lesson except respecting the erratum of *frappé*, already corrected.

W. H. S.—Yes: we think competitors for the prize will do well to send us their real names and addresses, for obvious reasons.

Y. Y. Y.—On account of the circumstance just mentioned, "Y. Y. Y." will see that, besides that he has done himself unnecessary injustice in precipitately sending in his exercise so long before the requisite time, he ought to reconsider his work, and despatch it to us with his own name, &c. The intervening lessons (this among the number) were meant to help in a general way. Why should he deprive himself of the advantage by which all ought to profit?—We say the same to "A. U. A.," to "C. W——Y," and to "C. W. W., and, in fact, to all who have sent in their exercise before they were, or are yet, obliged.

From "A. U. A.," and "T. S. A.," and "TH—S. K.," and "C. W. W.," and "C. W—Y," prize exercises have been received.

"A. U. A."—The wish you express to have the French Lessons *apart* from the other matter will be gratified when they are concluded, as they will then be bound altogether and issued in a *revised* and complete form. Your assurances of thankfulness and good-will, as well as those of innumerable others, are extremely welcome.

"C. W——Y."—Your case will be a reserved point for future consideration. We have the same answer to give to all those who, having picked up some odds and ends of French, are in doubt whether they be disqualified for a prize. Let them hereafter state their case fairly in the Declaration we shall send them to fill, and in the meantime they can, if they think proper, send us their work.

Q. Q.—You ask, referring to a former lesson, whether *par la semaine* would not mean *per week* or *a week*, &c.? No: but *par semaine* would be perfectly good French. So would *par mois*, *par an*, &c. Let all our students remark this, and bear it in mind.

BE ACTIVE.

'TIS industry makes you—
  Remember—be wise;
From sloth and from stupor
  Awake and arise.
You'll live and be happy,
  And never complain
Of the blues or the dumps,
  Or a dull heavy brain.

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

s. noun-substantive; *a.* adjective; *ad.* adverb; *v.* verb; *v.a.* verb-active; *v.n.* verb-neuter.

COUCH'ING, *s.* (in surgery) an operation on the eye for the purpose of removing what is called a cataract.

COUL'TER, *s.* the sharp iron of a plough.

COUN'CIL, *s.* an assembly for the purpose of consultation.

COUN'SEL, *s.* an abbreviation of counsellor. In England, a counsellor is a barrister, whose duty consists in giving advice in questions of law, and in managing causes for clients.

COUN'TERFEIT, *v.* to imitate, to forge, to feign.

COUN'TER, *ad.* contrary to. Words having this prefix mean the contrary of the word to which they are prefixed.

COUN'TY, *s.* a shire—as the "county of Lincoln," or "Lincolnshire."

COUP-DE-GRACE, *s.* (French) a finishing stroke.

COUP-DE-MAIN, *s.* (French) a sudden enterprise, or stroke.

COUP-D'ŒIL, *s.* (French) a glance of the eye.

COUP'LET, *s.* a pair; in *poetry*, two verses.

COURANT', *s.* a sprightly dance; anything that circulates quickly—as a newspaper, &c.

COU'RIER, *s.* a messenger sent in haste or express; a bearer of despatches.

COURT-MAR'TIAL, *s.* a tribunal instituted for the purpose of trying military and naval men for the commission of offences affecting discipline in either of those branches of the public service.

COURT-LEET, *s.* a court held by or for the lord of a manor.

COVE, *s.* a small creek or bay; a shelter.

COV'ENANT, *s.* a bargain, contract, or deed; a written agreement between two or more persons whereby some act is agreed to be done, or, upon the happening of some event, some charge or liability is agreed to be borne by some party thereto.

CO'VEY, *s.* a brood of birds; a number of birds together; a hatch, a company.

CO'VING, *s.* a projection beyond a building.

CRANIOL'OGY, *s.* the science which proposes to discover the faculties, passions, or character of an individual by the external appearance of his skull; phrenology.

CRANIOME'TER, *s.* an instrument for measuring the skulls of animals.

CRA'NIUM, *s.* the skull.

CRANK, *s.* the end of an iron axis.

CRAN'NY, *s.* a chink; a crevice; a little crack.

CRAPE, *s.* a light transparent fabric composed of silk, from which, by a peculiar mode of preparation, all the gloss has been taken, and which, when dyed, as it usually is, of a black colour, is worn as the sign of mourning for the dead.

CRAP'NEL, *s.* a hook, or drag.

CRA'SIS, *s.* temperature, constitution.

CRATE, *s.* a sort of hamper in which earthenware, glass, &c., is packed.

CRA'TER, *s.* a vent, or aperture; the bowl or funnel of a volcano.

CRAY'ON, *s.* a sort of chalk pencil; a small roll of soft clay, white, or coloured with various pigments, used for drawing objects upon paper.

CRE'DEN'DA, *s.* articles of faith or belief.

CREDEN'TIALS, *s. pl.* letters of recommendation; letters giving a title to credit.

CREEK, *s.* a small inlet on a low, sandy coast.

CREMA'TION, *s.* the act of burning.

CREMO'NA, *s.* the name given to a superior kind of violin, made at Cremona, in Italy.

CRE'MOR, *s.* a milky or creamy substance.

CRE'OLE, *s.* a word originally Spanish, and used to designate the children and descendants of European parents who were born in the South American or West Indian colonies, as distinct from the resident inhabitants born in Europe, as well as from the offspring of mixed blood, such as the Mulattos and Mestizoes, born of negro or Indian mothers.

CREPUS'CULE, *s.* twilight, faint, dim light.

CREPUS'CULUM, *s.* the twilight which begins and ends when the sun is 18 degrees below the horizon.

CRESCEN'DO, *s.* (in music) a swelling of notes.

CRES'CENT, *s.* the moon on the increase; a figure resembling the moon in its first quarter; the symbol of Mohammedanism.

CRES'SET, *s.* a light set on a beacon.

CREST, *s.* from the Latin, *crista;* the feather or device used as the ornament of the helmet; a term in heraldry used for the helmet itself. *Figuratively*, the word is used to denote pride, spirit, fire.

CRETA'CIOUS, *a.* having the quality of chalk.

CREUX, *s.* a term in engraving, meaning cut below the surface.

CRIB'BLE, *s.* a sieve for cleaning corn.

CRIME'A, *s.* a peninsula in the southern part of Russia; a part of the Russian Government, Taurida.

CRIN'GLE, *s.* a ring made at the end of a rope to fasten it to another.

CRI'SIS, *s.* a critical time or turn.

CRITE'RION, *s.* a standard whereby anything is to be judged of; a distinguishing mark.

CRIT'ICISM, *s.* the art of judging of the merits or defects of any performance.

CRO'ATS, *s.* troops natives of Croatia, a country of Europe belonging chiefly to Austria.

CROCK'ERY, *s.* all kinds of earthenware.

CROFT, *s.* a small inclosed home field.

CROM'LECH, *s.* a large flat stone raised upon others, supposed to be the remains of altars set up by the Druids.

CRO'SIER, *s.* the pastoral crook or staff formerly used by bishops and abbots, and the use of which is retained in the Romish Church.

CROSS-EXAM'INE, *v. a.* to examine witnesses by putting to them unexpected questions, for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of their evidence.

CROSS'TREES, *s.* certain pieces of timber fastened to the masts of ships.

CROT'CHET, *s.* one of the notes in music, equal to half a minim; a mark in pointing, formed thus [ ]; *figuratively*, the word is used to signify a fancy, whim, or conceit.

CROUP, *s.* a kind of asthma, or catarrh; a specific inflammation of the air tubes, a disease almost peculiar to infants.

CROUPIE'R, *s.* a person who watches the cards and collects the money at a gambling-house.

CROUT, KROUT, *s.* a kind of pickled-cabbage, used in Germany as a favourite article of diet, and at sea as a preservative from scurvy.

CROW'BAR, *s.* an iron bar, or lever.

CROWN, *s.* from the Latin *corona;* an ornament worn on the head which denotes imperial or royal dignity; the top of the head; a silver coin, value 5*s.*; regal power; a garland.

CRU'CIAL, *a.* transverse, running across.

CRU'CIBLE, *s.* a pot or vessel made of clay, which will endure the most intense heat, for the purpose of melting various metals.

CRU'CIFORM, *a.* having the form of a cross.

CRUDE, *a.* raw, harsh, unripe, undigested.

CRU'ET, *s.* a small vial or bottle for vinegar or oil.

CRUISE, *v. a.* to sail in quest of an object

CRUM'PET, *s.* a soft, spongy kind of cake.

CRUP'PER, *s.* a leather strap to keep a saddle in its right place.

CRU'RAL, *a.* belonging to the leg.

CRUSA'DE, CROISA'DE, *s.* the name given to certain warlike expeditions against infidels, for the alleged purpose of obtaining possession of Palestine. Those who engaged in this enterprise wore on their breast the figure of a red cross, and hence the name of *Crusaders.*

CRUSE, *s.* a small cup, or bottle.

CRUSTA'CEOUS, *a.* shelly, with joints; those fish whose shells are in joints, as the crab, lobster, &c. These are generally softer than the shells of the *testaceous* fish, which consist of single pieces, as oysters, cockles, &c.

CRUSTAL'OGY, *s.* the science which teaches the nature, &c., of crustaceous animals, or such as are covered with shells.

CRY'OLITE, *s.* a pale-coloured mineral, a fluate of soda and alumina.

CRYOP'HORUS, *s.* an instrument for ascertaining the freezing quality of the atmosphere.

CRYPT, *s.* a low, vaulted chamber, the vaulting of which is supported on columns or the basement walls of a church or cathedral. In some cases they are used as receptacles of the monuments of the dead.

CRYP'TIC, *a.* secret, hidden.

CRYPTOGAM'IC, *a.* (in botany) having the fructification concealed.

CRYPTOG'RAPHY, *s.* the art of writing in ciphers.

CRYS'TAL, *s.* a mineral, transparent stone a species of glass. In *chemistry*, crystals express salts or other matters that are congealed like crystal.

CRYS'TALINE, *a.* transparent, clear bright.

CRYS'TALINE-HUMOUR, *s.* the second humour of the eye, that lies next to the aqueous humour.

CRYS'TALIZE, *v. a.* to form salts into small transparent bodies; to congeal.

CRYSTALOG'RAPHY, *s.* the doctrine, study or science of crystalization.

CUB, *s.* the young of a beast; generally of a bear or a fox.

CUBA'TION, *s.* the act of lying down.

CUBE, *s.* a solid body, consisting of six equal square sides; a die; in arithmetic, a number arising from the multiplication of a square number by its root.

THE

WORKING MAN'S FRIEND,

AND

FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

Attend, O Man!
Uplift the banner of thy kind,
Advance the ministry of mind,
The mountain height is free to climb,
Toil on—Man's heritage is Time!
Toil on!

Work on and win!—
Life without work is unenjoyed;
The happiest are the best employed;
Work moves and moulds the mightiest birth,
And grasps the destinies of earth.
Work on!

Work sows the seed;
Even the *rock* may yield its flower—
No lot so hard, but human power,
Exerted to one end and aim,
May conquer fate and capture fame.
Press on!

Be firm of heart;
By fusion of unnumbered years
A *Continent* its vastness rears!
A drop, 'tis said, through flint will wear;
Toil on, and nature's conquest share!
Toil on!

Within thyself
Bright morn, and noon, and night succeed;
Power, feeling, passion, thought, and deed;
Harmonious beauty prompts thy breast—
Things angels love, and GOD hath blest!
Work on!

Work on and win!
Shall light from Nature's depths arise,
And thou whose mind can grasp the skies,
Sit down with Fate and idly rail?—
No—onward! Let the truth prevail!
Work on!

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TO OUR READERS.

WE avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded us, by the completion of another Volume, to present our cordial thanks to our Readers for their continued patronage, and to assure them that we shall leave no means untried by which we may secure increased patronage and recommendation.

This *Seventh* Volume will conclude the present Series. On the 4th of October the First Number of a *New Series* will appear. The size will be altered to quarto, for the purpose of introducing beautifully-executed Engravings, descriptive of the peculiar Costumes, Manners, Employments, &c., of the People of various Nations of the Earth. This new department of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR, will commence with a description of "CHINA AND THE CHINESE;" and the whole series will form an *Illustrated History of the People of All Nations.* At this important period of our country's history, when persons from all portions of the globe are seen traversing our streets, it seems highly desirable that we should become more intimately acquainted with their history, habits, and customs, and the countries from whence they come. It is intended that the future volumes of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND shall supply this information. The remaining space will be occupied, as heretofore, with varied and interesting articles, calculated to entertain and instruct all classes of Readers.

LONDON, 335, STRAND.

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THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.
[VOL. VII.—No. 79.—SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1851.]

NATURE AND ART:
OR SUBSTANCES FOR FOOD, CLOTHING, AND FURNITURE, EXHIBITED IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

EATING and DRINKING are some of the most important affairs of life—so necessary, indeed, that we cannot exist without them. If the word *vulgar*, as the dictionaries and lexicons say, means common, general, or universal, then the participation of food and drink is one of the most vulgar things under the sun. The poet eats and drinks, and cannot always obtain ambrosial viands or celestial nectar; philosophers and scholars—aye, even lords and ladies—satisfy their hunger and thirst as well as other people. We beg pardon; for, perhaps, we ought hardly to say "*as well as other people*," because an idle or sedentary life makes the appetite so fastidious that even dainties become offensive, while labour and exercise are the best sauce; and hence yonder hedger and ditcher eats his hard bread and cheese with more pleasure and greater zest than the sons and daughters of ease participate the luxuries under which their tables groan. We refer to this circumstance because we wish our working friends to see that toil has advantages which could never be compensated by a life of indolence. The people who do nothing have bad appetites, and generally after eating suffer from indigestion. Nature seems to say, "You are no use to the world, and therefore you shall have a sickly taste, and what you eat shall be concocted with pain." Such are some of the penalties which Providence inflicts on those who do not employ their talents for the common weal. Happily, the labourer, the operative, and the artisan, are delivered from these woes, and they chiefly owe their escape to the fortunate circumstance of being compelled to exert themselves.

As FOOD is a matter of so much consequence to man, the Great Exhibition has not passed it by; and in Class III. we have "SUBSTANCES USED AS FOOD," such as agricultural produce, cereals, pulses, oils, seeds, dried fruits; substances used in the preparation of drinks, intoxicating drugs, fermented liquors, distilled spirits from unusual sources; spices and condiments, starch and sugar series, animal food, and preparations of food as industrial products.

Here the visitor will receive an immense amount of information. Among its curiosities, as works of science and art, will be found "Crystalised Malt made into Sugar," and also "A Loaf of Sugar produced from Sugar-cane grown in the county of Surrey." This part of the Exhibition is a fine commentary on the bounty of Providence and the skill of man. The variety of articles of food show the benevolence of the Creator so satisfactorily, that we could not be more convinced of its existence and constant exercise if it were made visible. To produce a hundred grains of corn out of one, and to do so before our eyes, and solely for our benefit, is as great a proof that GOD is Love as the plan and erection of the Crystal Palace is an evidence of the skill of Mr. Paxton. We here mention this fact, because some of the alarmists of our day have been afraid that religion would suffer from the Exhibition. We cannot help thinking that the Crystal Palace would be one of the best places to which one could take an Atheist; for if, with all the absurdities of the world, it would be impossible to find a human being so lost to reason as to conclude that the least of the works of art in that vast collection made itself, then we are sure that no one can look at the complicated and benevolent productions of

nature without admitting that there is a Divine Creator and superintendent. He who excludes the Deity from the world excludes himself from the rank of a thinking and intelligent being. It would require more eloquence than any mortal has yet possessed to persuade a sceptic that the crystal fountain in the transept of the Industrial Palace was made by a horse or an elephant; and yet a grain of corn requires more skill for its production than all the *jet d'eaux* in the world. We are not, then, much afraid that religion will be greatly damaged by the display of the immense variety of substances which Divine benevolence has produced, and is daily producing, for the benefit of man.

In this class, also, there is a fine example of human skill. Man has been said to be "a cooking animal," because he is the only being on the face of the earth that engages in any labour of that kind. The animals have no baking or culinary apparatus. Among them there are no ovens, furnaces, pots, kettles, or kitchen ranges. The fowl swallows his grain whole, the ox crops the grass from the field, and devours it without boiling, the dog likes his meat raw, and the cameleon and the boa constrictor must have their game alive. Brutes neither analyse, cook, brew, nor distil; they manufacture neither wines, cigars, tobacco, snuff, nor confectionary. They have neither the bodily organs, the mental powers, nor the utensils necessary for such undertakings. The savage also allows his mind to lie dormant while he tears his prey to pieces with his teeth, eats it raw, or subsists upon the roots which he digs out of the earth, or the animal food or carrion which chance throws in his way; and such had been our mode of life if science and art had not been cherished among us, and called forth our talents in this department of industry. There is hardly an article of our more substantial food but has a great deal of labour bestowed upon it before it reaches our mouths. What a large proportion of the population is employed in preparing viands and beverages! If we were immediately to return to the paradisaical mode of living, and subsist on fruits, as our first parents did, millions of people would at once be thrown out of work. In the Exhibition there is a large display of our culinary and confectionary art, which, we presume, will be a great attraction to the gourmand and the glutton, and not less so to those who do *not live to eat, but eat to live*, and who will go to the Exhibition to admire the bounty of the Creator, and the art and skill of man as the vicegerent of the Almighty in this lower world.

But man is not merely a cooking agent; he is also a carpenter, a tailor, a shoemaker, a hatter, a smith, a cabinetmaker, a builder, &c. His facility in turning his mind and his hand to anything is one of the great wonders of his being. He has a good deal in his constitution common to him with the animals; but then he infinitely surpasses them, and he owes his pre-eminence to his mind. We have read wonderful narratives concerning the cleverness of pigs, canaries, dogs, monkeys, and elephants; but we never heard of a swine being apprenticed to a cabinetmaker, or of a dog being articled to a printer, or of an ape learning to make coats or shoes. Common as these occupations are, and simple as they appear, yet they require not only a human hand, but a human soul to carry them on. Some of the most remarkable walks, or runs, in the world, are from Stratford to Bayswater, Knightsbridge or the Parliament Houses, Paddington or Highgate, Camberwell or Greenwich. We may challenge the whole earth to produce such another scene of active and artificial life in such constant succession, and for such a number of miles, as greets us in either of these streets or roads. We advise all our

friends who come to town to the Great Exhibition to get on the top of a few omnibuses, and run through London, east and west, north and south. We may tell them there is nothing like the top of an omnibus for obtaining an enlarged view of the magnitude, the art, the industry, and the people of the great Metropolis. We believe that all of them will return better than ever satisfied with their native land, and with the perseverance and industry of their countrymen.

It has been fashionable for some time past to underrate man generally, and England particularly. Some of our friends can hardly land in France, or cross the Atlantic for a few days, but they seem to imagine our fatherland is one of the most wretched places upon earth; and vast numbers, without the least reason, too, resolve to emigrate. Australia, forsooth, Van Dieman's Land, and the wilds of America, are far preferable to this worn-out country. We are no enemies to emigration,—we believe that it is destined to people the whole world; but still we know that many have left England without any cause, and in distant lands have sighed for the hills, the vales, the villages, the towns, the cities, the civilisation, and the comforts of Old England. During the depression of trade that preceded the repeal of the corn laws, we said to a mechanic, who was out of work, and almost starving, "Well, do you think of emigrating?" "Oh no," was his reply, "I intend to remain and suffer with my country, and assist in working out her social and political salvation." The man stayed at home, and is now in good circumstances. Yes, England is a kind of Holy Land among the nations, and is so, because here liberty, science, literature, art, and religion, have set up their thrones, and established them upon a sure foundation.

Many of those who profess to despise England, have also a very low opinion of man. At one time it was fashionable with divines to say all they could in disparagement of our race. They not only condemned our faults, which was very proper, but they even assailed the physics of our bodies, and the metaphysics of our minds. They seemed to forget that the crimes of mankind are a proof of greatness; and that none but beings who had large souls could be guilty of offences of such magnitude. Our sceptics have taken up the same tale; and they want to show that we are only a mass of living organism, hardly one remove from the beast of the field. To live like an animal, and die like a dog, is in some instances the height of their ambition.

Now, against this depreciation of our country, and of the human race, we emphatically protest, and the productions exhibited in the Industrial Palace fully bear us out in our dissent. The *vegetable* and *animal* substances chiefly used in manufactures as implements, or for ornaments, and which are found in Class IV. in the Great Exhibition, are a striking example of the greatness of mankind. Here, as in the ample provision for food, we have a wonderful display of the munificence of the Creator. He knew that we required not merely diet, but clothing, houses, utensils, &c.; and what a rich profusion of articles has he laid before us, and, as it were, invited us to use them for our benefit. In the Crystal Palace a number of these are classified under the following heads:—gums and resin series; oil series; acids, as acetic, citric, tartaric, oxalic, &c., &c.; dyes and colours; tanning substances; fibrous substances, including materials for cordage and clothing; cellular substances; timber, and fancy wood, used for construction and ornament, and prepared by dyeing; miscellaneous substances. All these are of vegetable origin, but there is also exhibited a large variety of animal productions

used for textile fabrics and clothing; for domestic or ornamental purposes, or for the manufacture of implements as agents in the manufacture of various articles; for the production of chemical substances; for pigments and dyes. We feel confident that there never was such a commentary on the often-repeated sentence, that "*God has made nothing in vain,*" as will be found in the Industrial Palace. Gums, resins, oils, acids, dyes, fibres, woods, minerals, earths, &c. &c., are here shown in their true value, as necessary to minister to the wants, the comfort, the employment, or the luxury of man.

But as we said of the stuffs consumed as food, so we may add respecting all these vegetable and animal substances used in the arts for clothing, &c., that they would be for the most part valueless but for the skill and ingenuity of man. Hence the Creator and his creatures are here most happily associated together; he as the benefactor, and they as the recipients of his bounty. Their art without his munificence would be useless; and his providence without their industry and inventions, would, to a very great extent, be lost. To savages gold-dust is not worth the trouble of gathering, and gems are of less value than a nail or an arrow. They roll in wealth, and yet are poor, because they know not how to employ their riches either for their own advantage or for the good of the world. They have the same talents as we, but their mental powers have never been called forth.

Of course, if the art and skill of man had been universally cultivated, there might have been a Crystal Palace three or four thousand years ago. There were minds and materials enough for such an exhibition. But the iron hand of despotism, the withering blight of ignorance, the want of liberty, science, art, commerce, and religion, have paralysed the bodily and intellectual energies of the human family, and prevented such a glorious development of the faculties and skilfulness of our race.

Every age has had its peculiarities, and every century has been marked by famines, conquests, revolutions, crusades, reformations, and the rise, the decline, or the downfall of empires. Hitherto, however, the changes have too often been of a melancholy character, and the success of one state has been built upon the desolation of others. It has been reserved for the nineteenth century, and for Britain especially, to open to the nations a new path of glory, which all may tread, and where all may mutually engage in the enterprize, and share the prize. In the triumph of science, art, industry, liberty, and morality, every one will be benefited: the rich and the poor will have an equal advantage; and the men and women of all countries and climes will participate the bloodless spoil which the loom, the plough, the mine, and the laboratory, have placed at their feet.

Exalted Aims.—I would frown on vice; I would favour virtue—favour whatever could exalt, would adorn character, alleviate my species, or contribute to render the world inhabited, like the heavens to which I looked, a place of innocence and felicity. Though I were to exist no longer than those ephemera that sport in the beams of the summer's morn, during that short hour I would rather soar with the eagle, and leave the record of my flight and my fall among the stars, than to creep in the gutter with the reptile, and bed my memory and my body together in the dunghill. However short my part, I would act it well, that I might render my existence without disgrace and without compunction.

THOMAS GRAY.

By Parson Frank.

Thomas Gray is one of those dainty bards whose verses seem to carry out the doctrine of Boileau—(we may quote the original *now* in The Working Man's Friend)—

"Hatez vous lentement; et, sans perdre courage,
Vingt fois sur le métier remettez votre ouvrage,
Polissez-le sans cesse et le repolissez,
Ajoutez quelquefois, et souvent effacez."

He is one of the most scholarly of poets, English or foreign. It was fitting that Burns should string together his rural fancies among the banks and braes, the haughs and woods of auld Coila; and that Wordsworth should shape his meditations into verse while pacing the hill-side of nature, well pleased to recognise in nature the guardian of his heart, the soul of all his moral being; and that Macaulay should dash off his martial lyrics of old Rome in the War-Office; and that Leigh Hunt should guide and rein in the caracolings of his "Palfrey" amid the sunshine and shade of Kensington Gardens. And it was fitting that Gray should poetise, after *his* kind, in the antiquity-hallowed cloisters and turret-chambers of an English university. His lines smack of classic atmosphere. There is the repose and regularity of a great library about them. Their rise and fall are redolent of Cambridge intimacy with hexameters and pentameters, Sapphics and Alcaics. He is such a man as the Italian classicists of the fifteenth century would have delighted to honour; that circle of which Lorenzo the Magnificent was the centre; scholars like Politiano and Verini, Giovanni, Pico, and Cassandra Fidelis. His verses have the air of what Richard West calls a "strange country, inhabited by things that call themselves doctors, and masters of arts." Oxford would have suited him still better than Cambridge, inasmuch as he hated mathematics. "Must I pore upon mathematics?" he dolefully asks, in one of his vivacious epistles—"Alas! I cannot see in too much light; I am no eagle. It is very possible that two and two make four; but I would not give four farthings to demonstrate this ever so clearly; and if these be the profits of life, give me the amusements." He often abuses Cambridge in good round terms, but after all his *penchant* towards her is far more sincere than his abuse. Nothing was more truly congenial than on

"'Camus' sedgy side' each realm of art to explore,
And with the ancient blend the modern lore."

If he could only have secured pleasanter society there, and been free from those persecuting under-graduates, who liked to play pranks on so fastidious-seeming a gentleman—(one night frightening him out of his propriety and his wits by raising a false alarm of fire beneath his window, and enjoying the spectacle of his descent by a rope from his upper storey)—he would have loved Alma Mater as dearly as he did his own mother, and that was with a love truly tender, solicitous, aud profound. The *locale* wherewith to identify Thomas Gray is an oak-panelled room at Peter-house, or Pembroke College, duly furnished with "sporting-door" and carefully-ordered book-shelves; sprucely-bound copies of Horace and Tibullus on the table, and gay editions of Marivaux and Crébillon on the sofa; articles of *vertu* elegantly arranged by the taste of a connoisseur (how he would have revelled in the Crystal Palace!)—daintily-tended flowers on the window-sill; gold-fish in a vase, ornamented by China's gayest art, and on the faultless hearth-rug a tortoise-shell cat, "the pensive Selima, demurest of the tabby kind," beloved of her bachelor lord and master for the feline charms (which he would enumerate with as much gusto as Southey himself) of fair round face, and snowy beard, and velvet paws, and ears of jet, and eyes of emerald—purring applause in reply to his panegyrics on the beauties of Baudrons.

There he sits, one of the most indolent and most industrious of men. Now tracing a comparison between Tibullus and Ovid, or translating them into polished

English, or inditing a Latin epistle to West, or conversing (aloud, too,) with Horace, or drinking and singing with Anacreon for a fortnight together, or feeding sheep with Theocritus; now composing an elaborate ode, and turning rough Norse into smooth Anglo-Saxon; now gladdening Horace Walpole, or Mason, or Beattie, or Warton, with a sheet or two of learned gossip and academic trifling; now studying the last French comedy, and varying it with Montesquieu's *Esprit des Loix*, or getting knee-deep in the philosophy of Diogenes Laertius, or reducing to system a collection of archæological documents, or collating the merits of the different schools of architecture, from the Pyramids to Strawberry-hill, or initiating himself into the mysteries of the Druids, or writing a catalogue, or reading the "Peerage Book," or Miller's "Gardening Dictionary," thankful (as he tells Warton) that there are such employments and such authors in the world.

The poetry of Gray is more notable for taste and finish than for feeling and warmth. With a "volition towards enthusiasm," he has an "under-constitution of most scholastic coldness." As an able commentator says, "Gray, studious and sitting in the cold, learnt the secret of a simulated and innocent fire—the Greek fire he might have called it." Lord Jeffrey attributes to him the talents rather of a critic than a poet, with learning, fastidiousness, and scrupulous delicacy of taste, instead of fire, tenderness, and invention. Tuckerman says, "The poetry of Gray is, like his life and character, correct, scholar-like, and reflective. It is singularly free from all trace of impulse and fervour. Its most striking beauties are verbal, and the trait which mainly charms us is that of choice expression or elegance of diction. Art predominates in every line." Certainly, the verses of the accomplished Cantab are not qualified to set on fire—

"—— The hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way."

But we love not to hear them denounced as the *ultima Thule* of coldness, the North-pole of poetry, the ice-creams of Parnassian confectionery. They have some feeling in them after all; and you must remember, if you please, that Gray lived and wrote in the eighteenth century, and not in the nineteenth, when passion is got up on so large a scale and at so cheap a rate, by people, between whose time and that of Gray the world has had its Byrons and *storm-and-power* men a thousand and one. Burns thought better of him when he penned the lines—

"—— Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart."

We doubt whether anyone, unsophisticated as yet in the ways of the world, and coming to Gray with a heart young, open, and susceptible, suspects him of the horrible coldness often imputed to him. The warmth may be subdued, but it is there in its own gentle, sincere way—like the warmth of the grasp of an old man's hand, which may be full of kindliness, though wanting in vigour. Gray was no volcano; but it is too bad to make him out a man of snow. There was a heart within that dapper gentleman's well-brushed vest, as his correspondence proves, if not his poems. If he never weeps himself, he contrives, notwithstanding Horace's canon, to squeeze stray tears out of young eyes, by his Elegy and his Ode on Eton College. Many a man might expend a very superior amount of passion, and yet fail to effect *that*. The pulses of life beat beneath much stiff brocade and gold lace. It now seems fashionable to laugh at Gray whenever he betrays the least symptom of approach to the pathetic, and to declare with a peremptory air that he has absolutely no pathos. But we confess to a lingering belief in, and liking for, such lines as the following, which we are soft enough to be (just a little) touched by;—

"Ah! happy hills! ah! pleasing shade!
Ah! fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain.
I feel the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,

As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring."

And so with subsequent stanzas, which picture merry boyhood sporting on the green banks of Father Thames, delighting to cleave with pliant arm his glassy waters, or urging the flying ball, hitherto untroubled by sense of ills to come, or of cares beyond to day—

"Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest;
The tears forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th'approach of morn."

The subject is trite; but Gray has invested it with a placid beauty all his own. This ode was, as one can readily understand, a favourite with Chateaubriand, who says of it, in his "Mémoires d'outre-tombe"—"Who has not experienced the feelings and regrets expressed here with all the grace of poetry? Who has not felt touched and softened by the recollection of the sports, the studies, and the loves of his early years? But can we restore them to life again? The pleasures of youth, recalled by memory, are ruins seen by torchlight."

As for the "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard," *that*, it seems (according to certain doctors), is only an artful piece of mosaic—a thing of shreds and patches—an *omnium gatherum* of tit-bits and pretty conceits, collected from all quarters by the compositor (for, by this showing, author he can hardly be called). The same kind of microscopic criticism it is which goes to denude Shakspere himself of positive originality. It makes out even the sublimest literature of the oratory—the Lord's Prayer—to be a compilation from Rabbinical litanies and forms of devotion. Grant, however, that Gray's "Elegy" *does* embody many thoughts and expressions to be traced to other authors—could one amongst them all have completed so perfect a whole, or harmonised and fused the scattered excerpts into so beautiful a unity? Its reputation as a poem is secure, although poor Gray's reputation as a poet is said to be extinct. It is one of those exquisite masterpieces in which every word appears to be the right one, and in the right place. The metre is sweetly, soothingly elegiac, and the music of the rhythm delicious. Professor Wilson contends that Gray had no pathos; but he admits that the "Elegy" elevates the mind—that the feelings and thoughts flow naturally—that the language and versification are elegant in the extreme, scholar-like without being pedantic, in the best sense classical, and free from flaws, like a gem of purest ray serene—on the whole, an "immortal elegy." There are lines upon lines in it which make up, each in its tiny self, a miniature panorama. The setting sun hardly realizes to us an evening scene more impressively and actually than do the opening stanzas of this memorable elegy. Every dark bosom is hushed, as the curfew tolls the knell of parting day; the image of the lowing herds, winding slowly o'er the lea, suggests sights and sounds which present the very hue and tone of eventide. How rich with the associations of nature and poetry are the allusions to the "glimmering landscape," fading on the sight—the "solemn stillness" of the air, broken only by the beetle, as he "wheels his droning flight" (is not this word-painting beautiful exceedingly?)—and the drowsy tinklings which lull the distant fold, and the complaint of the moping owl in the ivy-mantled tower! Has not the "Elegy" made more holy still that which we call the holy ground of a churchyard? Do not these verses rise involuntarily to our lips, like sighings from the depths of our hearts, *suspiria de profundis*, when we stand beneath the yew-tree's shade, and think on the rude forefathers of the

hamlet who now sleep each in his narrow cell? Ended their useful toil, homely joys, obscure destiny, they lie as they lived, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife;" they have accomplished their quiet mission—their sole memorial some rustic inscription graved on the stone beneath an aged thorn, that not in vain implores the passing tribute of a sigh. Every stanza is instinct with pensive beauty. Every line has, without question, been quoted again and again by writers of every degree—by the M.P. "on his legs" in the House—by the sentimental preacher, in lavender kid gloves—by the dashing essayist, in monthly magazines; by the lover, sighing like a furnace—the politician, full of "village Hampdens" and "mute, inglorious Miltons," and the moralist, who shows how "the paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Of Gray's performances *à la* Pindar, eulogy must be more limited. Anyone further removed from the common ideal of the Pindaric can hardly be imagined. Gray, astride of such a run-away, mountain-scaling, lion-maned, fiery-hoofed Pegasus as *that*, is like Hotspur's fine gentleman, "neat, trimly dressed, fresh as a bridegroom," figuring on a field stained and scarred with battle and death, and making fiery Percy mad

> "To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
> And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman
> Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the mark!).

Yet with all that seems so finical in the poet's character, he was not without a certain manliness and sterling strength. Sir Egerton Brydges describes him as exhibiting the odd contradiction of a manly mind and fastidious, almost effeminate, manners—acting the *petit-maître* in society, but serious and thoughtful when alone—a grave, gentle, benevolent, conscientious man. Still he was hardly the stern, vehement, seer-like being for whom one could predicate success in odes of rushing headlong impulse. Accordingly his odes are regarded as poor artificial things, the fire of which is as artificial as that of Vauxhall or Cremorne—"not fire, only a picture of fire, at which no soul could be warmed." The poetry of Gray, in the judgment of Mr. Carlyle—(what a contrast, such a poet and such a critic!)—is a laborious mosaic, where real and free feeling is sacrificed to pomp and cold splendour, and where, instead of vigour, we have a "certain mouthing vehemence, too elegant indeed to be tumid, yet foreign to the heart." With such traits it seems in no way feasible to combine the Pindaric element. The eagle must be shorn of his talons. The lion must eat straw like the ox. The bard, with his eye in fine frenzy rolling, must be translated into a sedate and polished gentleman of the Georgian era, Horace Walpole's *compagnon de voyage*, and *item*—afflicted with the gout! On the whole, the marvel is that such a *bel esprit* should get on so well as he does in rough work of this kind. School-boys like "The Bard," even though obliged to learn it by heart, and do it into iambics and anapæsts, some of the lines ring in their ears, and find an echo in manhood which has not quite died out even in old age; they enjoy the rolling r's in the opening verse—

> "Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!"

And scattered throughout the ode there are bold phrases and touching beauties of no contemptible order. Fine is the figure of the old man on the rock frowning o'er Conway's foaming flood; in his mingled strains we catch something, at least, of "high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay"—now mourning because

> "Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
> That hush'd the stormy main;"

now bursting into the animated threat,

> "Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
> The winding-sheet of Edward's race;"

now melting into a voice "as of the cherub choir," and hushed into distant warblings.

Nor are the rest of his odes destitute of fine passages. The "Progress of Poesy"

is rich in *morçeaux* consecrated for quotation—especially the stanzas in honour of Shakspere, "Nature's darling," and Milton riding sublime upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy—

"Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night;"

and Dryden, in his less presumptuous car. The metre of the odes is happily constructed, and pleases the ear, if it awakens no deeper feeling.* In musical accent Gray sometimes resembles Campbell—to whom, also, in fastidious refinement he bears a strong likeness.

His correspondence ranks deservedly high. Some prefer it to the gossipping small-talk of Horace Walpole, that prince of easy letter-writers, and to the admirable fluency and humorous good sense of Cowper. It presents him in an amiable light. His affection for his mother is as exemplary as that of Pope. He was reserved and cautious in forming acquaintances, but—in spite of the Walpole quarrel—a fast friend if a friend at all. The letters descriptive of his tour in the Lake district are, perhaps, the best of the series. Keswick and Ulleswater and Ambleside were little known at that time of day, and he depicts their beauties with a warmth of colouring that does him honour. What a literature belongs to those regions since Gray last gazed on the cliffs and islands of Winander, or sauntered along the banks of Rydalmere, or toiled up the long ascent of Dunmail-raise, or the tall steep of Silverhow, or the misty crown of Kirkstone! The ground was all but unbroken, untrodden, when he visited it, eighty years since.

He was quite a man of the last century, and one of the least earnest of its representatives; a man of constitutional melancholy, which he sought to cure by systematic dilettantism. He is the author of the celebrated line—

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,"

but few such thoughts and words glow in his pages. Little likeness bears he to his Theban eagle, "sailing with supreme dominion through the azure deep of air." The solemnities of life are almost ignored by him. Had he lived to read Carlyle and Emerson, how querulously the little man would have shaken his ambrosial wig! He would have made queer faces at the rhythm and doctrine of the verses.†

"So here hath been dawning another blue day.
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?
Out of eternity this new day was born,
Into eternity, at night, will return."

* Professor Wilson, who condemns the odes *en masse*, as cold and clumsy concerns, says, "We love to read them for the sake of the mere sound, which is rushing and river-like; and sometimes we think we hear the sea—sullen, afar off—or near at hand, in a high tide, and dashing rejoicingly against the rocks."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, Vol. XXX., p. 482. Mr. Gilfillan says, "They hover between excellence and absurdity, sublimity and bombast, darkness and barbaric lustre, and will at last rest beside all other modern Pindarics, in the shadow of solid oblivion."—*Letters and Letter-writers of the Day.*

† By Carlyle.

Glass Pearls, though among the most beautiful, inexpensive, and common ornaments, for women now made, are produced by a very singular process. In 1656, about two hundred years ago, a Venetian named Jaquin discovered that the scales of a fish called bleak-fish possessed the property of communicating a pearly hue to water. He found, by experiment, that beads dipped in this water, assumed, when dried, the appearance of pearls. It proved, however, that the pearly coat, when placed outside, was easily rubbed off, and the next improvement was to make the beads hollow. The making of these beads is carried on even to this day in Venice. The beads are all blown separately. By means of a small tube, the insides are delicately coated with a pearly liquid, and a wax coating is placed over that. It requires the scales of four thousand fishes to produce a half pint of the liquid, to which small quantities of sal ammonia and isinglass are afterwards added.

ABBREVIATED WRITING.

Mr. Editor,—You have given us from time to time a number of valuable hints and advices as to reading and study. You have recommended us to read the best authors, and to make *extracts* from them. Now the work of transcribing from printed works, especially if the quotations desired be lengthy, is one which occupies considerable time, and also considerable space. It is true that—now paper is so cheap—*space* is not an object of great importance; but yet *time* is an item of great value, especially to a man who has to labour hard and long to obtain a decent competence for himself and family. Much time may be saved by the use of *short-hand*, and the art of short-hand is now so greatly simplified as to be comparatively easy of acquisition. But short-hand has its disadvantages. Constant practice alone can make one master of it; and if the notes and memorandums be not transcribed while the subject is fresh on the memory, the work of transcribing will be very difficult. I have for some years adopted a mode of abbreviation which enables me to take all the leading points, and many of the literal sentences, of most ordinary speakers, and which enables me also to make extracts from books, newspapers, &c., in a short space of time, and on a small space of paper. My system has this further advantage, that it can be read with ease at any period, however distant from that in which the extract is made without the trouble of first transcribing it.

My plan is to omit most of the vowels, many needless consonants, and those words, or parts of sentences, which the common sense of the writer will enable him to supply, whether he reads from his notes or copies them out at length. In some cases —especially where a leading word occurs frequently—a single letter will suffice to express that word. If, for instance, I were transcribing a description of the *Crystal Palace*, I should think it quite enough, having given it in full once, to express it afterwards by the letters C. P. But my system will be best explained by a few examples:—

1. Prlmntry Rfrm.

"Mr. Cobdn sd, he hd tkn ths th l oprtnty f aprng at a R. mtng—aftr th rcnt dclrtn md by th Prm Mnster, tht h wld b prprd nxt ses of Par to intrdc a msr of R—to dclr tht h cnsdrd ths qstn whch th assctn hd in hnd as th mst prctcl qustn tht pltcns hd to dl wth; & n dng so, he wld sy to hs frnds vry whr thrght th cntry—to all ths who wr prctcl mn, & wth whm h hd th hnr of cmbtng on othr qstns—tht thy wld frft thr chrctr as a prctcl ppl, nlss btwn nw nd nxt sprng thy thrw thmslvs nto ths qstn of P R n a wy tht wld prv to wrld tht th Eng ppl r d nt lst tht old attrbt f th ntn tht thy knw hw to sz th prpr tm fr dng thr own wrk in thr own wy."—*Spch at Lond Tav, May* 26, 51.

Copied in full thus:—

Parliamentary Reform.

"Mr. Cobden said he had taken this the first opportunity of appearing at a reform meeting—after the recent declaration made by the Prime Minister, that he would be prepared in the next session of Parliament to introduce a measure of reform—to declare that he considered this question which the association had in hand as the most practical question that politicians had to deal with. And in doing so he would say to his friends every where throughout the country—to all those who were practical men, and with whom he had the honour of combating on other questions—that they would forfeit their character as a practical people, unless between now and next spring they threw themselves into this question of Parliamentary Reform in a way that would prove to the world that the English people had not lost that old attribute of the nation—that they knew how to seize the proper time for doing their own work in their own way."—*Speech at the London Tavern, May* 26, 1851.

2. Pslm f Lf.

"Tl me nt, n mrnfl nmbrs,
Lf s bt n mpty drm;
Fr th sl s dd tht slmbrs,
And thngs ar nt wht thy sm.

"Lf s rl! lf s rnst!
And th grv s nt its gl;
Dst th art, to dst rtrnst,
Ws nt spkn of th sl.

* * *

"Nt njymnt, & nt srrw,
Is or dstnd end or wy;
Bt to act, tht ech tmrw
Fnd us frthr thn t-dy.

* * *

"Lt us, thn, b up & dng,
Wth a hrt for ny ft;
Stl achvng, stl prsng,
Lrn to lbr & to wt."

Lngflw.

Copied in full thus:—

A Psalm of Life.

"Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

"Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

* * *

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

* * *

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait."

Longfellow.

I add one more example, which your readers will readily transcribe in full:—

"Or Fthr, whch rt n hvn, hllwd b thy nm. Thy kngdm cm. Thy wl b dn n rth as it s n hvn. Gv s ths dy or dly brd. And frgv us or dbts, s we frgv or dbtrs. And ld s nt nto tmpttn, bt dlvr s frm evl: Fr thn is kngdm, pwr, glry, fr vr. Amn."

As I said before, a very little practice will make perfect in this mode of writing, and its numerous advantages will make it pleasant.

With the humble hope that this communication may prove, even in the least degree, useful to your numerous readers, I am, sir, yours respectfully,

Gulielmus.

[We are obliged to our correspondent for this communication. *We* have for years adopted a similar mode of taking notes of meetings and extracts from books, and can testify to its great value.—Eds.]

MR. WYLD'S COLOSSAL GLOBE.

When the Great Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations was first projected, it occurred to Mr. Wyld, the Queen's geographer, that a representation of the entire surface of the globe would be desirable. In entering on the arduous and costly work of producing one, he designed it to have a place in the Crystal Palace; but subsequently a separate building was considered necessary for exhibiting "the great globe itself," and accordingly it now invites public attention in an appropriate edifice in Leicester-square. Our remarks on it we purpose to adapt not only to those who have an opportunity for its inspection, but to others of our readers who may be denied this pleasure and advantage.

That the earth is a round body, and isolated in space, is evident from many and diversified facts. The nocturnal sky, for example, appears continually to change its aspect to any one who travels from north to south. The heavenly bodies, indeed, retain the same relative position to one another, and the points on which the firmament seems to revolve remain unaltered; but such a change occurs, that the stars, which, at the place from whence the traveller set out, appeared to reach their greatest elevation to the *south* of the point directly over his head, now that he has changed his position, seem, when highest, on the *north* of that point. Now this could not be were he traversing a flat surface. On the contrary, here is a clear indication that his path has been a curve, the convexity or rounded part of which is turned towards the sky.

Other facts lead to the same conclusion. To a passenger in a ship leaving the shore, low objects at first disappear, then those which are more elevated, and at last the highest points of the land sink in the horizon. Thus the voyager first loses sight of the beach; but after a time building after building recedes from his view, till the top of the loftiest is invisible; while, should there be above these any Alpine eminences, one after another retires, till the blue firmament and the floating clouds alone appear; because the direct visible ray from all besides is broken by the interposed curved surface of the ocean. In like manner, the vision of the voyager's approach to land accords with that of his departure. The mountain height is first apparent; then follow in due succession the buildings, determined in their order by their altitude; and, last of all, is seen the shore, where, perhaps, are gathered those who joyously welcome his return, and on whom, could his wishes be gratified, his eyes, even at a distance, would first fall. To dwell for another moment on the navigator, it is manifest that if he sailed in a

straight line, the further he went onwards, the greater would be his distance from the harbour where his course commenced; while, on the contrary, by continuing to sail in the same direction he will at length arrive at the same port, having, in the meantime, circumnavigated the globe. This enterprise has often been undertaken. European navigators, by sailing always towards the east, or by holding a westerly course, have thus, in numerous instances, returned to their respective homes. Here, then, is demonstration that the surface of the globe is a curve which returns into itself.

Other facts are not wanting to sustain the same conclusion—as the shadow of the earth in an eclipse of the moon, which corresponds with the globe's rotundity; but on these it is needless to enter: that the planet on which we dwell is a sphere, requires no further proof.

It is true that, on a minuter inquiry, its true figure will prove to be somewhat elliptical, or flattened at the poles, thus resembling the form of an orange; but this is so trifling a deviation from the spherical figure, that, as Sir J. Herschel says: "If a model of such proportions were turned in wood, and laid before us upon a table, the nicest eye or hand would not detect the flattening, since the difference of diameter, in a globe of fifteen inches, would amount only to one-twentieth of an inch. In all common parlance, and for all ordinary purposes, then, it would still be called a globe, while, nevertheless, by careful measurement, the difference would not fail to be noticed; and, speaking strictly, it would be termed, not a globe, but an *oblate ellipsoid*, or *spheroid*, which is the name appropriated by geometers to the form above described."

A knowledge of the surface of the globe in the earliest times would be extremely restricted, and of it there would be, therefore, for ages, no representation. Joshua said to the children of Israel: "Give out from among you three men of each tribe, and I will send them, and they shall rise and go through the land, and describe it according to the inheritance of them; and they shall come again to me. And they shall divide it into seven parts: Judah shall abide in their coast on the south, and the house of Joseph shall abide in their coasts on the north. Ye shall therefore describe the land into seven parts, and bring *the description* hither to me." * There must, therefore, have been some resemblance, how far we know not, to a map of Canaan; and the ability to supply it might have been derived, like much of that displayed by the Israelites, from the Egyptians.

The geographical knowledge of the Greeks, as it appears from the poems of Homer, comprehended only a small part of Europe, Asia, and Africa; and in those ancient songs there is no allusion to any mode of representing or delineating the surface of any country. But, on the wide diffusion of the Greeks by colonisation, six or seven centuries before the Christian era, combined with their commercial enterprises, there must have been a great advancement in geographical knowledge. Anaximandes, of Miletus, is said to have been the first person who constructed a map of the world, as known in his time. He was born B.C. 610. Aristagoras, of the same city, is described by Herodotus, "the father of history," in his interview with Cleomenes, king of Sparta, to solicit his assistance against the Persians, as appearing before him with a tablet of copper in his hand, on which was inscribed every known part of the habitable world, with its seas and rivers. But this has been supposed to have been only an itinerary of the country between Sardis and Susa.

A great advance was, however, indisputably made, not only in the knowledge, but the depicting of the surface of the earth, by Eratosthenes, a native of Cyrene, a distinguished contemporary of Archimedes, about two hundred and fifty years before Christ. Not only possessing the advantage of the instruments and observations of all his predecessors, but that of the great library of Alexandria,—containing, most probably, all the knowledge of the time,—which was committed to his superintendence by Ptolemy Euergetes, his map surpassed any that had previouly been constructed. He introduced into it a regular parallel of latitude, by tracing a line over certain places whose longest day was observed to be of the same length. This parallel extended from the Straits of Gibraltar to the mountains of India, passing through Rhodes, and from

* Joshua xviii, 4—6.

its central position with respect to the principal ancient nations, it became, at this period, a standard of reference. Hipparchus subsequently fixed the construction of maps on a mathematical basis, and thus enabled the geographer to lay down his latitudes and longitudes on definite and certain principles.

The knowledge of the earth's surface, which continued to be much restricted for ages, received an extraordinary increase when a spirit of maritime enterprise arose, of which there has been so marvellous a display during the last few centuries.† And as our acquaintance with geography surpasses now all previous attainments in this science, so our maps present to the eye an accuracy and beauty, of which there is but a confused glimpse in the delineations of former days. Very recently, there has been a special improvement in such representations, by depicting the surface of a city, a county, or a province *in relief*, instead of on a level surface.

Geological maps were the first of this kind with which we are acquainted. Some years ago Mr. Sopwith laid down a method by which the most ordinary workman could construct geological models, showing not only the position and thickness of the various strata in a vertical section, but the actual surface and imbedding of the strata lying in different planes; so that one tray of the model being taken from above the other, we may consider that we have the strata in miniature, with every undulation and indentation upon it.

One advantage of such a mode is, that it makes the Commissioners of Woods and Forests acquainted with every particle of coal under their forests, so that none can be wasted or destroyed without their knowledge. In all cases it is adapted to point out the partitions of mining property, and to prevent any trespass. Mr. Sopwith states his remembrance of an instance in which such a model would have saved to parties who had taken a lease of part of a mine a very large sum. A specified condition was that a guinea should be paid for every square yard of coal taken in trespass; and it so happened that the miners mistook their way, working the coal in one direction, while they supposed they were going in another directly opposite. No fewer than 40,000 yards were thus worked before the error was detected, and the penalty of a guinea for each one was consequently incurred and paid!

An early effort in representing surfaces is traced to M. Sené, a citizen of Geneva. He made a sculpture on wood of the chain of Mont Blanc, with the forms and characters of their many peaks and glaciers, valleys, watercourses, chatels, and even their firs were rendered with great fidelity.

The process has thus arisen of forming a *model* of any surface, instead of a *map*, with all its inequalities and eminences, depressions and depths, adjusting these severally according to a specified scale, and colouring the various portions with the tints they ordinarily present to the eye. Here the construction of maps may appear to have attained its acme, but amidst the astounding products of human skill which we have of late been permitted to contemplate, who can tell what further improvements in the arts, as applicable to this branch of knowledge, may yet be devised?

With geographical science at a point never yet equalled, and with modes of representation singularly correct and illustrative, Mr. Wyld has constructed a colossal globe, of sixty feet in diameter. The visitor looks, however, on its *inner*, and not its *exterior* surface;—a mode of representation by which much space is saved, but attended with some disadvantage. On entering the building, he proceeds upwards, by successive galleries, from the southern to the northern regions of the globe. In each one there is an attendant to point out the seas and oceans and the portion he has to describe, the countries, with their mountains or plains, their rivers or lakes, as well as their principal towns and cities. Scattered over the bosom of the waters are the isles or islets, whether large as that of Borneo, or small as St. Helena, Corsica, or Sark. The several objects meet the eye in *coloured relief;* and as the attendant passes onwards in his description, the visitor will gaze on many a spot associated with maritime enterprise, commercial importance, martial strife, despotic power, or gorgeous opulence; or, consecrated by the progress of civilisation, liberty, or religion.

† See Sailings over the Globe.

If a visit be made to this colossal globe in the expectation of *pictorial* delineation, with which public curiosity appears never satiated, disappointment will be inevitable; but if there be a pursuit of geographical knowledge on a scale of magnitude to which there has hitherto been no approximation, the object of a visit, or rather of repeated visits, will be amply secured.

WE ARE ALL SCULPTORS.

LITTLE as many of us think about it, or attend to it, we are all like the sculptor, giving shape to some object, if it be only our own souls; and happy would it be for us, and our fellow men, if every exertion of our influence were made with the care and precision of the artist who labours to produce from the inanimate marble an image of breathing, moving life. We know not who is the author of the following lines, in which the thought just hinted is so finely expressed:—

"Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him;
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him:
He carved the dream on that shapeless stone
With many a sharp incision;
With heaven's own light the sculptor shone,—
He had caught that angel vision.

"Sculptors of life are we as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us;
Waiting the time when at God's command
Our life dream shall pass o'er us.
If we carve it then on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision,
It's heavenly beauty shall be our own,—
Our lives that angel vision."

ENCOUNTER WITH AN ICEBERG.

(*From the log-book of a Voyager.*)

FOR ten days we had fine weather and light winds, but a southerly gale sprung up and drove us to the northward, and I then found out what it was to be at sea. After the gale had lasted a week, the wind came round from the northward, and bitter cold it was. We then stood on rather further to the north than the usual track, I believe.

It was night, and blowing fresh. The sky was overcast, and there was no moon, so that darkness was on the face of the deep—not total darkness, it must be understood, for that is seldom known at sea. I was in the middle watch from midnight to four o'clock, and had been on deck about half an hour when the look-out forward sung out, "Ship ahead—starboard—hard a starboard."

These words made the second mate, who had the watch, jump into the weather rigging.

"A ship!" he exclaimed. "An iceberg it is, rather, and —. All hands wear ship," he shouted, in a tone which showed there was not a moment to lose

The watch sprung to the braces and bowlines, while the rest of the crew tumbled up from below, and the captain and other officers rushed out of their cabins. The helm was kept up, and the yards swung round, and the ship's head turned towards the direction whence we had come. The captain glanced his eye round, and then ordered the courses to be brailed up, and the main topsail to be backed, so as to lay the ship to. I soon discovered the cause of these manœuvres, for before the ship had quite wore round I perceived close to us a towering mass with a refulgent appearance, which the look-out man had taken for the white sails of a ship, but which proved in reality to be a vast iceberg, and attached to it, and extending a considerable distance to leeward, was a field or very extensive floe of ice, against which the ship would have run, had it not been discovered in time, and would, in all probability, instantly have gone down, with every one on board.

In consequence of the extreme darkness, t was dangerous to sail either way; for it

was impossible to say what other floes, or smaller cakes of ice, might be in the neighbourhood, and we might probably be on them before they could be seen. We therefore remained hove to. As it was, I could not see the floe till it was pointed out to me by one of the crew.

When daylight broke, the next morning, the dangerous position in which the ship was placed was seen. On every side of us appeared large floes of ice, with several icebergs floating, like mountains on a plain, among them; while the only opening through which we could escape was a narrow passage to the north-east, through which we must have come. What made our position the more perilous was, that the vast masses of ice were approaching nearer and nearer to each other, so that we had not a moment to lose, if we would effect our escape.

As the light increased, we saw, at the distance of three miles to the westward, another ship, in a far worse predicament than we were, inasmuch as she was completely surrounded by ice, though she still floated in a sort of basin. The wind held to the northward, so that we could stand clear out of the passage, should it remain open long enough. She by this time had discovered her own perilous condition, as we perceived that she had hoisted a signal of distress, and we heard the guns she was firing to call our attention to her; but regard to our own safety compelled us to disregard them until we had ourselves got clear of the ice.

It was very dreadful to watch the stranger, and to feel that we could render her no assistance. All hands were at the braces, ready to trim the sails should the wind head us; for in that case we should have to beat out of the channel, which was every instant growing narrower and narrower. The captain stood at the weather gangway, conning the ship. When he saw the ice closing in on us, he ordered every stitch of canvas the ship would carry to be set on her, in hopes of carrying her out before this should occur. It was a chance, whether or not we should be nipped. However, I was not so much occupied with our own danger as not to keep an eye on the stranger, and to feel deep interest in her fate.

I was in the mizen top, and as I possessed a spy-glass, I could see clearly all that occurred. The water on which she floated was nearly smooth, though covered with foam, caused by the masses of ice as they approached each other. I looked; she had but a few fathoms of water on either side of her. As yet she floated unharmed. The peril was great; but the direction of the ice might change, and she might yet be free. Still on it came with terrific force; and I fancied that I could hear the edges grinding and crushing together.

The ice closed on the ill-fated ship. She was probably as totally unprepared to resist its pressure as we were. At first I thought that it lifted her bodily up; but it was not so, I suspect. She was too deep in the water for that. He sides were crushed in—her stout timbers were rent into a thousand fragments—her tall masts tottered and fell, though still attached to the hull. For an instant I concluded that the ice must have separated, or perhaps the edges broke with the force of the concussion; for, as I gazed, the wrecked mass of hull, and spars, and canvass, seemed drawn suddenly downward with irresistible force, and a few fragments which had been hurled by the force of the concussion to a distance, were all that remained of the hapless vessel. Not a soul of her crew could have had time to escape to the ice.

I looked anxiously; not a speck could be seen stirring near the spot. Such, thought I, may be the fate of the four hundred and forty human beings on board this ship ere many minutes are over.

I believe that I was the only person on board who witnessed the catastrophe. Most of the emigrants were below, and the few who were on deck were with the crew watching our own progress.

Still narrower grew the passage. Some of the parts we had passed through were already closed. The wind, fortunately, held fair, and though it contributed to drive the ice faster in upon us, it yet favoured our escape. The ship flew through the water at a great rate, heeling over to her ports; but, though at times it seemed as if the masts would go over the sides, still the captain held on. A minute's delay might prove our destruction.

Every one held his breath as the width of the passage decreased, though we had but a short distance more to make good before we should be free.

I must confess that all the time I did not myself feel any sense of fear. I thought it was a danger more to be apprehended for others than for myself. At length a shout from the deck reached my ears, and looking round I saw that we were on the the outside of the floe. We were just in time; for, the instant after, the ice met, and the passage through which we had come, was completely closed up. The order was now given to keep the helm up, and to square away the yards; and with a flowing sheet we ran down the edge of the ice for upwards of three miles before we were clear of it.

Only then did people begin to inquire what had become of the ship we had lately seen. I gave my account, but few expressed any great commiseration for the fate of those who were lost. Our captain had had enough of ice, so he steered a course to get as fast as possible into more southern latitudes.

LETTERS FROM CALCUTTA.

(*Letter the First.*)

The Hindoos are said to be a very religious people. The truth of this statement is, I think, doubtful, and certainly depends on what is considered religious even among heathen nations; for, whatever may be the devotion or superstition of some individuals among the higher and more educated classes, all their festivals and ceremonies, so far as the lower orders are concerned, appear, in Calcutta at least, to be merely so many pretences for the indulgence of idleness, excitement, or brutality.

The number of deities in the Hindoo Pantheon is said by the Brahmins to amount to 330 millions; but these gods and goddesses are only various forms and names of the three principal ones: Brahma, the creator; Vishnoo, the preserver; and Shio, the destroyer: and the three female deities who were their consorts. Innumerable festivals, or poojas, are held in honour of the numerous characters which these deities assume; but the principal, in Bengal, are those devoted to Khalee, or Doorga, and her husband Shio, two of the most cruel and sanguinary of the divinities in this most abominable mythology. Of the many temples erected to Khalee, the largest and most popular one is situated about three miles from Calcutta, at a spot called Khalee Ghaut. So strangely has a veneration for this deity, or rather demon, seized the minds of the natives, that Mohammedons in great numbers present offerings to her, and many of the Roman Catholic priests are said to wink at the infatuated attachment to Khalee of their converts. The idol is of black marble, and here, as elsewhere, Khalee is represented as a black woman with four arms, one of which holds a sword, and another a human head suspended by its hair. She is decorated with garlands of sculls and a girdle of human hands, and stands on the body of her husband Shio, who appears as a white man. I could fill my sheet with the vile legends connected with the history and attributes of these divinities, but with neither pleasure nor benefit to you; besides, my purpose now is to give you some account of the Churruck Pooja, or swinging worship, which has been held this week in honour of Shio. It is probable that you have read accounts of the ceremonies connected with it in histories of Bengal and in the reports of Missionaries, with a mingled feeling of pity and wonder; but they must be seen to be understood, and even a spectator fresh from the scene, will fail to give you a right appreciation of its horrors. I shall only attempt to tell you, in the simplest terms, what I saw.

Imagine us, then, in an open carriage starting at the first peep of dawn, about five o'clock, and proceeding across the beautiful plain which extends for two miles to the south of the city. We first enter the picturesque village of Allipore, with the early morning breeze rustling amid the leaves of the peepul, and the graceful stems of the bamboo. The plantain waving its vast green leaves, and multitudes of birds singing in the thick foliage of the mango, or clustering on the tops of the cocoa and the fan-leaved palm, while innumerable blossoms of shrubs, giant creepers, and forest trees fill the air with perfumes. Everywhere was freshness, purity, calmness; and we could say with Heber—

> "Here every prospect pleases
> And man alone is vile!"

for our tranquillity was soon disturbed by the noise of drums, cymbals, and other native instruments, and by the shouts of multitudes of men and women, who were issuing from the clusters of huts around, and rushing down the lanes which led to a Nullah, or branch of the sacred Ganges, sadly like a muddy ditch, which flows through this district. The naked bodies of many of the men were daubed all over with spots of white clay to intimate that they had devoted themselves to the performance of the hideous ceremonies which signalise this festival. Others were hung over with necklaces and garlands of flowers in token that they had been making offerings at the shrine of Khalee. All were hurrying with frantic noise and haste to the opposite bank of the stream. The lofty and picturesque domes of the great Pagoda now came in view, towering above the palm groves by which it is surrounded—many other small white domes gleamed through the trees, and beyond appeared another large temple also with numerous domes. We felt ouselves in the very centr of heathenism, and this feeling was streng

ened as we crossed the bridge and found ourselves in the midst of the densest and most fearful crowd I have ever seen. Thousands on thousands of both sexes and of all ages crowded the principal road and all the side avenues as far as the eye could reach, the men and boys carrying bamboo poles, long iron rods, crowns of iron spikes, and other instruments of torture; some carried frames of bamboo hung over with children's toys painted red and yellow, and of rude and savage shape; others had trays of sweetmeats made in the form of idols, pagodas, &c. In the midst of this dense crowd walked the separate processions of Sunnyasees, or religious mendicants, who are the heroes of the day.

The first group was headed by a man who carried a large pan of burning rosin; behind him walked the so-called devotees about "to pass through the fire to Moloch." Each man had two iron ladles full of fire, the handles of which penetrated his sides, the bowls being suspended by a string passed round the neck and the handles firmly clasped in his hands to keep them steady. Of course the intense heat of the burning fluid was rapidly conducted to the incisions in the side, and must have given intolerable pain, but no sign was visible on their faces, I only observed that their lips were firmly closed and their eyes fixed, as if determined to restrain all expression of feeling. They were principally young men of about fourteen or sixteen years of age, and were supported on each side by others who appeared to encourage and guide them. The next party had ropes drawn through their sides, and were dancing backwards and forwards between the extremities which were held stretched at full length by the men who accompanied them.

Then followed personifications of Shio by men covered from head to foot with white paint, having their noses and eyebrows of vermillion, and on their heads a grotesque imitation of a mitre. Some were drawing iron rods through their tongues, others were stuck all over with pins; one man had a number of white rods tipped with red, arranged fan shape, on his shoulders, and forming rays round his head: the united stems appeared to pierce through the flesh at his waist. Every one was undergoing some particular torture, and their appearance was ghastly and demoniacal in the extreme. But the favourite manœuvre of all was evidently that of passing iron rods, bamboos, or live snakes, through the fleshy part of the arms, and moving them rapidly up and down, accompanying the action with leaping and dancing. Many of these men were talking to each other with the greatest coolness, and had even an expression of drollery on their faces which led me to think, either that they have some mode of preparing the flesh so as to prevent much pain, or that they were intoxicated; opium is doubtless very freely used on these occasions. Many other modes of torture are practised, such as dancing on fire and holding heated chains in their hands; but the worst appears to be an iron band fastened round the forehead supporting spikes surmounted by cups of fire; the veins appear ready to burst, and how the pain is borne it is difficult to imagine. It is sickening to write all this, to behold it was horrible, accompanied as it was by the deafening crash of drums and cymbals, and the savage yell of Hurree Bol, which is repeated by the spectators. As we passed on, the walls and roofs of the rich natives' houses were crowded with women and children; many of the former were richly dressed and very handsome, and were probably Purdah women, *i.e.*, women of rank who are never seen by persons out of their own families except through a Purdah, or curtain.

The throng, which was now absolutely terrifying, was rendered more impassable by numbers of native carriages filled with Baboos, and at one time it seemed impossible to advance, but to retreat was still more impracticable; our grooms therefore walked before to open a path for the horses, who appeared not in the least startled, while two others joined us from the crowd and walked on each side of the carriage. The predominance of a deep red colour in the flags and dresses of the nautch, or dancing parties, the painted faces of the Sunnyasees whose dark forms were covered with garlands of flowers, while their hair, frizzed to an immense size, was filled with branches of red and yellow blossoms—the wild yells and gestures of the whole crowd, driven to madness by excitement and intoxication—the clash of the most discordant instruments, waving of chowries, or whisks of horsehair, and the smoke from burning rosin—all these sights and sounds together formed a scene which baffles description, and which you will find it impossible to realise.

Passing the institution of the London Missionary Society, which stands close to the road, we at length emerged from the crowd, and in a few minutes came in sight of the new cathedral of St. Paul, which stands on the southern edge of the plain. Here again all was peace, tranquillity, and beauty; and, as we passed, "the pealing anthem swelled the note of praise." How great the contrast with the diabolical scene we had left! This festival continues four days, during the whole of which time there

is no cessation of the noise made by the drums, and, consequently, no rest for the inhabitants of the houses near the principal scene of action. On the evening of the fourth day, the ceremony of swinging takes place. This is the crowning glory of the festival, and consists in making two incisions under the shoulders, into which iron hooks of the roughest kind are inserted, by which the man is suspended to a cross beam on the top of a bamboo pole. One end of the beam, by the aid of ropes, is depressed and whirled round by the people, thus causing the man to describe a circle of about thirty feet diameter. While suspended, he throws fruit and flowers to the crowd below, who eagerly receive them, as conveying some supposed benefit. This disgusting ceremony is not now allowed within the precincts of Calcutta, nor are processions in the streets permitted; but in the suburbs the swinging-masts are very numerous, so as to form a continued line along the circular road which surrounds the city, the victims being within sight of each other. The air is filled with the shouts of the multitude, who regard this as the most important of all the performances. I was told that one man had made thirty revolutions before he expressed a desire to be taken down. He gave a loud shriek when his back was pierced, but during the swinging appeared rather to enjoy it than otherwise.

On the same day, another rite, called Jhamp, is observed. Bamboo scaffoldings are erected, from the different stages of which the Sunnyasees precipitate themselves on knives or iron spikes, which are stuck in beds of straw at the foot. These instruments are so arranged as to turn their points downwards, yet fatal wounds are sometimes inflicted. There are other ingenious modes of torture practised: one of the most singular is to lie down on their backs and bedaub their lips with mud, on which mustard seeds are strewn, the individual remaining in the same position without eating or drinking till the seed germinates. The whole concludes with processions to the Ghaut, where the dead are burnt; offerings of cooked rice, &c., are here made through the officiating Brahmins to departed spirits.

This festival is said to have originated with one Raja Vanoo, who, to propitiate Shio, submitted to all these several tortures or self-inflicted penances; and his imitators are taught to expect that the god will bestow on them some peculiar blessing. It does not appear at present to be regarded as a religious festival. None but the lowest of the lowest class practise the rites, and these are all hired by others, either for the sake of amusement, or to obtain vicariously such benefits as they do not choose to procure for themselves by so painful a process. The reward seldom exceeds one or two rupees—a small remuneration, you will say, for hours of agony and possible death. Each village sends one or more devotee as a deputation, according to the amount of the subscription raised; and after the rite, he returns and is paraded through the streets as a hero, while the people go to the spectacle as they would to see the ascent of a balloon, or the performance of a body of tumblers. Not many years ago the presence of Europeans was violently opposed, and supposed to interfere with the efficacy of the rite; and some of the missionaries, who attempted to argue with the people, were stoned, and narrowly escaped with their lives: now, they not only invite their approach, but will even accommodate them with chairs, that they may view the ceremony at their ease; and an intimation will probably be given, that the offer of a couple of rupees would procure a swinging for their especial amusement.

It is much to be regretted that the Government, instead of granting public holidays as they now do, would put a stop to these enormities throughout the Presidency. They would be supported by all the respectable part of the Hindoo community, who do not attempt to advocate them, and a little firmness would lay the Churruck Pooja in the grave, alongside with the Suttee and the infanticide of other days. The educated classes of the Hindoos in Bengal look upon the idol-worship solely as a means of supporting a certain number of priests, and of preventing the people from falling into atheism. Christianity is too pure and self-denying a faith for them, and, in reality, they believe nothing. While they approve of idol-worship for the masses, they profess to denounce the abominations of the Churruck and other festivals; and yet, to quote their own language in the native newspapers, they say, "it is difficult for them to look without pleasing emotions on scenes of so much life and animation, and where the sufferings of the victims are a proof of the sincerity of their devotion." At the same time, they know that the performers at these orgies are in almost all cases mere mercenary, drunken wretches, stupified with opium, selling themselves for a rupee, and without even the questionable merit of fanaticism.

A CONFESSION.

A PRIVATE LETTER FROM DANIEL WINTERCOUGH, ESQ., TO ——— .

My dear Friend,—We both of us made a mistake; one that is very commonly fallen into when men talk about what they have not seen and do not understand;—the Great Exhibition is *not* a failure, after all. And, do you know, I am almost inclined to believe what that young fellow said at our last meeting at the club, about the "amalgamation of ranks and the fusion of interests among rich and poor." I don't exactly understand what he means by amalgamation and fusion—I'm not fond of hard words—but I begin to see that the rich and poor stand a chance of understanding each other somewhat better than they did a little while ago.

Now I am not much given to think things better than they are—you know me well enough to believe that,—but I *do* think that we might be much happier if we only looked at life as it really is;—and if we looked at it a little sanguinely, so much the better.

My friend, I am not so bitter against the Prince and the Crystal Palace as I was and I even think that I could bear to be laughed at by you for this confession. It is a great peaceful triumph, this meeting of all the world in one building; and if you don't think so, come up to London and judge for yourself.

My grand-nephew John and I have been several times to the Exhibition, but I shall not attempt to describe it to you. All about the building and its contents you will get from the papers, and especially from a weekly magazine called the "Illustrated Exhibitor."

Do you know, I feel something of a culprit for having said anything against the affair; and the more so since I heard what Lord Stanley said at the Merchant Tailors' Hall the other evening. I hope I am above the weakness of giving up my own opinions in favour of those of any man, at least till I am convinced I was mistaken; I am above being led away by a lord; but there was something so honest and genuine in what that nobleman said at the meeting, that I cannot but say again that we were both of us in the wrong. He looks like a man who knows his own mind, does Lord Stanley, and he spoke it, too, like an English gentleman, as he is. "I don't doubt," said he, "that while this Great Exhibition will show to foreign countries the marvels of our own industry as it will show to us the marvels of the industry of foreigners, there will be no dishonourable rivalry, no hostile feeling, no angry competition excited; but that there will be mutual admiration of each other's peaceful powers, mutual desire to promote harmonious intercourse and those friendly communications which are kept up by commerce and by the interchange of the miracles of art; and that the result of this Great Exhibition will be to bring the ends of the world together in peaceful and harmonious competition. If there is one thing in the marvels of art, in the triumphs of industry, in the magnificence of the various productions of various countries, which, to my mind, is more striking than another—if there is one thing of which, as an Englishman, I am proud—it is to see that all classes in this great country partake in the admiration and the interest which is felt in this great congregation of the products of universal industry. It is not alone the high—it is not alone the wealthy—it is not alone the great merchant—it is not alone the powerful in this realm—but it is the hard-toiled mechanic—it is the hard-worked labourer—the honest sons of toil and industry, who have come to view these marvellous accumulations of skill; and as each man returns from viewing these mighty works of art, he feels in his mind, and probably says to himself: 'And I, too, am one of that class who have contributed these marvels.'"

If you had heard the cheers that followed these words—a cheer that made the rafters ring again—you would never have forgotten it, take my word for it. He was quite right, there *is* advancement and civilisation in this great idea; and I feel that I was a brute beast ever to have doubted it.

If you were to see the inside of the building, with its sixty-thousand pleasant faces, and its stores of fine things for the refreshment of mind and body—I find I am talking to you like a book, as John says,—you would believe and think as I am glad to say I do.

Since I have been to the Exhibition, and since I have walked about London with my

nephew, a mist appears to have fallen from my eyes. Where I looked for discontent and dirt I have found smiling eyes and clean dresses; and I never go into the great glass palace—I don't call it a hothouse now, for it is very nice and cool—but I feel that I was a sinful old man in daring to doubt the good there is in human nature.

I could tell you, my dear friend, a great deal about what I have seen; and I could spin out my letter to a great length if I were to go on about the usual topics; but for my opinions on the agricultural machines, or even about the general contents of the Exhibition, I must get you to wait till I come home again.

You will be going to the club, of course. Now, I never felt timid in my life, and I think, if need were, I could face the greatest danger in the world; but do not tell them all at once how changed my opinions are. Break it gently to them; argufy a little; tell them you have heard from a friend, and so forth, but do not blurt it out all at once that Daniel Wintercough, yeoman, and farmer of a thousand acres, changed his mind as easily as if he had been a young girl instead of an old man.

Let me hear from you, and believe me, Yours, D. W.

SHORT STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

THE BATTLE FOR A VIOLET.

Ruth and Amy were sisters. In early spring, as the violets began to bloom, they were playing in a meadow near their father's house. They both at the same time happened to see a violet before them. Both ran to it. Ruth, the elder sister, was first, and plucked it. Amy was angry, and cried out, "I saw it first—it belongs to me."

"No, it is not yours; it is mine," said Ruth, "for I saw it as soon as you did, and I got it first, and plucked it; so I have got it, and you shall not have it." Amy was quite furious, snatched at the flower, and struck her sister. Then Ruth became angry, and struck Amy. So they fought about it, and screamed, and beat each other. Their mother came to see what was the matter. "What does this mean?" she asked.

"Ruth got my flower," said Amy. "No, I did not, mother," said Ruth; "the violet was mine. I saw it first, and I plucked it."

"But where is the flower?" asked their mother. It had been torn to pieces! In fighting to decide who should have it, the flower had been lost to both.

How could this fight have been prevented, and the sweet violet, and the still sweeter spirit of sisterly love and affection, have been preserved? Though Ruth had the violet in her hand, she could have said, "Sister, if you think this pretty flower is yours, you may have it. I would rather have your love than all the flowers that grow." Would there have been any fight, or any coldness, or any unkindness, between the sisters? They would have saved their sisterly affection from so rude a shock, and their sweet violet too.

Love and kindness we must measure
By this simple rule alone—
Do we mind another's pleasure
Just as if it were our own?

I GOT A-GOING, AND COULDN'T STOP.

A little boy, named Frank, was standing in the yard, when his father called him.

"Frank!"

"Sir?" said Frank; and, starting at full speed, ran into the street. His father called him back, and asked him if he did not hear his first call.

"Yes, sir," answered Frank. "Well, then," said the father, "what made you run into the street?"

"Oh," answered Frank, "I got a'going, and couldn't stop."

This is the way that a great many boys get into difficulty; they *get a-going, and cannot stop.*

The boy that tells falsehoods begins first to stretch the truth *a little*—to tell a large story, or relate an anecdote with only a slight variation from the facts; but the habit of enlarging increased—he got a-going, and could not stop.

The boy that was brought before the police and sent to prison for stealing, began by taking *little things*—pilfering sweetmeats and other nice things, that would be put away by his mother. Next he began to take things from his companions at school. He got a-going, and couldn't stop till he got into gaol.

Those two boys who are fighting on the green began by bantering each other, *in fun*. At length they began to get angry, and to dispute, and call each other names, till words came to blows, and they got a-going, and couldn't stop.

There is a young man sitting late with his companions at the gaming-table. He has flushed cheeks and an anxious look. He has lost his last shilling. He began by *tossing for halfpence* in the streets. He got a-going, and could not stop.

Fifty young men were, some years ago,

in the habit of meeting together in a room at a public-house to enjoy themselves. One of them, as he was going there one evening, began to think there might be danger in the way. He stopped and considered to himself, and then said, "Right about face!" He turned on his heel, and went back to his room, and was never seen at the public-house again. He has become rich, and the first house he built stood directly in front of the place where he nobly resolved to forsake his vicious course. Six of the young men followed his example; the remaining forty-three got a-going, and couldn't stop till they landed in the ditch, and most of them in the drunkard's grave.

Beware, then, boys, how you *get a-going*. Be sure before you start that you are in the right way, for when you are sliding down a hill it's hard to stop.

HUMOROUS SELECTIONS.

A Sly Rebuke.—A wag named Amos Todd, whose eccentricities often amused the good folks of Acton, being compelled by the carriage tax regulation to inscribe his name, residence, and the description of vehicle taxed, on the side of his cart, managed by a clever arrangement of the letters to raise a laugh at the collector's expense thus —"A most odd Act on a Taxed Cart," which might be read correctly, "*Amos Todd, Acton; a taxed cart.*"

Strange Admission.—An illiterate personage who always volunteered to go round with the hat, but was suspected of sparing his own pocket, overhearing one day a hint to that effect, made the following speech—"Other gentlemen puts down what they thinks proper, and so do I. Charity's a private concern, and what I gives is *nothing to nobody*." This would probably serve as the measure of many men's charity.

A Load of Property.—Jewellery is becoming quite fashionable again. A writer in a New York journal says, that he lately met a lady "who had a farm on each wrist, a four-storey house round her neck, and at least six life-memberships to the Bible Society attached to each ear."

A Good Character.—An Irish witness was recently asked, at one of the county courts, what he knew of the prisoner's character for truth and veracity? "Why, in troth, yer honour, since iver I've known her, she has kept her house clane and dacent."

A Gentle Hint.—A sportsman who, during the shooting season, had gone to pass a week with a friend in the country, on the strength of a general invitation, soon found, by a gentle hint, that he would have done better to have waited for a special one. "I saw some beautiful scenery," was the visitor's first remark, "as I came to-day by the upper road." "You will see still finer," was the reply, "as you go back to-morrow by the lower one."

Shrewd.—Douglas Jerrold rebuked Albert Smih, tthe novelist, who was boasting of his intimacy with Lamartine, the French statesman. Among other things Smith said that "he and Lamartine were like brothers; in short that they rowed in the same boat!" Jerrold scratched his head saying, "You may row in the same boat, but with a different sort of sculls."

"What may I Eat?"—A lady consulting the late Mr. Abernethy on a nervous disorder, entered into a long, frivolous, and fantastic detail of her symptoms. Unsatisfied with being referred to his "book" for instruction respecting the treatment of her complaints, she persisted in endeavouring to extract further information from Mr. Abernethy. After suffering her volubility with considerable patience for a while, he exclaimed, to the repeated "May I eat oysters, Doctor? May I eat suppers?" I'll tell you what, Ma'am; you may eat anything but the poker and the bellows; for the one is hard of digestion, and the other is full of wind."

A Pretty Scale of Prices.—A fashionable portrait painter, whose name it would not be fair to his many rivals to mention, when asked what are his terms, invariably answers:—"I have no scale of prices. In fact, I generally leave it open to the liberality of my patrons. I have but one rule to guide me in taking likenesses, and that, to be candid, is 'Handsome is who Handsome does.'"

"I Say."—Mrs. Jenkins was in the habit of saying "I say" to almost every sentence to which she gave utterance. On one occasion she rung the bell for her footman, and on his entering she said—"I say, James, I have been to Mrs. Thompson's, and heard say that you said that I am in the habit of saying 'I say' to every word I say. Now, if I do say 'I say' to every word I say, it does not become you to say that I say 'I say' to every word I say, James."

LESSONS IN FRENCH.—No. XX.

We have received from one of our correspondents a bit of intelligence which will be interesting to them all, and, perhaps, surprising to some others whom we do not number among our students. He will know himself under the signature of "Z. R.," as well as we can decipher a communication more remarkable for its contents than for its calligraphy. He began French in these lessons, having previously known nothing whatever of the language, and nevertheless he was able to sit down and write, the other day, "with the assistance," as he says, "of an old dictionary, and a little perseverance," a translation of M. C. Dupin's speech at the Dinner of the Commissioners in London. Another in the same circumstances writes to us that he is now reading the history of France in French.

If, in so short a time, such results follow our labours, they are, indeed, of some use; and when we are thanked for them by those who thus practically experience the benefit, we feel richly rewarded for efforts into which we have thrown all the energy and heartiness of which we were capable—so well rewarded, indeed, that it is we who feel thankful; *c'est nous qui vous remercions.*

ENGLISH INTO FRENCH.

Do you wish to be welcomed *(past participle)* by all people
voulez-vous *(no preposition)* *accueillir*—to welcome tous (p.) *def. art. p.* gens

who know how to think? Be *(Imperative mood. See Lesson XIV.)* simple, natural,
savent penser *simple naturel*

without pretence; avoid *(Imp. mood of first conjugation. See Lesson XII.)* flattery
prétention *éviter*—to avoid *art. def., flatterie (f.)*

which renders (2) you (1) contemptible; avoid *(art. d.)* malignity (2), also (2),
rend (from *rendre*) *méprisable* *causticité* (f.) aussi

and you will be loved *(past participle)* by everyone.
de *tout-le-monde*

Of course the past participle of *accueillir* (being evidently a verb terminating like *bâtir*, *avertir*, &c., in the present infinitive, and therefore belonging to the second conjugation), must be *accueilli* (m.), *accueillie* (f.) Both are pronounced *ak-kay-yee.* When talking in a general manner—as, for instance, in the remarks made in some treatise, where a counsel is given "to be good," &c., or a statement of the kind is made, and where no specific cause exists to determine the gender, the masculine is then used. We refer here to such expressions as—"be prudent," *soyez prudent* (m.), not *prudente* (f.); "as long as you remain constant," *tant que vous restez constant* (m.), not *constante* (f.) Naturally it becomes a different case altogether, if you are actually addressing some particular person, instead of people in general. If speaking to a woman, then you would say, in the expressions just instanced, *prudente*, *constante*, &c. So, when a woman is speaking of herself, she must take care of the genders of the adjectives and participles which she may have to use in connexion with her own individuality. She would say, for example, *Je suis très contente* (f.) *de vous*, "I am very satisfied with you," and not "*content* (m.) *de vous.*" The feminine is pronounced *coantont;* whereas the final *t* is not sounded in the masculine, and the word resembles *coantaw.* In like manner, for "I am charmed to find" she would say, *Je suis charmée* (f.) *de trouver*, and not *charmé* (m.) But where there is no special cause to determine the gender, and where a word is used with a vague, general, and indefinite application, you must use the masculine gender. As for the phrase "to know *how*" (to do anything), the French omit the "how" altogether, and use no word in its place. They say "to know to," &c. "I know how to dance," *Je sais danser;* "they know how to sing," *ils savent chanter*, &c.

We now beg special attention to the following exercise. The question is, how to put into French such phrases as these:—

"It is a terrible lot, when one has few hopes and many troubles."

Now there are several correct ways of turning such a sentence. The French very often, for the sake of obtaining a more emphatic effect, reverse our construction in order to finish and close with the more important point; and the sentence they would thus

produce, if translated literally back into English, would read:—"When one has *but* few hopes" (see Lesson XI., just before the exercise of English into French, for one of the uses of *que*) "and many troubles,—behold a terrible (2) lot (1)." And the French of this introverted sentence would be:—"*lorsqu'on* N'A QUE *peu d'esperances, et qu'on a beaucoup de chagrins,* VOILA *un sort terrible.*"

The "*qu'on a*" in the second member of the sentence is a repetition beginning with one of the component parts of the compound word "lors*que*"—a repetition which is absolutely necessary, because, as where the verb "*a*" is first used, it is used negatively, so, were it not repeated affirmatively with its nominative "*on*" in the second member of the sentence, that member would also have a negative meaning—a thing contrary, as you perceive, to the scope and intention of the whole passage.

We may here remark in passing—and it is a very useful point to lay up in one's memory—that *que* is also thus recapitulatorily used after other words as well as after *lorsque*. Especially is this the case after "*if.*" For example—"if you be unwell and the doctor do not come," *si vous soyez malade, et* QUE *le médecin ne vienne pas.* This is exactly the same, in point of meaning, as though the *si* had been a second time used where the *que* is now introduced. And it is purposely, in order to avoid the repetition of the *si*, that this idiom is employed. For we all know that very often the necessity of bringing in the same word several times in one short sentence grates upon the ear, and produces a harsh and clumsy form of speech. So pretty indeed is the resource thus afforded, that some English writers have actually endeavoured to transplant that form of expression into English. In Lord Chesterfield's letters numerous instances will be found: we mean such terms as "if you should go to Vienna, and *that* you should meet such a person." The effect is not, however, happy in English. Every language is best, growing up free, racy, and strong, in its native and peculiar idioms. The vine may be a finer plant than the hop; but it is better to have good hops than bad vines; and he would be a fool who would substitute the vine for the hop, where the latter now rears its pretty, its useful, and its flourishing stem in England.

To return to the sentence which we wish to translate into French; there are several other good ways. As *voilà* means "behold," with reference to something foregone, so "*voici*" means it with regard to something to come. You *might* therefore begin by "*voici un sort terrible.*" Having arrived so far, it would indeed not be absolutely incorrect to go on literally, "when one has," &c., *lorsque'on n'a que.* But it would be very forced. It would be better to proceed at once in this form, "of to have," &c., that is "of having," the word "lot" (*sort*) being understood; "the lot of having," &c. After all, to begin the sentence with *voici* would not be at all so natural and simple, as the first form we considered.

In the third place, you might very properly turn it thus—*avoir peu de*, &c., ending with *voilà un sort terrible*, "to have few, &c., behold a terrible lot."

Again, with perfect correctness and elegance you might simply say—*c'est un sort terrible d'avoir*, &c., "it is a terrible (2.) lot (1.) to have," &c. As for the *d'* before *avoir*, it is an idiom which probably originated with the repetition of the substantive (*sort*, for instance) before the verb. And now it is as if the word formerly, perhaps, repeated, were still understood. Thus, "it is a terrible lot, *the lot* of having," &c.

Finally, though not so elegant as either the first, the third, or the fourth form (and particularly the third) we have given, you might simply and correctly say, "*c'est un sort terrible lorsqu'on*," &c. This, in revenge, has the merit of being the most literal version of the English.

As a corollary to our remarks on the third version, we may observe that, still preserving that form, it would be quite proper to say, "*n'avoir que peu d'esperances, et avoir beaucoup de chagrins—voilà, un sort terrible.*" Doubtless this is the very best. Still, the introduction thus of the half negative (according to the method explained in Lesson XI.) is by no means necessary. *Avoir peu de* is here as clear as *n'avoir que peu de.* In either case, the thought is made quite plain. It is the *form* of the sentence, which form we pronounce the best, and this remains the same with, or without the *ne que.*

Our readers, when they reflect upon it, will not be unthankful to us for this little analysis. Indeed, we doubt whether any of the many processes embodied in our lessons

will afford means so solid of improvement as thus to take the reader by the hand, and accompany him now and then in the very tasks which, in his own mind, he will have often practically to perform. And as we are now gradually leaving the elementary regions behind us, and mounting to higher and finer ground, we will endeavour to infuse, little by little, new characteristics into these instructions.

In addition to those we have already given, the following verbs require the *de* to precede any present infinitive following, which each of them may govern :—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
I despair of succeeding	*Je désespère de réussir*	*zhuda-sespare drayusscer*
I delay speaking	*Je diffère de parler*	*zhuddiffare-d parlay*
I tell you to go	*Je vous dis d'aller*	*zhvoo dee dallay*
I write to him to come	*Je lui écris de venir*	*zhul wee acreed vneer*
I excuse him for laughing	*Je l'excuse de rire*	*zhlexcuse dreer*
I pretend to think	*Je feins de penser*	*zhfah(n) dponsay*
I discontinue saying	*Je discontinue de dire*	*zhudiscoantinued deer*
I try to live	*Je m'efforce de vivre*	*zhmefforce d veevr*

The following require *à* in like circumstances :—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
I agree in believing	*Je m'accorde à croire*	*zhmaccorde ah croo-or*
I stoop to repair	*Je m'abaisse à reparer*	*zhmabbace ah-rparray*
I expect to hear	*Je m'attends à apprendre*	*zhmattons ah approndr*
I condemn you to take	*Je vous condamne à prendre*	*zhvoo coandahn ah prondr*
I finish by making	*J'aboutis à faire*	*zhabbootees ah fare*
I consist in being	*Je consiste à être*	*zhcoanseest ah aytr*
I dispose him to love	*Je le dispose à aimer*	*zhul dispose ah aymay*
I destine him to walk	*Je le destine à marcher*	*zhul desteen ah marshay*

There are some verbs—very few—which, in this mode, give indifferently either *à* or *de* to the subsequent present infinitive which they govern. We will specify them in due place. At present we will resume our conjugations.

The present tense, Subjunctive Mood, of the second regular conjugation, taking the verb *guérir*, "to cure, to heal;" *guérissant*, "curing;" *guéri* (m.), *guérie* (f.) "cured"—is (for *cu* see Lesson X.) :—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
That I may cure	*que je guérisse*	*"cu" zhugayreess*
That thou mayst cure	*que tu guérisses*	*"cu" tu gayreess*
That he may cure	*qu'il guérisse*	*keel gayreess*
That she may cure	*qu'elle guérisse*	*kel gayreess*
That we may cure	*que nous guérissions*	*"cu" noo gayreessee oan*
That you may cure	*que vous guerissiez*	*"cu" voo gayreessee-ay*
That they may cure	*qu'ils guérissent* / *qu'elles guérissent*	*keel gayreess* / *kel gayreess*

The imperfect tense of the same mood is :—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
That I might cure	*que je guérisse*	*"cu" zhugayreess*
That thou mightst cure	*que tu guérisses*	*"cu" tu gayreess*
That he might cure	*qu'il guerît*	*keel gayree*
That she might cure	*qu'elle guerît*	*kel gayree*
That we might cure	*que nous guérissions*	*"cu" noo gayreessee-oan*
That you might cure	*que vous guérissiez*	*"cu" voo gayreesee-ay*
That they might cure	*qu'ils guérissent* / *qu'elles guérissent*	*keel gayreess* / *kel gayreess*

Between these two tenses there is, as the reader perceives, no difference either of sound or orthography, except in the third person singular. As, however, the difference of meaning is considerable, the context must determine which the tense is, if you are reading French: or, if you are writing it, which tense to use. These similarities of spelling and of intonation, which are much fewer in French than they are in English, must be acknowledged to be a defect in the language, wherever the words resembling one another in the accidents, differ in essential meaning. In the Fourteenth Lesson we endeavoured to illustrate, in as lively and vivid a manner as we possibly could, the

inconveniences, nay, the ludicrous absurdities, to which this inherent imperfection in a language might lead those who had not thoroughly mastered the principles of true speaking and true writing. These principles are not a matter of mere pedantry. The keenest philosopher would be puzzled to point out from what our practical earthly superiority over the brutes is instrumentally derived, if not from the use of speech—in which, therefore, he who excels his fellows has, in so far, over them that species of advantage which they have over the lower animals.

N.B.—*Propre*, in the sense of "own," precedes the substantive. Beware of confounding the conjunction "that" with the pronoun "that." When *que* means "that," *que* is a conjunction. It *never* means "that" in the sense of a demonstrative pronoun, nor of any pronoun, except where we English use the word synonymously with "which," and then *que* is, in French, the accusative or objective case of *qui*. Properly speaking, therefore, the pronoun *que* should be translated "which," or "whom;" and thus, on the other hand, if you want to translate the English demonstrative pronoun "that," *que* can by no possibility serve the purpose. *Que*, in French, may be one of three parts of speech—a conjunction, an adverb, or a relative pronoun in the accusative case. We will illustrate these three parts by three examples. "I think that *(conjunction)* he is right"—*Je pense* QU'*il a raison;* "How *(adverb)* well he speaks!"—QU'*il parle bien!* "The speech which *(relative pronoun, accusative case)* he has made"—*Le discours* QU'*il a fait.* Remember, also, that the French repeat the preposition where we do not: "pierced with darts and arrows"—*percé de dards et* DE *flèches.*

TO OUR "FRENCH" CORRESPONDENTS.

T. B——N.—We continue to receive from different parts of the country requests that we should enable many who describe themselves as recently become our readers to have these lessons in a distinct form. It is what we intend. They will, when finished, be procurable in a revised shape, and collected by themselves.

Jos. C.—We will give the rules of guidance for the use of the imperfect tense, the perfect definite, &c., in as early a future lesson as possible.

B——N H——S.—Your English article is good, we are requested to state, and will probably appear in the next Supplementary Number of THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND.

In addition to those already acknowledged, prize exercises have been received from "A Pupil," from D. D., from El. G—h, from Jean, from Jos. C., from J. T—l—r, from Jn. Mac—e, from Fr. R., from J. D. K—e, from A. A., of Hull, from T. G. R., from A. D., of Hull, from J. S—e, from W. N—n, from E. R—e, from "A Struggle for Light," from C. P. P—e, from W. D—n, from R. T. B., from H. L—e, from G. W. M—e, from R. P—n, from Js. H—y, and from T. R., Sheffield.

Once for all, we apprise these competitors and all others, that up to the time originally fixed—that is, the end of the first week in July—we shall consider the *last* exercise sent to us by each person as that one which must be subjected to the ordeal of the comparative examination. Therefore after reading the lessons intervening between the publication of the task and the time for its accomplishment, each competitor may act according to his discretion till the appointed period shall have elapsed.

We assure one of our correspondents that we are already perfectly aware that it is not likely that more than a small proportion of our students will send us attempts at the prize exercise. As it is, however, we shall have quite enough to examine—as many, indeed, as will engross our whole attention for a considerable time.

With regard to the doubts entertained by three or four as to their admissibility among the competitors, let them state their case with precision in the Form of Declaration which will be despatched to them. That will afford the most convenient and proper means for a fair decision.

GERMANICUS.—You talk of *é aient*, as words occurring in Lesson XII. No such words occur. You must by chance have a copy of the magazine in which the ink has failed to catch the letter *t*. Your *é aient* ought to be *étaient*, third person plural of the imperfect tense of *être*, in the indicative mood.

C. P. P——E.—In Lesson XVII. we said that the cardinal numbers *vingt* and *cent* were the only numerical adjectives which took an *s* in the plural. You ask us why then is there no *s* in the *vingt* in *quatre vingt quinze millions?* We did not say that *vingt*

and *cent* always took an *s* in the plural; but that they alone did so ever. The exceptio when they do not take it is when they are followed by another cardinal number. Yo say *quatre vingts bœufs* (80 oxen); but you must say, *quatre* VINGT *dix bœufs* (9 oxen), &c. &c.

T. R.—When we have despatched the business of the prizes, we will translate futur exercises (as well as the separate passages) in the manner which you say is so muc desired.

W. E.—You propose that all the competitors should be required to pay 6d. eac towards the expense of the prizes; and you state your own readiness. We have no thought it necessary to lay your suggestion before the proprietor of this Journal; for w know that he would not entertain it. We venture to decline it beforehand in his name thanking you for the kind feeling all the same.

T. R. B.—Elsewhere we acknowledge the receipt of your prize exercise. You as when will the first of the French reading-works which we have promised be published We have not, while giving our attention to the many points connected with thes lessons, forgotten or neglected what will undoubtedly prove the surest means of extend ing and perpetuating their utility. A considerable portion of the first of the works i question is prepared; and it will be sent to press as soon as it is completed.

R. P——N.—In due time, you and others will of course see the exact amount o merit in your exercises; for the proper versions of both French and English (with th legitimate variations), will be given in this Journal.

J. W——NS.—You want a French pronouncing dictionary, like Walker's Englis one. You forget that Walker indicates the sound of English words by English signs A French pronouncing dictionary would indicate them according to the rules of Frenc sounds. What you really desire is a French dictionary indicating French sounds b English combinations of letters. We not only know of none such; but we believe tha we ourselves have adopted this principle in our lessons to a greater extent than it wa ever introduced before. Wishing to benefit our readers, we had no option; otherwis we would wiliingly have avoided so very difficult an attempt.

A great many other prize exercises have reached us, too late for specific acknowledge ment this week.

THERE'S NO SUCH WORD AS "FAIL."

THE sailor 'mid the crashing wreck,
While fiercely blows the gale,
Sings as he treads the lonely deck,
"There's no such word as fail!"

The soldier, as he storms the height
Where death draws back the veil,
Shouts, as he presses to the fight,
"There's no such word as fail!"

Should waves or tempests toss your bark,
As o'er life's sea you sail,
Think, when around you all looks dark,
"There's no such word as fail!"

If e'er misfortunes cloud your life,
Your losses ne'er bewail,
What if the way 's with danger rife?
"There's no such word as fail!"

Press onward in your course to fame,
Though cares your path assail,
Remember, would you win a name,
"There's no such word as fail!"

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

s. noun-substantive; *a.* adjective; *ad.* adverb; *v.* verb; *v.a.* verb-active; *v.n.* verb-neuter.

CUBIC'ULAR, *a.* fitted for a recumbent posture.

CU'BIT, *s.* a measure of eighteen inches.

CUCURBITA'CEOUS, *a.* resembling a gourd or cucumber.

CUD, *s.* food reposited in the first stomach of an animal in order to rumination, or chewing.

CUER'PO, *s.* (Spanish) a light thin dress which shows the true shape of the body.

CUIRASSIER', *s.* a soldier partly in armour.

CUL'INARY, *a.* relating to the kitchen.

CUL'LENDER, COL'ANDER, *s.* a draining vessel.

CULM, *s.* a kind of small coal; the stem or straw of grasses.

CUL'MEN, *s.* the summit, the point.

CULMINA'TION, *s.* the transit of a planet through the meridian.

CUL'TURE, *s.* the act of cultivation, improvement, melioration.

CUL'VERIN, *s.* a species of cannon.

CUL'VERT, *s.* an arched drain.

CU'MULATE, *v. a.* to heap or pile up; to amass.

CU'NEIFORM, *a.* having the form of a wedge.

CUPELLA'TION, *s.* the process of assaying and purifying gold and silver.

CUPID'ITY, *s.* unlawful or inordinate desire.

CU'POLA, *s.* a dome, or arched roof.

CUP'PING, *s.* an operation in blood-letting.

CU'PREOUS, *a.* consisting of copper.

CU'RATE, *s.* a parish priest; one who officiates in the room of the holder of the living.

CU RATIVE, *a.* relating to the cure of diseases.

CURA'TOR, *s.* (Latin) one that has the care and superintendence of anything.

CUR'FEW, *s.* from *Couvre feu*, or cover the fire. In ancient time a bell was rung about eight o'clock in the evening, when persons were required to cover up with an iron pot, or to put out, their fires—intended, as is supposed, as a precaution against destructive fires, many of the houses at that period being built of wood.

CURIOLO'GIC, *a.* represented by hieroglyphics.

CURIO'SO, *s.* (Italian) one who is fond of collecting rare and curious articles.

CUR'RENCY, *s.* circulation; general reception; metallic coin or paper est ablished as, or passing for, the current money of the realm.

CUR'RENT, *a.* circulatory, general, popular; opposed to stagnant.

CUR'RICLE, *s.* a chaise or carriage with two wheels, drawn by two horses abreast.

CUR'RIER, *s.* a dresser of tanned leather.

CUR'RY, *s.* a mixture of various eatables seasoned with hot and pungent spices.

CUR'RYCOMB, *s.* an iron comb used for dressing the hides of horses.

CUR'SITOR, *s.* a clerk in Chancery, whose business it is to make out original writs.

CURT, CUR'TAL, *a.* brief, abridged.

CURTA'TION, *s.* the distance of a star from the ecliptic; a term in astronomy.

CURV'ATURE, *s.* crookedness; bent form.

CURVE, *s.* anything bent, or of a winding form.

CURVET', *s.* a bound, a leap, a frolic.

CURVILIN'EAL, CURVILIN'EAR, *a.* consisting of regularly bent or curved lines.

CUSP, *s.* the horns of the moon; a point; a pointed end.

CUS'TODY, *s.* imprisonment, security, care.

CUS'TOMS, *s.* duties or taxes levied, for the most part, upon goods or produce brought for consumption from foreign countries.

CUS'TOS, *s.* a keeper; a *custos rotulorum* is a keeper of the rolls and records of the Court of Sessions.

CUTA'NEOUS, *a.* relating to the skin.

CU'TICLE, *s.* a thin skin; the scarf skin; the external skin of a plant.

CUT'LASS, *s.* a broad curving sword.

CUT'LER, *s.* one who makes knives, &c.

CUT'TER, *s.* a fast sailing vessel.

CUT'WATER, *s.* the forepart of a ship's prow, that cuts the water.

CY'ANITE, *s.* a greenish blue mineral.

CYAN'OGEN, *s.* the compound base of prussic acid.

CY'CLE, *s.* a circle; a periodical space of time.

CY'CLOGRAPH, *s.* an instrument used for describing the arc of circles.

CY'CLOID, *s.* a name given to a curve which is traced out by any point of a circle rolling on a straight line; as any part of a wheel when in motion.

CYCLOM'ETRY, *s.* the art of measuring circles.

CYCLOPÆ'DIA, *s.* a body or circle of sciences, or universal knowledge; a dictionary.

CYL'INDER, *s.* a long round body; a roller. In engineering, a cylinder is a long hollow tube, as a water or gas pipe.

CYLINDROMET'IC, *a.* belonging to a scale used in measuring cylinders.

CY'MA, CYMA'TIUM, *s.* a moulding (commonly called O G), one-half of which is convex, and the other concave.

CYM'BAL, *s.* a metallic musical instrument, the sound of which is produced by striking one part against the other.

CYM'OPHANE, *s.* a green mineral; the chrysobery.

CYN'IC, *s.* one of a sect of philosophers accustomed to snarl at the vices of those around them; the followers of Antisthenes and Diogenes.

CYN'OSURE, *s.* the north polar star, or the constellation near the North Pole.

CYPHO'SIS, *s.* a curvature of the spine.

CYP'RIAN, *a.* belonging to the island of Cyprus; *s.* a name given to a lewd woman.

CYST, *s.* a bag containing diseased matter.

CZAR, *s.* the Russian title of the monarch of Russia.

D

DA CA'PO, *s.* an Italian musical term, signifying that the first part, or strain, is to be repeated, and to conclude at the sign of the pause, or at the word *fine*. This term is abbreviated by the letters D.C.

DAC'TYL, *s.* a poetical foot or division of a line, consisting of one long syllable and two short ones, as *gallery*.

DACTYL'OGY, or DACTYLOL'OGY, *s.* the art of conversing by spelling words with the fingers.

DA'DO, *s.* (Italian) the plain part between the base and cornice of a column.

DAFT, *a.* (a Scottish term) idiotic; weak in mind.

DAGUER'RE'OTYPE, *s.* a system of taking likenesses, or representations of objects, by the sun's rays; so called from M. Daguerre, the inventor.

DAI'RY, *s.* a milk farm; a house where milk is manufactured into butter and cheese; a room where milk and butter, &c., are kept.

DA'IS, *s.* a canopy, or covering.

DAM, *s.* a mother of brute animals; a mole or bank to stop water; a floodgate.

DAM'AGES, *s.* in law, the compensation that is given by the jury, or assessed by the Court, to the plaintiff or demandant, for the wrong the defendant has done him.

DAM'ASK, *s.* linen, silk, or other fabrics woven into regular figures; *v. a.* to weave in flowers or other figures. *Damask* weaving first attained perfection at *Damascus*, whence the fabric derives its name.

DAMASKEEN', *v. a.* to ornament steel with gold or silver.

DAMPS, *s.* fluids generated; the *choke damp* in mines mostly consists of carbonic acid gas, and *fire-damp* of hydrogen gas.

DAN'DRIFF, *s.* scurf on the head.

DA'TA, DA'TUM, *s.* a settled, or determined, or admitted point, or points, from which any calculation is made.

DATE, *s.* the time at which any event happened, or a letter is written.

DA'TIVE, *s.* in grammar, the case that signifies the person to whom a thing is given.

DAT'OLITE, *s.* a mineral, the siliceous borate of lime.

DAU'PHIN, *s.* (French) the title of the heir apparent to the Crown of France.

DAWN, *s.* the break of day; figuratively, the beginning or opening prospect of any event or thing.

DAY'DREAM, *s.* a vision to the waking senses.

DAY'SPRING, *s.* the rise of the day.

DAY'STAR, *s.* the morning star, Venus.

DEAD'LIGHT, *s.* a frame of wood made to keep the water from entering a cabin window in a storm.

DEAD-RECK'ONING, *s.* an account of the distance a ship has run by the log, &c.

DEALS, *s.* boards of fir above seven inches in width, and of various lengths, exceeding six feet; they are imported into the United Kingdom from Prussia, Sweden, Norway, and Russia in Europe, and from the principal British colonies in North America.

DEAN, *s.* the second dignitary of a diocese.

DEATH-WATCH, *s.* a small insect of the beetle-kind, that makes a ticking noise; superstitiously imagined by some to be an omen of death.

DEAU RATE, *v. a.* to gild; *a.* gilded.

DEBAC'CHATE, *v. n.* to rage or roar, after the manner of drunkards.

DEBARK', *v. a.* to leave a ship; to go on shore.

DEBEN'TURE, *s.* a writ, or written instrument, by which a debt is claimed; a certificate which entitles a merchant exporting goods to a drawback of duties.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.
[VOL. VII.—No. 80.—SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1851.]

BAD CUSTOMS AND THE EXHIBITION.

Having been several times to the Exhibition, and hoping to go several times more, because of the untiring enchantment of the place, we are exceedingly anxious that as many of our friends as possible should have the luxury which we ourselves have participated. Since the Crystal Palace has been open, we have been through France, Belgium, and a considerable portion of Prussia, and we could not help pitying the lot of those whom distance from the Metropolis, or poverty, excluded from this scene of wonders. The world never has had such a display of science, art, taste, wealth, and magnificence, and perhaps it may be many a year before there will be such another. Now, therefore, is the period for enjoying it. If we allow the day to come when the Industrial Palace will close, all will be over. Time will not roll back its wheels for us. The train that has started will not stop to take us in. We were rocked the other day for four hours near the Calais harbour, because the steamer had arrived about a quarter of an hour too late. No mortal power could recall the tide, and we were obliged to wait for the next flow.

But we seem to hear thousands saying, "Alas! alas! we cannot bear *the expense!*" The writer of this article is as poor as most mechanics, and far poorer than many, and yet he has contrived to see a little of our country and the world; and the secret of his doing so is, that he abstains from a number of the foolish, expensive, and injurious luxuries of the day. He never, for example, takes any *intoxicating liquors*. He drinks nothing but cold water. This keeps his head cool, his digestive organs right, and enables him generally to have an odd shilling in his purse either for charity or an excursion. And further, his wife and his little ones can generally share his pleasures with him. We heard of a man, the other day, who asked a doctor to look down his throat. The medical man did so, but declared he could see nothing. "Well," said the spendthrift, "that is very strange, for I have swallowed seven hundred a year, beside all my houses and lands, and every penny of property which my father left me."

We are afraid that some of our readers will swallow the Exhibition and London to boot. The money spent in drink for the last few weeks would take them to the Metropolis and back, and show them the Exhibition, on every shilling, half-crown, or five-shilling day for a fortnight, and bring them home in comfort, and wiser than Solomon. It is said of Cleopatra that she dissolved a pearl worth a kingdom and drank it. Some of our labourers and operatives are, as far as they are concerned, drinking up the Crystal Palace and all its contents of machinery, gems, jewels, &c. To how many may we say, "Only become teetotalers, and you may go to the Exhibition and take your wives and children with you, and give them a world of pleasure, and so enchant them that they will have something to talk about all their days. Perhaps, also, there is a spark of talent in that boy's soul which the Industrial Palace may kindle into a flame, so that he may be the Watt, the Arkwright, the Stephenson, the Paxton, or Sir Robert Peel, of another day. Depend upon it that it is penny wise and pound foolish not to go to the Exhibition. A week spent there is worth more than all the wine, beer, porter, cider, and spirits that have ever been manufactured from the days of Noah until now.

If this number of The Working Man's Friend should catch the eye of any tradesman who intends to stay at home, or to go alone to the Exhibition, because

he is frightened at the expense, we would just whisper to him, "Give up your tankard and your glass, and you can afford to go, and take that industrious wife and those charming sons and daughters. Just look over the beer, the wine, and the spirit bill for the last six months, and you will find that by abstinence you can do almost anything for the happiness of your household. Strong drinks are poisons. This fact is known to every schoolboy; and if you go on using them you will have a long doctor's bill to pay, a quantity of filthy physic to take, will most certainly die before your time, and will, perhaps, rob your family of the thousand useful and happy thoughts and feelings which might be gained at the Exhibition."

Here it may not be out of place to refer to the regulations made by the Commissioners for conducting the affairs of the Crystal Palace as to refreshments. First, as to DRINKS:—"The contractor at each refreshment area must supply *fresh filtered* WATER *in glasses*, GRATIS, to visitors." "No *wine*, *spirits*, *beer*, or INTOXICATING DRINKS, can be sold or admitted by the contractor." Whatever may have been the motive which induced the Commissioners to adopt this regulation, we venture to say that the adoption of it has given them an additional claim to the confidence of the people. Then as to *smoking* TOBACCO:—This has been from the first strictly prohibited. During the erection, and the arrangement of the various articles to be exhibited, a notice, written in seven languages, was placed in conspicuous situations, the purport of which was, "*No smoking will be allowed.*" And a caution against smoking is now to be seen upon several parts of the building, with an intimation that any person attempting to smoke will be immediately removed by the police.

This latter regulation reminds us that we have other foolish and destructive customs among us besides that of drinking poisonous liquors; and amongst these is that of taking snuff and tobacco. Some persons take a large quantity of *snuff*. We heard of two paupers the other day—an old man and his wife—who spent ninepence a week in snuff. Here is a filthy habit which most assuredly shortens life. A large portion of the powder goes into the stomach and intestines, and eventually preys upon the vitals. Snuff is made out of tobacco, and the latter substance is one of the most fatal poisons. Only think of the real comforts that are thus crammed into the nose. Some of our poor men and women are actually spending as much on their olfactory nerves as would take them to London and back several times; so that if the drinkers of intoxicating liquors *swallow* the Crystal Palace, these snuff-takers have the marvellous wisdom of sending it up their nostrils. To them a few pinches of a poisonous powder is worth more than the Exhibition of all the Arts and Sciences of the world.

But there is another abomination among us, the expense of which will keep some hundreds from the Exhibition. We refer to *smoking*, which, we are sorry to say, is on the increase among us. We trust that before long our working friends will repudiate this loathsome practice. No person can become a smoker without committing several depredations upon himself:—

1. *Upon his taste.* Tobacco insults the taste. No child ever loved it; and when he begins to smoke, that he may be a man like his father, his mouth, tongue, and throat express their indignation at this cruelty; and hence, at first, the dose is taken in small portions. Wholesome food and drinks are not offensive, and even poison may be made agreeable; but here is a filthy narcotic which shortens life, and can-

not be made pleasant to the taste. To say that a man likes it, is only to say that he has destroyed the healthful palate which GOD gave him, and produced a vitiated one in its stead.

2. He commits a depredation *upon his stomach.* This sensitive part of our frame expresses its indignation at this violence in no very measured terms. What a deal of nausea and sickness is at first felt! Here we have Nature giving her advice gratis, and uttering a solemn protest against this cruelty. But too often her voice is unheeded, and the poor victim resists every warning, until at last his faithful monitor gives him up to his suicidal practice. As soon as any man can smoke without nausea, he has committed a fatal injury on his digestive organs; and when he has proceeded so far that he longs for the pipe or cigar, he may look on himself as a murdered man.

3. *The intestines are grossly injured.* Tobacco is taken by many as a medicine. They say it is an aperient. But then all artificial aperients are injurious, and, if habitually taken, destroy our health and shorten our days. Most of them operate mechanically, and produce irritation. Now, only think of a man's sending a quantity of this poisonous juice of tobacco every day, or perhaps two or three times a day, into these delicate vessels. Every one who will give the matter a moment's thought must perceive that Nature will eventually give way under such violence. It is true some smokers live to be old; but then they had iron constitutions, and would have lived much longer but for this baneful practice. But, while a few escape, the majority have to bear their iniquity.

4. *The nerves and brain are sadly affected.* We are told that the pipe or cigar is soothing to the mind, but there is no avenue to the soul except through the brain. Here, then, is a poison which insults the taste, offends the stomach, irritates the intestines, and flies to the brain. It is a question whether the head is not relieved by means of the counter-irritation that is going on in the stomach and intestines; and thus one mischief is produced to relieve another. The very mental agitation which tobacco is taken to soothe is a nervous disease which the tobacco has produced. Those who reject all stimulants will have no nervous excitement, and need no narcotics.

5. *Smokers shorten their days.* No man can live out his full time who uses tobacco. Not long since we heard of a youth who was driven raving mad, and died in a few hours, from a small decoction of tobacco. Belgium is just agitated by the murder committed by *Bocarmé*, which is said to have been effected by *nicotine*, which is a frightful poison, obtained from tobacco. Now the smoker takes a portion of this poisonous juice every time he smokes, and his premature death is inevitable.

6. *God's air is polluted by it.* Some say it takes away smells, but then it does so by introducing a new one, and the smoke which is diffused is a poison; so that, if there was one poisonous effluvia before, the smoker makes it *two*, and thus he not only injures himself, but his wife, his family, and his friends. A smoker is a destroyer-general. The man who drinks gin or takes opium confines the mischief to himself; but he who smokes compels you to participate the poison with him whether you will or no.

7. *Smokers are generally guilty of a breach of manners.* We trust that it will soon be a recognised axiom of good behaviour, that no man can smoke in public and be a gentleman. What right has anyone to doom me to breathe a quantity of foul air which he has just sent forth from his own throat? How can I tell what lungs

and stomach he has? But granted that his breath was as pure as a seraph's, he has no right to blow in my face. And, besides this, he often fills my eyes with dust, and covers my clothes with ashes. Here, then, are several breaches of good manners. The French talk of their politeness, but no one can be polite who smokes; we have often been grossly insulted on the Continent by unmannerly smokers, and we trust that our countrymen will show them an example of decency and good behaviour by never appearing with a pipe or cigar.

Lastly. *The pocket and the family are often robbed by these filthy practices.* Numbers have smoked themselves into a gaol, the union, and a premature grave. How many might go to the Exhibition if they would resolve to abandon this poisonous, suicidal, and unmannerly habit. We should think the man a barbarian who had set fire to his substance; but what is the smoker doing? We know the deacon of a Christian Church who used to spend a guinea a week in cigars. A working man told us that he spent in tobacco enough to make himself and his son freeholders. It is time that the operatives of the land took this matter into serious consideration. We are sure that when they have brought their plain Anglo-Saxon common sense to bear on the subject, they will rise as one man against these abominations, and resolve to be the slaves of neither strong drink, snuff, nor tobacco; and when once these vile customs are execrated, almost every blessing will be their happy lot.

PEACE.

The song of Peace—an olden theme—
That angel-voices sung of yore,
When Eden, in the primal beam,
A face of holiest beauty wore.
No cloud sat frowning on the sky,
Rivers ran ever warbling clear;
And human heart and human eye
Heaved not a moan, nor shed a tear.

Again the aëriel voices rang
Around the silence-silvered hill,
When JESUS' natal hymn they sang—
"Be Peace on earth, to man Goodwill."
And shepherds watching, through the night,
Their flocks, on Bethlehem's plains below,
Heard mingling with the starry light,
The blissful tidings, soft and low.

Go listen to the quiet tune
Of stealing winds in leafy bowers,
The murmur of a brook in June
That whispers peace to lowly flowers.
The lull'd soul then becomes serene,
And of the melody a part,
And, passing from the outward scene,
Peace dawns a Sabbath on the heart.

Let Love the bosom then expand,
For Peace and Love twin-sisters be—
Man, warmly clasp thy brother's hand,
Whate'er his country or degree;
Then Peace shall breathe her healing balm
O'er every heart, o'er every clime,
And thus the angel-warbled psalm
Will wander on through deathless Time.

THE ARABS IN SPAIN.—No. I.

UNDER this title we purpose laying before our readers a series of short papers on what is, without question, the most interesting and important episode in the history of Europe, and yet, perhaps, the one about which least is popularly known. Only two or three works, of varied merit, have been written in our language upon the subject, and these, from their price, have been inaccessible to the great body of readers. Those who have sought for more extensive knowledge, have been compelled to have recourse to the works of Condé, Mariana, Viardot, or some of the other continental writers who have treated of this interesting portion of Spanish history. From these, and other available sources, we shall endeavour to give our readers such an account of the romantic history of the Arab dynasties in Spain, as, we trust, will show that it is one of peculiar and surpassing interest. Unlike the dry annals of most other nations, it will be found rather a romance of history from its beginning to its close, than the mere dull record of ordinary events.

A very brief sketch of the history of the Spanish peninsula up to the time of the Arab invasion, may not be an unfit introduction to this first paper. The briefest outline will be sufficient.

The earliest inhabitants of whom we have any account were Iberians, a nation of Asiatic origin. At a date so early that history does not attempt to fix it, the Iberians were disturbed in their possessions by the Celts, a race whose origin is wrapped in still more impenetrable darkness than that of their predecessors. After a protracted struggle for the mastery, they amalgamated with the inhabitants, and shared the country in common; the united people were thenceforth called Celtiberians. If we are to believe the Spanish historians, these brave but uncivilised people attained a high degree of refinement long ages before the rest of Europe had emerged from primitive barbarism. This notion, however, has no more substantial foundation than national vanity. The next foreign intruders were the Phœnicians, who, attracted by the instinct of gain, directed their course to a country whose fertile plains and valuable mines promised the highest advantages to their commerce. At first they sought permission only to build magazines and temples for the convenience of their trade and the worship of their gods; but these soon expanded into villages, and the villages, again, grew into fortified towns. Of these might be mentioned Cadiz, Malaga, Cordova, and some other places of less importance. The successful example of the Phœnicians induced the Greeks to pursue the same advantages. The earliest of these were the Rhodians and Phocians, who first visited Spain, and founded settlements, about eight or nine centuries before Christ. After them came the Carthagenians, from the northern coast of Africa. Conquest, and not commerce, was the object which they sought to accomplish. The progress of their arms against a commercial and peaceful nation was irresistible. Under Hamilcar, the father of the renowned Hannibal, the Carthagenians speedily overran the whole of the peninsula. Their possession, however, was far from being undisturbed. Tribes who had so long enjoyed independence would not easily consent to surrender it. The country was overrun but not conquered; many of the mountain tribes still maintained their freedom amid their inaccessible fastnesses. These, and a few of the Greek colonies, whose insignificance had saved them, secretly applied to Rome for aid against their African invaders. Glad of an excuse for interfering in the affairs of so valuable a country, a Roman army was speedily sent to the peninsula. The struggle was long and vigorously maintained between the two powerful republics, but the Romans were at last victorious; the Carthagenians were driven out, and Spain became a Roman province. After remaining in this condition for more than five centuries, it fell under the dominion of the Goths, from the northwest of Europe—the last revolution which it was destined to undergo, till the occurrence of that whose history and consequences we propose to trace. The Gothic dynasty, with but little exception, was a long tissue of civil disturbances and disputed successions. The simple manners and daring bravery which had won for their ancestors one of the finest nations in Europe, gave place to luxurious indolence, and rendered them an easy prey to invaders from without. This degeneracy reached its height towards the beginning of the 8th century, when Witiza occupied the throne. His vices and cruelties drew upon him the indignation of his subjects, and lost him his crown. His successor was Rodrigo—Southey's hero, and THE LAST OF THE GOTHS.

In accordance with our plan of introducing some of the many romantic legends connected with the subject of these papers, at the periods to which they belong, we shall here narrate what most Spanish historians

chronicle as a veritable adventure of Rodrigo, shortly after his accession to the throne.

Not far from Granada, so goes the legend, was situated an ancient tower, surrounded by rocks, and inaccessible on all sides but one, up which a narrow pathway, cut out of the rock, led to the solitary and dilapidated building. The tower consisted of a single chamber, and in the centre of the floor there was a strong iron grating, fastened with many locks, and enclosing a large stone slab, which bore the following inscription, in the Greek language:—"The king who raises this stone, and can discover the wonders beneath it, will discover both good and evil things." Many of the Gothic sovereigns had attempted to force the locks and lift the stone, but in vain; it resisted every effort. Soon after his accession to the royal dignity, Roderic, who was naturally suspicious and inquisitive, determined to repeat the attempts of his predecessors, and solve the mystery. In vain did his courtiers endeavour to dissuade him from the rash and useless attempt. Opposition only served to increase his curiosity and confirm him in his purpose. Choosing out twelve of the boldest of his guards, he went to the tower, and ordered the locks to be broken open; but the united strength of his attendants was unable to fulfil the command. Enraged by their failure, the too curious king, led on by his unlucky destiny, pushed them aside and seized the first lock himself. It opened as if spontaneously; the others gave way with equal facility, and the grating flew back as the last was opened. In like manner the stone resisted all efforts but his own. A narrow flight of stone steps led down into the vault beneath, from which a foul poisonous air rushed up, extinguishing the torches, and nearly smothering the first of the attendants who attempted to descend. The torches were relighted, and Roderic descended, followed by his awe-struck guards. On arriving at the bottom of the staircase, they discovered a splendid hall, with a high arched roof; in the middle stood a colossal bronze statue, grasping a huge battleaxe. With this it struck the floor so violently, that the echo of the vault seemed like the roll of distant thunder. Filled with the deepest fear, the king fell before the image, and promised to retire after he had heard and seen what was promised in the inscription on the floor of the tower. Upon this the statue ceased striking, and pointed with the upraised battleaxe to an open door in the opposite side of the hall. Passing through this, Roderic and his guards entered another chamber, loftier and more spacious than the first. In the centre stood a second image of bronze, but less than the other. In its hands were two scrolls of parchment, with inscriptions likewise in Greek. That in the right hand had the following:—"Unfortunate king, thou hast entered here in an evil hour. By strange nations thou shalt be dispossessed, and thy subjects shall be shamefully degraded." The scroll in the left hand had—"I call upon the Arabs—I do my office." Behind the statue was a large round vase, from which proceeded the rumbling sound as of an approaching army, the hollow noise being varied at intervals, as it were, by the shrill sound of distant clarions. They found nothing else in the chamber. As they returned to the outer hall, the image again commenced its blows upon the floor, pointing at the same time with one hand to the steps which led up into the tower. Dejected and awe-impressed, the gloomy monarch re-ascended; the stone slab was again placed over the opening, and the locks refastened. Guards were placed within the tower, but on the following day the crumbling building had fallen to the ground, and buried them in its ruins. Such is the tale.

Roderic was not free from the vices of his predecessor—conjugal fidelity was not one of his virtues. To this last-mentioned failing is mainly to be attributed his fall. It was customary amongst the Gothic nobles to send their children to the capital, that they might, by occupying some place in the royal household, acquire the polished manners of the court. In conformity to this usage, Count Julian, a noble of the highest rank, and Governor of Centa, a Spanish fortress on the African coast, sent his daughter to Toledo. Soon after her arrival at court, where she was installed as one of the ladies of honour to the young Queen Egilona, Florinda (better known amongst Spanish writers as La Cava) had the misfortune to meet the sensual monarch alone in the gardens of the Palace. Her large dark eyes flashed fire from under their long silver eyelashes into the heart of the amorous king; and, fascinated by her unrivalled loveliness, he inwardly determined on subduing her. But the maiden's virtue was equal to her beauty, and she indignantly rejected his dishonourable overtures. Failing in these, he at last triumphed over her weakness by unmanly violence, and accomplished by force what he had been unable to effect by persuasion. With this indignity the lady contrived to acquaint her father, by a secret letter. All on fire at the outrage inflicted on his child, the count vowed to vindicate the honour of his insulted house, and to take terrible revenge upon the spoiler. Hastening to court, he concealed his knowledge of his daughter's dishonour, and begged the king to allow her to accom-

pany him back to Africa, as her mother was dying, and wished to bid her child farewell. This request, so speciously urged, was readily granted. On his return, he delayed not to commence the execution of his vengeance, but speedily entered into negotiation with Musa Ben Nasir, general of the Arab army in Africa. This warlike race, issuing from the deserts of Arabia, had, in the short space of eighty years from the death of Mahomet, overrun Persia, Syria, and Egypt, and in the course of their conquest had reached the north-western coast of Africa, where the Gothic sovereign had some possessions. To the Arab general Julian proposed to deliver up Centa and the other military settlements on the coast which he governed, and, in addition, offered his aid in the invasion of the Spanish peninsula. Fired with ambition at the prospect of so splendid a conquest, Musa delayed only for the permission of his master the Caliph to undertake the enterprise. This was speedily obtained, and the Mahometan general prepared to carry his plan of invasion into execution. Though assured by his spies that the chances of success were great, the cautious leader resolved to hazard but little in the first attempt. A small body of troops, consisting only of one hundred horse and four hundred foot soldiers, crossed the Straits of Gibralter under the command of the apostate Julian, and made their descent upon Andalusia. They found the country as the count had described it, unprepared and unfit to resist any attack from abroad, and returned laden with rich plunder. Satisfied by the result of this excursion of Julian's fidelity, and the feasibleness of the scheme, the Arab general despatched a much larger body of troops, under his lieutenant, Zarik Ben Zeyad. He landed near the town of Algesiras, early in the year 712. Theodomir, a Gothic noble, and one of the most faithful adherents of Roderic, was at that time Governor of Andalusia. Finding himself unable to resist the tide of invasion, he promptly sent for assistance from the king. When the news reached him, Roderic was in the northern provinces, quelling an insurrection to which some local oppression had given rise. Startled at so unexpected and great a danger, he immediately despatched a strong body of cavalry to reinforce his general in the south, and hastened back to Toledo to collect a still larger force, and gather round him the nobles of the kingdom. Theodomir advanced to meet the invaders with a force much superior in numbers to their own. In the first encounter the Christians were victorious; but having burned the ships in which they had crossed over from Africa, Zarik reanimated the wavering courage of his troops, and overrun the whole of Andalusia. In the meantime, Roderic had collected an army of nearly one hundred thousand men, and now advanced against the foe, rashly determining to stake the fortune of his kingdom on the issue of a single battle. Zarik had received reinforcements, and approached to offer battle with about 20,000 men. Roderic had encamped in the plain of Xeres, on the western bank of the Guadalete, within a league of the white tents of the Moslem invaders, and on the evening before the battle was borne about through the ranks of his troops on an ivory car, drawn by two snow-white mules, and overhung by an embroidered canopy, which glittered with pearls, rubies, and emeralds. He harangued his soldiers, telling them of the small numbers of the foe, and their own certainty of a speedy and complete victory. Next morning the sun rose gloriously upon the embattled hosts. The turbaned warriors of Mahomet were already marshalled for the fight, and their red banners flourished gaily in the morning breeze. The Gothic cavalry advanced with the shrill music of the clarion and cymbal, and the fight was begun. From dawn till sunset did Christian and Moslem struggle for the mastery, till night at last put a temporary end to the contest. The following day it was renewed with equal ardour, and continued, as before, till darkness again separated the combatants. The third day was destined to be decisive. At first, victory seemed falling to the Goths; the exhausted Moslems were beginning to give way before the overwhelming numbers of the foe, when Zarik rallied their drooping courage, and, bidding them follow his example, plunged among the Gothic squadrons, and retrieved the fortune of the day. At this critical juncture the brother and two sons of the late king, Uritiza, suddenly drew off their troops from the Christian line, and charged their astonished countrymen, spread dismay through their ranks, and produced irretrievable disorder, a general flight, and tremendous carnage. Roderic escaped from the fatal field only to find his death in the waters of the Guadalete. Thus ended the monarchy of the Goths in Spain.

So great was the panic produced by this decisive victory, that the Arabs traversed Spain and subdued it from Gibraltar to the Pyrenees, with a rapidity almost unexampled in the history of war. A few of the discomfited nobles endeavoured to collect their scattered strength, and acknowledged Theodomir as the successor of Roderic; but the attempt was vain; the victorious foe carried everything before them. The three chief cities of the king-

dom, however, Cordova, Malaga, and Toledo, made a temporary resistance. Against the first two, Zarik despatched two of his lieutenants, giving each of them a third of the army for that purpose; with the remainder he invested the capital, and subdued it after a short siege. So rapid was the victorious career of Zarik, that Musa was filled with jealousy and envy, and under the pretext that the army needed rest and reinforcements, ordered him to remain for a time inactive. These commands, however, Zarik, by the advice of his officers, disregarded, and pursued the course of his triumphs, speciously excusing his disobedience by pleas which Musa had no choice but to accept. But the latter general resolved to keep away no longer from the scene of such profitable warfare. Leaving the government of Africa in the hands of his eldest son, Abdallah, he crossed the straits with an army of 18,000 men, secretly resolving to take vengeance on the man who, by disobedience to his orders, had reaped so rich a harvest of glory to his prejudice. Before taking possession of the conquests made by his lieutenant, he determined to rival them at least by his own, and thereby have something to justify the boast, that it was he who had added a new kingdom to the vast empire of the Caliphs. With this view, he hastened to that part of the kingdom which had lain out of the route of Zarik, and reduced a few towns which had not sent in their submission to the conqueror. The city of Merida was the only conquest of importance which was left him to make. After the resistance of some weeks it was reduced, and no other city of importance remained to be subdued.

Having effected the reduction of Merida, Musa hastened to Toledo, resolved to assert his supreme authority and punish Zarik for disobeying his commands. But no sooner did the lieutenant hear of his approach, than he went boldly forth to receive him, attended by the principal officers of his army. The two conquerors met at a place in the district of Talavera. Musa received his victorious officer with haughtiness, and sternly demanded an explanation of his conduct. After some altercation, in which Zarik attempted to justify his disobedience, the presents, on which he relied more for his defence than on the profession of his zeal, were brought forward, and the two leaders entered Toledo apparently reconciled.

In our next paper, we shall trace the further establishment of the Arabian monarchy and faith in Spain, noticing such points of romantic interest as can be fairly introduced into an historical narrative.

GAS FROM WOOD.

An eminent chemist of Munich has recently discovered a method of obtaining gas from the fibres of plants, especially of wood, which may be made use of for practical purposes with great economy and advantage. The railroad depot at Munich has been for some time successfully lighted with this gas. So much confidence was felt by the discoverer in its practicability, that, in connection with four other scientific men, he undertook to prepare the apparatus at the depot at his own expense. The first attempt met with many obstacles, but the final result confirmed the hopes of the projectors. It is stated by competent judges, who have inspected the operation, that no doubt remains in their minds of its speedy introduction to general use.

The apparatus at Munich is provided with only a single retort, but of such dimensions as adapt it to the largest gas establishment, and enable it to deliver a much larger quantity than is needed at the depot. It contains a hundredweight of split wood, and renders in an hour at least 350 cubic feet of gas in the gasometer. In an hour and a half, or two hours, one lot of wood is used up, producing from 650 to 700 cubic feet, according to the quality of the wood. The retort is heated with turf, at an expense of about ten kreutzers an hour; but if two or three retorts were used with the same furnace, the expense of fuel for each would be materially diminished. The charcoal made in the retort is about twenty per cent. of the weight of the wood; this is raked out while yet hot, and placed in closely covered tin boxes to cool in the open air. The coal, which is at present from fir wood, is thoroughly burned, and being more compact than pit coal, is in demand among the dealers. The gas is conducted from the retort through the tar vessel, the condenser and the refiner into the gasometer. The establishment obtains from 5 to 7 per cent. of tar of the best quality. The amount of light rendered by this gas, according to an official measurement by the directors of the railroad, equals fifteen and a-half wax candles from one burner, consuming four and a-half feet in an hour.

This is greater than the power of the Augsburg coal, gas which equals from 11 to 13 wax candles (five to the pound).

In Munich, those who have compared this gas with common coal gas, give it a decided preference for that vicinity. The most prominent advantage is the facility with which it is produced. While a retort gives at most 180 cubic feet of coal gas in an hour, it will give 360 feet of wood gas. Only half the number of retorts, accordingly, would be required for lighting a city. The quantity of gas, moreover, delivered by wood in comparison with the cost, is of importance. A hundred weight of coal, as it is prepared at Augsburg and Munich, gives only 500 feet of gas in the most favourable cases, and costs one florin and six kreutzers, while the same amount of fir wood gives 700 feet of gas, at the cost of less than 20 kreutzers, when wood is 7 florins a cord. The advantage is no less on the side of the wood gas in respect to the secondary products, coke and tar.

The wood gas is not so objectionable in a sanitary point of view as the coal gas, either in its preparation or its use. It has no unpleasant smell; even in its crude state it contains no ammoniac, nor sulphurated hydrogen, nor carburetted sulphur; nor in burning does it produce a trace of sulphuric acid.

When the discoverer announced his project of obtaining gas from wood, every engineer and chemist declared it impossible, since all previous attempts had produced only gas of a very inferior quality. They accordingly came to the conclusion that the fibres of wood are incapable of generating gas. But this idea is effectually set aside by the Munich experiment.

In an economical point of view this discovery is considered of great importance in Germany. It has already attracted the attention of practical men, and the manner in which we find it spoken of by intelligent judges, shows that it may be welcomed as one of the beneficent contributions of science in the nineteenth century to the uses of life.

THE LAST DAYS OF COPERNICUS.

A TRUE HISTORY.

It was a still, clear night in the month of May, 1543; the stars shown brightly in the heavens, and all the world slept in the little town of Wernica, a canonry of Prussian Poland—all save one man, who watched alone in a solitary chamber, at the summit of a lofty tower. The only furniture of this apartment consisted of a table, a few books, and an iron lamp. Its occupant was an old man of about seventy, bowed down by years and toil, and his brow furrowed by anxious thoughts; but his eye kindled with the fire of genius, and his noble countenance was expressive of gentle kindness, and of a calm, contemplative disposition. His white hair, parted on his forehead, fell in waving locks over his shoulders. He wore the ecclesiastical costume of the age and country in which he lived: the long, straight robe with a fur collar and double sleeves, which were also lined with fur as far as the elbow.

This old man was the great astronomer *Nicholas Copernicus*, doctor of philosophy, divinity, and medicine; titular canon of Wernica; and honorary professor of Bologna, Rome, &c. Copernicus had just completed his work "*On the Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies.*" In the midst of poverty, ridicule, and persecution, without any other support than that of his own modest genius, or any instrument save a triangle of wood, he had unveiled heaven to earth, and was now approaching the term of his career, just as he had established on a firm basis those discoveries which were destined to change the whole face of astronomical sciences.

On that very day the canon of Wernica had received the last proof-sheets of his book, which his disciple, Rheticus, was getting printed at Nuremberg; and, before sending back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the results of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fitted for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces*

* Tycho Brahe has preserved to us a drawing of this instrument, which was the means of accomplishing such wonderful discoveries, and which was sent to him after the death of Copernicus, by John Hanovrius, Bishop of Wernica. It is difficult for us to conceive how a triangle so rude in its formation, and so irregular in its movements, can have supplied, in the hands of this great man, the place of those infallible telescopes which have since served to confirm his discoveries.

of wood, and directed it successively towards the four cardinal points of the horizon No shadow of a doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had *indeed* destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and was about to reveal to the world an imperishable truth, Copernicus knelt in the presence of that glorious volume whose starry characters he had first learned to decipher, and folding his attenuated hands across his bosom, thanked his Creator for having opened his eyes to understand and read aright these His glorious works. He then returned to the table, and seizing a pen he wrote on the title of his book, "Behold the work of the greatest and the most perfect artisan: the work of God himself." And now, the first excitement having passed away, he proceeded with a collected mind to write the dedication of his book:—

"To the Most Holy Father, Pope Paul III.:—I dedicate my work to your holiness in order that all the world, whether learned or ignorant, may see that I do not seek to shun examination and the judgment of my superiors. Your authority, and your love for science in general, and for mathematics in particular, will serve to shield me against wicked and malicious slanders, notwithstanding the proverb which says, that there is no remedy against the wounds inflicted by the tongue of calumny, &c.

"NICHOLAS COPERNICUS, of Thorn."

Soon the first dawn of day caused the lamp of the astronomer to burn more dimly; he leaned his forehead upon the table, and, overcome with fatigue, sank into a peaceful slumber. After sixty years of labour he, in truth, needed repose. But his present repose, at all events, was not destined to be of long duration: it was abridged by the entrance of an aged servant, who with slow and heavy step ascended the tower stairs.

"Master," said he to the canon, as he gently touched him upon the shoulder, "the messenger who arrived yesterday from Rheticus is ready to set out on his return, and is waiting for your proof-sheets and letters."

The astronomer rose, made up the packet, which he duly sealed, and then sank back upon his chair, as if wearied by the effort.

"But that is not all," continued the servant; "there are ten poor, sick people in the house waiting for you; and besides, you are wanted at Frauenberg to look after the water machine, which has stopped working; and also to see the three workmen who broke their legs in trying to set it going again."

"Poor creatures," exclaimed Copernicus, "Let my horse be saddled directly." And with a resolute effort shaking off the sleep which weighed down his eyelids, the good man hastily descended the stairs of the tower.

The house of Copernicus was in outward appearance one of the most unpretending in Wernica: it was composed of a laboratory, in which he prepared medicine for the poor; a little studio, in which this man of genius, skilled in art as well as science, painted his own likeness or those of his friends, or traced his recollections of Rome or Bologna; and lastly, of a small parlour on the ground floor, which was open for all who came to him for remedies, for money, or for food. Over the door an oval aperture had been cut, through which a ray of the mid-day sun daily penetrated, and resting upon a certain point in the adjoining room, marked the hour of noon. This was the astronomical gnomon of Copernicus; and the only ornament the room contained were some verses written by his own hand, and pasted up over the chimney-piece.

It was in this parlour that the good canon found room to tend invalids who had come to claim his assistance; dressed the wounds of some, administered remedies to others, and on all bestowed alms and words of kindness and consolation. Having completed his labours, he hastily swallowed a draught of milk, and was about to set out to Frauenberg, when a horseman, galloping up to the door, handed him a letter. He trembled as he recognised the handwriting of his friend Gysius, Bishop of Culm. "May God have pity on us," wrote this latter, "and avert the blow which now threatens thee! Thy enemies and thy rivals combined—those who accuse thee of folly, and those who treat thee as a heretic—have been so successful in exciting against thee the minds of the people of Nuremberg, that men curse thy name in the streets, the priests excommunicate thee from their pulpits, and the university, hearing that thy book was to appear, has declared its intention to break the printing-press of the publisher, and to destroy the work to which thy life has been devoted. Come and lay the storm; but come quickly, or thou wilt be too late."

Before Copernicus had finished the perusal of this letter, he fell back voiceless and powerless into the arms of his faithful servant, and it was some moments before he rallied. When he again looked up, the horseman who had been charged to escort him back, asked him how soon he would wish to set out.

"I must set out directly," replied the old man in a resigned tone; "but not for Nuremberg or for Culm; the suffering

workmen at Frauenberg are expecting me; they may perhaps die if I do not go to their assistance. My enemies may perhaps destroy my work—they cannot stop the stars in their courses."

An hour later, Copernicus was at Frauenberg. The machine which he had bestowed upon the town, which was built on the summit of a hill, conveyed thither the waters of the river Bouda, situated at the distance of half a league in the valley below. The inhabitants, instead of suffering like their fathers, from continued drought, had now only to turn a valve, and the plenteous stream flowed into their houses in rich abundance.

This machine had got out of order the preceding day, and the accident had happened very inopportunely, because this was the festival of the patron saint of Frauenberg. But at the first glance the canon saw where the evil lay, and in a few hours the water flowed freely into the town. His first care, we need not say, had been directed to the unhappy men who had received injuries whilst working in the sluices: he set their fractured limbs, and bound them up with his own hands; then commending them to the care of an attendant, he promised to return and visit them on the morrow. But a blow was about to descend upon himself, which was destined to crush him to the dust.

As he crossed the square, whilst passing through the town on his return home, he perceived among a crowd a company of strolling players acting upon a temporary stage. The theatre represented an astronomical observatory, filled with all kinds of ridiculous instruments—in the midst stood an old man, whose dress and bearing were in exact imitation of those of Copernicus. The resemblance was so striking, that he directly recognised himself, and paused, stupified with astonishment. Behind the merry-andrew, whose business it was to hold up the great man to public derision, there stood a personage whose horns and cloven foot designated Satan, and who caused the pseudo Copernicus to act and speak, as though he had been an automaton, by means of two strings fastened to his ears—which were no other than asses' ears of considerable dimensions. The parody was composed of several scenes. In the first, the astronomer gave himself to Satan, burnt a copy of the Bible, and trampled a crucifix under foot: in the second, he explained, by juggling with apples in guise of planets, whilst his face was transformed into a likeness of the sun by means of torches of rosin; in the third, he became a charlatan, a vender of pomatum and quack medicine—he spoke dog Latin to the passers by; sold them water, which he had drawn from his own well, at an exorbitant price; and became intoxicated himself with excellent wine, in such copious draughts of which he indulged, that he finally disappeared under the table; in the fourth and closing act he was again dragged forth to view, as one accursed by God and man: and the devil, dragging him down to the infernal regions amidst a cloud of sulphurous smoke, declaring his intention to punish him for having caused the earth to turn on its axis, by condemning him to remain with his head downwards throughout eternity.

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When Copernicus thus beheld the treasured discoveries of his whole life held up to the derision of an ignorant multitude, his enlightened faith branded as impiety, and his self-denying benevolence ridiculed as the quackery of a charlatan, his noble spirit was at first utterly overwhelmed, and the most fearful doubts of himself, of mankind, and even of Providence itself, rushed upon his mind. At first he hoped that the Frauenbergians, the children of his adoption, to whose comfort and happiness he had devoted himself for fifty years, would cut short the disgraceful scene. But alas! he saw his defamers welcomed with applause by those on whom he had conferred so many benefits. The trial was too much for his failing strength; and worn out by the emotion and fatigue of the preceding night, and by the labours of the morning, he sunk exhausted to the ground. Then, for the first time, did the ungrateful multitude recognise their benefactor; the name of Copernicus flew from lip to lip—they heard that he had come that very morning to the town to relieve their distress—in a moment the current of popular feeling was turned, the crowd dispersed the actors, and crowded anxiously around the astronomer. He had only strength left to call for a litter, and was conveyed back to Wernica in a dying state. He lingered, however, still for five days—days of trial and anxiety—during which the lamp of genius and faith still shed its halo around the dying man.

On the day succeeding his visit to Frauenberg, a letter from Rheticus confirmed the sinister predictions of the Bishop of Culm: thrice had the students of the University made an attempt to invade the printing-office whence the truth was about to issue forth. "Even this very morning," wrote his friend, "a set of madmen tried to set fire to it. I have assembled all of our friends within the building, and we never quit our posts, either day or night, guarding the entrance, and keeping watch over the workmen—

the printers perform their work with one hand, whilst they hold a pistol in the other. If we can stand our guard for two days the book is saved; for let only ten copies be struck off, and nothing will any longer be able to destroy it. But if either to-day or to-morrow our enemies should succeed in gaining the upper hand"—Rheticus left the sentence unfinished, but Copernicus supplied the want—he knew how much depended upon this moment. On the third day another messenger made his appearance, and he, too, was the bearer of evil tidings: "A compositor, gained over by our enemies, has delivered into their hands the manuscript of the book and it has been burned in the public square. Happily the impression was complete, and we are now putting it into press. But a popular tumult might yet ruin all."

Such was the state of suspense in which the great Copernicus passed the closing days of his existence! Life was ebbing fast, and the torpor of death, had already begun to steal over his faculties, when a horseman galloped up to the door in breathless haste, and springing from his horse, hastened into the house of the dying astronomer. A volume, whose leaves were still damp, was treasured in his bosom; it was the *chef d'œuvre* of Copernicus; *this* messenger was the portent of victory.

The spark of life, so nearly exhausted seemed to be rekindled for a moment in the breast of the dying man; he raised himself in his dying bed, grasped the book with his feeble hand, glancing at its contents with his dim expiring eye. A smile lighted up his features, the book fell from his grasp, and clasping his hands together, he exclaimed: "Lord, let thy servant depart in peace!" Hardly had he uttered these words before his spirit fled from earth to return to the God who gave it. It was the morning of the 23d May—heaven was lighted with stars—the earth was fragrant with flowers—all nature seemed to sympathise with the great revealer of her laws—and soon the sun, rising above the horizon, shed its earliest and purest ray upon the still, cold brow of the departed, and seemed in his turn to say: "The king of creation gives the kiss of peace, for thou hast been the first to replace him on his throne."

Persecution followed Copernicus even in the grave. The court of Rome replied to his dedication by condemning his book; but the book was the instrument of his own revenge by enlightening the court of Rome herself, which at last recognised, although too late, the faith and the genius of the astronomer of Wernica. Prussia, with the ingratitude of a conqueror, has converted the observatory of Copernicus into a prison, and is now allowing his dwelling-house to crumble into ruins. But Poland, his native land, has collected some of her last *oboles*, to raise a monument to his memory at Cracow, and to erect a statue of him in Warsaw.

INFLUENCE OF CLOTHING ON THE HEALTH OF THE SKIN.

It is a fact which must be apparent to every one, that clothing, in itself, has no property of bestowing heat, but is chiefly useful in preventing the dispersion of the temperature of the body, and, in some instances, in defending it from that of the atmosphere. This power of preserving heat is due to the same principle, whatever form the raiment may assume, whether the natural covering of birds and animals, or whether the most beautiful and elegant tissues of human manufacture. In every case it is the power which the coverings possess of detaining in their meshes atmospheric air that is the cause of their warmth.

We have an exemplification of this principle in the lightness of all articles of warm clothing, as compared with water; the buoyancy, for example, of a fleece of wool, or the lightness of a feather. In the eider-duck or the sea-bird, it is the accumulation of warm air within their downy covering, that defends them alike from the temperature of the water, and from its contact. The furs from the piercing regions of the north, which we prize so highly as articles of dress, are, to the animals they invest, so many distinct atmospheres of warm air, and the same principle is carried out in the clothing of man. Our garments retain a stratum of air kept constantly warm by its contact with the body, and as the external temperature diminishes, we increase the number of layers by which the person is enveloped. Every one is practically aware that a loose dress is much warmer than one that fits close,—that a loose glove is warmer than a tight one, and that a loose boot or shoe, in the same manner, bestows greater warmth than one of smaller dimensions. The explanation is obvious; the loose dress encloses a thin stratum of air, which the tight dress is incapable of doing, and all that is required is that the dress should be closed at the upper part to prevent the dispersion of the

warm air and the ventilating current which would be established from below. The male summer dress in this climate consists of three layers, which necessarily include two strata of atmospheric air; that of females contains more; and, in the winter season, we increase the number to four, five, or six. As the purpose of additional layers of dress is to maintain a series of strata of warm air within our clothes, we should, in going from a warm room into a cold, put on our defensive coverings some little time previously, in order that the strata of air which we carry with us may be sufficiently warmed by the heat of the room, and may not be in need of borrowing from our bodies. Otherwise we must walk briskly in order to supply heat, not only to keep up the warmth of the strata of atmosphere nearest ourselves, but also to furnish those which we have artificially made by our additional coverings. When we have been for some time in the air, if we could examine the temperature or climate between the several layers of our dress, we should find the thermometer gradually falling as it was conveyed from the inner to the outer spaces.

These observations on dress have reference to the number of layers of which the covering is composed, but they are equally applicable to the texture of the garment itself. The materials employed by man in the manufacture of his attire, are all of them bad conductors of heat—that is to say, they have little tendency to conduct, or remove the heat from the body; but, on the contrary, are disposed to retain what they receive; hence they are speedily warmed, and once warm, preserve their temperature for a lengthened period, and convey the sensation of warmth to the hand. They are also bad conductors of electricity, and on this account, become sources of safety in a thunderstorm.

They are all derived from the organic world, some from the vegetable, and some from the animal kingdom; for instance, hemp and flax are the fibres of particular plants, while cotton is the covering of the seed of a plant. Silk, wool, hair, feathers, and leather, are animal productions; of these materials, the first five are chiefly employed as articles of clothing, and in order to be fitted for their purpose, are spun into threads, and then woven into a tissue of various degrees of fineness and closeness. It is evident that this tissue will have the effect of retaining a quantity of air proportioned to the size of its meshes; hence, besides the strata of atmosphere imprisoned between the different articles of clothing, each article is, in itself, the depository of an atmosphere of its own.

Thick textures are warmer than thin ones made of the same material, because the body of air retained in their meshes is greater, as we see illustrated in blankets and woollen garments.

To the inhabitants of cold climates, feathers are a source of peculiar comfort, but from their bulk, are not easily convertible into body garments.

Linen is a bad conductor and bad radiator. On this account it is that, despite its excellence in other particulars, it feels cold when it touches the skin. From the porosity of its fibre, it is very attractive of moisture, and when the body perspires, it absorbs the perspiration actively, and displaces the air, which in a dry state is held within its meshes: so that in place of an atmosphere of dry air, it becomes the means of maintaining a layer of moisture. Now, water is one of the best conductors of heat, and removes it so rapidly from the body, as to cause a general chill. But this is not all; the moisture in the tissue of the linen has so great a capacity and attraction for heat, that it continues to rob the body of more and more of that element, until the whole of the fluid is evaporated. These circumstances have caused the entire abandonment of linen as a covering next the skin, in hot climates, where the apparel must be necessarily thin. But in temperate and cold climates we get over the inconvenience by wearing over the linen a woollen or leather covering in the winter, and a cotton or thin woollen in the summer.—*Wilson.*

Book-making in London.—A London journal states that during the year 1850 four thousand and four hundred new publications were issued in London alone. Of these about five hundred were works of fiction—at the rate of almost one and a half daily! The rest were upon every imaginable subject which it is possible to write a book upon. When the tax is taken off of paper, there will be no clog to the imagination, and no cessation to the printing press.

BEAUTIFUL PROVISIONS OF NATURE.

THE LAW OF MUTUAL DEPENDENCE.

If Winter be the death-shroud of nature, Spring is her resurrection-dress. She comes forth with life and loveliness, and breathes her vernal spirit into every existing thing. Whether we consider the mysterious process of vegetation which is being carried on in the hidden parts of the earth, or the verdure that decks the field, or the flower that sips the morning dew, or the fragrance that scents the air, or the buds that open to the kindlier beams of yon bright sun, or the thousand tints and hues which beautify all nature; how true is it that—

"Fair-handed spring unbosoms every grace;
Throws out the snowdrop and the crocus first;
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
And yellow wallflower, stain'd with iron brown;
And lavish stock, that scents the garden round,
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed:
Anemonies, auriculas, enrich'd
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves:
And full ranunculus, of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip race, where beauty plays
Her idle freaks: from family diffused
To family, as flies the father dust,
The varied colours run; and while they break
On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks
With secret pride the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
First-born of spring, to summer's musky tribes;
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low bent, and blushing inward: nor jonquils
Of potent fragrance; nor narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks;
Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask rose.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With hues on hues, expression cannot paint,
The breath of nature, and her endless bloom."

And what spring develops, summer perfects. It is the "manhood of the year." The sun gives forth the fullness of his light, and heat, and splendour, and the buds and blossoms of returning spring are ripened into foliage and fruit.

There is a mutual dependence among the seasons. Not more certainly do the frosts and snows of winter prepare for the outcoming life and loveliness of spring, than spring infuses her vitality into every species of organised existence, and by this vitality enables that organised existence to appropriate to itself whatever of the surrounding elements can minister to its farther growth, its higher development, and its final perfection. Summer completes the growth of spring, and itself terminates in the maturity of autumn, when having fulfilled her course, she leaves nature to feebleness and decay, that by going down to death she may throw off whatever is old and effete, and come forth again with renovated life and power. To these successive and beneficent changes in the season of the year, with all the life and activity put forth by the various creatures which people the earth, and the dependence of these creatures, as well as the dependence of the world without them, on the superintendence and providence of God, the inspired writers frequently refer, and in strains of impassioned fervour. "He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills. They give drink to every beast of the field: the wild asses quench their thirst. By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches. He watereth the hills from his chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works. He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herbs for the service of man; that he may

bring forth food out of the earth; and wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart. The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted. . . He appointed the moon for seasons: the sun knoweth his going down. Thou makest darkness, and it is night: wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth. The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens. Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening. . . . These wait all upon thee, that thou mayest give them their meat in due season. That thou givest them they gather: thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good. Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled: thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust. Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created: and thou renewest the face of the earth."

It is summer; and the sun is in his zenith. All nature is instinct with life, and every vital process is in the course of development. Now between the organic and the inorganic world we shall discover the most beautiful harmony. In this season of growth, an increased degree of heat is indispensable to the perfecting of most of the earth's productions, and this is secured by a fixed and immutable law. The sun having in early spring passed from the south to the north of the equator, as he ascends the heavens, he pours his rays more directly on this part of the earth, and as he remains a longer time above the horizon—say from fifteen to seventeen hours—his influence cannot but be much more powerful. Summer heat is thus attributable to two causes:—the height to which the sun rises in the heavens, and the length of the day. The earth being an opaque and resisting body, when the rays of the sun fall upon it, not only is light reflected, but heat is generated. The ground becomes warm by conduction, and the atmosphere by reflection; and every time that the solar influence descends, the deeper does it penetrate below the surface, and the more intensely is it reflected into the already heated atmosphere, so that there is a daily accumulation of heat, and this heat being essential to the perfection of organic life, it is continued even after the sun has began to decline.

In connection with the degree and accumulation of heat, we must take into account the atmospheric elements. The air, or atmosphere, is said to contain five trillions, two hundred and eighty-seven billions, three hundred and five millions of tons of carbonic acid. This acid is a compound of seven hundred and fourteen parts, by weight, of oxygen, and two hundred and eighty-six of carbon; and if there were not some beneficent arrangement for the removal from the atmosphere of this tremendous quantity of poisonous effluvium, which is exclusive of incalculable quantities of the same compound sent forth by the respiration of men and of animals, the processes of combustion, the germination of seeds, the ripening and decay of fruits, the putrefaction of organic substances, and other phenomena, it would be impossible for us to exist. But here the mutual dependence of the animal and vegetable kingdoms comes into view; for "this carbonic acid, which is poison to us, is the food of plants, and indeed of the whole vegetable world. They absorb it into their systems, and whilst they retain the carbon, they emit the oxygen, and so, feeding themselves, they purify our atmosphere." This decomposition they effect with a precision and certainty which baffle the effort of the most skilful and experienced chemist. And to prove how dependent the vegetable world is on the air, we have only to accept the following statement:—

"Two hundred pounds of earth were dried in an oven, and afterwards put into a large earthenware vessel; the earth was then moistened with rain-water, and a willow tree, weighing five pounds, was planted therein. During the space of five years the earth was carefully watered with rain water, or pure water; the willow grew and flourished; and to prevent the earth from being mixed with fresh earth, or dust blown upon it by the winds, it was covered with a metal plate, perforated with a great number of small holes, suitable for the free admission of air only. After growing in the earth for five years, the willow tree was removed, and found to weigh one hundred and sixty-nine pounds and about three ounces; the leaves

which fell from the tree every autumn were not included in this weight. The earth was then removed from the vessel, again dried in the oven, and afterwards weighed; it was discovered to have lost only about two ounces of its original weight; thus, one hundred and sixty-four pounds of lignin, or woody fibre, bark, roots, &c., were certainly produced, but from what source? Why, the chemist who made this remarkable experiment in very early days of scientific investigation, reasonably concluded the tree to have derived the increase of its structure from water alone, as no other source was obvious; and the opinion that water was the sole aliment of vegetables, was entertained by many of the greatest philosophers; but as knowledge regarding the powers and properties of matter throughout the creation became gradually extended by experiment, the air was discovered to be the source of the solid element, at least, which enters into the structure of the vegetable kingdom."

The atmosphere, which contains this carbonic acid in quantities which baffle all calculation, is composed of two substances—nitrogen and oxygen—of very different properties, held together merely by mechanical admixture, and whose combination and union, in the proportion of two to one, is indispensable to the sustaining of either animal or vegetable life. Let that proportion be destroyed, even in a slight degree, and the air which we breathe would be instantly converted into the most deadly poison. If a lighted taper be introduced into a bottle or jar of nitrogen, it will be immediately extinguished; or a small bird put into a vessel filled with this noxious gas will die in a few seconds. It is wholly unfitted for the support of life, and therefore we cannot but admire the wisdom and the goodness which has ordained that, however unequal in the process of combustion, or in the functions of animal and vegetable being, may be the consumption of these two substances, the proportion between them is always maintained, and this independently of any difference of temperature. How the balance is maintained, whether it be by the alternations of heat and cold, or by any other secret provision, we presume not to affirm; but certain it is, that while heat expands them, and cold contracts them, neither can disunite them.

Atmospheric air always contains traces of watery vapour, and this ingredient of moisture is greatly subject to the action of heat. If the shower, which descends to water and refresh the earth, is destined again to ascend as vapour into the atmosphere, this can be effected only by the agency of heat. It is on the principle of heat that we explain the evaporation of moisture from the earth; and on the temperature of the air will be the amount of vapour which is taken up. There is evaporation in winter as well as in summer; but the temperature of the air in winter does not admit of the same quantity being held in solution as in summer; and it is only when the air has become saturated that the vapour from the earth's surface ceases, and that rain again falls. Such is the gracious law by which the processes of evaporation and deposition are regulated—processes so admirably adapted to the conditions of organic life.

The heat which is given off from any particular surface in the process of evaporation, renders that surface proportionately cold. In eastern climates advantage is taken of this fact, and by having certain apartments continually sprinkled with water, the evaporation is such as to reduce the temperature from ten to fifteen degrees below that of the atmosphere. The same result is secured by putting the air into motion by the use of fans during the prevalence of hot winds. Even in our own country, nothing is more common in the extreme heat of summer than to sprinkle water on the pavement in front of shops and houses, in order to obtain an artificial and temporary reduction of temperature. Nor is there any one who has tried this simple experiment who has not been delightfully conscious of a feeling of relief and even of heightened vitality. More than this. During profuse perspiration, let any one apply a cambric handkerchief to the brow, and a certain degree of coolness is immediately experienced. And why? Simply because "the fine fibres of the cambric have an extremely strong capillary attraction for moisture, and a great conducting power as regards heat." Cotton has neither the one nor the other, and hence the application of such a fabric to the skin would give rather

the sensation of heat. Perspiration is conducive to health, as it withdraws heat from the body and cools it down to its natural temperature of from ninety-six to ninety-eight degrees. If this perspiration be checked, serious, even fatal, consequences may ensue. Such is the animal heat of the body, that evaporation takes place with great rapidity, and hence the danger of remaining in wet clothes, especially when exposed to a draught of air. The animal heat falls below its natural standard, the vital functions become inactive, and life itself is endangered.

While the vegetable kingdom is an ever-active though silent agent in sustaining the balance of the constituents of the atmosphere—while the two elements which constitute that atmosphere can never be disconnected or their proportions disturbed—while heat is in all cases required for the conversion of water into vapour, and the vapour must return again to the earth in gentle, genial, life-giving showers—we must not overlook the fact that the atmosphere is the medium by which light reaches this our lower world, and that the agency of solar light, though not required in the earlier stages of vegetation, is truly essential at a more advanced season to the development and growth of the future plant. A healthy plant, excluded from the light for a few days, will become languid and will be ready to die, because in such circumstances it can no longer derive those elements which are indispensable to its health and verdancy. "As long as the plant is in the light, the leaf decomposes carbonic acid, appropriating the carbon to the formation of its own proper juice, and returning the disengaged oxygen into the atmosphere. When light is removed, it has no longer power to imbibe carbon and disengage oxygen, but, on the contrary, it gives back some of the carbon already obtained, and absorbs oxygen for the purpose of reconverting this into carbonic acid." Let but a single ray of light penetrate the gloom in which this plant is situated, and, as if by instinct, leaf and branch will bend in the direction in which the light is entering. Everyone is familiar with the brilliant crimson hue of the peach, which is in proportion to the degree of sunlight that falls upon it; so also is its sweetness. And yet some plants, when exposed to the full influence of solar rays, become unfit for food. The stem or stalk of celery has to be banked up with earth to exclude the light; otherwise, it would grow rank and bitter. For the same reason, the lettuce is tied round, and thus the heart or interior is preserved from that poisonous principle which is appreciable in the green leaves. There are other phenomena which it is difficult, if not impossible, to explain. For example: the leaves of some plants are acid in the morning, tasteless at noon, and bitter at night; some flowers are white or blue according to the degree of light under which they are placed; some will expand their petals to meet the sunshine, while others will close them against its power; and there are many fruits which have different degrees of acidity in the morning and the evening.

Although the atmosphere receives its caloric entirely from the earth, and the earth is rendered warm by conduction, we are not to conclude that the earth has no heat in itself. The discoveries and the facts of geology would contradict this conclusion. It is only so far as he admits the action of a powerful heat in the inner strata of the earth that the geologist can account for many of those peculiar phenomena which meet him at every step and stage of his investigations. Is he called to account for the difference which he finds in the temperature of certain springs of water—springs which exist in almost every country, in almost every formation—below the level of the sea, and thousands of feet above it, and in all latitudes?—he may tell us that the temperature of the common spring is determined by the heat of the soil derived from the sun; but the thermal or warm springs vary in their temperature from a single degree above the medium of the climate to the boiling geysers of Iceland. Nor this only; it is an established fact, that the heat of Artesian wells increases in proportion to the depth at which they take their rise. So in mines: the temperature increases as we descend. Besides, if there were no such internal heat in the earth, how could we account for that volcanic agency of which there are so many indubitable proofs? We are forced to admit that the centre of our earth is one great region of excessive heat, and that this heat gets nearer the surface through those extensive fissures into which the internal crust of the globe is rent; and it may be that from this central region of heat will come up the last purifying fire which is to pass over this our world, introductory to the new heavens and the new earth.

"The world of nature and the world of providence are both in harmony, and the Eternal brings about his decrees usually by the adjustment of general laws to the purposes of his moral government; and yet he has reserved to himself the power of interfering with these laws when he thinks fit, that by doing what he alone could perform he might bear undeniable testimony to the mission of his Son, or to those messages which he was from time to time pleased to send by his servants from the unseen world. In the latter case, the hand of God is discovered by the miraculous nature of the transaction; in the former, by the fulfilment of prophecy. If the destruction of the world by fire, therefore, shall prove to be the result of natural causes, this will not diminish the evidence of divine agency, for, independent of the miraculous events with which we are assured it will be accompanied, its very coincidence with prophetical intimations will sufficiently evince the source from whence it proceeds."

INFORMATION FOR YOUTH.

RICE.

WHAT a savoury dish is a nice rice-pudding! what a tempting look it has, steaming on the table! You may say what you please about its being only a plain pudding; after all, it's just the very thing that young folks like. But do my young friends know where the rice came from, long before it stood in the grocer's shop? how it grew in a strange land? how it is only a stranger here? To know all about rice will be something worth remembering; and, depend upon it, our knowledge will never take away our relish for the pudding.

Rice is, by the learned folks, called *Oryza sativa*, and is a tall strong plant, not unlike wheat, but larger, and with a greater number of joints. The main stalk divides into branches at the top, on each of which is an ear, each grain being enclosed in a rough yellow husk. It has been known in Asia from the earliest ages, and forms the chief food of the people of India and China.

The rice plant springs from the marshy ground; and most likely our young readers will remember the beautiful words in the Bible, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days;" and this was literally the case—it was really sowing rice *in the water*, for a wet soil is necessary; and the great Valley of the Nile being every year flooded, became a fruitful soil for the growth of this kind of grain; men cast their seed into the waters, and in due time the tall, many-jointed stalks rose up in all their stateliness. There are at least three sorts of rice—the *common* rice plant, which is the strongest and largest, and needs the most moisture; the *early* rice, which is of smaller size, but is fit for use sooner than the other; and the *mountain* rice, which grows on the sloping sides of hills, with very little water.

In America, the rice fields are worked by the Negroes; and it is such unwholesome work that they very soon die, and there is a fresh demand for slaves. No white man can live in the low marshy rice grounds during the sultry heat of the autumn. In Carolina, in the United States, the seed is carefully put in regular rows, in trenches about eighteen inches apart; the sowing is generally done by Negro women, and is finished about the beginning of March. The water, which till this time has been kept off by what they call *flood-gates*, is now allowed to flow over the ground to the depth of several inches, and thus the rice seed is kept under water for seven or eight days. During this time the plant begins to grow, and, the water being taken away, springs up to the height of three or four inches. A month passes away, and the ground is again covered with water for about sixteen days. By this means all the weeds are destroyed. It is allowed after this to remain without further flooding till the middle of July; at that time water is again permitted to cover the whole ground, and so continues until the grain is ripe, which generally happens about the end of August. September is the month of rice harvest, and busy Negroes are in the fields, reaping with their sickles, while the Negro women bind up the rice in sheaves or bundles.

It is not only in America that so much pains is taken to grow the rice and make it fit for food. The wonderful Chinese manage to form their rice fields into terraces, one above the other, so that the water sinks downward, covering one field after the other, and giving moisture to the growing grain. In Hindostan they have large portions of their country made into rice fields, and rice is as common there as bread with us, perhaps commoner.

It is also grown in Europe in the beautiful meadows of Lombardy, and in sunny

Spain; there the water remains on the ground even during the harvest time, and reapers wading through the water cut down the rice, while others following carry the sheaves to a dry place, where the grain is beaten out of the husks by the treading of mules.

In Egypt, the largest rice fields are on the banks of the Nile, and an old traveller named Hasselguist thus describes the manner in which the Egyptians separate the grain from the husk:—"It is pounded by hollow iron pestles, lifted up by a wheel which is worked by oxen A person sitting beside the two pestles pushes forward the rice when these are rising; another sifts, winnows, and lays it under the pestles. In this manner they continue working until it is entirely free from chaff and husks. When it is clean, they add a thirtieth part of salt, and pound them together, by which means the rice becomes white, which before was grey; after this it is passed through a fine sieve to part the salt from the rice, and then it is ready for sale."

But this is not the common way of preparing rice: it is in most countries passed between a pair of mill-stones placed at such a distance from each other that the friction or rubbing will remove the husk without hurting the grain. Besides the husk there is a thin inner skin which is removed by beating the rice in large mortars. The seed then appears whiter and more pearly than barley.

Rice is used as an article of food in very large quantities. Cooked in various fashions, it is a favourite dish in China. It forms the chief food of the people of Hindostan, and is very much used in America. Rice and fish form the principal rations, as they are called, of the slaves in that country; Asia, Africa, America, all know the value of the rice plant, and though it is only grown in small quantities in Europe, it is brought over and sold and consumed even in England to a very large extent. We have our fields of waving corn, and flour is good and wholesome, but we *do* like rice, and from the bountiful care of God, seeing the giver in his gifts, we may learn a lesson of gratitude to Him who sends his gifts alike to prince and peasant.

A WORKING MAN'S VIEW OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

A LETTER FROM JAMES CARPENTER TO WILLIAM GARDENER.

Dear Will,—You ask me to tell you what I think of the great Exhibition. I have been three times, and I scarcely know how to answer you. Of course I expected, from the pictures I had seen and the accounts I had read before I came to London, to find a grand place, full of people and beautiful objects; but I never imagined a place half so grand as it really is, or a collection of the works of art and industry anything like so complete and magnificent. The first day I went I wandered about in a state of complete wonder and astonishment. I was speechless with admiration; and as I passed from object to object, as I gazed aloft upon that stupendous glass roof, a feeling of sadness came over me that I cannot for the life of me describe. I wanted a companion to whom to communicate my thoughts. I felt alone in the midst of a vast crowd. But when I went on the following Monday this feeling was no longer present to me, and I could look about me with something more of familiarity and ease, though my curiosity was by no means abated. Indeed, it was not till my second visit that I formed for myself any plan of proceeding; but soon I discovered that days might be spent in merely walking up and down the nave and transept. I therefore curbed my wish to linger amidst the beautiful statuary and elegant fountains in the main avenue, and, resolutely determining to make myself acquainted with the Exhibition and its contents, began at the eastern end, went systematically from country to country, and from state to state, reserving the galleries for my third and last visit. In this way I passed through the United States—where I probably saw more of the manners and customs of our cousins than many who have crossed the Atlantic—to Russia, Germany, and the Zollverein. I lingered here, absorbed and curious, and in this spot I learned what to me was a new truth—namely, that the English are not at the head of *all* nations in *all* things. From thence I made my way into Austria and Belgium, and again I had to take my lesson to heart in gazing upon the wondrous work of Professor Kiss, of Berlin—the Amazon attacked by a Tiger. I passed thoughtfully through Italy and France, and I thought of my old school-

books as I looked upon the little spot occupied by the contributions of Greece; for they have no Phidias now, and so could only send a specimen of the marble out of which he formed his glorious statues. Switzerland, Spain and Portugal, Turkey and Egypt, Persia, Tunis, and Brazil—if I had the pen of the best writer in the world, I should be unable to describe them as they deserve. And next them, China, the Celestial Empire, unfolds the treaures of her almost unknown land. I cross the equator, as the transept here is called, and enter India. I have read that, in the old time two voyages to this great golden land were sufficient to make a captain's fortune. I can quite believe it, for so profuse have the "Company" been in their contributions of jewellery and luxurious trappings, that we no longer wonder at the stories we hear told of the "treasures of Ind," and the seas where the pearl-oyster are found. But I never was much in love with gold and jewellery, except so far as they were useful in providing for the wants of the body and the requirements of the mind; so I could even afford to pass by the Koh-i-Noor, and the Queen of Spain's jewels, and Mr. Hope's wonderful pearl as large as a pigeon's egg, and proceed at once into the British department.

If I were to tell you, Will, all I saw, I should need a memory like the calculating boy, and a pen as tireless as an engine piston—therefore I won't make the attempt; but you are quite welcome to an insight into what I thought. I looked around upon the various objects in stone, wood, and iron; I passed from counter to counter, and I thought how insignificant an animal is material man, compared with the products of his own hands! I went into the Fine Art Department and the Sculpture Court, and I thought that whatever body was, mind *must* be immortal. I pushed my way as well as I could through the crowd of ladies in the Mediæval Court, and I thought of the grand triumphs of industry and civilisation. I looked upon models of ships of war, and handled deadly weapons of self-defence, and I thought the time was coming when men would grow wiser than to use them. I gazed upon tapestry, and the work of delicate women in lace and embroidery—some of these, I was told, made by poor peasant girls at cottage doors in Ireland—and I thought that the day would arrive when even they would benefit by the effects of this great meeting of the nations. I spent four hours among the machinery in motion and at rest. I went a third day, and stayed in the great building from ten o'clock till seven. I came home, and sat down to think.

I will tell you, William, what I thought when I sat down on the night of the day of my third visit.

At first I felt a sensation of pride and gratification in the thought that, of all the objects there exhibited, there was not one which was not indebted more or less to the horny hand of the workman; and I pictured to myself the condition of the world, were it in a moment deprived of its hewers of wood and drawers of water. And then, I must confess, a little tinge of anger rose up in my thoughts when I remembered the small consideration in which those workers were held by the rich and powerful. What, said I, were the diamonds and precious stones, the marble statues and rich stained glass, the steam-engines and the chandeliers, the silk and cotton manufactures, the silver and gold, and iron and wood, without the miner, the quarryman, the glass-maker, the weaver, the workers with rough looks and toil-stained garments? Nothing, less than nothing; for the materials out of which the hand of the workman evokes utility and elegance would have remained inert in the dull earth, or have been classed among what, in the Crystal Palace, are styled "natural productions." I was very bitter against the rich just then. But soon I remembered that in the possession and right use of Capital lay the whole secret of the workman's employment, and consequently his happiness. And I had not thought long on the subject before I remembered that the ranks of the rich and powerful were recruited from the sons of labour, and that there were few prizes in life to which the workman might not legitimately aspire; and, as if to help me entirely out of my difficulty, I remembered that the designer and architect of the Crystal Palace itself was not only no lord, but that he, Joseph

Paxton, was like you, Will, a working gardener. That he had raised himself out of his original position, was honourable alike to himself and the order of workmen from whence he sprang. One thought begat another, and I was not long in remembering a great list of names, all of them mighty in the world's history, of men who had toiled and sweated at forge and plough, at loom and shuttle, at furnace door and shop counter, and at last had achieved—more than mere riches and power can—a reputation that dieth not with the body, but endureth for ever.

You will think me somewhat enthusiastic, Will; perhaps I am a little. But if any man can go to that wonderful Exhibition in Hyde Park, and not be touched by something more than the mere prettinesses of the place—something more than the mere material beauty of the building and its contents—if he can go and come away without feelings of a higher and better kind than those of mere curiosity and excitement—if it teaches him nothing, or if he care not to read its lessons rightly—why, then, I pity him.

Remember me to all at home. I have no time or space for more; and believe me, yours, J. C.

SONG OF THE LABOURERS.

HOLY and *pure* is the labour sure,
In the rugged path we're treading;
'T will lead us on till the race is won,
For 'tis ever upward leading!
Then, never shrink, for 'tis bliss to think
Our cause is true and holy;
Let us persevere in our calling here,
Be our station e'er so lowly.

Labour is *love;* and our deeds should prove,
That we're moved by kindlier feeling;
And labour is *light*, when the heart is right,
For 'tis only health revealing:
By toiling hands, the record stands,
Shall come both wealth and pleasure;
And time will come we shall find our home,
And may claim a fadeless treasure.

In labour's way there's a sunny day,
And the light of love thence beaming,
We shall stretch *our* way to a *brighter* day,
Where a richer light is streaming;
Shall point to heaven, where rest is given
To the pilgrim faint and weary;
Shall shield from snares in the form of cares,
That beset the soul unwary.

We'll sign *the Pledge*, as our privilege,
And give the foe no quarter;
We'll *temperate* be, and, completely free,
We'll drink but the bright clear WATER!
Proud ALCOHOL is doomed to fall,
At the hand of the sons of labour.
We'll cast him down, while we place the crown
On the head of each temperate neighbour.

Labour is *life!* in the midst of strife,
'T will banish afar dark sorrow;
'T will calm the soul when the tempests roll,
And t' will gild the clouded morrow!
'T is a blessing fair, as our portion here,
In gracious kindness given—
Midst our life of care, we will *labour* here,
And seek our *rest* in heaven.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.—No. XXI.

ENGLISH INTO FRENCH.

I THINK that you are wrong *(have wrong)*, and that I shall find your father
penser—to think que *trouver—to find*
at home at this hour. That book is the book that I have given to
chez (lui, m. s) heure (f.) *livre* (m.) donner—to give
(elle f. s.)
your brother. You have not given it to him. Yes; I beg your pardon (I you beg pardon); I wished that he might study (imperfect Subjunctive of first conjugation)
étudier—to study (def. art.)
history. *You must* study (2) it (1) yourself.
Il faut que vous *vous-même.*

As there are many words in English which have each several distinct meanings, and as, in each meaning, the word may constitute a different part of speech, it is of the utmost importance to fix this distinction well in the mind. Otherwise, in translating English into French, the most absurd consequences ensue. For instance, an English word, according to its meaning, and to the part of speech which it forms, may be rendered in French by several distinct words. It by no means follows that an English word, being in one of its meanings rendered in French by a certain word, should in its other meanings, because itself remains the same in sound and spelling, be also rendered in French by the one same unchanged term which may express the first meaning. Indeed, this not only does not follow, but it is extremely unlikely; and when it does occur, it must be the effect of the merest accident.

In the exercise we have just given, an opportunity occurs for us to illustrate this obvious but essential caution. Take the English word "*that*." In some circumstances it may be rendered in French by *que*. Whenever it may be so translated, *that* must either be a relative pronoun or a conjunction. But *that* may be also, in English, a demonstrative pronoun—"that man, that kingdom, that idea," &c. &c. If, in this meaning of the word, it were to be rendered in French by *que*, nothing more preposterous than the effect produced could be well conceived; and presently we will try to make this sensible to our readers by a parallel example in English.

If, again, conversely, the student, finding that *cela* was occasionally to be turned into English by *that* in its sense of a vague demonstrative pronoun ("that is well"—*cela est bien*, &c.), and were to use *cela* for the English "that," either in its force as a relative pronoun ("the person *that* I saw," &c.), or in its meaning as a conjunction ("I think *that* you," &c.), the result would be equally absurd. We are going to translate the exercise furnished at the opening of this lesson into the proper French. But first let us endeavour to make the confusion caused by disregarding the parts of speech appear in its true and appropriate light.

We argue in this manner: If, because *that* has sometimes, in English, the meaning of *which* (relative pronoun), you fancy you can therefore translate it into French when it means *which*, by the word which would be the proper translation for it, when it is used as a conjunction;—then it follows that in English you might use *which*, the relative pronoun, wherever you can use "that," the conjunction. This is evident; for, in reality, what you have been doing in French is precisely the same thing. You have been using the French word which has the force of the relative pronoun for the French word which has the conjunction's properties. This being so, it would be good English to say, "I think which you are wrong, and which I shall find your father at home at this hour." And so on throughout a range of expressions, which would travesty and deform the whole English language. The peculiarities of the case restrict us from enlarging the illustration. But the consequence is quite as ludicrous in French if you say either, for instance, "*je pense cela vous avez*," &c., or "*qu'est bien, qu'est vrai*," &c. These phrases are not only nonsense, but would grate upon a Frenchman's ear as inexpressibly harsh.

Now, with regard to the first sentence of the exercise, what we have said will enable our readers to perceive at once that this is the proper way to translate it:—

"Je pense *que* vous avez tort; et *que* je trouverai votre père chez lui à cette heure-ci." This last expression (*cette heure-ci*) literally means "this hour here;" and we have fully shown how it should be used, as well as its converse term, in a former lesson. *Ceci* and *cela*, *celui-ci* and *celui-là*, *celle-ci* (f.) and *celle-là* (f.), *ceux-ci* (m. p.) and *ceux-là* (m. p.), *celles-ci* (f. p.) and *celles-là* (f. p.), are all opposition terms, declining the several cases, &c., of "this" and "that." As *ci* is a contraction for the word which signifies "here," so *là* means "there;" and thus *voici* and *voilà* literally signify, "see here" and "see there."

The rest of the exercise should run thus in French :—

"Ce livre-là est le livre *que* (*relative pronoun, accusative case, of* QUI, "*which, who*") j'ai donné à votre frère. Vous ne le lui avez pas donné. Si; je vous demande pardon; je voulais qu'il étudiât l'histoire. Il faut que vous l'étudiiez vous-même."

The future is, of course, *je trouverai* (I shall find). We have been questioned by one of our correspondents as to what is the French word for "shall," &c. Now, he surely can have given the point very little reflection before he asked this question, or he would have remembered that shall is not only a word without meaning except in composition, but that it forms part of the English future tense Indicative of verbs. It is clear, therefore, that whatever is the French future tense Indicative must express and comprise, and contain within itself, the force of the English "shall." *Je mangerai* means "I shall eat;" *je danserai*, "I shall dance," &c. There is, in fact, no direct translation in French for "shall," which word is fully and perfectly replaced by an equivalent. That equivalent is the same as in the Italian, the Spanish, the Latin, the Greek, and all classical or classically-formed tongues: it is found in the very nature itself of the future tense Indicative. At a very early stage of these lessons we had to notice the parallel circumstance of some other English expletives, equally untranslatable, though not unreplaceable, in French. We allude to the word "do," when making part of the present tense ("I *do* think"), and to the words "did" and "was," when forming the imperfect ("I *did* think," "I *was* thinking"). This explanation, we trust, will suffice to prevent our readers from expecting to render literally into French (a classic tongue) terms which belong to the partly Teutonic nature of the English language. We must content ourselves with the ample equivalent, and do here in language what we should do in life. At Venice, if you wanted a cab, you could not find one; but you would be offered a boat, which would serve your purpose, and would take you from one part of the city to another, along those canals which are its streets. In the south of France, if you wanted beer, you would be offered wine. And thus in a classic language, if you want the English "did" or "shall," we tell you to use the imperfect or the future tense Indicative, and to be content.

FRENCH INTO ENGLISH.

J'ai été *hier* (*yesterday*) à l'Exposition; et j'ai vu les bijoux. Parmi eux j'ai examiné (*past participle*) ceux de Monsieur Hope. C'est le plus beau recueil qu'il y ait
seen jewels. Among them *examiner*—to examine those the finest collection
peutêtre au monde. Il y a là aussi la plus grande de toutes (f. p.) les perles
perhaps pearls
(f. p). Elle a deux pouces de longueur; elle a quatre pouces et demi de circon-
it inches length half circum-
férence. Elle pèse (*present Indicative*) trois=onces. Puis=il y a une belle opale (1)
ference *peser*—to weigh ounces. Then opal
hongroise (2) qui a presque deux pouces de longueur et un pouce et tiers de
Hungarian almost third
largeur. Ensuite, j'ai remarqué un saphir qui pésait (*imperfect Indicative*) deux cent
breadth. Further sapphire weighed, did weigh
trente quatre grains. Mais=il y avait=aussi une infinité d'autres beaux bijoux. C'était
infinity
extraordinairement beau. J'ai beaucoup de choses à faire.
I have many things to do.

We will, in the present lesson, translate this exercise, and then we will give as exact an imitation of the sound of the French as we possibly can by English letters. Let our students, before looking at our translation, make one out for themselves, by help of the interlineations, and then compare it to ours. This will be satisfactory in many different points of view.

Before translating it outright, we will make a few remarks about this exercise. We have already, in a former lesson, told our pupils that the French use the perfect tense indefinite, Indicative mood, more frequently than we do, and very often where we use the perfect definite. Now they all know perfectly well that *J'ai été* properly means "I have been;" but nevertheless, for the reason just given, we will translate it where it occurs in the exercise by "I was." With regard to *au monde*, again, everyone perceives that it literally means "*at the* world;" but as we do not employ such an idiom, and as it is quite clear what is intended, we will of course turn it by "in the world." Once more: such phrases as "*elle a deux pouces de longueur*," like the phrases *J'ai soif*, *J'ai vingt ans*, &c., &c., literally mean, "it *has* two inches of length;" but the sense being obvious, we must naturally prefer the current English idiom, "it *is* two inches long." Finally, the last sentence in the exercise reminds our readers that *avoir*, when governing another verb in the present infinitive, requires *à* to be placed before that present infinitive.

TRANSLATION.

I was yesterday at the Exhibition, and I have seen the jewels (or, *I saw*, &c.). Among them I have examined those of Mr. Hope. It is the finest collection which there is (literally, "there may be;" the Subjunctive mood being always used in French when referring thus by means of the relative pronoun "which" to a superlative immediately preceding) in the world. There is there also the largest of all pearls (*you must thus evidently omit the definite article in English*). It is two inches long; it is four inches and *a* half (*indefinite article not used in French, in such circumstances*) in circumference. It weighs three ounces. Then there is a fine Hungarian (2) opal (1), which is nearly two inches long, and an inch and *a* third broad. Further, I remarked a sapphire which weighed two hundred *and* thirty-four grains. But there were also an infinity of other fine jewels. It was extraordinarily fine. I have many things to do.

IMITATION OF THE SOUND.

Zhay ettay ee-air ah lexpo-seessee-oan; eh zhay vu lay beezhoo. Parmee œu zhay exameenay sœu dmosyeu Hope. Sale plu bore kay-ee keel ee ay pūt-aytr o moand. Eel ee ah lah oassee lah plu grawnd dtoot lay perl. El ah dœu pooss dloang-gyūr; el ah kattr pooss eh dmeed seercoanfayronce. El paze troo-awz oance. Pweez eel ee ah une bel o-pahl hoangroo-awz kee ah presk dœu pooss dloang-gyūr eh ūn pooss eh tee-air dlarzhūr. Onsweet, zhay remarkay ūn saffeer kee pay-zay dœu son tront kattr grah (n). Maze eel ee avvate oassee une anf-feeneetay doatr bo beezhoo. Settate extra-oardeenare-mon bo. Zhay bokood shose ah fare.

This is as close an imitation of the sound of the whole passage as we can effect by English letters. Two observations will probably make this phonetic copy quite intelligible to our readers. The sounding of certain letters at the end of words is owing to the vowel or *h* mute which may follow. And with regard to *de*, the *e* in that word, and also in *le*, though *theoretically* it has the sound of our *u* in "dun," "luck," &c., yet is really and practically mute. We have therefore dropped it altogether in our imitation, and endeavoured to fasten the *d* to the neighbouring word. This is done in actual conversation.

To return to our conjugations: we may say that we have now gone through exactly the half of those which are regular; and the vast majority of verbs belong to them. The second regular conjugation was finished in the last lesson, since the reader could himself form the remaining tenses of the Subjunctive mood. They are the perfect and pluperfect. The former, "that I may have cured," must of course be, in French, *que J'aie guéri*, &c.; and the second, "that I might have cured," &c., is equally obvious, *que J'eusse guéri*, &c. By using the requisite parts of the auxiliary verb thus along with the past participle of the verb you wish to conjugate, you can always form its compound tenses. We now, therefore, come to the third conjugation. As the first regular conjugation is known by the termination of *er* in the present infinitive, and the second by that of *ir*, so is the third known by that of *oir* (pronounced *oo-or*).

Taking for our example the verb *apercevoir*—to perceive, *apercevant*—perceiving, *aperçu* (m.), *aperçue* (f.)—perceived, the present tense, Indicative mood, is—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
I perceive	*J'aperçois*	*zhapper-soo-aw*
thou perceivest	*tu aperçois*	*tu apper soo-aw*
he perceives	*il aperçoit*	*eel apper-soo-aw*
she perceives	*elle aperçoit*	*el apper-soo-aw*
we perceive	*nous apercevons*	*nooz apper-svoan*
you perceive	*vous apercevez*	*vooz apper-svay*
they perceive	*ils aperçoivent* / *elles aperçoivent*	*eels appersoo-awv* / *els appersoo-awv*

The imperfect tense of the same mood is :—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
I did perceive or was perceiving	*J'apercevais*	*zhappers svay*
thou didst perceive, or wast perceiving	*tu apercevais*	*tu appers svay*
he did perceive, or was perceiving	*il apercevait*	*eel appers svay*
she did perceive, or was perceiving	*elle apercevait*	*el appers svay*
we did perceive, or were perceiving	*nous apercevions*	*nooz appers svee oan*
you did perceive, or were perceiving	*vous aperceviez*	*vooz appers svee ay*
they did perceive, or were perceiving	*ils apercevaient* / *elles apercevaient*	*eels appers svay* / *els appers svay*

For the formation of the plural of both substantives and adjectives, the French generally add an *s*, as we do for that of our substantives; our adjectives remaining invariable. But as there are exceptions in English, so are there in French. The plural for *man* is not *mans*, nor for *ox oxes*, nor for *sheep sheeps*, nor, in fact, for many other words by the addition of the *s*. We shall have more leisure another time to enumerate the exceptions in French. In the meantime, however, we repeat, that the general rule is like ours, only more extensive still; for they add the *s* to their adjectives and to the definite article, as well as to their substantives. "The good vehicle," *la bonne voiture* (f.); "the good vehicles," *les bonnes voitures;* "the book," *le livre* (m.); "the books," *les livres;* "the charming books," *les livres charmants* (m. p.); "the charming vehicles," *les voitures charmantes* (f. p.). These examples illustrate the general rule.

It is cheering to us to receive so many letters in French from those who commenced with us—letters which contain indeed many little errors, but yet evidence a vast amount of progress.

TO OUR "FRENCH" CORRESPONDENTS.

Further prize exercises have been received from *Un Prolétaire*, from J. J. S—e, from T. Wh—e, from G. W. T—s, from E. P—r, from St. C., from Al. B., from An. F., from T. S. A., from Ts. C., from J. M. A. H., from S. C., from W. P. B., from J. B—n, from W. T—n, from J. R. W., from Jn. B—r, from *Cinquante et Un* (a penman, arithmetician, and musician, in all self-taught, in spite of the little leisure of a life of toil); from *Jeune Angleterre* (Young England, eh?), from D. H—s, from El. Mc—n, from Jn. L—m, from Jos. H—s, from G. H—w, from R. W. F—r, from Ja. W. Kn., from A. de l'Am.; Rathmines; from S. G. C—e, from "Harrison," from W. D—s, from W. G—l, from Emma R—e, from W. I. B—t, from Ja. K—e, from F. S—t, from An. L—r, from J. K—n, from J. W. K—s, from Jn. D—s, from A. H., Rochdale; from S. F—r, from Jos. S—l, from Jn. K.; from P. D. C.; from G. H—b, from Artic; from S. C., near Leeds; from T. R—n, from J. P—e, from W. H. W—n, from W. P—t, and from J. D—t, from Jos. V., from F. M—n, from Jn. M—w, from M—l T—r, from W. M—rd, from T. B., from Alf. H., from Hen. A., from J. M. B., from Jeo. T—r, from Jos. S—t, from Wm. P—e, from T. D., from E. S. H., from Ben. B.; from Jn. M. M—s, and from Emma F.

Jn. S—ll.—We have received your courteous letter in the French language, and have to thank you for your promise to take a hundred copies of our forthcoming French reading-work; a book which, while it is destined for the beginner and for young people,

will not, we hope, be found unprofitable to persons of more advanced age, and of maturer acquirements. It will suit many purposes in the educational establishment over which you preside.

T. S. A.—We see no reason why you should not master the language.

Fr. Sw—t.—The Lord's Prayer, in the form which we copied, to satisfy our readers' curiosity, is that used by the French as a people from time immemorial, and at the present day. The form you send is newer; it is the literal word-for-word translation into French of the form in the English Book of Common Prayer. It is exactly the same in meaning as the other, but it adopts the second person singular instead of the second person plural. We have already observed, in one of our lessons, that in French (contrary to what is the case in English) the second person singular is familiar style. It is used by the French only to very intimate associates, to little children, and to servants. It is never employed by French people in speaking to superiors, and consequently is scrupulously avoided in addressing the Almighty. Hence the difference between the original French Lord's Prayer and the literal translation into French of the form in the English book. It shows the inconvenience of being too literal in translating from one tongue into another. The words at the end, "For thine," &c., not being in the "Vulgate" copy of the New Testament, are not used in the original French form, but are inserted, of course, in the translation of the English form.

Alf. D.—Your question respecting the way the verb *avoir*, in all its parts, and the preposition *à*, are used together, is answered in the course of the present lesson for the benefit of all.

When, in reading English works or papers, you meet French words, you must consider whether they be naturalised in our language or not. If yes, pronounce them in the English way; if no, in the French. *Sang froid* would thus be *song froo-aw*; but *reconnoitre* is a naturalised word, and is pronounced in the English fashion.

Erratum.—In Lesson XIII., in the fifth rule which we give for the placing of adjectives, there is the error of "former" being used where "latter" was meant. The rule should be, that the adjective, when a long word, sounds better after than before a substantive which happens to be a short word.

A Poet's Opinion of Milton.—Walter Savage Landor has lately published a pamphlet in which occurs a splendid eulogy of Milton, worthy both of the poet and of the greatest living master of English. At the close of his tract Mr. Landor entreats his reader to betake him to that great man's prose work, "by which his heart will be strengthened, his soul purified, to such a degree, that, if duly reverential, he may stand unabashed in the presence of the most commanding genius that ever God appointed for the governance of the human intellect." "He indulges in no pranks and vagaries to captivate the vulgar mind; he leads by the light of his countenance, never stooping to grasp a coarse hand to obtain its suffrages. In his language he neither has nor ever can have an imitator. Such an attempt would display at once the boldest presumption and the weakest affectation. His gravity is unsuitable to the age we live in. The cedars and palms of his Paradise have disappeared: we see the earth before us in an altered form: we see dense and dwarf plants upon it everywhere: we see it scratched by a succession of squatters, who rear a thin crop, and leave the place dry and barren. Constancy and perseverance are among Milton's characteristics, with contempt of everything mean and sordid. Indifference to celebrity, disdain for popularity, unobtrusive wisdom, sedate grandeur, energy kept in its high and spacious armoury until the signal of action sounded, until the enemy was to be driven from his entrenchment—these are above the comprehension, above the gaze of noisy drummers, in their caps and tassels. Milton stood conspicuous over the mines of fuel he accumulated for that vast lighthouse, founded on a solitary rock, which threw forth its radiance to Europe from amid the darkness and storminess of the British sea.

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

s. noun-substantive; *a.* adjective; *ad.* adverb; *v.* verb; *v.a.* verb-active; *v.n.* verb-neuter.

DEBIL'ITY, *s.* weakness, langour.

DEB'IT, *s.* money due for goods sold on credit; *v.a.* to charge a person as debtor.

DEB'ONAIRE, *a.* (French) elegant, civil, well-bred, gay,

DEBOUCH', *v.n.* to march out of a wood, &c., in order to meet or retire from an enemy.

DEBRIS', *s.* (French) fragments or crumblings of rocks; ruins, rubbish.

DEBULLI'TION, *s.* a bubbling or seething over.

DEC'ADE, *s.* the number of ten, as ten days, or ten years.

DEC'ADENCE, *s.* a decay, a fall.

DEC'AGON, DECAHE'DRON, *s.* a figure having ten sides.

DEC'ALOGUE, *s.* the ten commandments.

DECAM'ERON, *s.* a volume divided into ten books; a work the supposed action of which occupies ten days.

DECAM'P, *v. n.* to shift a camp; to move off.

DECAN'DRIAN, *a.* having ten stamens.

DECANT', *v. a.* to pour off gently.

DECAN'TER, *s.* a glass vessel into which liquor is poured off for use.

DECAP'ITATE, *v. a.* to behead, or cut off.

DECAR'BONIZE, *v. a.* to deprive of carbon.

DEC'ASTICH, *s.* a poem consisting of ten lines.

DEC'ASTYLE, *s.* an assemblage of ten pillars.

DECEM'VIRATE, *s.* a government by ten rulers.

DECEN'NIAL, *a.* of or containing ten years.

DECERPT', *a.* plucked away; taken off.

DECID'UOUS, *a.* falling off, not perennial; falling off yearly, as the leaves of most trees, &c.

DE'CIMAL, *s.* a tenth; *a.* numbered by tens.

DE'CIMATE, *v. a.* to take the tenth.

DECI'PHER, *v. a.* to explain, unravel, unfold.

DECK, *s.* the floor of a ship.

DECLAMA'TION, *s.* a discourse addressed to the passions; an harangue.

DECLARA'TION, *s.* (in law) the statement of his case by a plaintiff in an action at law; in a real action, it is properly called a *count.*

DECLEN'SION, *s.* declination, descent; variation of nouns; corruption of morals; departure from a right course.

DECLINA'TOR, *s.* an instrument used in dialling.

DECLIV'ITY, *s.* an oblique or gradual descent.

DECOC'TION, *s.* a preparation by boiling.

DECOLLA'TION, *s.* the act of beheading.

DECOMPO'SE, *v. a.* to dissolve or resolve a mixed body; to unmix, to analyse.

DECORA'TION, *s.* an ornament; added beauty.

DECOR'TICATE, *v. a.* to divest of bark or husk; to peel.

DECREE', *s.* (in law) the judgment of a court of equity on any bill preferred.

DECRE'MENTS, *s.* the small parts by which a decreasing quantity becomes less and less.

DECREP'IT, *a.* wasted and worn by age.

DECRE'TAL, *s.* a book of decrees or edicts.

DE CRESCEN'DO, (in music) gradually decreasing the sound.

DEC'RETORY, *a.* judicial, final, critical.

DECUM'BENCE, *s.* the act of lying down.

DEC'UPLE, *a.* tenfold; repeated ten times.

DED'ALOUS, *a.* (in botany) having a margin with various windings and turnings.

DEDICA'TION, *s.* consecration; a complimentary address prefixed to a book.

DEDUC'TION, *s.* an action of the reasoning power, by which consequences are drawn from certain principles. In *arithmetic*, that which is taken away from any previous number.

DEED, *s.* (in law) a contract or bargain between party and party; but to secure its validity it must be signed, sealed, and delivered.

DE FAC'TO, *s.* a thing actually done.

DEFALCA'TION, *s.* a diminution, a cutting off.

DEFAULT'ER, *s.* one who fails in payment, &c.

DEFEA'SANCE, *v.* (in law) the act of annulling, abrogating, or making void any contract, stipulation, or deed, upon the performance of certain prescribed conditions.

DEFECA'TION, *s.* purification.

DEFEND'ANT, *s.* (in law) the party summoned or accused.

DEFI'CIT, *s.* want, deficiency.

DEFIL'ADING, *s.* that part of *fortification*

the object of which is to determine the directions or heights of the lines of rampart or parapet, according to circumstances.

DEFINI'TION, *s.* a description of a thing by its peculiar properties.

DEFIN'ITIVE, *a.* determinate, express, positive; *s.* that which ascertains or defines.

DEFLA'GRABLE, *a.* combustible, apt to burn.

DEFLEX'URE, *s.* a bending down.

DEFLUX'ION, *s.* a flow of humours downwards.

DEFUNCT', *a.* dead, extinct.

DEGREE', *s.* quality, rank, state or condition of anything; measure; proportion or quantity. In *natural philosophy*, it is a greater or less intenseness of heat; in *geometry* it is the 360th part of the circumference of a circle; in *mathematics*, it is the division of the lines upon several sorts of instruments; in *universities*, it is a dignity conferred upon those who have performed certain exercises required by the statute.

DEGLUTI'TION, *s.* the act or power of swallowing.

DEGUSTA'TION, *s.* the sense of tasting.

DEHORTA'TION, *s.* dissuasion; exhorting against.

DE JU'RE, *s.* of right.

DEIPNOS'OPHIST, *s.* one of the sect of ancient philosophers noted for their learned discourse at meals.

DE'IFY, *v. a.* to make a god of, to adore.

DE'ISM, *s.* this term properly means belief in the existence of God, but is generally applied to all such belief as goes no farther, and includes a disbelief in revealed religion.

DELACRYMA'TION, *s.* waterishness of the eyes.

DELACTA'TION, *s.* a weaning from the breast.

DELA'TION, *s.* a conveyance; an accusation.

DEL CRED'ERE (Italian), this means a guarantee, or warranty, as applicable to factors, who, for an additional premium, become bound, when they sell goods upon credit, to warrant the solvency of the parties.

DEL'EGATE, *s.* a deputy, a representative, a commissioner; one invested with power to act for others.

DELEN'DA, *s.* things to be erased or blotted out.

DELE'TE, *v. a.* to blot out.

DELETE'RIOUS, *a.* destructive, deadly.

DELF, DELPH, *s.* a kind of counterfeit china ware.

DELIGA'TION, *s.* the act of binding up.

DELINEA'TION, *s.* an outline or sketch, either pictorial or descriptive.

DELIQUES'CENCE, *s.* liquefaction by exposure to air.

DELI'QUIUM, *s.* a distillation by dissolving any calcined matter.

DELIR'IUM, *s.* alienation of mind.

DELPH'IC, DELPH'IAN, *a.* relating to Delphi, in Greece, or to its celebrated oracle.

DEL'TOID, *s.* a triangular muscle arising from the clavicle, which raises the arm; *a.* triangular, shaped like a trowel.

DEM'AGOGUE, *s.* the ringleader of a faction.

DEMARCA'TION, *s.* separation of lands or territories.

DEMEPHITIZA'TION, *s.* purification from mephitic or foul air.

DEMER'SION, *s.* a drowning; act of dissolving.

DEMES'NE, *s.* a patrimonial estate.

DEM'I, *a.* half.

DEM'IGOD, *s.* half a god; a great hero.

DEM'IQUAVER, *s.* (in music) half a quaver.

DEMISE', *s.* death, decease; a transfer; *v. a.* to bequeath, to transfer.

DEMI'SEMIQUAVER, *s.* the shortest note in music.

DEMIS'SION, *s.* degradation, depression.

DEMO'CRACY, *s.* a form of government in which the sovereign power is lodged in the body of the people.

DEM'OCRAT, *s.* one devoted to democracy.

DE'MON, *s.* an evil spirit, a devil.

DEMO'NIAC, *s.* one possessed with a demon; *a.* devilish; related to, or influenced by, demons.

DEMONOL'OGY, *s.* the study of evil spirits.

DEMONSTRA'TION, *s.* an indubitable proof; that process by which a result is shown to be a necessary consequence of the premises from which it is asserted to follow, on the supposition that those premises have been admitted, or that they have been previously proved. The term "demonstration" is often applied to meetings or gatherings, by the number and respectability of the persons attending which, the utility and excellence of certain practices or associations is supposed to be proved beyond all doubt or question.

DEMUL'CENT, *s.* any medicine that softens, soothes, or mollifies.

DEMUR'RAGE, *s.* the money payable to the owner of a ship, on the part of the shippers or consignees of goods, as compensation for detention beyond the time stipulated for her loading or discharge.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.
[VOL. VII.—No. 81.—SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1851.]

THE LAST FOUNDATION-STONE OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS.

Some time ago, when visiting *Hereford Cathedral*, we perceived that they were placing an entirely new foundation under the pillars and columns that supported the tower; and this was done with such skill that not a stone of the upper part of the building seemed to be moved or shaken. It appeared that the edifice was all right except the foundation. The tower is a noble specimen of architectural skill and beauty. Its exterior commands the admiration of all; and within, the roof and the columns are generally admired; in fact, all was correct but the base—this was imperfect and decaying; and the anxiety of the worthy Dean was to make it secure without disturbing the upper part of the cathedral. We are happy to say that he succeeded.

Now, it has occurred to us that the sanctuary on which the pious dignitary was bestowing so much care might be taken as a type of our country, and that the example of the Dean is worthy of imitation. The constitution of our empire may be compared to Hereford Cathedral. It is a social edifice, with the monarch as the highest pinnacle—with the nobility, clergy, and gentry, as ornamental branches in various grades downward from the Sovereign—and then, at the bottom, we have the people as the broad base.

Our fathers were at a great deal of pains to have our MONARCHS right, and they succeeded admirably. The British Sovereign is a constitutional prince, bound to govern according to the laws. The right to the Crown would be forfeited if the King or Queen transgressed the statutes of the realm. Here we have a glorious fact. Most of the sovereigns on the Continent and elsewhere are licentious, and the laws allow them a large degree of irresponsible power; but in England it is not so. Our chief magistrate pledges himself, or herself, to observe those regulations which have been fixed by the Parliament. Hence the English people now are not afraid of the Sovereign, nor the Sovereign of the people. We know beforehand what kind of King or Queen the heir to the throne will be; and therefore, to us, an hereditary monarch is far better than an elective Prince or President; for we are saved all the turmoil and corruption of an election, and the laws of the land settle how the Sovereign is to act in governing the nation. And as the people have confidence in the monarch, so the monarch relies upon the people. One of the most interesting sights in the world is the freedom with which Queen Victoria moves about among her subjects in the Great Industrial Exhibition. This arises from the fact that the people know they have a constitutional Sovereign, who will rule according to the laws; and the Queen feels that she has a people who will respect the institutions which their fathers and representatives have created. It was a great step towards national liberty, prosperity, and happiness, when the prerogatives of the Crown were placed within the control of the law, and was quite as conducive to the security of the Prince as to the peace of the people.

But we have gone a step further in the right direction. In many nations *the* ARISTOCRACY are little influenced by right, justice, or law. Their licentiousness in connexion with that of the Crown brought about the first revolution of France, and will yet keep the Continent in a state of agitation. It is a mistake to suppose that the people have been the originators of civil convulsions. The history of the patience of oppressed subjects is one of the most amiable facts in the records of

nations. "Oppression," it is said, "will make a wise man mad;" and, until goaded by almost every injustice and cruelty that Despotism could devise, the labourers and operatives have never risen against their rulers. With us the power of the aristocracy is limited by the laws; and, though much remains to be done before our nobility will be all they ought to be, yet the statutes of the empire, to a very great extent, shield the poor from the violence of the rich, and are as just toward the crimes of the lord or duke as toward those of the mechanic or pauper. Here, then, we have a great point gained, and which adds greatly to the happiness of the country. The middle and working classes generally have none of those fears from the insolence, pride, injustice, and oppression, of the aristocracy which haunt the people of many other countries. A nobility subject to law, and acting worthy of themselves, instead of being an evil, may be a very great advantage to any nation; while the propriety of their conduct is a greater benefit and comfort to themselves than to those who are below them in their civil capacity.

A third step in our national progress has been the elevation of *the* MIDDLE CLASSES. Without these the country never would have risen to its present greatness. As at first the barons began to curb the power of the monarch, so the middle classes followed, and threw the authority of the law around the nobles. And, further, the enterprise of our merchants, tradesmen, &c., has produced our national wealth, while their love of liberty has enlarged and secured our rights. We owe little of our riches or of our freedom to the lords. Our aristocracy is generally above trade and commerce. They have made their fortune, or their fathers, or some one else, has made it for them. Hence they retire from the competition of business. And it is well to have a body of men and women who rather spend than labour to amass property; we intend, therefore, no reflection when we say that our nobility do not make the wealth of the country, except in so far as they minister to it by distributing their own. Were there nothing but an aristocracy, a nation would stand still. They are generally so content with their possessions, privileges, and rank, that they rarely make any efforts in favour of the advancement of trade and commerce. As a body, they are neither the inventors of machinery, nor the advocates of extensive liberty. We owe these latter efforts to the middle and working classes. Without these a country would make no progress. There is very little in the Crystal Palace which has been done by the nobility. A treasury filled with the proceeds of their toil and industry would not be very rich. The burgesses of our country, in connexion with their workpeople, have created our wealth; and the Great Exhibition is deservedly popular among them, because it is their own palace, devised by a working man, and built and furnished from the labour and wealth of the people. Had there been no middle class among us, the suggestion of Prince Albert would have had but a very poor response. We owe, then, an incalculable amount of our greatness to the middle classes. The elevation of the burgesses into power, and the creation of a House of Commons, are glorious facts in the History of England.

We have thus glanced at three notable facts in the records of our country, and which may be said to be three prominent parts of our national edifice; but still these are only the *upper* departments of the building, and, therefore, we have, *lastly*, to offer a few words respecting *the foundation*. If an empire be compared to a temple, or a pyramid, then *the* PEOPLE—the masses—are the *base;* and until these are in a settled state, all the other parts will rock and be agitated. This, at

present, is the case throughout the whole Continent. The monarchs, the nobles, and the middle classes, where there are any, are all in a fright because of the people. They know they have not treated them well, and they are afraid that their injustice will be revenged. Then they have not educated their subjects in moral force. They have trained them to arms, and the tuition which they have given in their schools has done little to fit them for their real duties as rational and voluntary agents. They have boasted that they have taught their subjects all useful knowledge; but they have not instructed them to take care of themselves, or respect the lives and property of others; hence they cannot trust them, and everywhere on the Continent you are met with armed men, and you are told that these are necessary to keep the people in order.

In ENGLAND matters are different. Here the masses are moving on faster than any other branches of the empire. The English operatives begin to see their true position, and that their elevation is placed in their own hands. They know that physical force is weakness and madness, and if exerted, would overthrow their cause. They perceive the omnipotence of moral force; and that the tongue, guided by truth and equity, is a two-edged sword, which no one can withstand. The Newport riots, and the 10th of April demonstration, threw back the cause of popular liberty, and gave its enemies a weapon which they have not been slow to use against all concession of the rights of the working classes. It is said that the masses are a dangerous race, and that their violence unfits them for the enjoyment of their liberties. But we have strong reason to believe that England will never see another physical-force movement. *Reason*, *right*, and *truth*, will hereafter be the only weapons, and by these every equitable demand will be obtained. The people are beginning to have confidence in their tongues, in their intellect, and their moral character, and with these they will prevail. They are resolved to use no other arms, and in this determination we have the *fourth* and last movement for the consummation of our national happiness and prosperity.

We have seen that successful efforts have been made to curb the prerogatives of our monarchs, to bridle the licentiousness of the nobility, and to call forth the energies of the middle classes, and the last reformation is THE ELEVATION OF THE MASSES. Let this be effected, and *the last foundation-stone of England's greatness is laid.* But this great and glorious work must be accomplished by the people themselves. Government education will not produce it. They have had plenty of State schools abroad, but these institutions have only riveted the fetters of the population, or rather taught them to rivet their own chains more closely. It is a decree, fixed as fate, that no men or women shall rise unless they raise themselves. They must read, observe, think, reason, make themselves moral, industrious, sober, economical, provident, peaceable, polite, and well-behaved, or they will never arrive at any pre-eminence. Fathers and mothers, teachers, professors, lords, dukes, governments, doctors in divinity, &c., can never give any excellence to a child, pupil, or subject, who will not improve himself; while he who resolves to rise, and will use the proper means, needs not the patronage, the diplomas, nor the patents of those above him. When once the great body of the people shall become enlightened, and resolve to obey the laws, and shall be emancipated from all political bondage, as well as from all immorality and vulgarity, the base of the national pyramid will be firm as a rock.

We are happy to hear from all quarters the order that has been exhibited by the

working classes in the Crystal Palace, and we trust that this demonstration of self-respect and self-government is a sure promise of future peace and prosperity.

THE TEMPLE OF PEACE.

By Miss H. M. Rathbone.

All honour be to those who nobly planned
This world-wide congress in our far-famed land;
All hail to those whose comprehensive mind
Wrought out the scheme by Royalty designed;
And, well deserved, meet tribute pay to all
Whose skilful toil hath reared the Crystal Hall.

Too oft the land-marks of our country's fame
Have been the fruit of deeds deserving shame,
Save seasons glad and rare, when freedom reigned,
And, right o'ercoming might, new laurels gained:
Henceforth the gathering in the Crystal Hall
Shall prove a grander era than them all!

See nations thronging from the West and East,
From North and South, to join the splendid feast—
Where intellect and labour, hand in hand,
By lofty purpose led, an earnest band,
Have heaped up wonders by their powerful will,
And shall a noble page in history fill!

Hark! through the welkin rings Victoria's name,
While distant echoes swell the loud acclaim;
Hundreds of joyous thousands crowd the scene
To greet the entrance of our honour'd Queen.
Trust in her people, courtesy to all,
Her only guards within the Crystal Hall.

The stately court around the Transept pace,
Then ready take their high appointed place:
And not the lightest sound the stillness stirr'd
Until the solemn words of prayer were heard—
Prayer that oppression should for ever cease—
Prayer for a blessing on the shrine of Peace.

Then pealing music and triumphant cheer,
With roar of cannon, burst upon the ear;
A flood of sunshine lit each "long-drawn aisle,"
While happy crowds soon filled th' aerial pile,
Exulting in the welcome given to all,
Both rich and poor, within the Crystal Hall.

And hoary grandsires shall hereafter tell
What in this famous century befell;
Grey time shall chronicle the victories gained
Since Mercy o'er the world and Justice reigned—
What time the Crystal Hall sent forth her dove,
And signed the league of universal love!

THE ARABS IN SPAIN.—No. II.

THE reconciliation of Zarik and his jealous superior was only apparent. The disobedience and rivalry of his lieutenant rankled in the breast of the gloomy Musa. Scarcely had he entered Toledo, when, in an assembly of the Moslem officers, he openly deprived Zarik of his command, after having demanded from him a strict account of all the riches which he had gathered in the conquest of Spain. Amongst these was a wonderful table, possessed of certain magical powers, which enabled him who looked upon it to ascertain the truth of all historic transactions, as well as to foresee what should happen to himself. According to the Arabian legend, it had belonged to Solomon, and had aided him in acquiring the vast wisdom for which he was renowned. If we may believe the same apochryphal authority, it was formed of one single and entire emerald, which was adorned with rows of the most precious pearls and rubies, and the whole was crowned with an immense centre-piece of jewels. On obtaining possession of this marvellous relic, Musa observed that a leg had been broken off, and questioned Zarik about the mutilation. He answered that such had been its condition when it fell into his hands at the capture of the city Medina Celi.

The assembled officers saw their favourite commander stripped of his authority in gloomy silence, which was broken only by their smothered threats of insubordination. Zarik kept his passion within bounds, and only answered in the implied threat, "Since my victories over the enemies of the Caliph are my only crimes, my conscience may well absolve me, and I may reasonably expect the same favour from the justice of my sovereign." Enraged at this laconic defiance, Musa ordered the undaunted Zarik to be thrown into prison, secretly resolving to rid himself of so dangerous a rival.

Whilst these disputes were taking place between the two generals, Abdelasis, the son of Musa, had been sent in pursuit of Theodomir and the small band of unconquered Goths who had escaped from the fatal battle on the banks of the Guadelete. Taking possession of the mountain passes, the Christian prince, who was well aware of the folly of opposing the Arabs in the open field, succeeded, by the help of his almost inaccessible position, and his own skilful manœuvring, in keeping his pursuers at bay for a time. This unequal contest might have lasted for a considerable time, had not the Gothic leader yielded to importunities of his brave but injudicious sons, and risked a pitched battle in the plain. The slaughter of his hot-headed advisers and the greater part of his band, was the result; and, with much difficulty, he succeeded in throwing himself and his two or three surviving followers into Orihuela, the only fortified place that now remained to him. On entering the city, he found that nearly all its male inhabitants had fallen in the skirmish; so, aware of how useless it would be to hold out against forces so confident in their numbers, and flushed by a long series of victories, he resolved to have recourse to stratagem to procure for himself and his discouraged adherents, favourable terms of capitulation. He, therefore, caused the women to assume arms and male attire, and directed them to cross their long hair under their chins in semblance of beards; and then stationed them along the walls. It was late in the evening when Abdelasis approached with his army, and the deception was completely successful. The surprised Arabs had expected to find a city without defenders, and were consequently unprepared for this show of determined resistance. Availing himself of the success of his manœuvre, Theodomir obtained a safe conduct, and proceeded in the disguise of a simple horseman to the Moslem camp. On being introduced to the presence of Abdelasis, he said:—"I come on behalf of the commander of Orihuela, to treat for terms worthy of your magnanimity and of his dignity. You perceive that the city is capable of withstanding a long siege, but he is anxious to spare the lives of his soldiers. Promise indemnity to the lives and property of the inhabitants, and the city shall be delivered up to you to-morrow without a blow; if you refuse, we are prepared to fight until not a man is left."

Abdelasis was pleased to obtain such easy possession of a place apparently so strong, and readily agreed to the terms. As soon as the treaty of surrender was signed and sealed, Theodomir discovered himself:—"Behold in me," said he, "the royal Theodomir, and the Governor of Orihuela." Flattered by this proof of confidence in his honour, the Arab general entertained his Christian opponent with the utmost kindness and respect.

At the dawn of day the gates of Orihuela were thrown open, and the Moslem troops entered the city, the paucity of whose real defenders was then discovered. Theodomir was permitted to retain possession of the surrounding districts, on his swear-

ing allegiance, and engaging to pay tribute to the Caliph; and his territory, which embraced the beautiful provinces of Murcia and Valencia, was known long after by the Arabic name of its defender, and in the old chronicles is still designated, "The land of Tadmir."

After remaining three days in Orihuela, Abdelasis proceeded to reduce some other towns of minor importance, which had not yet submitted to the dominion of the Caliph.

In the meantime, things had taken a turn in Toledo. The news of Zarik's degradation and imprisonment having reached Damascus, the angry Caliph at once despatched a messenger with a letter to Musa, in which, after severely censuring him for the course he had pursued, the Commander of the Faithful ordered him immediately to reinstate Zarik in his authority. When the tidings were made known, there was universal joy throughout the army; the mortified general did not venture to delay obedience to the orders of the sovereign, and Zarik was at once restored to his command. This reconciliation of the generals, though forced and unreal, was soon to prove disastrous to the Christians. The main army of the Moslems was once more set in motion, not to rest again till the whole of the Peninsula, the mountainous districts of the Asturias alone excepted, had been subjected to the sway of the Caliph. With the chief division Musa proceeded northwards, and invested Salamanca, which surrendered without resistance. From Salamanca he led his forces to Astorga; thence turning up the valley of the Douro, he crossed the Sierra de Moncayo, and marched down the banks of the Ebro, till he reached Saragossa, before whose walls Zarik had already arrived. This city was one of the last rallying points of the remnants of the Gothic armies and fugitives from the conquered towns, and was defended by men who had resolved on an obstinate resistance. When the Commander-in-Chief arrived, Zarik had already sustained considerable loss by the determined bravery of the sallying parties of the besieged, and seemed as far from reducing the city as when he had first encamped before its walls. But famine accomplished what the power of the combined armies of the Moslems might not have been able to effect. Driven to the last extremity, the brave inhabitants offered to capitulate, engaging to pay, besides the ordinary tribute, an enormous contribution as *blood ransom*, in consideration of which their lives and property were spared.

But the limits of these papers will not allow of a detailed account of each of these steps in the career of the Arab conquerors, who carried their victorious arms to the foot of the Pyrenees. Zarik invested and took Tortosa, Murviedro, Valencia, Xativa, and Denia, whilst Musa reduced Huesca, Tarazona, Lerida, Calahorra, Tarragona, Barcelona, Gerona, and Ampuxias, and, according to some accounts, crossed the French borders and took Narbonne. Returning into Spain, he scoured Gallicia and the plains of the Asturias, passed triumphantly through Lusitania, and arrived once more in Andalusia, enriched with the immense spoils of his victorious campaign.

With these exploits the conquest of Spain may be said to have been completed. The mountains of the Asturias were the only part of the Peninsula which had not submitted to the yoke of the conqueror. The remainder of this paper we shall occupy in recording the fate of the chief actors in this great historical drama.

Sudden humiliation awaited Musa, in the moment of his highest triumph. Notwithstanding their outward reconciliation, deep and implacable enmity continued to exist between the rival generals, and, in the midst of their busiest operations and apparent friendship, each was secretly endeavouring to prejudice the mind of the Caliph against the other. Wearied out by these incessant complaints, the sovereign resolved to put an end to dissensions which endangered the interests of Islam in the West, and despatched an envoy to Spain to summon both generals to make a temporary transfer of their commands, and forthwith appear personally before him at Damascus. Zarik at once obeyed the royal command, and set out for Syria. His superior, however, was not so prompt in his compliance. Conscious of how badly he stood with the sovereign, and loth to resign the unlimited authority which he exercised in Spain, to say nothing of the designs of independent power which he had long cherished, he hesitated to obey. But a second messenger, bearing still more urgent commands, soon after arrived. Not venturing to incur still further displeasure where he saw it would be useless to resist, he prepared to set out for Damascus, trusting for his justification to the enormous spoils which he should be able to lay before the Caliph. At Cordova he convened an assembly of the chief officers of the army and of the leaders of apostate Christians, and made them do homage to Abdelasis as the Governor of Spain during his own absence; after which he addressed to them a parting speech, assuring them that he would soon return, loaded with new expressions of his sove-

reign's esteem, and enabled to reward them for their faithful services to the cause of Islam. He then set out for the court of the Caliph, attended by a splendid cavalcade, which resembled rather the sumptuous pageant of some oriental monarch returning from victory, than the suite of a general in disgrace going to plead before an angry sovereign. Besides four hundred youthful cavaliers who accompanied him as hostages, his train was swelled by a large number of beautiful damsels, chosen from the noblest families of the Goths, and intended to grace the harem of the Caliph. Then followed a long train of beasts of burden, laden with the richest plunder of Spain, and more valuable than the wealthiest caravan that ever crossed the burning sands of Arabia. With this gorgeous display of trophies and spoils, showing the magnificence of the land he had conquered, the confident general doubted not that he should be able to silence the calumnies of his foes, and win praise from the Caliph.

As he crossed the valley of the Guadalquiver, he often turned and looked back wistfully on the white palaces and towers of Cordova. When he reached the last hill which skirted the valley, he reined in his steed, and, as a strong presentiment told him that he gazed upon the city for the last time, the veteran exclaimed, "O Cordova! great and glorious art thou amongst cities, and abundant with all delights. With grief and sorrow I part from thee; for sure I am that it would give me length of days to abide within thy pleasant walls!" As he uttered these words, he resumed his journey; but his eyes were bent upon the ground, and frequent sighs bespoke the heaviness of his heart.

When he reached Africa, he divided the Government between his two sons, Abdelola and Meruam, and then departed for Syria, bearing in his train the spoils of the West. In the meantime, Zarik had reached Damascus, and was graciously received by the Caliph. The slanders which had been brought against him were speedily refuted, and he was hailed by the multitude as "The sword of Islam, and the terror of Unbelievers." But not so favourable was the reception of the treasure-laden Musa. When he approached Damascus, he was met by a messenger from Suleyman, the heir-apparent of the Caliph, who was then on his death-bed, requesting him to delay his entrance till the recovery or death of the Sovereign. Musa, however, paid no attention to the message, but hastened his march to arrive before the death of Walid Almanzor. The dying Caliph rose from his couch to receive the Emir, and demand an answer to the charges which had been lodged against him. He defended himself with great eloquence; and pointed to the immense spoils which he had brought with him, as proofs of his faithful and indefatigable services. These tangible arguments, as he had calculated, went farther to secure his acquittal than the eloquence or soundness of his defence. When he presented the talismanic table of Solomon, and dwelt upon its wondrous virtues, Zarik, who was present, could no longer keep silence.

"Commander of the Faithful," he exclaimed, "examine this precious table, if any part be wanting."

The Caliph acted upon the hint, and found that one of the legs had been broken off.

Turning to the embarrassed Musa, he asked:

"Where is the other leg of the table?"

"I know not," he answered, "as it is now such as it was when it came into my hands."

Upon this, Zarik produced the deficient leg:

"Behold, O Commander of the Faithful! a proof of the real finder of the table," said he; "and so it is with the greater part of the spoils exhibited by Musa, as trophies of his achievements. It was I who gained them, and who captured the cities in which they were found. These Christian cavaliers and Moslem warriers, can prove the truth of my words."

Musa endeavoured to explain, but the angry Caliph heeded not his words.

"You have narrated your own achievements," said he, "but have left unmentioned those of others; nay, you have sought to debase another who has legally served his sovereign; the reward of your envy and your covetousness be upon your own head."

He then divided the greater part of the spoil between Zarik and the other chiefs, but dismissed Musa in disgrace.

The Caliph Walid, died in a few days afterwards, and Suleyman "reigned in his stead." The new monarch cherished deep resentment towards the fallen Emir, for having entered the city contrary to his commands, instead of waiting to grace his own accession by the triumphant display of the spoils of Christendom. He lent a willing ear to the enemies of Musa, who charged him with having appropriated a larger share of the booty which rightfully belonged to the sovereign. The unfortunate general was fined in the enormous sum of two hundred thousand pieces of gold; and, being unable to pay it, was cast into prison, after having been beaten with rods and exposed for a whole day to the burning

heat of the sun before the palace gates. Not satisfied with these punishments, the vindictive and cruel-hearted Caliph resolved to inflict another, still more characteristic of Mussulman Government. Messengers were despatched to Africa and Spain, with secret orders for the assassination of the three sons of Musa. The head of Abdelasis was brought to Damascus, and thrown before his broken-hearted father by the command of the revengeful and unfeeling sovereign, who asked him, tauntingly, if he knew it: the old man turned away his shuddering gaze, and replied:

"Cursed be he who has destroyed a better man than himself!"

He then left the palace, and retired to his native place in the deserts of Arabia, where he died through grief and want, in 716. Thus ended the life of the Conquerer of Spain. Of the further history of Zarik we have no account.

This legendary chapter in the mediæval history of Spain would be incomplete if we omitted to record the doleful end of Count Julian. The melancholy fate of the traitor and his family is the theme of many an historic ballad and traditionary rhyme, which the traveller may hear sung by the rustic troubadours of the Peninsula, to groups of attentive and believing listeners, gathered of an evening around the door or spacious hearth of some village inn. The historical truth of the romantic story cannot be vouched for on any authority much more trustworthy than these popular traditions.

The apostate had accomplished the full measure of his vengeance: the ruin of his country had atoned for the personal wrong which he had suffered. Though despised and distrusted by the Moslems as a traitor, he held an important station in their army, and had acquired immense riches from the downfall of his native land. But wherever he went, he was loathed and hated. Men everywhere refused to hold intercourse with the man who had gratified his personal vengeance by the betrayal of the land that gave him birth. An outcast from his fellow-men, he withered under the execrations which everywhere attended him. Hoping to find sympathy and kindness in the bosom of his family, he retired from the active service of the army, and gathered round him his wife Frandina, his daughter Florinda, and his youthful son Alarbot. But new, and, if possible, greater, misery awaited him. Florinda, the daughter of his heart, for whose sake he had taken such signal vengeance upon Roderic, was sinking a victim to its effects. She too was a universal byeword of reproach and shame. Christians never mentioned her name without a curse, and Moslems, the gainers by her misfortune, spoke of her only by the vilest epithet they could apply to woman.

But the innocent object of this universal opprobrium suffered more from the upbraiding of her own heart than from outward abuse. She looked upon herself as the cause of her country's ruin, and in the height of her frenzied wretchedness determined to put an end to her sufferings by a voluntary death. Entering a tower in the gardens of her father's palace, she ascended to the battlements, and culled forth her last words of anguish and despair—"Let this city be henceforth called Malacca, in memorial of the most wretched of women, who therein put an end to her days." As she finished speaking, she threw herself from the tower, and was dashed to pieces on the marble pavement below. The city, adds the ancient chronicler, received the name thus given it, though afterwards softened into Malaga, which it still retains, in memory of the tragical end of the unfortunate Florinda.

The Countess Frandina returned to Ceuta, accompanied by her infant son, and taking with her the remains of her daughter, for burial in a mausoleum of the chapel belonging to the citadel. The wretched Julian betook himself to Carthagena, groaning under the weight of his aggravated misery.

It was about this time that Omar II., who had succeeded Suleyman in the Caliphate, refusing to recognise Ayub, whom the army in Spain had chosen to succeed Abdelasis, appointed Alhaur ben Abderahman to the government of Spain. The new general, who was of a cruel and suspicious nature, regarded with distrust the renegade Christians who had aided in the conquest of their country, but especially the apostate Julian. "He has been a traitor to his countrymen," said the Emir, "how can we be sure that he will not prove the same to us?" Influenced by these suspicions, he summoned the count to meet him in Cordova. The wretched man excused himself to the messenger on account of his late misfortune, and begged permission to remain at Carthagena. This hesitation was construed by the jealous-minded Alhaur into certain proofs of guilt, and he determined to put the apostate immediately to death. Julian, however, escaped in time, with fifteen followers, and took refuge in a strong castle amongst the mountains of Arragon. The disappointed Emir then turned his thoughts to the capture of Frandina and her son.

The manner in which the unhappy countess received intimation of the approaching danger is not less marvellous than the other parts of this legendary history. Lost in gloomy reverie, she was sitting at midnight,

looking out upon the sea from her chamber in the stern fortress of Ceuta, when suddenly the form of her brother Oppas, the apostate Bishop of Seville, appeared before her. She was rising to embrace him, but he motioned her to remain seated, and she saw that his face was ghostly pale, and that his eyes shot forth a sulphurous flame.

"Touch me not," said the spectre, "lest thou be consumed by the fire which rages within me. Guard well thy son, for blood-hounds are upon his track. His innocence might have secured him from the vengeance of heaven; but our crimes have involved him in our common ruin." With this warning, he faded from the sight of the awe-struck countess. The next morning tidings were brought of the death of the Bishop in a skirmish with the Christians of the Asturias, and of the approach of Alhaur to lay siege to Ceuta. Caring only for the safety of her son, the anxious Frandina hid him in the vault which contained the remains of his unfortunate sister, and then, with the apostate Christians who garrisoned the fortress, prepared to resist the Emir, whose forces were already seen crossing the straits. After a vigorous siege of three days, a breach was effected in the walls of the citadel, and the Moslem troops poured in through the opening. The garrison was put to the sword, and the captive countess was brought before the Emir.

"Where is your son?" asked the angry Alhaur.

"He lies buried with the dead," replied the countess.

"Tell me where you have concealed the boy," exclaimed the baffled Emir, "or, by the Beard of the Prophet, tortures shall wring from you the secret."

"Emir," answered Frandina, "may torments, here and hereafter, be my portion, if I speak not the truth! My son is with the dead."

Finding it useless to question her further, and unwilling to execute his threat upon a woman, Alhaur ordered the citadel to be searched from roof to dungeon. The boy was discovered asleep in the tomb of Florinda. In vain did the frantic mother supplicate mercy for her child. He was given to one of the guards, with orders to hurl him from the top of the citadel into the sea. He fell upon the jutting rocks beneath, and his mangled body was washed away by the ebbing tide. The next morning the wretched countess was led forth from her dungeon into the public square, which was already thronged by a crowd of Christian prisoners who had been spared when the town was taken. She was fastened to a stake, and her countrymen were ordered to stone her. But they shrunk back in horror, exclaiming, "In the hand of God is vengeance, let not her blood be upon us." Whereupon the Moslem general swore that whoever refused should himself be stoned to death. The cruel order was then carried into execution, and the shapeless remains of the once lovely Frandina shared the same fate as those of her innocent child. The citadel was set on fire, and the Moslems recrossed the straits by the light of its flames.

The death of Count Julian, soon afterwards, closed the tragic story of his family. The exact period and manner of his death are unknown. Some accounts say that he was taken in his mountain retreat and put to a lingering death; others declare that the castle fell and buried him in its ruins; but all agree that his end was miserable in the extreme. In after times, says one of the chroniclers of his fate, a stone sepulchre was shown outside of the castle as the tomb of Count Julian, but the traveller and pilgrim avoided it, or bestowed upon it their passing curse; and the name of Julian has remained a bye-word and a scorn in the land for the warning of all future generations.

PLEASURES OF CONTENTMENT.—I have a rich neighbour (writes old Izaak Walton) that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh: the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money. He is still drudging on, saying that Solomon says, "The diligent hand maketh rich." And it is true, indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, "that there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them." And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silk-worm, that when she seems to play is at the same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself. And this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares to keep what they had already got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and competence, and above all for a quiet conscience.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

By Parson Frank.

It is now well-nigh one hundred years ago, that the frequenters of the cathedral at Chichester used to mark a solitary figure passing to and fro, at all hours, along its aisles and sombre cloisters. When the organ pealed forth its solemn music, and the voices of the choir accompanied it with notes of

"Linked sweetness, long drawn out,"

this pensive visitor would heave groans that rent his bo om almost to bursting, and the big round tears would course over one another down his cheeks "in piteous chase." Music—and such music, in such a place—melted and overmastered quite this lonely visitant, opening the "sacred source of sympathetic tears," and lapping his senses in that elysium which is peculiar to the sanctuary of sorrow. Through the glooms of his spirit the mingled measure stole, and at length

"—A holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away."

It was William Collins—then a poor imbecile, in the prime of life but the wreck of intellect. Trials and privations and disappointments had quenched the fine light of his genius; and the comparatively lucid intervals which allowed him to leave the lunatic asylum, were spent in thus haunting the cathedral, and accompanying the strains of chant and anthem with the sobs of his own broken heart.

His monument is to be seen within the temple he loved so well. A figure of the poet is seen bending over an open volume, on the study of which he seems mournfully intent; while neglected lies at his feet a scroll of his own composition, beside a lyre, symbol of his craft. The volume is the New Testament. Dr. Johnson, we are told, met him one day during his irregular wanderings, and observed that a copy of the sacred volume was his only companion. "I have but one book," the poor minstrel said, "but that is the best!" As for his own composition, he had actually devoted part of a recent legacy to buy up all unsoiled copies, and had committed them to the flames.

Collins is one of those who may be called the mystics of poetry—not, however, of the class of double-distilled mysticism which has lately provoked the strictures of *Delta Moir*. A hazy spirituality; a dim religious light—broods over his verse. It is not the dreamy enigmatical cloudiness of Coleridge and his imitators. There is no affinity between the Odes of the one and the "Khubla Khan" of the other. Obscurity tinges the former, however, while in the latter it is a pervading power. The poetry of Collins has been likened by Wilson* to the "voice of a spirit which does not feed on the breath of this world, but, as thinly veiled from human apprehensions the thoughts and feelings of its own spiritual being, in imagery of that world which is known to men." He deals much with abstractions, which it is for him to clothe with vesture ethereal and vaporous; and this manner distinguishes him as a spiritualist from the harder, more angular style of his preceding and contemporary brethren of the lyre. His mysticism is not enthralling and impressive enough to make us cry,

"—Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed.
And drunk the milk of paradise."†

But it is sufficiently of the *Clear-obscure* (chiaroscuro) kind to make us feel that we are higher on the Muses' hill-country, and nearer the clouds, than when pilgrim-

* Blackwood's Magazine, Vol. xxvii, p. 834.

† Coleridge.

ising in the track of Pope, or Somerville, or Gray. His minstrelsy is more fitful than the uniform measure of his fellows; it is varied as the ebbing and flowing of his wave-compelling soul.

"And now 'tis like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song
That makes the heavens be mute."*

His earliest publication consisted of "Oriental Eclogues," during his Oxford career, and which may be said to have fallen still-born from the press. Those who dislike even a tendency to the obscure may, however, prefer these eclogues to the odes subsequently published. But there can be little question that the genius of the poet is vividly seen only in the latter. The eclogues might have been written by another; the odes by none but Collins. Even of the eclogues, nevertheless, it has been observed by Campbell, that this pastoral class of poetry, which is "insipid in all other English hands," assumes in those of Collins a "touching interest, and a picturesque air of novelty. It seems that he himself ultimately under-rated these eclogues, as deficient in characteristic manners; but surely," adds Campbell, "no just reader of them cares any more about this circumstance than about the authenticity of the tale of Troy."† The second of the series is deservedly popular—having for its subject Hassan the camel-driver, whom we see passing, in silent horror, o'er the boundless waste. The reality of the scene is brought out with a severe intensity that is almost oppressive.

Collins' "Ode to Evening" is one of the sweetest of his poems. The theme suited the sad twilight of his mind, and he has adorned it with epithets of especial beauty. Thus:—"Chaste Eve;"—"the bright-haired sun sits on yon western tent;"—"the beetle winds his small but sullen horn;"—"thy folding-star arising shows his paly circlet;"—"thy religious gleams;"—"and hamlets brown and dim-discovered spires;"—"thy dewy fingers draw the gradual dusky veil;"—"meekest Eve;"—"summer loves to sport beneath thy lingering light." The versification of this ode is very beautiful; it is that of one who may well be called Fine-Ear, though the name of Far-Eye may be denied him. To the same class belong the well-known "Dirge in Cymbeline," and the lines on the death of Thompson, whose memory was dear to the young minstrel. They are subdued and melancholy as the chimes of muffled bells. The music is a soft inland murmur—meet, in pity's ear, for the woodland pilgrim's knell. Not in vain had Collins invoked that divine simplicity which "disdains the wealth of art, and gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall;"—her presence is felt in the neighbourhood of fair Fidele's grassy tomb:—

"The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid."

It is felt in the stanzas on the poet of the seasons, buried beneath the cold turf of the green hill's side—

"And oft as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,‡
And 'mid the varied landscape weep."

Those addressed "To a Lady," on the death of Colonel Ross at Fontenoy, are far inferior, but are not without warm admirers. The addresses to Pity, to Peace, to Mercy, are less fitted for a long life among British classics; there are tints of Della Cruscan colouring about them, relieved by bolder

* The Ancient Mariner.

† Campbell's British Poetry, Vol. v., p. 312.

‡ Of Richmond Church, Thompson's burial place.

strokes than one finds on the scented cardboard and album paper of the Sewards and Hayleys. The Ode to Liberty is spirited;—freedom is traced out and worshipped from haunt to haunt—on the bleak mountains of Switzerland—on the willowed meads of the Low Countries, and on the white cliffs of Albion, "once hid from those who search the main."

The so-called ode on the "Popular Superstitions of the Scottish Highlands" deals with a mystic theme congenial to such a mind as that of William Collins. He was one who loved to gaze in reverie on the night-side of Nature, till he could feel his hectic cheek fanned and cooled by the breezes of the dim border-land between seen and unseen, natural and supernatural, finite and infinite, temporal and eternal. "Filmy visions floated before his half-shut eye—and they were beautiful, but unsubstantial all, and owning remotest kindred with the flesh and blood creatures of this our living world. He loved to dream of superstitions and enchantments, but he was not a sublime seer." He lacks the second-sight of the Gael—his Ossianic fervour—his peculiar and majestic gloom. Accordingly, this ode is said by a true Scotchman and true critic—one whose love of the heathery hills and solemn glens of his native land is passionately strong—to be "uninspired by the fears that beset fancy, and only an eloquent and elegant narration of sights and sounds that, had they been seen and heard aright, would have wailed in rueful and ghastly strains, curdling the blood."* Had Collins been born and passed his young days amid the mountainous grandeur and impressive solitudes of the Highlands; had he, like Colma, wandered by night, alone, on the hill of storms, listing the wind as it swept athwart the grey steeps, and the dash of the torrent down the rugged rocks; had he been nursed on the lore of Fingal, and among the hoary wastes of Morven; had his boyhood's remembrances been connected with spots where the Lady of the Lake listened to the pipes of Clan Alpine, or the MacIvors wont to tremble before the Bodach Glas; had he roamed as a child amid such regions—

> "Late, late in the gloamin', when a' was still,
> And the fringe was red on the western hill,"†

then, indeed, might such a spirit as his have dreamed far grander dreams, and have seen visions more absorbingly real. As it is, he was wanting in those fine instincts and indefinable associations which belong only to the fond natives of such a district. Cowper, excellent as a limner of the level scenery of our home counties, would have been ill at ease, we apprehend, in a description of Glencoe such as a Glencoe man would approve; nor can we quite fancy Leigh Hunt—admirable though he be on Hampstead Heath or in Kensington-lanes—succeeding wherever Christopher North has succeeded. Yet there are strokes in the handiwork of Collins which imply that had he lived in that

> "Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain and the flood,"

his faculty of translating its symbols into graphic and thrilling verse, would have ranked with the highest and truest of all.

It is by his "Ode to the Passions" that he is best known. It has been called the finest ode in the English language. Like his other lyrics, it was at first neglected; but later criticism has awarded it the profoundest homage. Silently and imperceptibly," as Southey remarked, "it has risen by its own buoyancy, and its power is now felt by every reader who has any true poetic feeling." Campbell attributes some degree of its universal repute to the absence of that mystic character which attaches to most of Collins' poems. "A cloud of obscurity," observes this elegant critic, "sometimes rests on his highest conceptions, arising from the fineness of his associations, and the daring sweep of his allusions; but the shadow is transitory, and interferes very little with the light of his imagery or the warmth of his feelings. The absence of even this speck of mysticism from the Ode on the

* Professor Wilson.

† Hogg: "Kilmeny."

Passions is, perhaps, the happy circumstance that secured its unbounded popularity." Collins here boldly indulges in personification, and enlists the sympathies of those to whom the abstract is *caviare*, by turning the abstract into the concrete, qualities into living agents, passions into dramatis personæ. Fear comes before us, a shrinking, self-scared form. Anger rushes forward, and strikes the lyre with one rude clash, the utterance of a pent-up heart. Hope awakens strains of promised pleasure, bids Echo prolong them, smiles with exultation at the soft responsive voice, and waves in ecstacy her golden tresses. Revenge peals a blast through his war-denouncing trumpet, with dejected Pity at his side. An exquisite vision follows :—

" With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired,
And from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
And clashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole;
Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and holy musing,
In hollow murmurs died away."

Then uprises Cheerfulness—whose sprightly tone merges "*Il Penseroso*" in "*l'Allegro*," followed by Joy, "with viny crown advancing," and shaking a thousand odours from his dewy wings. Consummate is the artistic skill which adapts the musical rhythm and cadences of this Ode to its ever-varying theme. From grave to gay it fluctuates, from lively to severe. Now the sea of sound is lashed into boisterous agitation, now subdued into tremulous calm; the wild outburst of some "stormy wind Eurocyldon" is succeeded by the lullaby of spring-like zephyrs. The choral tumult subsides into a dulcet *pianissimo*—as though the "Stone him to death!" of Mendelssohn's St. Paul were followed by the "Rest in the Lord" of his Elijah:

" By turns we feel the glowing mind,
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd:"

the transitions are from low sullen sounds, "a solemn, strange, and mingled air" to soft Lydian measures; from the beating of the double drum with furious heat to the woodland echoes of Melancholy's mellow horn; from the soul-subduing voice of dejected Pity to the brisk pipe and sportive viol of Tempe's festal shades.

If, however, Collins has not entirely succeeded, even in this Ode, in rescuing his subject from the unreality which coldly clings to all such allegorical fancies, he has but failed where failure is, perhaps, inevitable. Nothing wearies us sooner than commerce with abstractions. It says much for the genius of Collins that he has made a subject of this ideal character so popular. Elocutionists and amateur declaimers delight in mouthing this psychology of the Passions, and feel that in reciting it they are tolerably sure of the sympathy of their audience. Its variety gives scope to "many-sided" expression, and deserves better exponents than the Young Roscii of boarding-school fame, to whom it is as familiar as household words.

Collins had a more genial insight into Nature than was common to the minstrels with whom he is usually classed. He had an eye for the revelations of this "Cosmos," to the symbols of which so many of us are stone-blind.* The

* As Carlyle says: "The Universe makes no immediate objection to be conceived in any way; pictures itself as plainly in the seeing faculty of Newton's Dog Diamond, as of Newton; and yields to each results accurately corresponding. To the Dog Diamond, dog's meat, with its adjuncts, better or worse; to Newton, discovery of the System of

scenes he pourtrays have, indeed, a certain twilight hue, an evening-like sadness, caught from the pensive spirit of the *seer*. Not that he gazed on them through the discolouring medium of green spectacles, sickening all objects into a livid bilious aspect; but he watched and loved them best when

"Eve gently takes the daylight by the wrist,
And calmly leads him to her solemn bowers."†

In his poetry, therefore, we have Nature, but Nature seen by Collins. And when the mood of our own minds is in harmony with his, and we have learned

"———To look on Nature, not as in the hours
Of thoughtless youth,"‡

we are impressed with the fidelity of his touch, and convinced of his love for that "autobiography" of the world we live in, a few at least of whose hieroglyphics he could decipher so well. Far behind Wordsworth in this science, he was at any rate far before Pope and his *papal* adherents.

FOUCAULT'S EXPERIMENTS AND THE ROTATION OF THE EARTH.

The rotation of the earth round its axis has long been admitted as an indisputable fact. It is true that the evidence of sense appears to oppose it, to attest that the earth is motionless, and that the sun and stars revolve around it; but reason is given us to decide rightly on its testimony. Various circumstances aid our judgment. Thus, as we sail onwards with a very steady breeze, the land, the houses, the trees appear to move; while the vessel in which we are seems to be motionless. Were the eyes to be closed, we should be absolutely unconscious of passing onwards; and we should continue so just as long as the water remained unagitated; but only let waves arise by the action of the wind, or some obstacle impede our progress, and then the difference of our previous circumstances will be sufficiently palpable. As, then, the rotation of the earth is not impeded, so to it we are insensible, though its revolution on its axis is, to an inhabitant of London, at the rate of about *eleven miles a minute!*

To such a conclusion, many passages of Scripture were, for a long period, supposed by many to be hostile. Thus we read "the world is stablished that it cannot be moved;" and of its Creator, as Him "who laid the foundations of the earth that it should not be removed for ever." Again, we read, "the sun ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to the place whence he arose;" and he brought the shadow ten degrees backwards, by which it had gone down in the dial of Ahaz; "so the sun returned ten degrees, by which degrees it was gone down." Once more, Joshua said, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed." But to all these, and similar quotations, it has been satisfactorily replied—the Bible was not designed to teach men physical science; it has a far higher aim, and, therefore, it describes the earth and the heavenly bodies in accordance with ordinary and general observation.

So far, then, the objections urged from the senses and the scriptures are neutralised, and it becomes us to form a just and clear conception of the movement that remains unaffected by their testimony. To employ the precise and luminous words of Sir J. F. W. Herschel: "A free rotation of the earth round its centre, if it exists, and be performed in consonance with the same mechanical laws which obtain in the motions of matter under our immediate control, and within our ordinary experience, must be such as to satisfy two essential conditions. It must

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the Stars.—Not the Universe's affairs at all; but the seeing party's affair very much, for the results to each correspond, with exact proportion, to his notion of it." This is but a quaint paraphrase of Coleridge's doctrine—

"O, Lady, we receive but what we give!"

† Dugald Moore. ‡ Wordsworth.

be invariable in its direction *with respect to the sphere itself*, and uniform in its velocity. The rotation must be performed *round an axis*, or diameter of the sphere, whose *poles*, or extremities, where it meets the surface, correspond always to the same points on the sphere. Modes of rotation of a solid body under the influence of external agency are conceivable, in which the poles of the imaginary line, or axis, about which it is at any moment revolving, shall hold no fixed places on the surface, but shift upon it every moment. Such changes, however, are inconsistent with the idea of a body of regular figure about its axis of symmetry, performed in free space, and without resistance or obstruction from any surrounding medium or disturbing influence. The complete absence of such obstructions draws with it, of necessity, the strict fulfilment of the two conditions above mentioned. Now, these conditions are in perfect accordance with what we observe, and what recorded observation teaches us."

One illustrative experiment, tried at Bologna, by Guglielmini, and afterwards repeated at Hamburgh, is worthy of notice. On the principle of the earth's rotation, to say that a stone let fall from the top of a high tower, should alight precisely under the point from which it started, it to affirm that which ought not to be perfectly true; and that for the following reason:—The starting point of the stone being at a greater distance from the centre than the point directly under on the earth, describes a somewhat larger circle, and moves a little quicker. The stone, therefore, at the commencement of its fall, has a motion from west to east, a little more rapid than the under point of the earth. The resistence of the air, though it exist with respect to the fall of the stone, does not exist with respect to the motion from west to east, since the air, earth, and stone are carried together; consequently, the stone should fall a little east of the foot of the tower.

Now, when a stone was thus let fall at heights of 241 and 235 (French) feet, this result actually occurred. In every instance it fell a fraction of an inch to the east, and never to the west of the point directly under the point of projection. Had this departure been purely accidental, how could it always have taken place in one direction? It is absolutely impossible to account for these phenomena on any other hypothesis than that of the earth's rotation.

That these phenomena fully accord with the observation of the heavenly bodies, has been amply and satisfactorily shown by the illustrious astronomer already mentioned. We take but a fragment, from his pages, of illustration. Were the reader to station himself, on a clear evening, just after sunset, when the first stars begin to appear, in some open situation, whence a good general view of the heavens can be obtained, more and more stars will appear as the darkness increases, till the whole sky is over-spangled with them. When he has awhile admired the calm magnificence of this glorious spectacle, the theme of so much song, and so much thought,—a spectacle which no one can view without emotion, and without a longing desire to know something of its nature and purport—let him fix his attention more particularly on a few of the most brilliant stars, such as he cannot fail to recognise again without mistake after looking away from them for some time, and let him refer their apparant situations to some surrounding objects, as buildings, trees, &c., selecting purposely such as are in different quarters of his horizon. On comparing them again with their respective points of reference, after a moderate interval, as the night advances, he will not fail to perceive that they have changed their places, and advanced, as by a general movement, in a westward direction; those towards the eastern quarter appearing to rise or recede from the horizon; while those which lie towards the west will be sure to approach it; and, if watched long enough, will, for the most part, finally sink beneath it, and disappear; while others, in the eastern quarter, will be seen to rise, as if out of the earth, and joining in the general procession, will take their course with the rest towards the opposite quarter.

It is, therefore, on the fact thus amply demonstrated, that the experiments of M. Foucault have recently cast a new and unexpected light; and all who have the opportunity should see them as exhibited by Dr. Bachhoffner, at the Polytechnic Institution. To the eye is presented a circular table, sixteen feet in diameter,

divided as our artificial globes are, into 360 degrees. Suspended from a beam, a the top of the hall, is a pendulum bob, resembling in shape a boy's peg-top; it i composed of iron, and weighs exactly twenty-eight pounds; and it is by thi in motion that we gain an additional proof of the earth's rotation on its axis.

Now, here a difficulty is commonly suggested to the mind. It asks, naturally enough, how can any motion of the earth be determined by such means? Are no the circular table and the pendulum bob alike carried round on its surface? T this it is at once replied,—Assuredly they are both acted upon by the earth's mo tion, but they are not acted upon *alike*. Indeed, Dr. Bachhoffner places this beyon all doubt; for on a side-table he has made an arrangement, by which it is seen tha though it is all made to rotate, the pendulum suspended over it continues the vibra tion that was given to it when the table was motionless.

The fact demands special attention, that the movements of a pendulum are entirely dependent on the part of the earth over which it vibrates. For example, as the force of gravity is less at the equator—the circle which divides the globe int two equal parts—the vibration of the pendulum will be slower at the equator than at the poles. This was one of the ways in which the true figure of the earth was ascertained; for after making due allowance for the effect of the centrifugal force which gives our globe its revolution round the sun, gravity was found to be greater in the pola than in the equatorial regions, and thus the figure of the earth appeared to be spheroidal. As, then, the velocity of the vibrations of the pendulum depends on its length, in order to vibrate at the equator in the same space of time as at the poles it must be somewhat *shortened* at the equator, and at the poles it must be proportionally *lengthened*.

The following table from the Astronomer-Royal's treatise on the "Figure of the Earth," shows the length of the second's pendulum in English inches, at a few o the stations where it has been actually determined:—

Station.	Latitude. deg. min.	Length of Pendulum.
Spitzbergen	79 50 N.....	39·21469
Leith Fort	55 59	39·15546
London	57 31	39·13929
Paris	48 50	39·12851
New York	40 43	39·10120
Sandwich Isles	20 52	39·04690
Isle of France	20 10	39·04684
Cape of Good Hope	35 55	39·07800

It is, therefore, placed beyond all question that the movements of a pendulum depend on the place where it vibrates, and this is worthy of special remembrance.

Dr. Bachhoffner supplies some mathematical data, illustrative of the motions o the earth, and also those of the pendulum, for which the reader must be referred t his illustrative lecture. But now for the experiment:—See! the pendulum has been brought to a state of repose, beyond the boundary of the circular table; and then, suddenly detached, it vibrates, without any circular motion, *along the equatoria line*, extending from degree 1 to degree 180; thus cutting the sphere described on the table into two equal portions. A quarter of an hour elapses, and does it vibrate in the same line? No! So far from it, it has passed onwards *three* degrees; in an hour it will have passed over *twelve* degrees; and in about thirty hours it will have traversed the *whole sphere*. And why? The pendulum moves as it did at first, but the table has partaken of the motion of the earth, and thus, its rotation has been rendered visible.

Such, then, is the experiment for which we are primarily indebted to M. Foucault, and which, we trust, we have rendered intelligible to those who will only read this description of it. Without any mathematical science, but with a simple knowledge of the fact, that a pendulum suspended over a circular table, and first moving in a line which cuts it into two equal portions, and afterwards, without any alteration of its vibration, has gradually all the lines of the table brought under the pendulum, until the one is gained along which it started, renders it palpable that the table has moved round, because the earth has done so, from its revolving about an axis passing through its centre.

GLEANINGS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

NO. VIII.—DREAMS AND NIGHTMARE.

N all ages the people have had faith in supernatural appearances, and have attributed to ertain persons the power of holding converse with the inhabitants of the world of pirits, or of influencing the destinies of others. Some of these superstitions have been f a really frightful character, and have taken their complexion very much from the mper and disposition of the people. I quoted some years ago, from a work entitled Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland," the following account of a fearful pparition which was said to be seen. Here it is, in the author's own words :—" I have eard imperfectly-preserved stories of a lady dressed in green, and bearing a goblin ild in her arms, who used to wander in the night time from cottage to cottage, when ll the inhabitants were asleep. She would raise the latch, it is said, take up her place y the fire, fan the embers into a flame, and then wash the child in the blood of the oungest inmate of the cottage, which would be found dead in the morning." The Irish ave a superstition that a well-favoured child is often stolen away, and an ill-favoured ne left in its place, by the fairies ; but in general the spirits of Ireland are not so cruel s the spirits of Scotland. They are, however, more mischievous, and perform feats as oid of reason or wit as any of the fairy inhabitants of other climes. Hogg, the Ettrick hepherd, has given, in his contributions to *Blackwood*, elaborated by his pen, sketches f the wild and horrible superstitions which, up to a very recent period, were prevalent mong the people of Scotland.

In Bennett's " Specimens of British Prose Writers" a remarkable witch-story is elated. I must give it in the author's own words :—" On the subject of witches, I can resent the reader with a story which places in a very striking light the possible illusion f the imagination, under the influence of superstitious opinion. It may be proper to remise that a *witch*, in her quality of *nightmare*, is styled in our popular superstitions hag ; and that, consequently, a person troubled with the nightmare is said to be *hag-idden*.

" About fifty years ago, there lived at a village in Somersetshire an old woman who was enerally reputed a witch. Her body was dry and bent with age; she supported her eeble steps with crutches. Her voice was hollow, of a mysterious though hypocritical olemnity ; and from her eye proceeded a glaring and a piercing light, which fixed the eholder in silent dread. Around the blazing hearth many a tale was told, and every ale believed, of goods stolen and cattle slain by more than human means: how she rophesied of ill to come, and dire mishaps, and that whatever was foretold in her dark orebodings was sure to come to pass: how, often, on the back of a lusty cat or broom-tick vile, she traversed with lightning-speed the fields of air, to work her witcheries in oreign lands. No one had doubt she had dealings with the devil.

" A young man of the same village, at the age of one or two and twenty, and in the ull vigour of health, began to receive all of a sudden the visits of the nightmare every ight, as regularly as he went to bed. The sittings were so weighty and so long ontinued, that his health was soon materially affected. In the course of three or four onths, from a strong and ruddy youth, he became feeble, pale, and emaciated, and inally exhibited the external symptoms of a person in a deep decline. Neither *he*, owever, nor his neighbours, to whom he communicated his case, had any doubts respecting he *real* cause of his sufferings.

" In spite of the fears of superstition, he was a man of great resolution. He was esolved to lay in wait for the hag, *awake*. He resolved and he re-resolved, but nfortunately was always oppressed by sleep before the critical hour. At length he ucceeded. He continued *broad awake*, when, at dead of night, he distinctly heard on he stairs the sound of footsteps softly and cautiously ascending. He was all alive. He put his hands from under the bedclothes, in readiness to grasp his prey. She eached the foot of the bed, ascended, and proceeded gradually along either leg. Advanced beyond the knee, she was preparing to fall with her leaden weight upon his reast. In an instant he leapt towards her, seized her with both his hands by the hair,

and held her with convulsive strength. At the same moment he vociferated to his mother, who slept in an adjoining room: 'Mother, I have caught the hag; bring me a light.' The mother in *certain faith* flew down stairs for a candle.

"Meanwhile the contest continued with furious violence between the son and the hag, who dragged him out of bed, and the struggle was then continued on the floor with unabated rage. The candle was now kindled; but on the very first glimmer of its rays on the staircase, the hag, with a supernatural force, tore herself from his grasp, and vanished like lightning from his eager eyes. He was found by his mother standing on the floor of his chamber, almost breathless with the efforts he had used, and with both his hands full of hair.

"On hearing the story, I eagerly inquired for the locks of hair. He replied, without the slightest suspicion or embarrassment: 'Ay! I was much to blame for not keeping the hair, for that would have identified the person beyond dispute. But in the hurry of my feelings I let it drop on the floor, and *she* took especial care I should never see it more. But I *so overhauled her* on this occasion that she returned no more to torment me. It is curious (said he), that while I had her in my grasp, and was struggling with her, though I felt assured who she must be, yet her breath, and the whole of her person, appeared to me like those of a blooming young woman.'

"The person to whom this very singular story happened is still alive. I have heard the substance of the story more than once from his own mouth, and can therefore vouch for the truth of the effect, whatever we may think of the cause."

There can be no doubt that this man was labouring under a delusion, unless, as is scarcely conceivable, some young woman had been playing him a trick. The absence of any proof—no hair being retained—is sufficient to show that he was the dupe of a diseased imagination. I will make a few observations on the philosophy of dreams in a future article, and attempt to explain the causes of nightmare.

While on the subject of dreams, I may as well give one which I met with in an old Universal History, and which partakes of the character of the eastern apologues. Khondemin, an eastern writer, tells us that the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid, saw in a dream at Rakha, before he departed from that place, a hand over his head full of red earth, and at the same time heard the voice of a person pronouncing these words: "See the earth in which Haroun is to be interred." Upon which he demanded where he was to be buried? and was instantly answered by the same voice, "at Tus." This warning greatly discomposing him, he communicated the dream to his chief physician Gabriel, the son of Baktishua, who told him that this ought to give him no manner of concern, as dreams were only phantoms produced by the fumes which the humours of the body sent into the brain; and that the expedition to Khorasin in order to extinguish the rebellion of Rafé Ebu Al Seith, he was upon the point of undertaking, had given place to this imagination. He added that no better remedy could be thought of to dissipate his melancholy, than to pursue some favourite diversion that might draw his attention another way. The Caliph, therefore, by his physician's advice, prepared a magnificent entertainment for his principal courtiers, which continued several days. He afterwards put himself at the head of his troops and advanced to the confines of Jorjân, where he was attacked by the distemper, which increasing, he found himself obliged to leave the army and return to Tus. He sent for his physician, Gabriel Ebu Baktishua, and said to him: "Do you remember, Gabriel, my dream at Rakha? We are now arrived at Tus, the place according to what was predicted in that dream of my interment. Send one of my eunuchs to fetch me a handful of earth from the neighbourhood of the city. One of his favourite eunuchs named Masrur, was immediately despatched to bring a little of the soil of the place to the Caliph, who soon returned and brought a handful of red earth, which he presented to Haroun with his arm half bare; at the sight of which the Caliph cried out: "In truth this is the earth, and that the very arm that I saw in my dream." His spirits failing, and his malady increasing, he died three days after this explanation, and was buried in the same place.

THE NATIONAL SCHOOL IN HYDE-PARK.

JOHN SMITH, IN TOWN, TO HIS COUSIN, IN THE COUNTRY.

July 12th, 1851.

My Dear Jessie,—From the newspapers and the Illustrated Exhibitor you will learn all about the Queen's visit to the City, with an account of the illuminations, the speeches, and other fine doings at the Guildhall on the 9th; therefore I shall say nothing more about them. In writing to you, Jessie, I say what a young man might be expected to say to a sensible young woman who is likely one day to be his wife, leaving all matters of love, and so forth, for oral rather than written communication; so, if at any time my letters should grow prosy and dull, you have nothing more to do than to lay them aside and think of our last long walk. I have often heard you say that you like to sit just between the lights and have a quiet reminiscent doze—though that was not exactly the phrase you used. You recollect when we read Longfellow's poems together: how beautifully he speaks of that twilight time!—

"Come read to me some old poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day;

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

I have been twice to the Exhibition since your return to Greenside. Just now there is a movement going on in London concerning the ultimate destiny of the Crystal Palace and all the wonders it contains; and really, when I think that a day is coming when all these glorious objects, this prodigious result of the science, genius, energy, and industry of the world shall resolve itself into its separate elements and be returned to the countries whence they came—when the fairy vision that we gazed on in transept, nave, and gallery shall be dissolved, and swept away, and "leave not a wreck behind"—when I remember that the Commissioners positively hold an order for the pulling down of that beautiful house of iron and glass, at once the most real and imaginative that ever man reared—a feeling of sadness comes over me that I cannot for the life of me resist. The general feeling is, that at all hazards the building must be retained; and as for the pecuniary success of the great speculation, *that* is past all question. It only remains, therefore, for the people to speak out decisively; and, for a winter garden or some such purpose, the Crystal Palace will become the property of the nation.

You recollect, Jessie, that you asked me what was the utility of collecting together so large a show of raw materials, minerals, and natural products? Just then I could not answer you at sufficient length; but since then I have bethought me how nearly are all these objects allied to the comforts, wants, conveniences, and elegances of life. I have never, as you know, considered the Exhibition as a mere giant bazaar, but have always looked upon it as a great National School, where all—the rich and poor, the wise and the unlearned, the stripling from school and the student from college—might gather wisdom and instruction, if they only took the trouble of thinking. Now I will endeavour to show you, Jessie, how I consider all these apparently unimportant things become important. You recollect that we stood before a rather uninteresting-looking case in the gallery under the transept, labelled "Imports from Hull," when you asked the question; and that, at a short distance from it, was another case (close to the model of Gulliver bound hand and foot by the Lilliputians,) marked "Imports from Liverpool." From these two cases, plain as they appear, what a vast store of knowledge may be gleaned! You will recollect that one was filled with specimens of the hair and skins of various animals, and that the other contained varieties of raw produce, ores, and vegetable products.

Now, if we bethink ourselves for a moment, we shall discover their use in the Crystal Palace. The fibrous cotton and flax are associated with the finished muslin garment and the rough ship's cable, the construction of each of which gave employment to

thousands; the beautiful statue is symbolized in the rude unsquared block of marble, and John Bell's wonderful Eagle Slayer is but the product of those misshapen masses of metallic ore that we passed by so carelessly. Again, we listen to the strains of music coming faintly and sweetly on the ear from Erard's grand pianos, and are we not indebted to the animal world for the string-made melody? The ivory and the pearl, the sponge and the coral, the cochineal and the floss silk which we there see in their manufactured states,—do they not at once carry back our minds to dangerous adventures in forest and ocean, to far-off lands where the white man is even yet a comparative stranger? There is bees' wax, a common-looking object enough, which recalls only a memory of polished tables and chairs; but if we only go a few steps further, we shall see there the wax in shape of elegant artificial flowers for the table, and in figures which are to teach the student the minute construction of the human frame.

Very ordinary-looking things are wool and hair; and yet, if we think a little, we shall find that without them we should get on but badly, for there is scarcely a known animal that does not contribute some part of his economy to the sustenance, comfort, or adornment of mankind. The wild horse of the American Pampas supplies us with hair for our sofas and couches; the sheep of Australia, the llama of the east, the swan of the north, the oxen and rabbit of the west, supply us with wool and hair for our garments, and down for our beds. If the hair be useless or deficient, men dry the skins of many kinds of animals for the purpose of making glue and gelatine; while even the bones and fat of vast varieties and tribes of living things light up our houses, lubricate our machinery, or—through the means of the phosphate of lime which the bones possess—contribute to the sustenance of millions of civilised men, as manure for our lands. That one article, oil,—without which, or its equivalents, we could not carry on our manufactories for another year, for the ceaseless friction of the wheels and cogs would soon render them useless—that alone finds employment, in the whale fisheries in the north and south seas, for thousands of brave men, who dare danger and death in a thousand fearful shapes almost every day of their existence. On this subject how much might we learn that is not taught in books. Just pausing before the Liverpool case, we perceive that the superior kinds of fat oil are divided into two distinct products, stearine and fluid oil,—the former used for candle making, the latter for illumination in the form of lamps.

And so, Jessie, we might go through the whole Exhibition. There is nothing among the natural, animal, or raw products which does not tell its own story: even the poor neglected oyster-shell furnishes us with the material by which we make the artificial pearls that young ladies adorn themselves with at Christmas times; and the sand of the sea-shore and the alkali, associated with tin foil and quicksilver, go to make the mirror before which you stand night and morning to dress that beautiful hair of yours.

The humblest things in nature are brought into combination for the use of man; and if what I have written, Jessie, bears not its own moral, then have I written to you a long letter in vain. The Great Exhibition is an immense National School, in which all, who are not either too proud or too idle to learn, may gather something useful and enduring.

Believe me, yours, J. S.

ENERGY.—We love your upright, energetic men. Pull them this way and the other, and they only bend, but never break. Trip them down, and in a trice they are on their feet again. Bury them in the mud, and in an hour they would be out and bright. They are not ever yawning away existence, or walking about the world as if they had come into the world with only half their soul; you cannot keep them down—you cannot destroy them. But for these the world would soon degenerate. They are the salt of the earth. Who but they start any noble project? They build our cities and rear our manufactories; then whiten the ocean with their sail, and blacken the heavens with the smoke of their steam-vessels and furnace-fires; they draw forth treasure from the mine—they plough the earth. Blessings on them! Look to them, young men, and take courage; imitate their example, catch the spirit of their energy. Without life what are you good for? and what is your life good for if it is idly passed away? We should ever measure life by life's employment.

SAINT SWITHIN'S DAY.

[July 15th.]

"St. Swithin's day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain;
St. Swithin's day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain na mair."—ANCIENT LEGEND.

THE chroniclers of the Church of Rome tell us that St. Swithin was of noble parentage, passed his youth in innocent simplicity, in the study of grammar, philosophy, and the Holy Scriptures; and that when he was promoted to holy orders, he was an accomplished model of all virtues. His learning, piety, and prudence, induced Egbert, King of the West Saxons, to make him his priest, and to appoint him tutor to his son Ethelwolf. When Ethelwolf succeeded to the throne, he governed his kingdom in ecclesiastical matters by the prudent advice of his former tutor, whom he caused to be elected bishop of Winchester.

William of Malmesbury says, "Though this good bishop was a rich treasure of all virtues, those in which he took most delight were humility and charity to the poor; and that in the discharge of his episcopal functions he omitted nothing belonging to the true pastor. He built divers churches and repaired others; his mouth was always open to invite sinners to repentance, and to admonish those who stood to be aware of falling. He was most severe to himself, and abstemious in his mode of living. He delighted in spiritual exercises, and in conversation would bear no discourse that did not tend to edification."

Of the man who thus adorned and blessed the church in his generation she may be truly proud, and if gratitude would suffer his name to be omitted in her calendar, the interest of religion would retain it. The name of St. Swithin therefore still adorns it,—a monument of virtue, piety, and wisdom.

He died on the 2nd day of July, 864, his body being buried, by his own order, in the churchyard, in order that his grave might be trodden by passers-by. Had the history of this virtuous and pious prelate here been closed, justice would have been done to his memory, and his name been retained in the remembrance of his countrymen with those feelings of respect to which he was so eminently entitled. But an overstrained anxiety to do honour to his memory, has, by the imputation of incredible wonders to the virtue of his relics, cast a shade of ridicule upon him; and he is now only known among us as a weather-gage, which is still preserved for its antiquity, and our amusement.

Upon the removal of his body from the churchyard to the church, or, in the language of the monk of Malmesbury, "upon the translation of his relics," on the 15th of July, 964, "such a number of miraculous cures of all kinds were wrought as was never in the memory of man known to have been in any other place." Doubtless he speaks the truth; for not only does the catalogue exceed the powers of memory, but even the stretch of imagination.

The narrators of the traditions relative to St. Swithin, disagree in their accounts of the miracles they impute to the virtue of his relics; though they vie with each other in a desire to magnify the importance and to increase the number of the miraculous performances fabulously imputed to him. We have, however, the following imperfect summary in the commentary on his life. "Upon the day of the translation of his relics, a boy, whose limbs had been contracted from his youth, was made whole. A woman who was imprisoned and bound in fetters was set free. A paralytic person was healed; a noble matron and three other women who were blind, were restored to sight. Twenty-five men afflicted with various diseases were perfectly restored in one day; six and thirty sick persons coming from different places were cured within three days; and one hundred and twenty-four within fourteen."

The virtue ascribed to his relics was even claimed for his statue; and further, the following legend was put forth to show that the miraculous power of the saint was not confined to those places wherein his relics were deposited and his form exhibited.

"A certain woman," says the veracious historian, "sleeping in a house in the city of Winchester, with her door open, a wolf took her out of bed and carried her into a wood, where with dreadful howling he called other wolves to him. The woman weak from fasting and age knew not what to do, but turned herself to her prayers, invoked divine assistance, and called loudly on St. Swithin. No sooner did the wolf hear this same name than he fell asleep; the woman immediately withdrew herself

from him, and the animal awaking pursued her with his companions, but was incapable of hurting her whom the mercy of God and the holy bishop had undertaken to set free."

How the vulgar notion that St. Swithin exercised an influence over the weather originated, it is difficult to say, for the writers who professed to give his authentic history, make no mention of the circumstance. The legend, however, whatever be its origin, is as follows:—

The clergy considering it to be disgraceful that the body of the saint whose miracles were as innumerable as the sand upon the sea shore, or as the drops in the ocean, should lie in the open churchyard, resolved to remove it into the choir. This was to have been done with a procession of great solemnity upon the 15th of July. The saint, however, by no means approved of this officious interference, and in order to prevent such a violation of the orders given in his lifetime, miraculously caused it to rain so heavily on that day, and for the following forty days, as to render the attempt impossible, and it was consequently abandoned as heretical and blasphemous.

The circumstances attending this reputed miraculous interference of St. Swithin, shows the degree of credit and authority to which *tradition* is entitled. Legend contradicts legend; and the popular influence of the more recent one swallows up without reserve a whole host of predecessors. To believe both is impossible; to believe either unwarrantable; and if the cause of truth did not compel us to reject a guide so fallacious as tradition here appears, we must do so as the friends of virtue and religion. The history of a wise and exemplary prelate has been defaced, its salutary influence upon society destroyed; and a record which was designed to be an example of life and instruction in manners is converted into a worse than profitless superstition

LESSONS IN FRENCH.—No. XXII.

HAVING traversed the chief part of the elementary grounds on which a sure knowledge of French may be based, and being now desirous to concentrate as much as possible our attention upon those reading works which will complete the object we have undertaken, we will prepare to close this series of lessons by condensing in the few that remain all the more important information which our students still require. It would be with reluctance we should then take our leave, were it (as people say) for good. It is not easy to write for readers so intelligent, or to answer correspondents so grateful and so cordial, without feeling keen interest and warm regard for so many scattered and unseen, but numerous and hearty friends. But these instructions, revised, freed from the *errata* which have unavoidably crept in here and there, and collected in a separate and convenient shape, will still be with them, and will often be referred to in their studies. We shall, besides, continue to meet our new friends in those little works for the appearance of which they are now anxious, in order that they may put their recent acquirement to profit, and, as the French would say, may practically utilise, in an agreeable manner, the knowledge just attained. Those works will virtually prove, as it were, the continuation, in a simple yet more advanced form, the enlargement, the improvement, and the practical exemplification of our lessons.

FRENCH INTO ENGLISH.

Le sept octobre, dix huit cent huit, *pendant l'entrevue d'Erfurt*, Napoleon étant à table
during interview Erfurth at table

avec une douzaine de rois, la conversation (f.) tomba *(perfect tense definite, third person singular)* sur la date (f.) de quelque bulle (1) papale (2). Un ecclésiastique (m.) qui
with dozen conversation *tomber*—to fall on date bull papal ecclesiastic

était présent (m.) dit que cette bulle fut proclamée (f., *past participle*) en 1409. Napoléon
proclamer—to proclaim

le (1) corrigea, (2) *disant* qu'elle avait été proclamée en 1336, sous le règne (m.)
him *corriger*—to correct *saying* it under reign

de l'Empereur Charles Quatre; l'ecclésiastique avoua que Napoléon avait raison,
lui demandant (*present participle*) "comment il se rappelait la date d'une (1)
demander—to ask how *se rappeler*—to remember

telle (2) chose (3); si c'était la date d'une bataille (f.), cela serait moins étonnant."
such thing battle less astonishing.

Napoléon, en présence de tous ces rois, commença sa réponse (f.) par les mots—
words

"Lorsque J'étais lieutenant d'artillerie"—ce qui causa un mouvement très marqué
lieutenant artillery movement marked

parmi les illustres convives.
among illustrious guests.

In the last sentence of this exercise you observe once more the "*this* which" (or "*that* which") in the recapitulatory member, where we should, in English, have said "which," or "a thing which." It is well to fix in the memory this manner of using *ce qui*. The two last words of the exercise illustrate a remark we formerly made, to the effect that though the French certainly place the adjective after the substantive far oftener than we do, yet the usage of their language is growing more and more free in this respect, and they are enabled almost always to adopt whatever construction sounds best, and to maintain a continual variety. Another instance in point occurs in the prize exercise. Chateaubriand might there have said, if he had chosen, *une providence admirable*, instead of *une admirable providence;* and, as far as the mere French is concerned, the former would have been quite as much French as the latter. Where, indeed, the adjective is a very long word, and the substantive a very short one, the longer word should come last. In the sentence higher up, *quelque bulle papale* could not well be changed; this for other reasons. The adjective-pronoun *quelque*, which always precedes the substantive, can never itself be preceded by an adjective referring immediately to the same substantive; nor can *quelque* (s.) or *quelques* (p.) be well divided from its substantive by any other adjectives than those formerly enumerated by us as, of their own special right, preceding substantives. We allude to such adjectives as *jeune*, *bon*, &c. You would say, *quelques jeunes hommes*, "some young men;" but it would be infinitely better to say, *quelques hommes illustres*, "some illustrious men," than to reverse this order.

Then you perceive that *lieutenant d'artillerie* is used for "lieutenant of artillery;" and not *lieutenant de l'artillerie*. The article is not used before a substantive which is introduced indefinitely, without any specification as to what portion or classification of it is meant. Thus you would say, *un jardin rempli* DE *fleurs*, and not DES *fleurs;* meaning "a garden filled with flowers." Here there is no specification. But if you use a substantive in the widest possible meaning it can bear, that becomes of course one of the clearest of all specifications; and the definite article is then employed in French. For instance, suppose you wanted to render "flowers do not live long," here you would say LES *fleurs;* because the proposition regards flowers in the universal scope of the word, and *as* flowers. So, when we say "*man* thinks," it is the same as saying that all men think; you take the whole scope of the meaning conveyed by the word "man;" and, therefore, you would say in French, *l'homme*. But, we beg special attention to this: it is quite possible, and even quite common, and a matter of hourly recurrence, to use a substantive in a vague and general sense, and yet with an individual limitation. For example, "*a man's voice*." In this sentence the word man is used vaguely and generally, and yet the meaning is limited to some one man—though that one may be any. In fact, it is the same as saying "some man's voice," or "some male voice;" and is fundamentally and essentially different in purport from the phrase "man's voice." This last term would refer to the nature of the vocal organ given to our species, and could be turned equivalently, not like the other into the phrase "*some male* voice," but into "THE *human* voice." Here we have clearly in "man's voice" the word "man" taken in the most universal sense it will bear, referring not to any individual (*that* though general is not wide enough), but to the very species itself of man. So is the word "voice" equally universal. Now note how these two terms must be respectively translated into French. "A man's voice" must be rendered (our students, we say this in passing, must remember that there is no '*s* with this English effect in French, and that it must be turned into the genitive case by "*of*")—"a man's voice" then must be translated thus, "*une voix d' homme;*" whereas "man's voice" would be in French, LA *voix de* L' *homme*.

Another instance in which the definite article is not used in French is, after all adverbs of quantity, excepting one. Thus you would say, *beaucoup* DE *chevaux*, not DES *chevaux*, meaning many horses; so *peu* DE *chevaux* ("a few horses.") The exception is *bien*, when used in the sense of *beaucoup;* (of course we do not mean when used in the sense of *très*, "very." You must say *bien* DES *chevaux* ("many horses,") *bien* DES *femmes* ("many women,") &c. But all the other adverbs of quantity are used with *de* before the substantive, and no definite article. "How many horses," *combien* DE *chevaux;* "enough cheese," *assez* DE *fromage* (not *du*); "enough soldiers," *assez* DE *soldats* (not *des*); "as many men," *autant* D' *hommes* (not DES *hommes*, which would be pronounced *daze um*, whereas *d' hommes* is pronounced *dum.*) So it is, in fine, with all these adverbs except *bien*, when used in the sense of *beaucoup*, whether to mean "many" or to mean "much." Of the former we have given an example: of the latter here is an instance: "much bread," *bien* DU *pain* (not *de*), or *beaucoup* DE *pain* (not *du*): "much trouble," *bien* DE LA *peine* (not *de*), or *beaucoup* DE *peine* (not *de la*).

A third instance in which the definite article is dropped in French before the substantive is where "*some*" is meant to be conveyed, when an adjective precedes the substantive. Our readers already have learned long since that "some" may be rendered in French by the genitive of the article (*du* m., *de la* f., *des* m., and f. plur.), where no adjective precedes the substantive. Thus, *du pain*, "some bread;" *de la volaille* "some fowl;" *des chevaux*, "some horses;" *des cavales*, "some mares." But, "some good bread," DE *bon pain;* "some good fowl," DE *bonne volaille;* "some good horses," DE *bons chevaux;* "some good mares," DE *bonnes cavales.*

A fourth instance in which the definite article is dropped is in similar phrases where a negative follows: "I have not any butter," *Je n'ai pas* DE *bœur;* whereas, for "I have some butter" you would say, *J'ai* DU *bœur.*

In the exercise we have given the reader will observe that sometimes the perfect tense definite is used, and sometimes the imperfect; and he will be glad to ascertain, in a clear manner, under what circumstances he should choose the one; under what, the other.

The perfect tense definite is sometimes called the historical tense, because it is complete in the past sense which it conveys. The event which it particularizes took place once for all, and is over, as it were, before more is told.

On the other hand, the *past* force of the imperfect tense is not so complete. It has a lingering meaning. It refers often to something that continued for some time to be in the state it describes or mentions; and the duration of that state is sometimes measured by some other circumstances. For that reason it is frequently expressed in English by "was being," "was doing," "did," "used to be," &c. &c.

As for the perfect indefinite, it refers to something done and past in the course of one's lifetime, or of any lapse of time, a part of which may be supposed to be not yet expired,—or something done and past without specifying the exact epoch. It is used by the French oftener than we use the same tense; and, indeed, is the commonest of all the past tenses.

Pendant que J'étais à l'Exposition, un homme me recommanda d'aller, &c.

"While I was at the Exhibition a man recommended me to go," &c.

The first tense is the imperfect, the second the perfect definite, in conformity, as the reader will find on examination, with the rules just given. Suppose, again, you wanted to say, "Howard was a man of the greatest benevolence;" here you would employ the imperfect tense, because you do not mean that Howard was at any given epoch such a man, but was habitually and continually so. You would, we repeat, for this reason, use the tense which implies the protracted past, the lingering duration:—*Howard était un homme de la plus grande bienveillance.*

Thus then, we trust, we have thrown some light on a point which has puzzled a great many of our students. Indeed, it is a perplexity to all beginners in French. If our students will fix well in their minds what we have said on this subject, and about the use and suppression of the definite article (much more employed in French than in English), they will assuredly guard themselves from the chance of falling into some of the most common errors committed by English learners.

The attention we are now obliged to give to the examination of the various prize exercises (of the number of which the reader may form an idea, if, after counting those

we acknowledge at the end of the present Lesson, he look back and add to them the previous arrivals), renders it impossible to extend our instructions further in the present chapter.

TO OUR "FRENCH" CORRESPONDENTS.

GIUSEPPE.—You say that you did not know, when you first wrote to us, that the signature of *l'homme pauvre et petit* was objectionable; which is as much as to insinuate that because we did not give a special answer to some queries in your letter, you have discovered that we despise your signature. You show a rash and gratuitous readiness, which we have little deserved, to impute to us motives which we hold in abhorrence, and which have never been ours. We have been constantly actuated by very different feelings; and we are sure that very few of our readers, if any, will be able to understand such a mode of construing what we do. Giuseppe should reflect that each signature inserted in these answers represents a letter, and often a long letter. In the midst of a great press of business, it is surely possible for us to have made the mistake of a *c* for an *s* in handing so many initials to the printer; nor is it even impossible for such a transposition to occur in the very act of the printing itself. It is really too bad to suppose that so natural an error should arise from some violent antipathy which we *must* have conceived against *l'homme pauvre et petit*. If he will be so good as to tell us once more what information he desires from us, we will try to satisfy him quite as readily, and, truth to tell, much more readily, than if he were *l'homme le plus riche de l'Angleterre*.

Additional prize exercises have been received from C. E—e, from Geo. M—n, from J. H. Mc—n, from Jos. O—y (we know nothing of the article signed *Pauvre Ecolier*), from Beta, from R—n S—th, from A—d C—k, from L. M. N., from Otho, from Jn. T—r, from Jn. M—ll, from Wm. E—e, from Wm. G. O—r, from J. K—t, from Wm. Ch—n, from A. U. A—n, from Ja. R—s, from T. G. R., from G. C. R., from Ch. W—n, from Ths. A—s, from L. B—w, from H. C—ll, from Jn. G—r, from Jos. T—s, from A—w F—s, from Jn. Mi. (again), from Jas. W—d, from W—r M—n, from J. W. H. S., from M. O., from S. W—k—n, from W. J. W—s, from Th. H—d, from Geo. J—d, from R. S. A—n, from D. H—y, from Saml. A., from E. M—n; an exercise in a French letter, without any signature, from Hull; from E. F. S—n, from S. G—y, from R. T—r, from A. B. P—n, from Al. P—e, from Jn. L—s., from *Une Filandière*, from J. H. C—d, from R. P—r, from "Macd," from Jn. F. C—n, from W. S. S S. B., from W. H—d, from B—n H—s, from R. P—r, from H. J. B—y, from T. St—t, from *Anti* (in Burnley, Lancashire), from W. H—k, from Jn. Th—n, Ja. P—e, from Ev. G—ths, from Ja. S—th, from R. G—n, from E. F—r, from E. R—r, from M. P. E., from G. P—tt, from Jn. B—r, from Jean (2), from Jn. W—r, from Y. Y. Y. (2), from Hen. M., from H. P. P., from Samuel N., from Jn. C—p, from C. P. P., from G—n L—s, from W—r P—t (2), from Jos. K—n, from Geo. R—r, from J. C. E—n, from J. H. B—ll; from some one at Glasgow, whose signature begins with an L; from J. Kn., from Geo. B. C—n, from R. B—s, July 5 (translation of the advertisement almost wholly correct: *précis historique*, however, means "historic summary," not "precise history"); from T. W—y; from *Guillaume, apprenti de tailleur*; from Fred. A—s (who, having begun with us, tells us he can now make out any French book); from T. N. M., from R—h B., from J. W. E. W., from D. W., from Crispin, from J. L—m; from T—s B—y, from W. L—r; [we do not remember to have received "E. P.'s" exercise from Exeter, unless it be identical with some one of those acknowledged already], from Jos. C—ll, July 3; from C. W. W., July; from Jn. M—n, Perthshire; from J. K—n (second); from J. D. P—g, from Essayez, who is inadmissible among the competitors; from *Un Garçon*, from J. V—ls (second); from *La Fille d'un Prolétaire*, from Jn. B—s, from C. P. B., from "A Tyro," from A. B—r, from J. Y. Pro—y, from Ja. C—d, from B. P—ps, from F. W. S—o; from H. W., from W. H. S., from W. G. R—d, from X. Y. Z., from W. S—p, from S—t S—s, from Wm. H—k, from S. G. K—ry, Stepney; from T. S. A. (second), Oxford; from St. A—n, from R. G. H., from Jn. F—y, Glasgow; from Phil. Anthr., from Hen. M., from Jn. G—r, July 4; from Jacques L—tte, from W. C—r, jun.; from H. C—ge, from H. L—e, July 4, from T. H. N—n, from J. K—n, from Th. S—[illegible] from G—s H—r, from J. C., Belfast; from Fr. H—n, from A. C. N. (whose

English article has been consigned by us to the proper editors); from A. H., July 4; from C. B—d, from J. W—ns, from J. B—y, from J. T—ms, July 4—from Th. H—d, July 5; from James D—d, from Wm. M—t, from Artifex, who is not admissible; from R—n Sm., July 5; from A. K. E., from R. D—n, from *Un Manœuvre*, Newcastle; from D—y L—k, from Geo. T—y—r, July 5; from — R, from J—z V—t B—y, from Th. F—g—d (did he begin with us?); from Henri Toujours, from *Un Jeune Homme*, from Jn. P—t, from J. M—er, July 4; from An. R—y, from R. St—le, from S—y L—b, from Jn. T—r, jun., July 5; from Jn. W—r, July 5; from Th. C. G—g, *un garçon;* from J. S—rt, from E—n L—s, from J. E—ns, from W. J—s, from B—n B—n, from Geo. H—b, from M—k S—r, from Th. St—ll, from W. P. C. D., July 4; from Geo. W—t, from R. M. B—t, from W. P. E. H. D. Y., from Wm. N—n (English, July); from *Ignotus*, from Jac. Lav., July 5; from E. R. and J. F., same place, Leeds; from Ed. Stolt, who is, we think, inadmissible; from S. H—d, jun.; from "Short of Time," R. H.; from E. M—n, from "A Welchman," from J. H. A. H., who is inadmissible; from Wm. C—n, from Alpha, from Alf. D—s, from Al. D—g, from J. T. S., from Ja. G—y, from J. G. C. M., from Jn. H—t, from Wm. C., Kilmarnock; from Ch. C—e, from D—d T—m, from Geo. Fred. B., of B—n; from W. Ro—e, Beds, last admissible day; from *Un Garçon, E.* (even justice will be dealt out to all); from Mary (*the French only*); from Anne Louise, from Hen. H—y, from Fred. Ma., July 7 (DU); from Geo. Mc. A., from Joseph C. R, from A Shoemaker, whose surname we cannot decipher, care of Mr. T. S—t, Edinburgh; from T. K—e, from R. R—es, from John Mi., last day; from J. S. B., West of Yorkshire; from J. H., operative potter, Staff.; John W—n; from Alf. Pow., from Th. P. B., from Mary, a servant (the English. Can this be the fellow exercise of the above?); from W. H. L—w, from Th. Sp—t, French only, last day; Edward W—n.

E. E. BRAD.—Thanks for your polite and most appreciating letter. It may seem hard to you for one person to attend, with the success which happily has marked these instructions, to the multiplicity of intricate details involved in them. But at least, unity of design and harmony of effect can be obtained only thus; and, in his own line, many a member of the working classes performs wonders quite as great.

TH. S—T.—"Is this," you ask, "the least wonder of this age of wonders, that it possesses a French class numbering some thousands of pupils, who are scattered over several hundred miles of country, taught by an invisible master—one with whose name, even, we are unacquainted—for the small charge of one penny per week each?" It may not be "the least," but we do hope that a still greater will be seen in the *result* of the works with which we hope to continue in a far larger degree the advantages as well as the interest of these lessons. We have only laid the foundation; the superstructure is to come. We may here, however, remark, as an answer to queries, almost numberless, which have poured in upon us from all quarters, that, before the first of those books can appear, we must despatch the business and adjust the various claims and merits connected with those prize exercises which have at the present moment a clear title to our undivided attention.

Any correspondents to whom we do not directly reply, will surely, in consideration of existing circumstances, hold us acquitted of all intentional discourtesy.

PLAIT-IL.—We perceive already so much excellence in a far greater number of exercises than we had dared to expect, that the proprietor of the WORKING MAN'S FRIEND has determined to enlarge the number of the intended prizes, which will be awarded, however, in due graduated proportion. Means will also be adopted of acknowledging and of marking the progress of those who, without having entitled themselves to a prize—a reward which would lose its value were it not restricted to the very highest class of evinced ability—shall nevertheless have proved, even in an inferior degree, that they have laid solid foundations for their new acquirement.

JAMES D—D.—Elsewhere we acknowledge your prize exercise. There is little danger of any imposition taking place, for, as you observe (independently of the direct precautions which we take), the publicity we shall give to the names of the successful competitors would lead to a subsequent publicity of a less agreeable kind, in case of any unfair dealing, such as would be surely exposed by people in their own localities.

We have not time now to answer numberless individual inquiries about our forthcoming reading-work. It will, of course, contain many advantages over these Lessons.

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

s. noun-substantive; *a.* adjective; *ad.* adverb; *v.* verb; *v. a.* verb-active; *v. n.* verb-neuter.

DEMUR'RER, *s.* (in law) a pause or stop put to any action or suit, upon a legal objection raised, which must be determined by the court prior to any further proceedings being had therein.

DEMY', *s.* a kind of paper so called; the name distinguishes *the size* only; *printing* demy is about 18 inches by 22.

DEN'DRACHATE, *s.* agate marked with the figures of shrubs or trees.

DEN'DROLITE, *s.* a petrified shrub or leaf.

DENDROL'OGY, *s.* the natural history of trees.

DENDROM'ETER, *s.* an instrument for measuring trees.

DEN'IZEN, *s.* a citizen, a freeman, a natural born subject; an alien who obtains letters patent to effect his naturalisation, and thereby enjoys the right of purchasing and devising land. He is, however, excluded from all offices of trust, civil and military, and is incapable of holding a seat in Parliament, &c.

DENOUEMENT', *s.* (French) a discovery; the finishing or winding up of the plot of a drama.

DENSE, *a.* close, compact, almost solid.

DEN'TAL, *a.* relating to the teeth.

DEN'TALITE, *s.* a kind of fossil shell.

DEN'TATE, DEN'TATED, *a.* toothed, notched.

DENTIC'ULATED, *a.* having small teeth or notches.

DEN'TIFRICE, *s.* a powder or composition for cleansing the teeth.

DENTI'TION, *s.* the act of breeding the teeth.

DEN'TIST, *s.* a tooth doctor.

DEN'TOID, *a.* of the shape of teeth.

DEOB'STRUENT, *s.* any aperient medicine; a medicine which removes intestinal obstructions.

DE'ODAND, *s.* literally "*given to God.*" The term is applied to anything forfeited to the King; originally intended to be applied to pious purposes.

DEOX'YGENATE, *v. a.* to deprive of oxygen.

DEPAR'TURE, *s.* a nautical term for the number of miles which a ship has sailed east or west.

DEPHLOGIS'TICATE, *v. a.* to deprive of phlogiston, or inflammability.

DEPICT', *v. a.* to paint, to pourtray.

DEPIL'ATORY, *s.* any application which removes hair from the human skin.

DEPLE'TION, *s.* the act of emptying out, or from.

DEPLOY', *v. a.* (a military term) to spread wide; to extend, in a line of small depth, an army, division, or battalion, which has been previously formed in one or more columns.

DEPO'LARISE, *v. a.* to deprive of tendency to the pole.

DEPO'NENT, *s.* a witness on oath; in *grammar*, such verbs as have no active voice.

DEPORTA'TION, *s.* transportation, exile.

DEPO'SE, *v.* to degrade; to divest; to attest.

DEPOS'IT, *s.* a thing laid up as a pledge; a pledge; a security given. The term *deposits* is used in reference to matter lodged in certain places; thus *alluvial deposits* are earths and other matters, carried by the motion of water and lodged in the beds of rivers, or imbedded in the earth; *chemical deposits* are the settlements of certain substances dissolved in fluids.

DEPOSI'TION, *s.* the act of giving public testimony; depriving a prince of sovereignty.

DEPO'T, *s.* a place in which stores or other articles are deposited.

DEPUTA'TION, *s.* a person or persons appointed to represent others, to state their opinions and wishes, and to act on their behalf.

DEP'UTY, *s.* anyone that transacts business for another; a substitute; a viceroy.

DER'ELICT, *a.* utterly forsaken; in *law*, goods relinquished by the owner. Land which the sea has left is called derelict; land and ships forsaken at sea are derelicts.

DERIVA'TION, *s.* a tracing a thing from its original.

DERM'AL, *a.* pertaining to the skin.

DERMES'TES, *s.* insects which feed on leather, and are destructive of the binding of books.

DER'NIER, *a.* (French) the last, the only remaining.

DER'VIS, DER'VISE, *s. derwish* is a Persian word, which signifies poor, indigent; and a dervise is a religious mendicant, hermit, or any one who retires from social life in order to devote himself entirely to religious contemplation; a Turkish priest; a fakir.

DESCANT', *v. n.* to discourse at large.

DESCEND'ANT, *s.* the offspring of an ancestor.

DESCENSO'RIUM, *s.* a chemical furnace.

DESCENT', *s.* in English law, is the act by which, on the death of the owner of an inheritance, without making any deposition thereof, it is cast upon another as an heir.

DESHABIL'LE, *s.* (French) an undress; a morning or working dress.

DESIC'CATE, *v. a.* to dry up, to exhale.

DESIDERA'TUM, *s.* that which is desirable.

DESI'GN, *s.* in the fine arts a design is a figure traced in outline, without any relief expressed by light and shade; also, a sketch in water colour, in which the relief, or shade, is expressed by Indian ink, Sepia, or Bistre, or clothed in its proper colours. The term expresses, also, that combination of invention and purpose which enables the artist to compose a picture or a group in clay, or on canvas or paper. An architectural design consists of the plan, elevation, and section of a building, besides others of details, or parts at large.

DES'POT, *s.* an absolute prince; one that governs with unlimited authority.

DES'POTISM, *s.* absolute power, tyranny.

DESUDA'TION, *s.* a profuse sweating.

DES'UETUDE, *s.* the disuse or discontinuance of any custom or practice.

DES'ULTORY, *a.* unsettled, unconnected.

DETACH'MENT, *s.* a body of troops disengaged from the main body, and sent off for some particular purpose.

DETAIL', *s.* a minute and particular relation of any circumstance, operation, or design.

DETEN'EBRATE, *v. a.* to dispel darkness.

DETER'GENT, *a.* cleansing, purging.

DETERIORA'TION, *s.* the state of growing worse.

DETERRA'TION, *s.* the discovery of anything by removal of the earth.

DETER'SION, *s.* the act of cleansing.

DET'INUE, *s.* (in law) a writ or action that lies against anyone who has had goods delivered him to keep, and who refuses to give them up.

DETONA'TION, *s.* the noise which happens on mixing fluids that ferment with violence, or when certain powders explode in consequence of friction or pressure—hence called *detonating powders.*

DETOR'TION, *s.* a wresting from the true import.

DETOUR', *s.* (French) a turning, a way-about.

[illegible]'DE, *v. a.* to thrust down, to lower.

DETRUN'CATE, *a.* to lop, to cut.

DEUTEROG'AMY, *s.* a second marriage.

DEUTERON'OMY, *s.* the name given to th fifth book of Moses in the Holy Bible, a which contains a *second* account, or re pitulation of the law, the word being d rived from two Greek words, signifyi *second* and *law.*

DEVEL'OPMENT, *s.* the name given to t process by which any mathematical expre sion is changed into another of equivale value or meaning, and of more expand form.

DEVI'CE, *s.* a contrivance; in the *fi arts*, a device means a motto, emblem, other mark by which the nobility, gentr and others, were distinguished at tourn ments.

DEVI'SE, *s.* anything bequeathed by wil *v.* to give by will.

DEVOIR', *s.* (French) service, duty; a act of compliance or obsequiousness.

DEVOLU'TION, *s.* the act of rolling dow

DEVOTEE', *s.* one greatly devoted; t term is generally employed to describe bigot, or one superstitiously devoted to a object.

DEW, *s.* the moisture which, when t surface of the ground is colder than t atmosphere, is deposited from the air, in t form of minute particles, on the surfaces bodies in contact with it.

DEW'LAP, *s.* the flesh hanging from t throats of the ox tribe, seen especially the Zebu and the Brahmin bull.

DEX'TER, DEX'TRAL, *a.* the right, or the right hand or side, as the *dexter po* in heraldry.

DEY, *s.* the title of a Moorish prince.

DIA'BLERIE, *s.* (French) devilry; inca tation; *hocus pocus.*

DIAC'ONAL, *a.* of or belonging to t office of a deacon.

DIACOUS'TIC, *a.* pertaining to the scie or doctrine of refracted sounds.

DIADELPH'IAN, *a.* (in botany) having t stamens united into bodies.

DI'ADEM, *s.* the frontlet worn by kin and princes, made of various materials, a variously ornamented.

DIÆ'RESIS, *s.* a disjunction of syllab where a diphthong occurs.

DI'ADROM, *s.* the time in which the vib tion of a pendulum is performed.

DIAGNOS'TIC, *s.* a symptom by whic particular disease is distinguished.

DIAG'ONAL, *s.* a line drawn to the op site corners of a square, or right li figures.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.
[VOL. VII.—No. 82.—SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1851.]

THE PEACE CONGRESS AND THE WORKING CLASSES.

THERE has been an idea of very ancient date, that to sustain the honour of an individual or of a country you must fight a duel or wage a war. Hence boxing, using the fist, the pistol, the sword, or the cannon, have long been popular; and to give an enemy, or supposed enemy, "a *good* beating," as it was called, to maim him for life, or lay him dead on the field, was considered the most glorious of our deeds. The common bully boasted of it in the pothouse, the squire in the mansion, and the lord in the castle; and the country gave its highest rewards to the men who had shed most blood. Heroes have always been very expensive articles. What a deal of treasure and blood Marlborough, Nelson, and Wellington have cost us. Howard put us to no expense; so great is the difference between warriors and philanthropists. We have reason to believe, however, that the nation is becoming wiser, and that people begin to see that there are more honourable things than bludgeons, bayonets, blunderbusses, broken heads, bleeding carcasses, or slaughtered bodies. Christianity told us long ago that to forgive an injury was more noble, valiant, courageous, and godlike, than to avenge it; and that if we wanted to slay our foes, the best way was to kill them with kindness, and thus destroy their enmity, and convert them into friends.

"COURAGE" means to "*act with heart;*" but we never could see anything but *heartlessness* in murder or revenge, while patience and forgiveness exhibit the highest and most godlike courage. In the prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us," we make ourselves, as it were, an example for the Deity to follow, and thus intimate that to pardon offences is a manifestation of magnanimity which the Creator may follow, and in doing so would greatly advance his own glory. We fear that our prayers and our practice have been strangely at the antipodes to each other; for while we have prayed many times on the Sabbath to be forgiven as we forgive, we have shown but little of that mercy which we have called upon the Almighty to imitate. If the Eternal should only be *as* merciful to us as we have been to others, we fear that the destiny of many would not be very hopeful. We have a great work to do before the true honour and religion of the nation can be vindicated, and it will require years of mercy and benevolence to obliterate the stain of cruelty and blood which our wars have left upon us as a people who have delighted in the sword. It is one consolation that, while wars are dear, humanity and benevolence are cheap, and literally cost nothing; and therefore we have some hope that the national debt which the former have created, and the national bankruptcy into which the standing armies on the Continent are plunging the governments, will soon leave them no other choice but the economy of justice, liberty, philanthropy, and peace. It is a comfort to reflect that national honour can be sustained and defended without spending a penny. Neither bayonets nor artillery of any kind are needed. Kindness, mercy, and love—graces that give rather than take—that enrich rather than impoverish—are the only powers that we require to ennoble our country and the world.

The "PEACE CONGRESS," held on the 22nd of July and following days, has suggested these remarks, and we insert them here because we feel assured that the question of universal peace must be supported by the masses before it can triumph. As soon as the people take up the cause, and refuse to fight, there will be an end

of war. If Lord John Russell, Viscount Palmerston, Colonel Sibthorp, Mr. Disraeli, and all the bishops, clergy, and dissenting ministers who advocate war, had had to become common soldiers, and to go out and fight the Kaffirs, we should never have heard of the pranks of Sir Harry Smith. It is because governments calculate on the folly, depravity, and inhumanity of the working classes, that they venture to be insolent, unjust, and cruel. They suppose that in our fields and workshops there is a store of unthinking viciousness and malignity which can at any time be bribed, demoralised, and sent abroad to slay and be slain, and thus earn laurels for dukes and lords!! But let them once know that those who proclaim war must *themselves* fight out the battle; and cabinets, premiers, and privy councils will soon become as peaceable as lambs. Instead of negotiating *after* rivers of blood have been shed, they will then negotiate *first*, and thus save all the expense and carnage of military expeditions.

We have a firm conviction that when this matter is duly considered, our operatives will not only refuse to be the tools of tyrants, to fight their battles, but will also determine to manufacture no warlike instruments. Depend upon it, that it is not only a cruel but an unprofitable trade to make swords, daggers, pistols, or guns. These implements are intended to slay men who might be our customers, or, if they do not assassinate them, to convert them into implacable enemies. Before long the manufacturer of a bayonet will reflect upon its use, and become so shocked at his own cruelty, that he will drop the hammer from his hand, and flee from such a vile occupation, preferring poverty or exile to the worse than fiendish employment of constructing the instruments of death. We can imagine that he will thus reason with himself:—

"For what am I toiling at the forge and the anvil? What is the destiny of this piece of steel on which I am bestowing so much labour? Am I a man, and is it a fact that, for the sake of a little gain, I am producing a murderous weapon, to aid the barbarian in his savage rage, the tyrant in his attack upon the rights of my brethren, and the plunderer in his villany in devastating fields and cities, in pillaging houses, in making wives widows, children orphans, and in reducing the innocent and the harmless to poverty and want? Is it true that to me the savage, the despot, the slaveholder, the thief, the cowardly assassin, and, in a word, all the most cruel, base, inhuman, and malignant of mankind, look with complacency as the worse than demon who is to aid them in all their hellish machinations against the property, the persons, the rights, the liberties, and the happiness of their species? Am I elaborating an instrument which is to pierce the heart of a brother, give his body to the dogs, and send his soul unprepared into the presence of his Judge? What a cursed occupation is mine! Heaven frowns on it, Humanity blushes at it, Justice condemns it, and Mercy execrates it. And shall I—a man, a Saxon, a Christian—thus sell myself to be the tool of tyrants, the accomplice of savages, and the auxiliary of thieves and midnight murderers? No! Let my arm drop from its shoulder-blade, let my right hand forget her cunning, let the bread and water of poverty be my fare, rather than I should hire myself out for such purposes, or devote my muscles and mental powers to the execrable work of manufacturing the weapons of death!"

Our working men and women have the most powerful motives for setting their faces against war and standing armies.

I. War is the origin of our National Debt. Our fathers borrowed money

that they might have the means of carrying on these wars, and we have to pay for their folly and cruelty. Here we have a remarkable illustration of the truth of that text which says that GOD will "visit the sins of the fathers upon their children to the third and fourth generations." This threatening does not mean that the children have to answer for the crimes of their parents, or that they are actually punished in the stead of their fathers; but it assures us that the *effects*, or *natural consequences*, of the sins of fathers and mothers will remain to scourge their offspring; and of this we have an impressive example in our National Debt. Some talk of the prosperous time which the country enjoyed while we were at war, but they forget that we were then borrowing money which we have now to pay, the interest of which costs us TWENTY-EIGHT MILLIONS a year. People that borrow money and run in debt may seem to be very affluent and prosperous, but then there is a reckoning time. Some of our lords and dukes have lived most extravagantly, but their heirs have had to smart for it. This has been exactly the case with us; and the sins of our fathers will chastise their children to the third and fourth generation, or perhaps very much longer. Here, then, we have a greater lesson on the evils of military glory than any other nation has ever had. We are made to feel it in almost everything we buy or sell. We can hardly take a single step but the tax-gatherer, Excise or Custom-house officer meets us, and demands our money and impedes our movements: and this occurs because of our ruinous wars. Other countries are recovering from the mischief we did to them, but our National Debt remains, and will perhaps remain for ages, and especially burden those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow.

II. BUT FOR WAR OUR TAXES WOULD BE VERY TRIFLING. *Eighteen-pence* or *two shillings* a head per annum would amply meet every reasonable expense, and supply the monarch and all the necessary officers of State with munificent salaries; but we now pay annually about £2 12s. each person. These taxes press most heavily upon the working classes, and rob them of ten thousand comforts. Almost every quarter of the globe has drunk the bitter cup at our hands; but it has passed away from them, and has come round to us as a permanent beverage. Could we estimate all the woes we have inflicted by our wars on other nations, and then calculate the ills which English men and women have had to endure from the taxes which war has imposed upon them, it would be found that we have not been less cruel to our own brothers and sisters than to foreigners. Ask why the tax on *soap* is not removed? and you are answered with the National Debt. Ask, why *knowledge* is taxed, and the same National Debt stares you in the face, or the standing army manœuvres before your door; and inquire into what tax you may, you will have the same answer. Thus war has been, and still is, the Englishman's scourge. We seem to have the plagues of Egypt imitated again by our senatorial and political magicians, for we have crawling frogs, swarming flies, and locusts in abundance; while darkness and want, in the shape of taxes on light, knowledge, food, trade, and industry have slain our first-born by the thousand; and the greatest wonder is, that any nation has been able to sustain such aggravated visitations for so great a number of years. All these inflictions rest most heavily upon the men and women who make the wealth of the country, who have had nothing whatever to do with the origination of the wars, and who have participated none of their profits. The prizes are carried off by your Marlboroughs, Wellingtons, and their posterity, but the woes remain to afflict the artisans and labourers of the day.

We have much more to say on this subject, but we do not wish to make this paper tedious. We trust that the "*Peace Society*" will meet with universal sympathy from the masses. We were delighted equally in Brussels, Paris, and Frankfort to find that several operatives from England were present testifying their approbation of the movement. Most of them, we found, were Teetotalers, and therefore could afford the expense. Temperance men and women can live cheaply, can see a little of the world, and can sanction the benevolent institutions of the day. Let us only have the Peace principle in our workshops, and then we may bid farewell to wars, standing armies, heavy taxation, and the other ten thousand calamities that follow in the wake of the victor's progress and triumphs.

THE SPIRIT OF DISCONTENT.

"I WILL not stay in Lowell any longer; I am determined to give my notice this very day," said Ellen Collins, as the earliest bell was tolling to remind us of the hour for labour.

"Why, what is the matter, Ellen? It seems to me you have dreamed out a new idea! Where do you think of going? and what for?"

"I am going home, where I shall not be obliged to rise so early in the morning, nor be dragged about by the ringing of a bell, nor confined in a close noisy room from morning till night. I will not stay here; I am determined to go home in a fortnight."

Such was our brief morning's conversation.

In the evening, as I sat alone, reading, my companions having gone out to public lectures or social meetings, Ellen entered. I saw that she still wore the same gloomy expression of countenance, which had been manifested in the morning; and I was disposed to remove from her mind the evil influence, by a plain commonsense conversation.

"And so, Ellen," said I, "you think it unpleasant to rise so early in the morning, and be confined in the noisy mill so many hours during the day. And I think so, too. All this, and much more, is very annoying, no doubt. But we must not forget that there are advantages, as well as disadvantages, in this employment, as in every other. If we expect to find all sunshine and flowers in any situation in life, we shall most surely be disappointed. We are very busily engaged during the day; but then we have the evening to ourselves, with no one to dictate to, or control us. I have frequently heard you say, that you would not be confined to household duties, and that you dislike the millinery business altogether, because you could not have your evenings for leisure. You know that in Lowell we have schools, lectures, and meetings of every description, for moral and intellectuual improvement."

"All that is very true," replied Ellen, "but if we were to attend every public institution, and every evening-school which offers itself for our improvement, we might spend every farthing of our earnings, and even more. Then if sickness should overtake us, what are the probable consequences? Here we are, far from kindred and home; and if we have an empty purse, we shall be destitute of friends also."

"I do not think so, Ellen. I believe there is no place where there are so many advantages within the reach of the labouring class of people as exist here; where there is so much equality, so few aristocratic distinctions, and such good fellowship, as may be found in this community. A person has only to be honest, industrious, and moral, to secure the respect of the virtuous and good, though he may not be worth a dollar; while on the other hand, an immoral person, though he should possess wealth, is not respected."

"As to the morality of the place," returned Ellen, "I have no fault to find. I object to the constant hurry of everything. We cannot have time to eat, drink, or sleep; we have only thirty minutes, or at most three-quarters of an hour, allowed us, to go from our work, partake of our food, and return to the noisy clatter of machinery. Up before day at the clang of the bell—and out of the mill by the clang of the bell—into the mill, and at work, in obedience to that ding-dong of a bell—just as though we were so many living machines. I will give my notice to-morrow: go, I will—I won't stay here and be a white slave."

"Ellen," said I, "do you remember what is said of the bee, that it gathers

honey even in a poisonous flower? May we not, in like manner, if our hearts are rightly attuned, find many pleasures connected with our employment? Why is it, then, that you so obstinately look altogether on the dark side of a factory life? I think you thought differently while you were at home, on a visit, last summer—for you were glad to come back to the mill in less than four weeks. Tell me, now—why were you so glad to return to the ringing of the bell, the clatter of the machinery, the early rising, the half-hour dinner, and so on?"

I saw that my discontented friend was not in a humour to give me an answer—and I therefore went on with my talk.

"You are fully aware, Ellen, that a country life does not exlcude people from labour—to say nothing of the inferior privileges of attending public worship—that people have often to go a distance to meeting of any kind—that books cannot be so easily obtained as they can here—that you cannot always have just such society as you wish—that you"—

She interrupted me, by saying, "We have no bell, with its everlasting ding-dong."

"What difference does it make?" said I, "whether you should be awaked by a bell, or the noisy bustle of a farm-house? For, you know, farmers are generally up as early in the morning as we are obliged to rise."

"But then," said Ellen, "country people have none of the clattering of machinery dinning in their ears."

"True," I replied, "but they have what is worse—and that is, a dull, lifeless silence all around them. The hens may cackle sometimes, and the geese gabble, and the pigs squeal"——

Ellen's hearty laugh interrupted my description—and presently we proceeded, very pleasantly, to compare a country life with a factory life in Lowell. Her scowl of discontent had departed, and she was prepared to consider the subject candidly. We agreed, that since we must work for a living, the mill, all things considered, is the most pleasant, and best calculated to promote our welfare; that we will work diligently during the hours of labour; improve our leisure to the best advantage, in the cultivation of the mind,—hoping thereby not only to increase our own pleasure, but also to add to the happiness of those around us.—*Lowell Offering.*

THE CENSUS OF 1851.

From the passing of the Act of Parliament to take the census, up to the time of its publication, everybody was full of anxiety. All were impatient to know how many living souls there were in the land. This anxiety was quieted a few weeks ago by the appearance of a summary of the census, which tells the number of the people, and the number also of houses inhabited by them. In these days of electricity we are hardly justified in wondering at anything. But the collecting and publishing the information respecting the population on this occasion has been performed in such an incredibly short space of time that we are compelled to take some notice of it. Forty thousand enumerators were employed, each one being required to deliver a paper at every house in the district where he was appointed. He had then to collect these papers and arrange them in some kind of order, previous to transmission to the local registrar. In the local registrar's hands they went through some kind of collation, and were then passed on to the superintendent registrars, who carried them to the central office. The census papers were not in the central office before the 31st of May; and on the 17th of June the London newspapers published the information. The speed of this transaction is unparalleled. Fourteen working days were found sufficient to methodise and publish the information gleaned from sixty million printed returns! Nowhere else in the world could this be accomplished. The last census—1841—was nearly six months in being published after the information was collected. In France and America it takes twelve months to perform the same work—which in England can be done in fourteen days. It has been the habit to say of the Americans, they are a "go-ahead" people. What shall we say of Englishmen? The following is the official return:—

HOUSES AND POPULATION.

	1851 (31st March).					
	HOUSES.			POPULATION.		
	Inhabited.	Uninhabited.	Building.	Persons.	Males.	Females.
Great Britain and Islands in the British Seas ..	3,675,451	165,603	29,109	20,919,531	10,184,687	10,734,844
England and Wales	3,276,975	152,570	26,529	17,905,831	8,754,554	9,151,277
Scotland.....	376,650	11,956	2,378	2,870,784	1,363,622	1,507,162
Islands in the British Seas	21,826	1,077	202	142,916	66,511	76,405
London.....	307,722	16,889	4,817	2,263,141	1,104,356	1,258,785

NOTE.—The Army in Great Britain, and the Navy, Merchant Seamen, and other persons on board Vessels in the Ports, are included in the Return for 1851.

The population of Great Britain and the Islands in the British Seas (excluding Ireland) was, in

1841		1851
18,655,981	.....	20,919,531

Showing an increase in the ten years ended 31st March, 1851, of 1,263,550. We have to notice the fact that the rate of increase during the past ten years is less by 1½ per cent. than in the previous ten, 1831-41—the population in 1831 being 16,960,307. We will not at present stop to inquire into the cause of this tendency to go back, or remain stationary. When all the information respecting our population is published which the census will furnish us with, we may return to the subject. Our present object is merely to compare the house room at the command of the people now with what it was in 1841.

On the whole, then, we are inclined to think, whatever may be the circumstance tending to retard the growth of population, there is some appearance, in the latter half of the decade at least, that it is not to be attributed to a diminution in the requirements of the body. The inhabited houses were (allowing for the discrepancy in the Scotch returns in 1841) in

1841		1851
3,071,617	.....	3,675,451

Increase in 1851, 603,834 houses.

This shows that in 1841 there were, on an average, rather over six persons for each house; in 1851 the number is under 5¾ persons. From 1841 to 1844, if the truth could be arrived at, we should probably find that there were more uninhabited houses, and those inhabited more crowded than even in 1841, when the census was taken; as during those years the oppressiveness of the corn-laws, some ill-advised political riots, and a number of foolish strikes, unhoused vast numbers—more especially the coal miners in the north of England—of the population. The abrogation of the corn-laws by Sir Robert Peel, and the security it gave to capital employed in the wheat trade, together with increasing confidence in the Government, have doubtless been the means to a great extent of adding to the comforts of the people, and enabling them to diffuse themselves over a wider extent of country. The removal of the duty on bricks (lately come to pass), and the further extension of freehold and building societies, will work still greater good, though their full

benefits may not be accurately made known before another census is taken. England and Wales, as respects house room, are in a more favourable condition than Scotland and the Islands, as is shown by what follows :—

The population of England and Wales is 17,905,831 ; inhabited houses, 3,276,975, being nearly 5¼ persons to each house : Scotland, population, 2,870,784 ; inhabited houses, 376,650, being rather more than 7½ persons to each house : Islands in the British Seas, population, 142,916 ; inhabited houses, 21,826, being rather over 6½ persons to each house. London, taken singly, is precisely the same in this respect as Scotland, the population being 2,363,141 ; inhabited houses, 307,722, being rather over 7½ persons to each house. London may be taken as an index of all the large towns ; it being certain that they are all very much overcrowded, and that it is only in small towns, rural districts, and the suburbs of large towns, that the satisfactory scene is presented of only two, three, or four individuals inhabiting a single dwelling.

Cities and large towns, however, are the foci of every kind of civilisation ; civilised communities have always a tendency to increase population ; hence we find that London has increased twice as fast—414,772 persons in ten years, or about a third of the entire increase—as the rest of the kingdom, and Liverpool 50 per cent. The other large towns, when the entire census is published, will doubtless show a like increase, while it will be seen that many of the rural districts have remained stationary, and some even receded.

The appearance of the census is one of the most solemn lessons that a nation can be taught. In it the people can see their numerical strength, and the social position they hold in the country. When a people have a tendency to retardation in their numbers (as is shown to be slightly the case at present), it is a certain fact that there is something bad in society, and it is the duty of the people to set about eradicating the evil. A restricted supply of food is one prime cause of the diminution in the population of a kingdom. This cause was actively at work in England from 1838 almost down to 1848, when corn assumed a reasonable price, at which it has since continued. And it is during the past three years that most of the prosperity observable now has taken place ; and possibly during that time the increase observable in the population received its greatest impetus, probably to the extent of three-fourths of the entire increase. The peaceful pursuit of industry, and moral force in seeking legislative changes in the government, are the best means to increase the material wealth of the country. And who can doubt these are also the best means to elevate the social position of the people ?

For the information of curious people we append the population of the kingdom from 1801 to 1851, and the increase per cent. between each ten years :—

Population in		Increase per cent.
1801	10,820,400	—
1811	12,386,400	15·11
1821	14,353,800	14·11
1831	16,960,307	14 90
1841	18,655,981	13·39
1851	20,919,531	12·00

Patent Rat-trap.—The journal of the Franklin Institute contains the specifications of a patented rat-trap. This improved model of body-snatching is as follows :—"A savoury piece of toasted cheese is suspended on a hook. Enter rat. A small mirror is so adjusted that the rat sees his shadow in the glass (just as Richard did), and, not recognising himself at first sight, thinks that some other rat is aiming for the cheese. He rushes in to head off his rival. The board he treads on is a deceiver. It is supported by a weak spring, which yields under his weight, and precipitates him into a lower story of the trap, when the floor flies up to resume its place. Another rat comes along, sees the reflection of his predecessor as well as his own, and thinks two rats are fighting for the cheese. In he goes, down he goes, and so on, *toties quoties*."

THE SHOEMAKERS.

By Whittier.

Ho! workers of the old time, styled
The gentle craft of leather!
Young brothers of the ancient guild,
Stand forth once more together!
Call out again your long array,
In the olden merry manner!
Once more on gay St. Crispin's day,
Fling out your blazoned banner!

Rap, rap! upon the well-worn stone
How falls the polished hammer!
Rap, rap! the measured sound has grown
A quick and merry clamour.
Now shape the sole; now deftly curl
The glossy vamp around it,
And bless the while the bright-eyed girl
Whose gentle fingers bound it!

For you, along the Spanish main
A hundred keels are ploughing;
For you, the Indian on the plain
His lasso-coil is throwing;
For you, deep glens with hemlock dark
The woodman's fire is lighting;
For you, upon the oak's gray bark,
The woodman's axe is smiting.

For you, from Carolina's pine
The resin-gum is stealing!
For you, the dark-eyed Florentine
Her silken skein is reeling;
For you, the dizzy goat-herd roams
His rugged Alpine ledges;
For you, round all her shepherd homes
Bloom England's thorny hedges.

The foremost still, by day or night,
On moated mound or heather,
Where'er the need of trampled right
Brought toiling men together;
Where the free burghers from the wall
Defied the mail-clad master,
Than yours, at Freedom's trumpet call,
No craftsmen rallied faster.

Let foplings and let fools deride—
Ye heed no idle scorner;
Free hands and hearts are still your pride,
And duty done, your honour.

Ye dare to trust, for honest fame,
The jury Time empannels,
And leave to truth each noble name
Which glorifies your annals.

Thy songs, Han Sachs, are living yet,
In strong and hearty German;
And Bloomfield's lay, and Gifford's wit,
And patriot fame of Sherman;
Still from his book, a mystic seer,
The soul of Behmen teaches,
And England's priestcraft shakes to hear
Of Fox's leather breeches!

The foot is yours; where'er it falls
It treads your well-wrought leather—
On earthen floors, in marble halls,
On carpet, or on heather.
Still there the sweetest charm is found
Of matron grace or vestal's,
As Hebe's foot bore rich nectar round
Among the old celestials!

Rap, rap! your stout and bluff brogan,
With footsteps slow and weary,
May wander where the sky's blue span
Shuts down upon the prairie.
On beauty's foot your slipper's glance,
By Saratoga's fountains,
Or twinkle down the summer dance
Beneath the crystal mountains!

The red brick to the mason's hand
The brown earth to the tiller's,
The shoe in yours shall wealth command,
Like fairy Cinderella's!
As they who shunned the household maid
Beheld the crown upon her,
So all shall see your toil repaid
With hearth and home and honour.

Then let the toast be freely quaffed,
In water cool and brimming—
"All honour to the good old craft,
Its merry men and women!"
Call out again your long array
In the old times pleasant manner;
Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,
Fling out its blazoned banner!

Bad Books are like ardent spirits; they furnish neither aliment nor medicine; they are poison. Both *intoxicate*—one the body, the other the mind. The thirst for each increases by being fed, and is never satisfied. Both *ruin*—one the intellect, and the other the health, and together the soul. The makers and venders of each are equally guilty, and equally corrupters of the community, and the safeguard against each is the same—*total abstinence* from all that intoxicates mind or body.

THE WISE MAN'S EYES.

A DISCOURSE* DELIVERED IN EBENEZER INDEPENDENT CHAPEL, DEWSBURY, JUNE 8, 1851. By EDWARD H. WEEKS,

Minister of the Chapel, at the request, and before the members, of the Dewsbury District of the National Society of Odd Fellows, and respectfully dedicated to all the members of the society.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE following discourse was delivered, not to get fame, but to do good; it is published with the same design. It aims to be a clear and common-sense exposition of the principles contained in the passage selected as the text. It touches on a variety of topics that are generally shut out from pulpit addresses, yet topics which the writer humbly thinks Ministers would do well sometimes to introduce. The sanitary condition or bodily health—the character—the present comfort and prosperity of the working men of this country, should not be overlooked by religious teachers. On these matters he has dwelt a little; in the course of delivery he occasionally amplified them beyond what is here published. The writer employs "market language," not because he could not with ease have selected high-flown, eloquent words, but because these too often tickle the ear, whilst they do not strike the heart, or stick in the memory; besides, his Master, the Lord JESUS CHRIST, by simple parables, and strength of utterance, taught the common people, who heard him gladly; and his Master's chief servant, the Apostle Paul, even in the audience of the polished Corinthians, "used great plainness of speech." The discourse, therefore, taking this ground, neither courts nor fears criticism; it is respectfully dedicated to that class for whom it was prepared, and all the preacher asks is, that its truths, in their popular and homely dress, may have all the candid attention and close consideration their intrinsic merits deserve.

A DISCOURSE, &c.

MY RESPECTED FRIENDS,—It affords me much pleasure to meet you; but before I begin my address, may I say a word. I take it for granted you love what is fair between man and man; if so, I believe you will oblige me with *two* things. *First:* As I cheerfully yielded to your request to preach before the Odd Fellows of this district, so you will now cheerfully and attentively listen: this is but fair, and I ask it, because an afternoon is often a drowsy and profitless time for hearing. *Secondly:* As it is not fair to judge of the workman's skill on a piece of work till it is finished, so I beg of you not to judge of my discourse till I have done. Besides, I shall prove what I say from the principles laid down in your rules—a copy of which was lent me. I shall speak to you, *not* as to *children, but* as to *men*—shrewd, sagacious, intelligent, and able to judge as well as myself; and further, I promise not to keep you here too long.

My text is short, striking, and easily remembered.

ECCLESIASTES II., 14th VERSE.—"THE WISE MAN'S EYES ARE IN HIS HEAD."

Wisdom and knowledge are different things. Some men have much knowledge and little wisdom. Many have a great deal of Greek and Latin lore, and college learning, who yet are mere babes in common business matters. But college learning, or great knowledge, is not to be despised; it trains and strengthens the mind. Lord Bacon says "Knowledge is power;" and a wiser than he, even Solomon, declared, in this true old book, the Bible, more than two thousand years before, that, "A wise man is strong; yea, a man of knowledge increases strength." The difference between knowledge and wisdom is like the difference between flour in the sack and bread on the table—between gold in the mine and gold from the mint, in the shape of current coin. The flour must be baked, and the gold must be coined and used, to do good; so knowledge, which is a capital thing, must be *rightly* used, and this is wisdom. The wise man is the man who rightly uses what knowledge he has got, be it little or much; and, says Solo-

* A religious "discourse," or sermon, may seem to some out of place in THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND;" but there is so much in the discourse now before the reader, of a practical character,—so many hints and advices connected with health and comfort, individual and domestic—to say nothing of higher considerations, that we give it a place in our INSTRUCTOR without the least hesitation.

mon, "The wise man's eyes are in his head." Now, where else should they be? Yet they are not always there—for he tells us in the book of Proverbs, "The eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth." Some men are like *moles;* they never see a foot before them. Some men are like *horses* with blinkers on; they never see anything but what is in their old line of road; they are the same at seventy as at seventeen. Some men are like *hares;* their eyes so stand out, that they see *before* them, *behind* them, and *all round* about them. Some men are like *eagles;* they see a long way *above* them with a keen, strong, piercing vision. I shall never forget the sagacious remark of an old minister to me when I was very young. He said, "Young man, keep your eyes open in going through the world; some go through in a mourning coach with the blinds down—they are never the wiser when they get to the grave. Some go through it as in a railway carriage at express speed—they just get a glimpse of passing things, but that is all; they know nothing thoroughly. But others go leisurely through, like outside stage passengers of the olden time, they calmly survey surrounding objects; they have their eyes, and use them." The wise man's eyes are in his head. Now, the wise man is the man of practical common sense, and common sense is of all sense the scarcest and most uncommon. I think you will confess this before I have done. Then observe; the wise man uses his eyes to look after *three* things:—*The wise man's eyes are in his head to look after the health of his body.—To watch over his circumstances.—To take care of his soul.*

I. "THE WISE MAN'S EYES ARE IN HIS HEAD," TO LOOK AFTER THE HEALTH OF HIS BODY. He no more likes a weak and crazy body, than he would like to live in an old, rotten, tumble-down house, that every wind shook, and every storm flooded. "A healthy mind in a healthy body" is his motto. Yet most men are ignorant of the structure of their body, with its machinery so complicated, wonderful, and delicate, surpassing the utmost efforts of human wisdom fully to understand, or human skill to form. The majority of working men know more of their chests of tools, their scribbling machines, their power-looms, their steam engines, than about their bones, nerves, and sinews, their hands, head, eyes, and feet. They have great faith in their doctors, as if the study of that microcosm, that little world—their bodies—formed no part of their business, when a few pence laid out on the purchase of a cheap, popular, and correct work on Physiology, and a few spare hours devoted to its study, would save them from being at the mercy of any medical quack, and lead them to have confidence in clever medical men.

"The wise man's eyes are in his head"—to know that his body requires *air*, pure and good, to keep his lungs and his blood all right; *he* will not choose to live in those filthy holes, and back settlements, and crowded lanes and alleys, where fever flourishes, and the cholera has its conquests. He knows it is best to pay a higher rent for an open, healthy place, where the *air*, the food of the lungs, is fresh and wholesome; and where his family will need more flour and less physic, for the latter is the dearer thing of the two.

"The wise man's eyes are in his head"—to know that his body requires *water*—plenty of the sweetest both inside and out, to keep the blood bright, the pores open, and the skin pure: cleanliness is not only next to godliness, but a part of it. The Bible says, we are to approach GOD with "our bodies washed with pure water," as well as "our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience."

The wise man knows his body's health requires *exercise*; but I need not dwell on this, for working men usually get their share, if it be not always of the right sort.

The wise man's eyes look after his *clothing*. He knows in this changing climate of ours he needs to be well clad, lest colds, consumption, and rheumatism come: and prefers seeing himself and wife and children well attired, to seeing the publican's family dressing smart at his expense.

The wise man's eyes look after his *food*. He knows that if working men have plain food—and that is best—they should have the best of that; not the tainted pieces of meat, the offal, and bones, the fag-ends, which the drunkard's wife buys up at twelve o'clock on Saturday nights; or carries home, hid under her apron, on Sunday morning. "The wise man's eyes are in his head;" if he has but *little* to eat, he will have it *good*. Lastly, here, above all, the wise man's eyes are open as to what he *drinks*. He will not make his body an ale barrel or a wine cask. He studies the *philosophy* of the thing; and a labouring man is a shrewd philosopher. He asks himself: Is stimulation strength? Does a spur in the horse's side do him so much good as a feed of corn? He studies, too, the *physiology* and *economy* of the thing. He asks himself: What *real* good will the drink do me; and what is its *cost*? Just fancy the wise man, with his eyes in the right place, meditating over a gallon of sixteenpenny ale. Now, says he, in *quantity* here are *eight* pints; but eight pints of what? Why, *seven* pints of dirty water, half a pint of fiery spirit called alcohol, and

half a pint of thick gluey substance, which, when dry, looks like cobbler's-wax, and would make me vomit if I tried to taste. And how much does this trash cost? Why, says he, the publican would charge me sixteenpence, and in this gallon there is not more than five pennyworth of hops and barley, together with other stuff, the brewer's doctor knows what. Now half of this barley goes for grains to the pigs and horses. Then, says he, there is about twopence-halfpenny *duty* to the Government, and eightpence-halfpenny at least the brewer gets for his profit and trouble. Now, says the wise man, I am wide awake—I will not give fivepence for twopence worth of barley, and as for the *hops* I don't want them. I will not give elevenpence to the Government and the brewer for duty, cooking, and profit, when my wife will cook the barley for nothing. I'll not drink the sixteen-pennyworth of dirty water, in which there is not two-pennyworth of nourishment. I'll not pay 800 per cent. for the barley, and throw away the money I have hardly earned by the sweat of my brow. No, no! Then, as to the *distinctive quality* of the thing; why, says the wise man, this stuff, called *strong drink*, is far *too strong* for *me*; it is strong enough to make bright eyes bleared and bloodshot, and steady hands tremble; strong enough to make ruddy faces pale, and powerful limbs weak; strong enough to tumble men into the gutter, to rob them of reason, and to egg them on to murder, suicide, and death. Strong enough to curse England, my country, by causing four-fifths of all the crimes committed, and nine-tenths of all the poverty around us; strong enough to fill our gaols with felons, and our unions with paupers. No, no! the wise man shuns all strong drinks, beer, wine, and brandy. Says he, I wont put an enemy into my mouth to steal away my brains, to beggar my family, and bring my dishonoured body down to the grave; and as the wise man looks on the public-house sign, where, alas! the widow's name is too often painted over that of her drunken, departed husband, and as he reads there, "Licensed to be drunk on the premises," says he, paint the license rightly and thus you may read:—

"Licensed—to make the strong man weak;
Licensed—to lay the wise man low;
Licensed—the wife's fond heart to break,
And cause the children's tears to flow.

"Licensed—to do thy neighbour harm;
Licensed—to kindle rage and strife;
Licensed—to nerve the robber's arm;
Licensed—to whet the murderer's knife.

"Licensed—where peace and plenty dwell
To bring disease, and want, and woe;
Licensed—to make this world a Hell,
And send men to the Hell below."

Now, my respected friends, I am glad in your "Odd-Fellows' Rules" that you say, "None of the funds are to be appropriated for liquor-money." I wish you would never appropriate any of your *private* funds in this way: it would be wise. But you see I have spoken agreeably to your rules. I only wish you would build a hall, or hire a room away from public-houses, that the young—your own children—may not be tempted there. I am sure you would act well and wisely were you to do so.

See, then—first: "The wise man's eyes are in his head" to look after the health of his body, and he provides it with pure air and plenty of water; with sufficient exercise and suitable clothing; with food that nourishes, but with none of your strong drinks, that are strong enough to inflame, poison, and destroy.

II. "THE WISE MAN'S EYES ARE IN HIS HEAD" TO WATCH OVER HIS CIRCUMSTANCES. First, his *character; this* is the working man's *capital*. Many have nothing else; they have to trade on their character. So it is with servants and workmen who go from place to place recommended by their character for sobriety, honesty, and ability. This good character is a precious jewel—than gems and gold more fair. A man stands in GOD'S sight not by the length of his purse, but by the true integrity of his character. "With God," as I read to you just now, there is no respect of persons." The really poor man is the base villain, though clothed in purple and fine linen, and rolling in riches, and faring sumptuously every day. A good character takes some time to make, and may soon be lost. A reputation of fifty years' standing may sink in a minute by forging a bill, or committing a single flagrant crime. Character is a delicate plant; the wise man watches over it—he does not trifle with it. Fathers! if you wanted your daughters to be virtuous, you would not let them keep company with harlots; if you wanted your sons to be honest, you would not let them associate with thieves and blacklegs. If we would keep our character we must shun evil company; this fine old book says: "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed." There is no place like a public-house or a beer-shop for blasting the character; tap-room company will never do a decent man credit. Many a youth has been ruined by first going to his club at a public-house. In fact, in thousands of cases clubs have done more for the publicans than for the members they proposed to benefit; they have served as capital decoys and baits to bring custom to the house. Now, if a man goes

into your mills where they are grinding, he must expect to get some of the dust; he won't come out so clean as he went in; so of these places. I once heard a speaker illustrate this by the following anecdote:—"On a very showery Sabbath, passing along the well-nigh deserted street, he observed before him a little boy seemingly dressed in a new suit of clothes from top to toe, and picking his way with the greatest care; his caution was amusing, but it did not last long, he soon splashed his shoes, and he then began, as you have often seen boys do, to walk along the edge of the flagstones, balancing himself as nicely as possible; but, alas! his foot slipped, and down he went over heels and ankles into the flowing gutter, and before he reached the end of the street, that boy, who began so carefully, was trailing through the running, dirty puddle, with his trousers tucked up to his knees." So has it happened in millions of instances that the first visit to the ale bench, and the first pint there, has ended in the total loss of the tippler's character.

But "the wise man's eyes are in his head." He takes care of his *character*. He shuns *newspapers* that poison, and *books* that poison, and *people* that poison, and *places* that poison. He has no confidence in pot-house politicians and tap-room spouting reformers, with ragged coats and pockets to let; with cupboards empty, and garrets or cellars naked and bare; men whose character is ruined, whose company is a disgrace, who have never reformed themselves. Have you ever read the parable of the young man whom the Devil got in his power, and to whom he offered the choice of three sins, either to murder his father, debauch his sister, or get drunk; he chose the last as the least, and when drunk did the other two. Strong drink is the mischievous key that unlocks the door for every crime. Well, now, the wise man values his *character*, and, in reference to this, I have been speaking according to your rules, for you say, "None are admitted but those respectable and of proper character;" and you also say, that you "provide for the morality of your members, by expelling or punishing any for disgraceful practices, fraud, &c." I am glad also you oppose holding committees on the Sabbath. No man ever yet prospered in the long run who did not remember GOD'S command—"Keep holy the Sabbath day." No man values his character who breaks the Sabbath. A merchant in London lately said to his clerk on the Monday morning, "Send in Mr. B.'s account at once." "Why, sir," said the clerk; "he is a respectable man; are his affairs going wrong?" "I don't know," said the merchant; "but as I passed by his counting-house yesterday, the window shutters were open, and I caught a glimpse of him working away at his books. Now, if he robs GOD of the Sabbath hours, he'll soon not stick at robbing me of the sum he owes; send in his bill, and close the account." That man is not wise, and has no real regard for his character who disobeys GOD'S will. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and a good understanding have all they that do his commandments."

Further. "*The wise man's eyes are in his head*" *to look after his circumstances in business.* He watches these well. He knows the value of *character* and *money* too. Most of the great firms of Manchester and our manufacturing neighbourhoods rose from the ranks of the operatives. And some round about *us*, now well-to-do, began with scarcely a penny; but they were frugal and careful; their eyes were in their head, they kept their *characters*. Whilst their fellow-workmen were drinking, they were thinking—and there is a vast difference between drinking and thinking—they were using their wits, whilst others were washing them out. They kept their heads clear and healthy, not muddled and dull. They knew the value of *time*. They were broad awake. Depend upon it, the man who keeps Saint Monday will never make anything out; nor will the man who lounges away his time in useless political talk; nor the man whose words are bigger than his deeds; nor the man whose money burns in his pocket till it drops through into the publican's till. Most of you have heard of Dr. Benjamin Franklin—mark how he got on. Solomon says, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business; he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." So it actually happened to Franklin: the poor boy became the great statesman and ambassador; he began life with only a dollar, and was compelled to go on the tramp; and when he worked in London, at the hard labour of a printer's pressman, he did double the work of the rest of his shopmates, though they drank strong porter, and ate flesh meat, whilst he drank only weak water, and was a vegetarian as well as a teetotaler:—his eyes were in his head. I know merchants in my native city whose fathers or themselves rose from nothing, and who were at first charity boys in the public schools. One died a few years since—his form is now before my mind's eye, as I see him riding followed by his groom on horseback—his sons are now members of Parliament, though he began life very poor; but his eyes were in his head, about his body, perhaps not about his soul,

and he left behind him more than a million in personal property, besides his large valuable estates.

But the truly wise man gets his money honestly and uprightly; and he uses it *well*. He does not give to the landlord what his wife and children want. He does not spend his surplus money every week in a spree, thinking he has done enough for the future in paying a sixpence or a shilling a week to his club. He says: I'll not only belong to some society, and secure for sickness and my funeral, but I will get a little freehold and have a vote. I'll not wait for universal suffrage; it's a long time coming; but I'll be independent, and manage for myself. Now, how does the wise man reckon? Listen to him as he sits on his own hearthstone, with his blooming wife the other side of the fireplace, busily knitting. Why, says he, if I go with disreputable, jolly company, I shall lose my *time*, and my time is my property; and I shall lose my *character*, and my character is my capital; and I must drink and smoke, and if I drink a quart of stout, that's the price of a *quarter* of a yard of freehold land; and if I smoke four pipes, there goes in a cloud a dozen bricks for a cottage. So I'll have the land and bricks instead, and keep my *time* and *character* into the bargain. Now is not he a wise man? Does he not philosophise well? Has he not got his eyes about him? Why, every pint of the best beer costs threepence, and every ounce of the best tobacco costs threepence, and every glass of the commonest wine costs at least threepence; and capital freehold building land can be had, close round this town of Dewsbury, out and out, for threepence a square foot, or 2s. 3d. a square yard. So *you* who want freehold cottages, and a vote for the county; and you who grumble at the landholders, because of their large possessions, remember when you have finished your jug of ale that you have swallowed a square foot of capital freehold land; yes, 12 inches by 12 inches of God's good ground from the surface to the centre of our green earth.

Now, "the wise man's eyes are in his head;" he looks after his *character* and *circumstances*. He is honest, upright, and diligent, both in getting *money* and in taking care *how* he spends it. He uses it *well*. He does what your society recommends—"mutually to relieve each other in sickness and distress, and to cultivate a spirit of charity and universal philanthropy."

Above all, he holds himself to be a steward for God; he does not look on his character or his property, or his influence, as his own; but as being in trust. Hence, he loves to relieve the wretched and indigent, the widow and fatherless. He loves to advance the cause of God—the cause of righteousness and truth—by scattering that book, the Bible, which alone can bless mankind, and by sending missionaries and messengers of mercy into those dark parts of the earth that are full of the habitations of cruelty. The wise man's eyes are in his head to watch over his own circumstances, and the wise man's heart is full of love towards all mankind.

(*To be concluded in the next Number.*)

MY FATHER.

As die the embers on the hearth,
And o'er the floor the shadows fall,
And creeps the chirping cricket forth,
And ticks the death-watch in the wall,
I see a form in yonder chair,
That grows beneath the waning light:
There are the wan, sad features there,
The pallid brow and locks of white.

My Father, when they laid thee down,
And heaped the clay upon thy breast,
And left thee sleeping all alone
Upon the narrow couch of rest,
I know not why I could not weep;
The soothing drops refused to roll,
And oh! that grief is wild and deep
Which settles tearless on the soul.

But when I saw the vacant chair,
Thine idle hat upon the wall,
Thy book—the pencilled passage where
Thine eye had rested last of all—
The tree beneath whose friendly shade
Thy trembling feet had wandered forth,
The very prints those feet had made
When last they feebly trod the earth:—

And thought, when days and months had fled,
Thy vacant seat would vacant stand—
Unworn thy hat—thy book unread—
Effaced thy footsteps from the sand;
And widowed in this cheerless world,
The heart that gave its love to thee;
Torn like the vine whose tendrils curled
More closely round the falling tree.

Then, father, then, for her and thee
Gushed madly forth the scorching tears;
And oft, and long, and bitterly
Those tears have gushed in later years;
For as the world grows cold around,
And things put on their real hue,
'Tis sad to learn that love is found
Alone above the stars with you.

OBSERVE THE ECLIPSE!

On the 28th of the present month there will be a total eclipse of the sun; we should like as many of our readers as possible to look out intelligently for its occurrence; and to aid them in so doing, the following facts in reference to such phenomena will not be deemed unacceptable.

The great source of light, as well as heat, to the earth, and all the other planets of our system, is the sun. It is no less than 95,000,000 of miles distant from us, and hence the smallness of its appearance. It has a very dense atmosphere, the height of which has been estimated at from 1,843 to 2,765 miles. It is supposed to consist of two regions: that nearest the sun being opaque, and probably resembling the clouds of the earth; the outermost emitting vast quantities of light, and forming the apparent luminous globe we behold.

The moon is, next to the sun, the most interesting of all the orbs of heaven to us, as the constant attendant of the earth on which we live. Her distance from our globe is only about 240,000 miles; and hence she is the nearest of all the heavenly bodies. She has no light of her own with which to shine; the lunar rays we receive are borrowed from the sun and *reflected* on us; "the greater light that rules the day" is therefore reckoned to be more than 300,000 times greater than "the lesser light that rules the night."

It is well known that if an opaque body, as a ball, be held up before a candle, it will cast a shadow on any object immediately beyond it; and that whenever the luminous body is larger than the opaque body, the shadow will gradually diminish in size, till it terminates in a point. These facts will be found to illustrate the phenomena of eclipses.

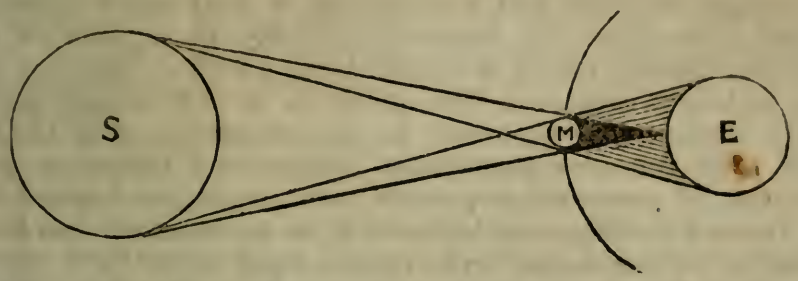
For the earth and the moon being both opaque, globular bodies, and exposed to the sun's light, they cast shadows opposite to the sun, like any other bodies on which the sun shines. Were the sun of the same size as the earth and the moon, the shadow would be a cylinder of immense length; and were the sun less than the earth or the moon, the shadow would be an increasing cone, its narrower end resting on the earth; but as the sun is vastly greater than either of these bodies, the shadow of each is a cone, whose base rests on the body itself, and which comes to a point at a certain distance from the body. It is found by calculation, that the length of the moon's shadow, on an average, is just about sufficient to reach to the earth; but the moon is sometimes further from the earth than at others, and when she is nearer than usual, the shadow reaches considerably beyond the surface of the earth. The moon, as well as the earth, is at different distances from the sun at different times, and its shadow is longest when it is furthest from the sun. When, therefore, circumstances favour the result,* the shadow of the moon extends nearly 15,000 miles beyond the centre of the earth, and covers a space on the surface of 170 miles broad. The word *penumbra*, derived from two Latin words, *pene*, almost, and *umbra*, a shadow, means, as may be concluded, an imperfect shadow. The penumbra of the earth is occasioned by the apparent magnitude of the sun's disc, and is that portion of space behind the earth within which a body will be illuminated by a part only, and not by the whole of the disc. On the other hand, the *umbra*, or perfect shadow, is the conical space within which no part of the disc is visible.

The nature of a solar eclipse may now be easily understood. We know that a very small body may entirely obscure a large one, if the former be sufficiently close to the eye, just as a fourpenny piece, when thus placed, will cover the disc of the sun or the moon; and, accordingly, though the moon does not bear the proportion to the sun of a common pin's head to a globe two feet in diameter, she can shut out the light of the solar orb when she is at the point of least distance from the earth, directly between the sun and any spot on the surface of the globe. On

* These circumstances are when the moon is in *perigee*, that part of her orbit nearest to the earth, and the earth is in *aphelion*, that part of her orbit furthest from the sun.

either side of this spot only a portion of the sun's disc will be obscured; and according to the distance from it the obscuration will become less, from the conical form of the shadow, till it entirely ceases.

In illustration of this, let the following diagram be examined:—



S represents the sun, M the moon, and E the earth. The lines drawn from the edge of the sun's disc, and touching the corresponding edges of the moon's, meet in a point a little within the earth's surface, and are the borders of the *umbra*, the deep shadow produced by the moon; and wherever it falls there is a total eclipse of the sun. The lines drawn from each margin of the sun's disc along the opposite edges of the moon's, however, include, as will be seen, a much larger space, which is that where the *penumbra*, or fainter shadows, will fall, producing a partial eclipse of the sun. As, then, more of his disc is hidden from those who are near the borders of the *umbra*, and less from those who are near the edges of the *penumbra*, no eclipse of the sun is total over more than a small part of the earth's surface, but over a much larger space the eclipse is partial. It sometimes happens, however, that the extremity of the cone of the earth's shadow falls short of the earth; the eclipse is then called *Annular*, in which the sun appears like a brilliant *ring* of light around the dark body of the moon. An eclipse of this kind was seen by the writer, in common with myriads in England, some years ago.

Here, perhaps, the question arises, As the moon goes round the earth every month, and she must be once, during that time, between the earth and the sun, how is it that we have not as frequently a *solar* eclipse?

Now, to understand this scientifically, it is necessary to conceive aright of *the plane of an orbit*. Suppose, for instance, a thin, smooth, solid plane cutting the sun through the centre, extending out as far as the fixed stars, and terminating in a circle, which passes through the middle of the zodiac; and in this plane the earth would move in its revolution round the sun. This, therefore, is called *the plane of the earth's orbit;* and the circle in which this plane cuts the signs of the zodiac is the *ecliptic*, the circle in which the sun appears to move. As, then, the planes of the orbits of the earth and moon do not exactly coincide, but cross or intersect each other; and the moon passes, generally, either on one side or the other, when she is in conjunction, or in a line, with the sun, she does not intercept the sun's rays or produce an eclipse. In other words, when the moon is so situated as to cast its shadow on the earth, we have, according to circumstances, a partial or a total eclipse; but as the moon is, in the far greater number of cases, so situated that its shadow is not thus cast on the surface of the earth, there is, of course no eclipse; since it is only as the moon overtakes the sun just as she is crossing his path, that she will hide more or less of his disc from us.

As Sir J. Herschel states, according to the peculiar revolutions of the moon: "eclipses return after a certain period, very nearly in the same order, and of the same magnitude. For 223 of the moon's synodical revolutions, or lunations as they are called, will be found to occupy 6585·32 days, and nineteen complete synodical revolutions of the node to occupy 6585·78. The difference in the mean position of the node, then, at the beginning and end of 223 lunations, is nearly insensible; so that a recurrence of all eclipses within that interval must take place. Accordingly, this period of 233 lunations, or eighteen years and ten days, is a very important one in the calculation of eclipses. It is supposed to have been known to the Chaldeans, the earliest astronomers, the regular return of eclipses having been known as a physical fact for ages before their exact theory was understood. In this

period there occur ordinarily 70 eclipses, 29 of the moon, and 41 of the sun, visible in some part of the earth. Seven eclipses, of either sun or moon, at most, and two at least (both of the sun), may occur in a year."

In connexion with a solar eclipse there are many curious phenomena. As the moon is large enough to cover and surpass, by a very small breadth, the whole disc of the sun, were there no vaporous atmosphere capable of reflecting any light about the sun, the sky ought to appear totally dark. But, so far from this being the case, a bright *corona*, or ring of light, is seen fading gradually away, which, in certain instances, is observed to be concentric with the sun. In the eclipse of July 7, 1842, this *corona* was most distinct and luminous. Still further, three protuberances, of a rose colour, were seen to project beyond the dark body of the moon. These were supposed by some to be mountains ; but for such masses to have been visible to the naked eye, their height must have exceeded 40,000 miles, which sufficiently shows the imagination to be unfounded. And to mention only one more of these phenomena : a kind of fringe of black and white was observed to project beyond the dark body of the moon ; the causes of which, like that of the corona, still remain to be satisfactorily explained.

Hurdis says :—

> "What time the sun has from the West withdrawn,
> The various hues that graced his cloudy fall,
> ——————————the recent leaf
> Of clover 'gins to sleep, and, white with dew,
> Closes its tender triple-fingered palm,
> Till morning dawn afresh."

The effect of evening's approach on the animal world is equally familiar. But when the sun is eclipsed in the middle of the day, analogous results arise. The petals of plants close, while the birds of the field, as well as those which are domesticated, show the same disposition to compose themselves to sleep as at the regular period of sunset.

We say, then, to our friends, Look out for the eclipse ! The opticians are providing coloured glasses for the sight of this sublime spectacle ; but smoked glass will answer the same purpose. A telescope, worth only a few shillings will also be of service ; that is, of course, provided that mists and clouds do not unhappily obscure the glorious luminary. When George IV. said to the Persian Ambassador, who became so popular, "You worship the sun, I believe, in your country !" he replied, with a sly allusion to our foggy atmosphere, "And so would you, if you could *only see* it." Let us hope, then, for favourable circumstances. The spectacle will begin at three minutes past two in the afternoon ; and while men of science will be in full activity to mark attentively its minutest circumstances, multitudes will have the opportunity of gazing on the same sublime scene, suggestive at once of that wondrous order which God has established among the radiant orbs of heaven, and the power with which he has endowed the mind of man, which is able to predict the moment of time in which an eclipse will begin, and with the same certainty the precise instant in which the dark shadow of the moon will retire. A total eclipse of the sun occasions a more sensible darkness than midnight, from its being immediately contrasted with the strong light of noon-day ; and as certainly, the reappearance of the sun after an eclipse, is, by the same contrast, of extraordinary splendour. Once more, then, we say, Observe the Eclipse ! for many years will elapse before such another opportunity of doing so will occur.

Dangerous Pleasures.—I have sat upon the sea-shore and waited for its gradual approaches, and have seen its dancing waves and white surf, and admired that He who measured it with His hand had given to it such life and motion ; and I have lingered till its gentle waters grew into mighty billows, and had well nigh swept me from my firmest footing. So have I seen a heedless youth gazing with a too curious spirit upon the sweet motions and gentle approaches of an inviting pleasure, till it has detained his eye, and imprisoned his feet, and swelled upon his soul, and swept him to a swift destruction.—*Montague.*

SILVER.

We have recently furnished some particulars respecting gold; we now furnish some respecting another of the precious metals (silver), and shall probably follow with some particulars as to those which are deemed inferior.

Its History.—In the earliest records of the world's history frequent mention is made of silver as existing in considerable quantities, and used in a variety of ways. It is said to have been so abundant during the reign of Solomon that "it was nothing accounted of," and that "the King made silver to be in Jerusalem as stones for abundance." There are many passages in the Greek and Latin authors which also mention great stores of silver, and which render it probable that the supply had been considerably increased. Herodotus speaks of silver mines in Cyprus; and, according to Xenophon, the Athenians had worked the silver mines of their own country from an unknown period, and they acquired a large revenue at one time from mines in the island of Thasus, on the coast of Thrace. Pliny relates that a mine called *Bebulo*, from its discoverer, supplied Hannibal with 300 lbs. of silver daily. Silver mines were worked in Spain by the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Romans, and Moors; but, during the middle ages, the mines of Austria were the chief sources of mineral wealth; and as the discovery of America drew away the popular attention from the European riches, the mines of Spain were neglected, and, in order to encourage emigration to the new colonies, an order was issued forbidding the working of the mines. The mines of the Guadal canal are supposed to have been discovered about three hundred and fifty years ago, and report says that in the course of a few years they yielded about £330,000, which was spent in building the great palace of the Spanish monarchs, the *Escurial*. In the year 1593 they were leased to two brothers, natives of Germany, of the name of Fugger, who acquired great wealth by their speculation, and were afterwards created counts, and built a street in Madrid which still bears their name. These brothers were at last discovered to have defrauded the Government by erecting a coining machine in the mines, and were in consequence obliged to quit the country; but before their flight they turned a stream of water into the mines, and the place remained inundated till 1728, when the working of it was again undertaken, but turned out a complete failure.

In the year 1607 a silver mine was discovered at Hilderston, near Linlithgow, and the original accounts of the working are contained in three folio volumes, preserved in the General Register House at Edinburgh. What the product was, or when it was given up, does not appear. The mine of Kongsberg, in Norway, was in the middle of the last century the richest in Europe. It yielded from the year 1728 to 1768 about 649,270 pounds troy of silver, equal in value to nearly £2,000,000 sterling.

Present Sources.—The most productive silver mines in Europe have been those of Saxony, Austria, Hungary, Northern Russia, and Spain; but, notwithstanding the skill, economy, and industry, exercised upon them, there has of late years been a very great reduction in the returns.

The richest mines are now found in South America and Mexico. Humboldt, in his published works upon those countries, states his opinion that they will most probably become much more productive; that, as the chain of the Andes, including their continuation into Mexico, is so extensive, and the ores of the precious metal are so generally diffused in them, there must be many places which have escaped the searches of the miners. And there are, besides, several mining grounds that are as yet worked but a little way below the surface. South America yields about nine millions sterling per annum. The mines of Potosi yield about £30,000 worth of silver annually; those in the province of La Paz nearly £800,000. Silver is also found in Chili, but the mines are in general not very productive, and there are veins of silver in several parts of Columbia, but no mines have yet been found sufficiently productive to pay the expenses of working them.

The mines of Hungary, including those of Transylvania, and that of Bannat of Temeswar, compose four great districts. From these about 53,125 pounds of silver are annually produced. There are, besides, silver mines in the province of Gozerum, in Armenia, which yield about £120,000 a year. The average returns are very great; but were the system of mining operations considerably improved, the increase from that cause alone would be extensive.

Silver is not only found in its native or

pure state, but often in combination with other substances. A large proportion of the silver in use is obtained from the ores of other metals, in which silver is a subordinate ingredient. Thus the silver in lead ore in England is sometimes a source of great profit. Some beautiful specimens are to be seen in the Great Industrial Exhibition; but the proportion of silver in English lead is sometimes so small as to be thought unworthy the trouble of extracting it. Some years ago, however, some Dutch merchants, with the care and thriftiness which characterises that people, purchased pigs of lead in the English market, took them home, extracted the silver from them, then sent the pigs back to the English market, where they were sold as the best lead, with a remunerating profit to the Dutchmen.

The silver is separated with profit when silver exists only as one grain to half a pound of lead. The ore called *Galena* contains more silver than any other lead ore. The lead formerly found on Brunghill Moor, in Yorkshire, contained about 230 ounces to the ton, while the average produce is only twelve ounces to the ton. No return is made of the quantity thus found to any public office. Taking the produce of all the mines of England at 50,000 tons annually, and the average amount to be only ten ounces to the ton, we have 500,000 ounces; and reckoning fine silver at 5s. 6d. per ounce, we have a value of £137,500. With the exception of silver so obtained, it is now only occasionally found, and that only in small quantities, in any part of the United Kingdom. Native silver, and several of the other varieties of the ores, are me with in many of the coppermines of Corn wall.

Its Value.—The standard price o silver is about 5s. an ounce; but our Roya Mint makes its issues at 5s. 6d. per ounc or £3 6s. per pound. Its fineness i expressed in ounces and pennyweight Thus in a pound of our standard silve there are eleven ounces two pennyweight pure silver, and the remaining eightee pennyweights alloy.

Its Malleability.—Silver leaf can b reduced to the 170,000th part of an incl It can be put into plates of which 110,00 make an inch, so that, in point of mallea bility, it is next to gold.

Its Ductility is also very great; may be drawn out into wire more slende than the finest human hair, and in th way a single grain may be stretched ou to 400 feet.

Its tenacity is inferior to that of iro copper, or platinum. Wire of the thi teenth of an inch in thickness will suppo a weight of 137 pounds.

In Specific Gravity it is somewha lighter than lead. It is *elastic*, and whe hardened by alloy is highly *sonorous*. in the form of leaf or fine wire, it b intensely heated by means of electricit galvanism, or oxy hydrogen blow-pipe, burns with vivid sparks, and with a exquisite green-coloured flame, giving ou a dense grey smoke.

Its Uses it would be almost impossib to specify, connected as they are, in s many various ways, with our arts, science and manufactures.

MAGNA CHARTA.

On the 19th of June, 1215, King John signed Magna Charta. How many changes have occurred in England since that memorable day! How different was *that* "good old time" from 1851! The reigning sovereign was the object of popular hatred. Discontent had grown into disaffection, and disaffection into revolt. The arbitrary sway of imperious Normans infringing upon public liberty had produced the system of serfdom, or vassalage, known by the name of *Feudalism*. The indignation of an injured people had been aroused. The barons were fettered and galled by new restrictions, and offended with the meanness of the King in subjecting himself, as he had lately done, to the authority of the Pope; surrendering his kingdom to a foreign and ecclesiastical power. The whole of the reign of John—the war wi France, the quarrel with Rome, and t oppression and tyranny exercised over th people—had produced in the minds nearly all men execration for the monarc who could thus basely betray himself an people.

At a meeting held at St. Paul's Cath dral, Langton, the primate informed th peers and prelates that, before he wou absolve the King from the sentence of e communication, he had made him swear the principles and application of th Charter of the first Henry—a charter whi would peculiarly affect their present grie ances. The barons declared that they wou sooner perish than resign their claims nearly all the nobility of England joined the confederacy.

Langton having summoned the barons to
et him at the Abbey of St. Edmundsbury,
y there engaged in a solemn oath to
ge war against the King till their demands
uld be granted. Having preferred their
tition to the King, he requested time to
nsider. This was granted. Meanwhile
th parties appealed to the Pope, and
gan their preparations for war. The
pe espoused the cause of the King, who
used to accede to the request of the
ons, saying, he would never grant them
erties which would reduce himself to
very.

The confederated nobles, informed of
s answer, proceeded to levy war upon the
narch. They besieged the castle of
rthampton, and though repulsed there,
y were welcomed at Bedford and re-
ved without opposition in London.
nding that the nobility were successful,
King retired to Oldham in Hampshire,
h only seven attendants, and sent a
er to the nobles soliciting a conference.
Tuesday in Whitsuntide, the 9th of June,
s accordingly appointed as the day on
ich the two parties should meet to settle
ir differences. The place fixed upon
s the plain of Runnemede, or Runny-
ad, a meadow on the banks of the
ames, between Staines and Windsor. On
8th the King came to Merton, in Surrey,
l letters of safe conduct were issued to
barons. The meeting, however, was
erred till the following Monday. On the
h of June both parties encamped, apart
m each other like declared enemies; the
ons came in great numbers, but John
s attended by only a few followers.

The conference commenced by the barons
senting their demands to the King; the
uirements being drawn up in the form
preliminary articles of agreement. To
se His Majesty affixed his seal. This
ument is now in the British Museum.
e seal attached to it is in a much more
fect state of preservation than those
onging to any of the still existing copies
he charter itself. The articles of treaty
re embodied in the form of a charter,
ich is commonly entitled the *Magna
arta Communium Libertatum*, or Great
arter of the Common Liberties, and was
ned on the 19th of June.

Copies of the charter were sent, after its
nature, to each county, or at least to every
cese in England, but of these copies only
ee are now known to exist. Two are in the
itish Museum, having formed part of the
lection of Sir Richard Cotton, by whom
e of them is said to have been recovered
m the hands of a tailor, who was in the act
proceeding to cut up the parchment for
asures. These copies were slightly injured by a fire, which consumed a part of the Cottonian Library before it was removed to its present depository; the waxen seal which is attached to one of them having been partly melted by that accident. The other has only the slits by which the seal had formerly been attached to it. The copy exposed to public view in the British Museum has no signatures.

Among the benefits which the GREAT CHARTER conferred upon the nation, may be mentioned its providing that no scrutage, or pecuniary compensation for military service, should be raised but by the general council of the State; its giving the first idea of a parliamentary representation of the people, and directing that the supreme civil court should be stationary, so that suitors might not be harassed and put to needless expense by having to follow the King from place to place; it gave encouragement, also, to commerce, by securing to foreigners the liberty of coming to England, or leaving the realm, without interruption. It gave testamentatory power to every individual over their personal property. It confirmed civic liberties, enjoined uniformity of weights and measures, and was, indeed, the great foundation of English liberty. The article which is to be considered most valuable is that which declares that "No freeman shall be apprehended, or imprisoned, or disseised (deprived of anything he possesses), or outlawed, or banished, or in any way destroyed; nor will we go upon him, nor will we send upon him (pronounce sentence upon him, or allow any of the judges to do so), except by the legal judgment of his peers (or equals), or by the law of the land. To none will we sell, to none will we deny, to none will we delay, right or justice." This solemn recognition of the liberty of the subject at once laid the foundation of a free constitution. Again, in declaring that no scrutage, or tax, should be raised in the kingdom without the consent of the Council of State, the principle is involved, so dear to every Englishman, that THE CONSENT OF THE COMMUNITY IS ESSENTIAL TO JUST TAXATION.

"It is observable," says Dr. Lardner, "that the language of this Great Charter is simple, brief, general without being abstract, and expressed in terms of authority, not of argument, yet commonly so reasonable as to carry with it the intrinsic evidence of its own fitness. It was understood by the simplest of the unlettered age for whom it was intended. It was remembered by them; and though they did not perceive the extensive consequences which might be derived from it, their feelings were, however, unconsciously exalted by its geniality and grandeur.

"It was a peculiar advantage that the consequences of its principles were, if we may so speak, only discovered gradually and slowly. It gave out on each occasion only as much of the spirit of liberty and reformation as the circumstances of succeeding generations required, and as their character would safely bear. For almost five centuries it was appealed to as the decisive authority on behalf of the people, though commonly so far only as the necessities of the case demanded. Its effects in these contests were not altogether unlike the process by which nature employs snows and frosts to cover her delicate gems, and to hinder them from rising above the earth till the atmosphere has acquired the mild and equal temperature which insures them against blights. On the English nation, undoubtedly, the Charter has contributed to bestow the union of establishment with improvement. To all mankind it set the first example of the progress of a great people for centuries, in blending their tumultuary democracy and haughty nobility with a fluctuating and vaguely limited monarchy, so as at length to form from these discordant materials the only form of free government which experience had shown to be reconcilable with widely extended dominions.

"Whoever, in any future age, or unborn nation, may admire the felicity of the expedient which converted the power of taxation into the shield of liberty, by which discretionary and secret imprisonment rendered impracticable, and portions o people were trained to exercise a la share of judicial power than was allotted to them in any other civilised s in such a manner as to secure, instea endangering, public tranquillity; who exults at the spectacle of enlightened independent assemblies, who, under eye of a well-informed nation, discuss determine the law and policy likely to n communities great and happy; whoev capable of comprehending all the effec such institutions, with all their possible provements upon the mind and genius people, is sacredly bound to speak wit verential gratitude of the authors of Great Charta. To have produced it have preserved it, to have matured it, stitute the immortal claim of Englan the esteem of mankind. Her Bacons Shaksperes, her Miltons and Newt with all the truth which they have revea and all the generous virtue which they l inspired, are of inferior value when c pared with the subjection of men and t rulers to the principles of justice; if, deed, it be not more true that these mi spirits could not have been formed ex under equal laws, nor roused to full acti without the influence of that spirit wl the Great Charta breathed over their f fathers."

OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.

THE tendencies of the age in which we live are eminently progressive. Every idea or plan which appears calculated to advance the best interests of the community is now welcomed as a friend by the masses. The people are becoming educated, and hence, as a necessary consequence of their enlightenment, they desire to remedy existing evils, and to render peace and happiness the common property of all.

Among the many reforms which have been effected within the last few years, none has proved more beneficial to all classes of the people than Rowland Hill's *Penny Postage;* and it has especially been a blessing to the poorer classes, who, under the old system, were unable to correspond with their friends at a distance without seriously trespassing upon their scanty funds.

But there is another reform much needed, which, while it commends itself to the sympathies and co-operation of the commercial man, is yet pre-eminently a people's question, and that is Elihu Burritt's proposition of an *Ocean Penny P age*, by which we mean simply this "That the single service of transportin letter, weighing under half an ounce, f any port of the United Kingdom to port beyond the sea at which the Bri mail packets may touch, shall be perfor by the British Government for one penn

Millions of our fellow-countrymen now scattered in various parts of the wo and large numbers of poverty-stricken s of toil are continually leaving the sh of Britain never more to return. these leave behind loving hearts, attac to them by strong ties of affect that neither time nor distance can se and friendships that will cease only w death. How greatly would an Ocean Pe Postage alleviate the sorrow of separati enabling, as it would, friends dwelling apart from each other to keep up a freque and mutual correspondence, never m how stern the poverty may be which t have to endure! This cheap Ocean Post would, indeed, be a glorious thing to

ly settler on the prairies and in the back-ds of America, who has been compelled stern, necessity to expatriate himself n the land of his birth; or to the emi-nt who has crossed a wider ocean of ers than the Atlantic, to cultivate the uriant soil of that mighty land of in-try, the great Continent of the Pacific. his cheap means of communication be-en our beloved country and lands both r us and far away, would serve to in-se and perpetuate those kindly feelings fraternal sympathies which are now pily uniting the nations. It would be a erful auxiliary in the work of the Bro-hood to that great Temple of Industry lyde Park, which is filled with the finest ducts of the earth, and the grandest ks ever realised by glorious, ennobling our, and which is destined to do much ards annihilating those unnatural eds and jealousies which have so long ted between the nations, destroying r happiness and sacrificing their *true* tness. The reign of mere nationalities soon terminate, and an Ocean Penny tage will do much towards diffusing over world those enlightened principles of rity and progress which will eventually se all men to act on that sublime truth nciated by St. Paul upon Mars Hill—od hath made of one blood all nations of men;" and to exclaim, "We are brethren, and therefore no longer shall strife and enmity divide mankind."

The proposed reform would likewise render important service to the cause of religion, by assisting missionary enterprise, and movements of a kindred character, whose object it is to diffuse the principles of Christianity and civilisation in distant lands, which are now for the most part steeped in ignorance and barbarism, and which are therefore urgently in need of the blessings of the Gospel.

It is gratifying to know that the question of Ocean Penny Postage is now becoming a popular one. The efforts of Elihu Burritt, Edmund Fry, and their colleagues, have been so far successful that Mr. Milner Gibson is expected to bring forward a motion on the subject in the House of Commons during the present session; and doubtless he will be well supported by petitions from all parts of the country, signed by commercial men, ministers of the Gospel, and all who love to see the world blessed.

Working men of England! Aid this movement by your sympathies and co-operation, and cease not your exertions on its behalf until you have obtained for mankind the valuable boon of an Ocean Penny Postage.

F. W. Chesson.

DIGGINGS.

"Small, but Golden, Grains."

s a bird is known by his note, so is a n by his discourse.

xpectation is often a more certain plea-e than possession.

oubt, in order that you may believe the th.

onstant application overcomes the atest difficulties.

e active, for idleness is the rest of the d.

ortune can take nothing from us but t she gave.

oolhardiness should never be mistaken courage.

ndustry is a guard to income, and a bar emptations.

f you sow iniquity, you must reap ery.

ilence is a gift without peril, and a trea-e without enemies.

t is better to *do* well than to *say* well.

Men's merits rise in proportion to their desty.

oil not the splendour of bright actions vain glory.

Without frugality none can be rich; and with it few would be poor.

Yielding tempers pacify resentments.

The luxurious live to eat and drink; the wise eat and drink to live.

Society is a more level surface than we generally imagine.

Some poor men are undervalued, because worth nothing.

Raise not the credit of your wit at the expense of your judgment.

Perspicuity is the garment which good thoughts should wear.

One vice is more expensive than many virtues.

Men of talent rise with their company, and are brought out by the occasion.

Never antedate your misfortunes, for that is to aggravate them.

Money is a despotic queen, and binds her slaves with fetters.

Fear nothing but infamy, dare anything but injury.

Good counsel is above all price.

Deeds are fruits; words are but leaves.

THE MAELSTROM.

A CAUTION TO THE YOUNG.

Some of our young readers may not have heard of that tremendous whirlpool near the western coast of Norway, usually called the "*Maelstrom*," and by sailors the "Navel of the Sea." The water near it is continually kept in the most fearful commotion. In it ships of the heaviest burden are in an instant shivered to atoms. The whale itself is sometimes overcome by the power of its suction, and dashed to pieces in its vortex. Its suction affects the water to a considerable distance round. And those who are so unfortunate as to come within the circle of its influence can seldom make a sufficiently powerful effort to escape. They are generally drawn into its funnel, and perish.

On the shore, nearly opposite the whirlpool, one fine afternoon in the month of July, a party of young ladies and gentlemen agreed to take an excursion that evening in a pleasure-boat. They were not much accustomed to "the dangers of the sea." The young men could not ply the oars as dexterously as many others, but they supposed there could be no danger. All nature seemed to smile. The sunbeam briskly played on the bosom of the ocean. Calmness had thrown its oily wand on the billow, and it slept. The water, presenting a smooth unruffled surface, seemed a sea of glass. The most timerous would scarcely have suspected that danger, in its most terrific form, was lurking just beneath the surface.

The evening came—the young people assembled on the beach. The mellow moonbeam would tremble for a moment and then sleep on the calm, unagitated bosom of the ocean. The pleasure-boat was unmoored—the party gaily entered; the boat was moved from the shore. It was soon under weigh. It was rapidly propelled by those at the oars. But they soon discovered that it would skim gently over the bosom of the deep when the motion produced by the oars had ceased. They allowed the boat to glide gently along—they felt no danger. All was thoughtless hilarity. The motion of the vessel in which they sailed became gradually, and to them insensibly, more rapid. They were moved by the influence of the whirlpool. Their motion was rotary. They soon came round almost to the same spot from which they had sailed. At this critical moment, the only one in which it was possible for them to be saved, a number of persons on shore, who knew their danger, discovered them, and instan gave the alarm. They entreated thos the boat to make one desperate effort drive it on shore if possible. When t talked of danger, the party of pleas laughed at their fears, and passed al without making one attempt to deliver th selves from impending ruin. The b moved on, the rapidity of its motion c tinually increasing, and the circle aro which it was drawn by the rotary mo ment of the water, becoming smaller. soon appeared a second time to those on land.

Again they manifested their anxiety the safety of those whose danger they s but who, if delivered, must be delive by their own exertions; for those on sh even if they launched another boat rushed into the very jaws of peril, co not save them while they were determi to remain inactive, and be carried by accelerated velocity of the water ro this mouth of the sea, ready to swallow once both them and their boat. T still moved along in merriment. Peal laughter were often heard. Sneers w the only thanks given to those who wo with delight, have saved them. For a ti they continued to move round in all th thoughtlessness. Presently, however, t began to hear the tremendous roar of vortex below. It sounded like the hoa unsteady bellowings of the all-devour earthquake, or like the distant sea i storm. By this time, the boat ever anon would quiver like an aspen-leaf, then shoot like lightning through the n foam-covered sea.

Solemnity now began to banish mi from the countenances of those in pleasure-boat. They half suspected t danger was near. Soon they felt it. W they came again in sight of land, their c of distress would have pierced the he of stone.

"Oh, help! for mercy's sake," was n the exclamation of despair. A thick bl cloud, as if to add horror to the scene distress, at this moment shrouded heavens. The oars were plied with ev nerve. They snapped, and their fr ments were hurried into the yawn abyss. The boat, now trembling, n tossed, now whirled suddenly round, n lashed by the spray, was presently thro with violence into the jaws of dea opened wide to receive it and the imm tals whom it carried.

is perished the pleasure boat and all sailed in it. And thus perish thousin the vortex of dissipation, who at moothly sailed around its utmost —who were scarcely, as they supwithin the sphere of its influence, ho would laugh at those who could faithful as to warn them of danger. ask the young — and especially men, to lay up in the storehouse of memory the account of the pleasure-boat and its destruction. Let them remember and improve it when sinful pleasure beckons them to its soul-killing bower, and especially when any one offers them the cup which contains, even though it be but a single drop, of intoxicating liquor. It may, perhaps, save some—may it save many—may it save all who read it, from drunkenness, from a drunkards untimely death—from filling a drunkard's grave.

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

always a pleasant duty to record pro-
And when that progress takes the tion assigned it by the philanthropists enlightened era, the pleasure is greatly ented. We all wish to abolish the r one man has usurped to hold an- in bondage. Remonstrance and pe- have so far had little effect on the -holders of America; nevertheless, ry is on the decline—fast working its cure. By the American census, lately to hand, the population of the United s, last year, was :—

inhabitants.....	20,087,909
es.....	3,179,589
Total.....	23,267,498

ot many years ago the number of es almost equalled the number of free . A slave population is essentially a onary population. In the United es political power is based on popula- . According to a law passed in 1842, y 70,680 inhabitants must have a re- entative. The present number of e states is fifteen—free states sixteen. se numbers will always continue the e until some chance or providence lishes slavery entirely; but the number epresentatives which the several states entitled to send to Congress is continu- varying. This arrangement, accord- to the new census, will make a difference of six votes on the slave question, when it comes on for discussion—three votes having been transferred from the slave states to their wealthier and more thriving free rivals. If the population of the United States keeps on increasing in as great a ratio as it has done for the last ten years, it requires small gift of prophecy to foresee that the slave states will be, by the time the next census is taken, in a very decided minority. It is impossible that slavery can hold its ground in a land of progress, to which not only the people of Anglo-Saxon blood, but the mind of Anglo-Saxon men, are continually streaming. Influence in a state is in comparison to the freedom of its people; and according to the present aspect of affairs, America is destined, if the slave laws be abolished, to exercise a more potent influence on European affairs than do-nothing legislators wish to recognise. However, if in the course of one ten years the horrid traffic is not voluntarily abandoned, we may safely aver that a second decade will not have passed away before America will be convulsed to its very core, and its grand Republican institutions, if not entirely destroyed, at least considerably shaken. Let us hope they will take time by the forelock—and, while they wipe a foul stain from humanity, add another leaf to the laurel that encircles the national brow.

JSES OF THE ELEMENTS.—We can never think of the elements without reflecting on the number of distinct uses which are consolidated or united in the same substance. e *air* supplies the lungs, supports fire, conveys sound, reflects light, diffuses smells, es rain, wafts ships, bears up birds. *Water*, besides maintaining its own inhabitants, the universal nourisher of plants, and, through them, of terrestrial animals—is the sis of their juice and fluids, dilutes their food, quenches their thirst, floats their bur- ns. *Fire* warms, dissolves, enlightens; is the great promoter of vegetation and life, not necessary to the support of both.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.—No. XXIII.

FRENCH INTO ENGLISH.

Le vingt huit Juillet, dix=huit cent cinquante et un, à deux=heures et quatre minu
de l'après-midi, il y aura une éclipse (f.) du soleil; laquelle (f.) sera (future Indicati
afternoon eclipse which
from *être*) presque totale (f.). Qu'est ce qu'une éclipse du soleil? Qu'est ce q
almost total What is it wh
cause (third person singular, present Indicative) une telle éclipse? C'est la lune (
causer—to cause moon
c'est que la lune s'interpose (from *interposer*—to interpose) entre la terre (f.) e
it is that interposes (2) itself between earth
soleil (m.), détournant (present participle) la lumière (f.) de celui-ci. Dans le vieux (
détourner—to turn aside old
temps (m.) on regardait (imperfect Indicative) une éclipse comme présage de que'q
regarder—to regard as presage
évenements importants et funestes. Les animaux (p.) inférieurs ont (third per
events (1) important (2) fatal (2) animals lower
plural, present, of *avoir*) toujours peur, pendant une éclipse. Dans celle
fear
va venir (literally, *goes to come, is going to come*) le moment de *la plus grande* obscur
is about to take place *greatest* dark
sera (from *être*) à trois heures et douze minutes du soir.
evening

Our friends will call to mind, on reading the opening words of this passage, the ri
method of employing the numbers in dates, and also in speaking of the clock. As
the latter, it will be useful (the subject belonging, so to say, to the necessaries of conve
sation) to explain in detail how the French express themselves. "What o'clock
it?"—*quelle heure est il?* "It is two o'clock"—*il est deux heures.* "It is noon (
twelve o'clock in the day)"—*il est midi.* "It is twelve o'clock at night"—*il
minuit.* (The last two expressions literally mean "midday" and "midnight.") "
wants twenty minutes to seven"—*il est sept heures, moins vingt minutes.* "It is
quarter past one"—*il est une heure et quart.* "It is half-past five"—*il est cinq heur
et demie.* "It wants a quarter to eight"—*il est huit heures, moins un quart.* (Th
moins means "less," or "minus," as though you said, "it is eight o'clock, minus
quarter.")

In the same way, you would express "at noon, at two o'clock, at one o'clock, at fou
at twenty minutes to seven, at a quarter past one, at half-past five, or, in fact, any oth
such terms, by—*à midi, à deux heures, à une heure, à quatre heures, à sept heu
moins vingt minutes, à une heure et quart, à cinq heures et demie*, &c.

You observe here the *il est* remains always singular in French, like *it is* in English, n
matter for the plurality of the hours that follow. You are as correct in saying "*it
twelve*," as in saying "*it is one.*" Of course, *quelle heure est il* literally mens "wha
hour is it?" As to the English term "o'clock," it is a corruption from "of th
clock;" and no doubt the original query used to be, "what hour of the clock?
abridged into "what of the clock?" and then, "what o'clock?"

We will take this opportunity of explaining a nice distinction, which would otherwis
long continue to escape some of our students, in rendering English into French—w
allude to the difference between *il* and *ce*, as a translation for our "it" (chiefly befor
"is") at the beginning of a sentence. And, first, we must observe that no precedent o
example must be deduced from the received idiom in speaking of the clock: that is a
exceptional locution or manner of talking.

First, then, *il* cannot be used to translate our "it" (before "is"), where either
substantive alone, or a substantive qualified by an adjective, follows the "is." In suc
an instance *ce* can be used, but not *il*. For example: "It is an amusing book." Her
the substantive "book," qualified by the adjective "amusing," follows "is," an

e you could not say, *il est un livre amusant:* but *c'est un livre amusant* would ect. So, again, suppose you wanted to say, "it is a book, it is a lion, it is a s a painting," here, in all these phrases, you have a substantive by which the nds itself followed in government. Here, therefore, you could not say *il est un a lion*, &c. You could, however, most correctly say, *c'est un livre, c'est un lion, chien, c'est une peinture.*

we may observe, parenthetically, that though you could not say *il est une pein-* a translation of "it is a painting," yet *il est une peinture* is French, and good ic French, only the meaning is altogether different. It has precisely the significa- *il y a une peinture;* that is, it means "there is a painting," &c.

we come to the other class of phrases where "it is" precedes an adjective with- substantive whatever. Here, in very many instances, you may use *il*, and in all instances you may use *ce*. The *il* is, however, even preferable, where the ou wish to express is completed by the remainder of the sentence. For example, useful to work:" here merely an adjective, without any substantive, follows "it l further, the meaning is completed in the concluding part of the phrase "to therefore, *il est utile de travailler* would be the French you should prefer. But, ving been once said, and the meaning therefore completed beforehand, suppose son to whom you were speaking wished to reply, "yes, it is useful," he ought to *i c'est utile.* And just in the same way if, without any conversation, you are, n writing or in speaking, referring to something foregone, *ce* (or, as it may be, that") should be preferred to *il.* The rule, therefore, which we offer to our s as the most practical which we could devise on this head is, that where "it is" s a substantive to which it refers, you cannot translate the English phrase by *il*, ut you may by *ce.* In the next place, where only an adjective follows, then you nslate the English "it" by *il* or by *ce;* by *il* preferably where the sense is yet to pleted, by *ce* where the sense has been completed already. This kind of analysis, we have repeatedly introduced on various points, will be found by our readers rofitable and more solidly available than whole volumes of learned and technical such as are the delight of the doctors of grammar.

ne first sentence of the exercise, the student will observe that *laquelle* is used for h." Now *qui* would also mean "which," as our pupils already well know. Why ave we used *laquelle?* Because *qui*, being either masculine or feminine, must, ing to the rules of syntax and all principles of style, refer to the last preceding ntive, which in the sentence is *soleil.* Now it is not intended to refer the "which" *il*, but to the previous substantive, *éclipse.* How to contrive this in English would uzzle, and would necessitate an alteration of the construction of the whole sen-

In French, however, owing to the precision with which the genders are marked, more easy to manage. *Lequel* being masculine, and *laquelle* feminine, and both ng "which," it is quite clear that if we use *laquelle*, it must refer to the last ing feminine substantive in the sentence: that substantive in the present instance se, which is just what is wanted. Here we may remark that *qui* may mean either " or "which;" whereas *lequel* (m. s.), *laquelle* (f. s.), *lesquels* (m. p.), *lesquelles* , mean only "which," and are referred in general, not to persons, but to inanimate s.

he word *animaux* ("animals"), we are reminded to return to the subject of plural ngular. Adjectives, substantives, and the definite article are, as a general rule, plural in French by the addition of an *s;* exactly as substantives alone are so in English. But, as we observed in a former chapter, there are among French ntives and adjectives some exceptions to this rule. The more important are:—

—Nouns ending in *au* or *eu*, form the plural by taking *x* instead of *s.* For le: *le chapeau* (the hat), *les chapeaux* (the hats); *le feu* (the fire), *les feux* (the

N.B.—Among those ending in *ou*, the following also take the *x* in the plural; u (the owl), *le joujou* (the toy), *le pou* (the louse), *le bijou* (the jewel), *le genou* (the , *le chou* (the cabbage), and *le caillou* (the pebble). In old works, many others g in *ou* are made also to take the *x* in the plural; but no others do so now.

condly.—Most nouns ending in *al*, and nearly all, if not all, ending in *ail* in the lar, change this termination into *aux* in the plural; as *le cheval* (the horse), *les*

chevaux (the horses), *le travail* (the labour), *les travaux* (the labours). *Le bal*, however, and a few others ending in *al*, merely take *s* in the plural like the great majority of French nouns. *Le bal* (the ball), *les bals* (the balls).

Thirdly.—All nouns ending in the singular in *s*, *x*, or *z*, are the same in the plural and singular; as, *le cas* (the case), *les cas* (the cases), *la croix* (the cross), *les croix* (the crosses), *le nez* (the nose), *les nez* (the noses).

These are the most important exceptions; and our readers now know how to form the plural of all nouns in French.

The perfect definite Indicative, in the third regular conjugation, is:—

ENGLISH	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
I perceived	*J'aperçus*	*zhappersū*
thou perceivedst	*tu aperçus*	*tu appersū*
he perceived	*il aperçut*	*eel appersū*
she perceived	*elle aperçut*	*el appersū*
we perceived	*nous apercûmes*	*nooz appersume*
you perceived	*vous aperçûtes*	*vooz appersute*
they perceived	*ils aperçurent* / *elles aperçurent*	*eels appersure* / *els appersure*

The future is:—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
I shall perceive	*J'apercevrai*	*zhappers-svray*
thou shalt perceive	*tu apercevras*	*tu appers-svrah*
he shall perceive	*il apercevra*	*eel appers-svrah*
she shall perceive	*elle apercevra*	*el appers-svrah*
we shall perceive	*nous apercevrons*	*nooz appers-svroan*
you shall perceive	*vous apercevrez*	*voos appers-svray*
they shall perceive	*ils apercevront* / *elles apercevront*	*eels appers-svroan* / *els appers-svroan*

The Conditional:—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
I should perceive	*J'apercevrais*	*zhappers-svray*
thou shouldst perceive	*tu apercevrais*	*tu appers-svray*
he should perceive	*il apercevrait*	*eel appers-svray*
she should perceive	*elle apercevrait*	*el appers-svray*
we should perceive	*nous apercevrions*	*nooz appers-svree-oan*
you should perceive	*vous apercevriez*	*vooz appers-svree-ay*
they should perceive	*ils apercevraient* / *elles apercevraient*	*eels appers-svray* / *els appers-svray*

Of course, when a vowel beginning the next word follows the second person singular of the future tense, or any of its persons plural, or any person singular or plural of the conditional, the final consonant is sounded. For an analogous reason we have marked as to be sounded above, the final consonant in *nous*, *vous*, *ils*, and *elles*; because a vowel commences every tense in *Apercevoir*.

TO OUR "FRENCH" CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot mention the precise day when the prizes will be announced; as the various exercises will require very careful comparison, and general examination.

SAM. B—N.—We have received your translation of the passage from "Chateaubriand." The other exercise does not accompany it.

Further prize exercises have been received from Jn. Cr—d, from E. H. L—m, from Th. D—s, from Th. A—ge, from S. S., Dewsbury, from Ed. P—r, from Alex. W—r, from W. S. S—o, from Sam. N—h, again; from Jeune Ecosse. (We presume *écossais* is intended). From others who are, we fear, too late, exercises have also been received.

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

s. substantive ; *a.* adjective ; *ad.* adverb ; *v.* verb ; *v. a.* verb-active ; *v. n.* verb-neuter.

.GRAM, *s.* properly, a mathematical of any kind ; but the word is applied, itionally, and in ordinary lectures, to awing or figure by which a subject is ated or explained.

.L, *s.* a plate marked with figures, on a hand shows the hour of the day, as lock or watch, or by the shadow of the n, or index, on a sun-dial.

.LECT, *s.* manner of expression ; par- style ; subdivision of a language.

LEC'TICS, *s.* the art of logic, or right ing ; properly, the word signifies art of conversation."

.LOGUE, *s.* a conversation between more persons ; alternate discourse.

L'YSIS, *s.* the figure in rhetoric by syllables or words are divided.

M'ETER, *s.* the line which, passing gh the centre of a circle, divides it vo equal parts.

MET'RICALLY, *ad.* in direct opposition, the two sides of a circle.

AMOND, *s.* a precious stone, or crys- gem ; the hardest, most brilliant, ost valuable of all bodies. It is found in Brazil, Golconda, and Borneo.

N'DRIAN, *a.* (in botany) having two ns.

.PA'SON, *s.* (in music) the interval of tave, so called because it includes all ted musical sounds. It likewise sig- the compass of any voice or instru- ; the French employ it to express in England is meant by the term *t pitch.*

APER, *s.* a sort of fine-flowered linen.

APHAN'IC, DIAPH'ANOUS, *a.* clear, id.

APHON'ICS, *s.* the science of refracted ls passing through different mediums.

APHORET'ICS, *s.* medicines which pro- perspiration.

APHRAGM, *s.* a partition ; the name to the *midriff*, a circular muscle d between the thorax and abdomen, ng a moveable partition between these great cavities.

APLAS'TIC, *s.* an application proper for ken bone.

ARRHŒ'A, *s.* looseness of the bowels.

'ARY, *s.* a note book or register of daily iences.

AS'TOLE, *s.* the making a short syllable ; the dilatation of the heart.

DIATES'SARON, *s.* the four Gospels.

DIATON'IC, *s.* (in music) proceeding by different tones in ascending or descending.

DI'ATRIBE, *s.* a tedious disputation.

DIB'BLING, *v. a.* planting the seed instead of casting it in with the hand.

DICHOT'OMY, *s.* the distribution of ideas by pairs.

DICHOTYLED'ONOUS, *a.* (in botany) having two lobes or divisions.

DICTA'TOR, *s.* a ruler, a Roman magistrate.

DIC'TION, *s.* style, language, expression.

DIC'TIONARY, *s.* a book explaining words, facts, or things alphabetically ; a lexicon.

DIC'TUM, *s.* a positive assertion ; an authoritative saying ; any casual or extra-judicial opinion delivered by a judge.

DIDAC'TIC, *a.* preceptive, doctrinal ; the term is generally applied to writings or discourses in which moral precepts are inculcated.

DIDAC'TYLOUS, *a.* having two toes.

DIE, *s.* a stamp used for striking the figures on coins, medals, buttons, &c.

DIEC'IAN, *s.* a plant, the male and female flowers of which spring from different roots.

DI'ES NON, *s.* literally "no day," that is, no day for business ; days on which public functionaries do not sit to transact business.

DIE'SIS, *s.* the least tone in music.

DI'ET, *s.* an assembly of princes ; food.

DI'ETARY, *a.* pertaining to the rules of diet.

DIETET'IC, *a.* relating to diet.

DIFFEREN'TIAL, *a.* belonging to the method of calculating by infinitely small parts.

DIF'FICILE, *a.* difficult, hard, scrupulous.

DIFFLA'TION, *s.* the act of scattering by wind.

DIF'FLUENCE, *s.* an aptness to flow every way ; not fixed.

DIGES'TION, *s.* the process by which food taken into the stomach is converted into nutriment ; the preparation of matter by heat ; the reduction of thoughts or ideas to a regular plan, after mature consideration.

DIGES'TIVES, *s.* medicines, &c., which have power to cause digestion.

DIG'IT, *s.* literally, a finger ; a term employed to signify any symbol of number from 0 to 9 ; three quarters of an inch ; the

twelfth part of the diameter of the sun or moon.

DIG'NITARY, *s.* a clergyman advanced to some dignity above that of a parochial priest.

DIGRES'SION, *s.* a deviation, or temporary wandering from a subject.

DILAPIDA'TION, *s.* decay from want of repairs; in *law*, the damage which accrues to a building in consequence of neglect of repairs; or the pulling down or destroying buildings belonging to an ecclesiastical benefice, or to other than the occupiers.

DILA'TE, *v.* to extend, to widen; to relate at length, to expand.

DIL'ATORY, *a.* tardy, slow, loitering.

DILEM'MA, *s.* a difficult situation; an argument consisting of two or more propositions, so disposed, that grant which of them a person will, he will be pressed by the conclusion; circumstances which render the choice of one of two difficulties necessary; a vexatious alternative.

DIL'ETTANTE, *s.* (Italian) a lover of art and science. The term is sometimes employed contemptuously, to describe a lover of art, who is not satisfied with looking and enjoying, but who criticises without being duly qualified for so important a function.

DIL'UENTS, *s.* those liquids which are used to dilute the fluids of the human body, and thereby modify their nature. Water is the simplest and generally the best diluent.

DILU'TE, *v. a.* to make thin, to weaken.

DILU'VIAN, *a.* relating to the deluge.

DILU'VIUM, *s.* a collection of remains of rocks and strata of gravel, deposited chiefly by water.

DIN'ARCHY, *s.* a form of government in which the authority is lodged in two persons.

DI'OCESE, *s.* (literally administration) a district over which the authority of a bishop extends; hence a bishop is called a diocesan.

DIOP'TRICS, *s.* the science of refracted lights.

DIORA'MA, *s.* a Greek word, signifying, *to see through*. An exhibition of paintings in a building so constructed as that various hues and shades of light may be thrown on and through the picture, so as to produce the effects of distance, and change of time and season.

DIPH'THONG, *s.* two vowels joined together.

DIPLO'MA, *s.* (literally a *double thing*) formerly, a letter or writing of a sovereign conferring some dignity, or granting some privilege, of which a duplicate was kept. The term is now restricted to a document by which some university or college co some honour, or privilege to practis some learned profession.

DIPLO'MACY, *s.* the act of conduc negotiations and arranging treaties betw nations; or the branch of knowledge w regards the principles of that art, and relations of independent states to one ther.

DIPLOMAT'ICS, *s* that branch of kn ledge which ought to be possessed b envoy, or ambassador, to a foreign co The *corps diplomatique*, or diplomatic b at any court or seat of Government, m the body of foreign agents engaged diplomacy that are resident there.

DIP'PING NEEDLE, *s.* a magnetic ne that dips or inclines to the earth.

DIP'TERAL, *a.* insects having two wi only, as the common house fly.

DIRADIA'TION, *s.* the diffusion of the r of light from a luminous body.

DIRGE, *s.* a mournful or funeral poem musical composition.

DISBAND', *v. a.* to dismiss from milit service; to separate, to break up, to scat

DISBUR'SE, *v. a.* to spend or lay money.

DISC, DISK, *s.* the face of the sun; face of a circular plate; a thin plate of substance; a quoit.

DISCARD', *v. a.* to dismiss or eject fr service.

DISCI'PLE, *s.* a scholar, a follower.

DIS'CIPLINE, *s.* military regulati order; education; training; chastiseme

DIS'COUNT, *s.* a drawback, an allowan a certain sum per cent. deducted from principal on account of its being paid bef the usual or stipulated time.

DIS'CORD, *s.* (in music) a sound whi when heard with another, is disagreeable the ear, unless treated according to the ru of art.

DISCOUS', *a.* broad, wide, flat.

DISCU'BITORY, *a.* fitted to a leani posture.

DISCUR'SIVENESS, *s.* progression, ran of argument.

DIS'CUS, *s.* a quoit; a plate of iron o circular form, used in games of skill, being hurled from the hand.

DISCUS'SION, *s.* examination of a questi

DISCU'TIENT, *s.* a repelling medicine.

DISEMBO'GUE, *v.* to discharge into t sea.

DISFRAN'CHISE, *v. a.* to deprive borough cities, &c., of chartered privileges and i munities.

)W TO DECREASE THE ARMY, THE POLICE, AND THE TAXES.

one in our day is an advocate for armies or war but as dire *necessities*. All nit that they are unspeakable nuisances, and would not be tolerated but that y are intended to prevent far greater evils. It is asserted that the French, and leed all foreigners, are such murderers and plunderers, that but for our arms, illery, and soldiers, they would come over at once and rob us of everything, and nch the land with our blood. And then it is further added that our own ple, taken as a whole, are "such a set," that but for our troops and police there uld be no safety for any one in his bed. London, Birmingham, Manchester, and r principal towns, would, forsooth, within twenty-four hours, be all in a blaze, l the people, of course, would commit these and every sort of depredations the benevolent purpose of increasing the wealth, the happiness, and the liberty the country! It is, indeed, gloried in, and loudly proclaimed from the house-s, that we have the only apostolic church and the only pure religion under aven; but in the same breath it is affirmed that the mass of the people are, vertheless, such perfect savages at heart, that but for our standing armies they uld actually destroy themselves, and everybody and everything!

It is granted that the men who defend the nation are not only men, but from the sses, and not always the most educated, moral, refined, or best-paid of the work-g classes. Formerly it was customary to send thieves and vagabonds into the ny, where they were trained to keep the nation in order! So that you some-ies had a troop of the most sensual, ignorant, depraved, and disorderly fellows in e land sent to guard the peaceable and moral citizens, and keep them from com-tting a breach of the peace! Our barrack-towns at the present time do not, in all stances, exhibit in the officers and soldiers the very finest example of piety, rity, philanthropy, intelligence, and christian morals; and yet these gentlemen d their underlings, who work for little more than a shilling a day, are the guar-an angels of the church, the morals, and the order of the land! We cannot be arged with cynicism in these remarks, because we are only stating facts which r advocates of war frequently admit, or which, at any rate, they are at no pains conceal. The facts we have stated are as clear as noon; and we allude to them re to show that the protection and guardianship of the country is, after all, left to e care of men who are not the most renowned for moral feeling, intellectual quirements, or Christian virtue. Of course the thing is looked at by all thought-l people as an absurdity, a scourge, and a curse to the land. But then it is said at a large portion of our citizens—though hundreds of thousands of pounds are nually spent for the avowed purpose of instructing them morally and religiously—e such perfect brutes, that, but for these licentious troops to keep them in order, thing would be secure. If you go to church or chapel, you will hear both the ergyman and the dissenting minister pray that the God of mercy will give urage to our soldiers; both seeming to imagine that religion, apart from the sword, ould not save the country from anarchy. Hence the men in black coats and ose in red coats are the conservatives of the public weal!

In these well-authenticated facts and absurdities, we have, without the least aricature, given the religious and political creed of the majority of our country-en and countrywomen. Some, as they read it, and admit its accuracy, laugh,

and others are indignant that any one should dare to give their moral portrait seeing it is so ugly; but all ask, How can the evil be prevented? Without egotism, we think that we can recommend a remedy which all must approve, and allow it to be certain and complete. For, although we are not religious or political empirics or demagogues, we positively, and without the least qualm of conscience or mental misgiving, proclaim that the social prescription which we are about to propose, will most certainly succeed. And here, as is our wont, we look to the masses. We have no faith in a Prime Minister, that he can remove the evil. The matter does not belong to the Queen. The Universities, too, have hitherto sent out very poor intellectual and moral doctors. Nearly all of them desire to be accompanied by the soldier and the policeman, and seem to rejoice that the gaol and the gibbet are so near to the sanctuary. Well, then, as we have said, we turn from all these to the masses, and say to our working friends, "We depend upon *you* to put down the army, to render a police superfluous, and to lessen our taxes and national expenditure generally."

And we wish it to be observed, that we ask for no subscription to accomplish the work. We want no new society formed with an honorary and paid secretary, president, treasurer, committee, and collector; all that we propose to be done must be done without money and without price. And there is, further, no complication in the machinery to be used; nor have we a long string of rules, doctrines, or articles to bring forward; all that we ask is, *that every man and woman should resolve to behave well*, and the work is accomplished. And

1. *Honest people do not require soldiers, policemen, gaols, judges, nor penal colonies.* Let the decree go forth—not from the Queen, the Privy Council, nor the Parliament, but from our workshops and cottages—that not a single act of dishonesty shall ever again be committed by the working classes; and then the soldier may go to the plough; the policeman to the printing press; the judge to his books; and Australia and the Cape have no more fears respecting the moral pestilence which arises from the transportation of English vice to foreign shores.

2. *Let there be no more violence, cruelty, or disorder*, and soon our military and police establishments will appear as unnecessary as the swords and pistols with which the gentlemen, two hundred years ago, used to arm themselves. As lately as the days of Defoe, it was customary for rich people to walk about the streets with a sword dangling at their side. But the thing would be laughed at now as a superfluity. The Latin word for gentleman is "*Armiger*," a bearer of arms; so that gentleness and gentility were formerly associated with weapons of death. It now remains for the working classes to show that there is as little need of soldiers and police as there is of pocket-pistols or daggers. And this, as we have said, must be a purpose, decree, and statute of their own. No man can sin without determining to do so. Sin is not a substance, but an act; and the same *will* which resolves to do what is wrong, may resolve to do what is right. Men do not swear, get drunk, and make disturbances, without a will and resolution to do so; and it requires no stronger effort of mind for a man to keep from the gin palace than it does to go there. It is a physical and theological blunder to say that people cannot help becoming disorderly. The Newport riots were voluntary actions; and it was as much in the power of the rioters to abstain as to proceed. The 10th of April demonstration, which cost the country nearly a million of money, and widened the breach between the working and the other classes, was all done

a design. All was planned beforehand, and the men who engaged in it put themselves to a great expense. It would not have required a farthing to have behaved well. As long as there are rioters, there will be soldiers or police to put them down; but let all be orderly, and the gaols and the barracks may be turned into workshops, mechanics' institutes, reading-rooms, or places of worship.

We do not want the people to lie down and be crushed. Let earth and heaven resound with the cry of their wrongs. GOD himself heard the groaning of the oppressed Israelites, and came down to deliver them. The tongues of Clarkson and Wilberforce did ten thousand times more for the abolition of the slave trade and slavery, than a million of swords and cannon could have effected. Tyrants are generally pretty well drilled and armed, as far as steel and gunpowder can go, but they have no *moral* armour; and one just and equitable demand, firmly but peaceably uttered, is mightier than all the artillery of the world. *Truth*, and *right*, and *liberty*, must prevail, but they cannot be taught amidst violence. He who resorts to cruelty to correct a national abuse, is as great a tyrant as the despot whom he wishes to put down. Men armed with pikes are not fit for power—they would become worse tyrants than those whom they dethrone. France has no King and no nobility, and yet the people are now as much in bondage from the people as they were from some of the worst of their princes. All the revolutions in that country have been physical, and not moral. America is educated with a *compulsory tax*; and these Republicans hold tens of thousands of their brethren in bondage because their faces are black! The chief thing in which a Republic may differ from a single-headed despotism may be that in the former you may have *myriads* of tyrants instead of *one*.

The world wants *moral force* exhibited in good behaviour, and then it can go on. Industry, honesty, economy, justice, peace, brotherly love—these are the weapons by which oppression is to be annihilated, standing armies put down, police establishments lessened, taxes lowered, churches reformed, the franchise enlarged, people increased, and our own and every other country under heaven blessed with liberty and prosperity; and the masses in England have it in their power thus to regenerate England and the whole earth, and to do so without costing themselves a penny. Only "BEHAVE WELL," and the work is done.

BOOKS AND CONVERSATION.—A book has no eyes, and ears, and feelings; the best are apt every now and then to become a little languid; whereas a living book walks out, and varies his conversation and manner, and prevents you from going to sleep. There is certainly a great evil in this, as well as a good; for the interest between a man and his living folio becomes sometimes a little too keen, and in the competition for victory they become a little too animated towards, and sometimes exasperated against, each other; whereas a man and his book generally keep the peace with tolerable success; and if they disagree, the man shuts his book, and tosses it into a corner of the room, which it might not be quite so safe or easy to do with a living folio. It is an inconvenience in a book, that you cannot ask questions; there is no explanation; and a man is less guarded in conversation than in a book, and tells you with more honesty the little niceties and exceptions of his opinions; whereas, in a book, as his opinions are canvassed where they cannot be explained and defended, he often overstates a point for fear of being misunderstood; but then, on the contrary, almost every man talks a great deal better in his books, with more sense, more information, and more reflection, than he can possibly do in his conversation, because he has more time.—*Sidney Smith*

THE ARABS IN SPAIN.—No. III.

After ruling very unpopularly for five years, Alhaur was superseded in the government by Alsama ben Melic. At the head of a large force, the new Emir crossed the Pyrenees, and laid siege to Toulouse. Eudes, Duke of Aquitaine, advanced to the relief of the beleaguered city, and in the battle which ensued the Moslem army was completely routed. Alsama and many thousands of his troops were left dead upon the field, and the remainder with difficulty effected a retreat to Narbonne, under Abderahman, the lieutenant of the deceased general. Abderahman was elevated to the vacant viceroyalty, but was soon after replaced by Ambisa ben Johim, whose short government of three years was a tissue of avarice and oppression.

To notice each of the rapidly succeeding changes in the government would only occupy space, without interesting the reader. We shall therefore pass over a period of thirty years, during which nearly half as many different Emirs exercised the viceregal power in the Peninsula. In the whole of that period there had been but few intervals of tranquillity; jealousy, hatred, open revolt, and forced submission, characterised the different administrations. The affairs of an empire whose very size threatened to be the cause of its dissolution, prevented the Caliphs from paying much attention to so distant and isolated a province as Spain; and, under governors whose tenure of power was so precarious, it was no wonder that avarice and oppression should reduce the country to a state of anarchy and civil war. Such was its condition at the end of the period over which we have rapidly passed. Yussuf was at that time governor of Spain, but his authority was disputed by the chiefs of several large and powerful factions. Aware of the disordered condition of the Eastern Empire, these chiefs resolved to form Spain into a distinct kingdom, under a sovereign entirely independent of the Syrian Caliphs. For this purpose the Sheik, Wahib ben Zair, and some of the other revolted leaders, were sent into Mauritania to offer to Abderahman the sceptre of the new kingdom. This prince was the son of Meruan II., the last Caliph of the house of Omeya, which had been just deposed from the Caliphate by the rival family of the Abbasides. After the battle, in which Meruan lost both the empire and his life, his two sons were kept at the court of Damascus by the new Caliph, Abul Abbas Azefa One of them was put to death, and h brother, Abderahman, would have share a similar fate had he not escaped int Africa. Here he was found, at Tahart, i Mauritania, by the adherents of his hous and readily accepted their invitation t cross over into Spain.

Having raised a large body of Mooris troops, he landed in Andalusia early i the year of the Redemption 755. Twent thousand scymitars, wielded by vigorou arms, were soon at his disposal, an every day brought fresh adherents to hi cause. Yussuf hastened, at the head of much larger army, to oppose him. Th armies met near Cordova, and Yussu was driven with immense loss from th field. The capital surrendered to the con queror; but the defeated Emir quickl repaired his losses, and offered battle second time. He was again beaten, an compelled to submit to the authority o Abderahman. A third and last effort t repel the youthful invader was equall unsuccessful, and Abderahman was recog nised as the independent sovereign of Spain

The seat of the new Caliphate was Cor dova, from which the sceptre of th Omeyades ruled during nearly three cen turies over the eight provinces into whic the Peninsula was divided.

The reign of Abderahman was one o the most glorious in the dynasty whic he founded. The embankments which h raised to restrain the inundations of the Guadalquiver, which frequently devas tated the plains about Cordova, were or namented with extensive and luxu riant gardens, in which he planted the first palm-tree* known in Spain. He founded also the magnificent Mosque in Cordova, which, from the vastness of its extent, the costliness of its materials, and the beauty of their workmanship, cannot be viewed without delight

* As a proof of his affectionate temper and love of his native East, the Arabic poets represent him as addressing this first palm-tree thus:—"Beautiful Palm-tree, thou also art a stranger here! But the gentle airs of the West kiss thy branches, thy roots strike into a fertile soil, and thy head rises aloft into a pure sky; but, like me, thou wouldst weep if thou couldst look back! But thou fearest not, as I do, the calamities of Fortune. I wept beneath the palm-trees which the Euphrates waters before I was driven from what I so dearly loved. The trees and rivers have forgotten my sorrows; but never, my beloved country, shall I cease to mourn for thee!"

admiration, even in the remains of it, ch are now used as a Christian Church. s magnificent building, we are told, six hundred feet in length, and two dred and fifty in breadth. It had -seven naves, supported by a thousand ninety-three columns; nineteen gates, red with bronze of excellent work- ship, opened to the south; and the le Mosque was lighted by four thou- seven hundred lamps, continually ing.

it the reign of Abderahman was far being a tranquil one. The adherents e discomfited. Yussuf kept the coun- n a state of constant disorder; nor it till the Emir himself and the rs of his faction, had fallen at differ- times in skirmishes with the royal s, that general tranquillity was lished. This, however, was soon dis- d by the approach of a more power- nemy than had yet appeared in Spain its occupation by the Arabs. This foe was no other than the Emperor lemagne; who poured his legions the Pyrenees into the plains of Cata- . The energetic Caliph speedily ad- ed to meet him; and after a few inde- e battles, and the temporary occupa- of some Spanish towns, Charlemagne ssed the mountains, without having d any advantage to compensate for oss of half his army.

orn out by the fatigues of a troubled nxious reign of thirty-two years, Ab- hman felt his end approaching; and ng summoned the governor of the inces to Cordova, he named his gest and best-beloved son, Hixem, his essor. Shortly afterwards, he breathed ast sigh amid the blessings and lamen- ns of the people, in the year 787.

ixem, surnamed the Just and Good, immediately proclaimed Caliph at ida, whither he had accompanied his g father. The early part of his reign disturbed by the insurrections of his brothers, whom he subdued and shed into Africa. With the exception few inroads into Gothic Gaul, he en- d in no military exploits worth men- ng. The greater part of his reign was t in the more honourable and profitable gements of encouraging the arts of e, in promoting science, learning, and gion, and in advancing the welfare of people. He died in 796, like his father, ersally lamented by his subjects, after ing caused his son Alhakem to be re- ised as his successor in the Caliphate. he banished uncles of the new mo- ch no sooner heard of the death of em, than they resolved to make another effort for the Spanish throne. They were, however, defeated; one was slain in the mountains of Valencia, and the other was again banished to Tangier. Exclusive of a desultory but barbarous warfare with the independent Christians of the Asturias, the reign of Alhakem was unhappily distinguished by almost uninterrupted revolt in the Caliphate; the suppression of which was marked by numerous acts of frightful severity, which entailed upon his memory the well-merited title of *The Cruel*. He died in the year 821, and was succeeded by his son, Abderahman II.

During the reign of this popular sovereign, a new and unexpected enemy appeared on the coasts of Lusitania. These were the famous Scandinavian sea robbers, who, caring little whom they ravaged so as booty was obtained, appeared with a fleet of fifty-four vessels, occupied Lisbon, penetrated the Guadalquiver, and advancing to the walls of Seville, plundered and laid waste the suburbs. Having secured a large quantity of booty, they retreated as speedily as they had come. No sooner had that storm passed away, and the damage which the northern freebooters had done to Seville been repaired, than Abderahman, affecting to attribute it to the intrigues of Ramiro, king of Oviedo, (or the Asturias), marched with a vast army upon the modern provinces of Burgos and Soria, which belonged to the Christian king. Ramiro promptly advanced to meet the Moslem forces; the battle which ensued is memorable in Spanish history, on account of its connexion with a long-enduring superstition. On the first day of the fight, the hastily-raised and undisciplined levies of the Christian army with great difficulty, and not without much loss, withstood the more numerous and better-trained warriors of the Crescent. Alive to the danger of his position, Ramiro spent the greater part of the following night in preparing his discouraged troops for combat on the morrow. The sight of his shattered forces inspired him with gloomy expectations as to the result of the renewed conflict; but a well-timed stratagem fired the unconquered descendants of the Goths with an invincible enthusiasm, against which numbers and discipline were of no avail. Waking from a short sleep snatched on the field, the king declared to his astonished, but believing followers, that he had been visited by St. Iago in a dream, and that the apostle had bidden him to be of good cheer, since certain victory should attend the Christian army on the morrow. The report of this supernatural intimation spread rapidly and joyously through the

lines, and while the fervour of his troops was still freshly kindled by the marvellous announcement, Ramiro gave the signal for attack, and led his eager forces to the charge, under the war-cry which, since then, has echoed so often through the hills of Spain—*Santiago y cierra Espana!* (St. James, and close Spain.) No sooner had the charge sounded, than the patron saint was seen before the Christian lines on a white war-steed; waving aloft a white banner emblazoned with a cross, he headed the onset, and carried defeat and death into the ranks of the turbaned foe. The issue of a battle under such a leader need not be told. The Christian army was everywhere victorious; sixty thousand Moslem bodies, say the chroniclers, strewed the ensanguined field; and two churches were erected, according to the same authorities, in Oviedo, in honour of the militant apostle, out of the spoils of the discomfited foe.

These losses, however, were fully compensated for by the subsequent successes of the Moslem arms over both Ramiro and the Gallic king. Three armies of Franks, at short intervals, entered Spain, but were driven back over the Pyrenees with great loss; while a Mohammedan fleet ravaged the south coast of Gaul, and burned the suburbs of Marseilles.

Abderahman was a liberal patron of literature, and was himself no mean poet. He invited to his court, and entertained there with unexampled liberality, such as had attained distinction by their talents, whether they were his own subjects or strangers. "He was conversant," say the Arabic historians of his reign, "in the doctrines and ordinances of religion, as well as in the sciences of philosophy; and his days were those of wealth and (comparative) peace. Palaces he raised, and formed delightful gardens, to which he conducted water from the distant mountains. Bridges he constructed; and, during his reign, were erected the principal Mosques in various districts of Spain."

His death, in A.D. 852, affords a suitable point for a short digression, to look back at the history of the Asturian Christians. A few brief remarks upon this subject will conclude the present paper.

Those of the Goths, who, after the triumphs of Zarik and Musa, were dissatisfied with the submission of Theodomir, retired to seek a secure and independent asylum amid the mountains of the north. As the severity of the Mohammedan sway became more and more intolerable, their numbers were gradually increased by fresh arrivals of their countrymen from the conquered south. Feeling the want of a recognised and efficie leader, they proceeded to elect one fr amongst themselves. Their suffrages f upon Pelayo, a Gothic noble, and, as so say, a nephew of King Roderic. This w in the year 718. Alhaur, who was at th time the viceroy of Spain, was absent Gaul, but one of his generals, Alxam accompanied by the renegade Opp hastened into the Asturias, at the head a large force, to crush the rising insurr tion. In attempting to penetrate the n row defiles, the greater part of the Ar troops were destroyed by the huge mas of rock which were hurled down up them by the resolute band of Pelayo. T rest endeavoured to escape, but their treat was cut off by well-placed amb cades, and only a few returned to tell t tale of the fearful slaughter. Alxam and Oppas were amongst the dead. T results of this and some subsequent v tories were highly favourable to t Christians, who began to build towns, a lay the foundation of a power which v destined, though at a distant day, to dr the invaders from the Peninsula. T remainder of Pelayo's reign is unknow He died in 737, and was succeeded in infant kingdom by his son Favila.

Of this prince nothing is known beyo the fact of his brief reign and tragi death. In 739 he was killed by a b while hunting.

Alfonso *the Catholic*, a son-in-law Pelayo, was chosen to the vacant digni This prince made extensive encroa ments on the territories of the Arabs— much so, that at his death in 757, Christian kingdom embraced within limits nearly one-fourth of all Spain.

The chief event of the reign of Fro who succeeded, was a battle with forces of Abderahman I., in which Christians were victorious. Fifty thous Moslems are said to have fallen, and w the spoils taken after the battle Fr founded the city of Oviedo, as a bulw for the plain country. It soon became capital of the Spanish Christian kingd which thenceforward is known m generally as the kingdom of Oviedo t of the Asturias. Froila was slain in insurrection in A.D. 768.

His feeble successors—Aurelis, S Mauregato, and Bermudo I.—hardly serve a record. The last-mentioned pri was succeeded by Alfonso *the Chaste* 791. Excepting his wars with the hammedans, in which the Christians w mostly successful, the reign of this pri which exceeded fifty years, contains v little to strike the attention. The chu of San Salvador, in Oviedo, remain

ustly admired monument of his taste and eligious zeal. In 842 Ramiro I., son of ermudo, was elected successor of lfonso. His memorable battle with he Mohammedans has just been noticed. xcepting a few unimportant skirmishes, was the only collision which took place between the forces of the rival kingdoms during his reign. That of his son and successor, Ordono, who ascended to the Asturian throne in A.D. 850, brings us to the point in Moslem history at which we digressed.

GLEANINGS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

No. IX.—DREAMS AND PRESENTIMENTS.

CIRCUMSTANCE occurred when I was a boy of seven years of age which made a rcible impression upon my mind, which impression has never been erased. As the ungest boy, I very often had to take care of a little sister of about four years, who as the favourite and pride of the family. One evening, after a day of great enjoyment the fields, amongst a merry group of children of our own ages, I retired to rest quite eary, and immediately fell asleep. In the middle of the night I awoke in an agony of ar, screaming aloud, in a manner that roused the whole household, "Oh! dear, I have st Ann." It was some time before I could speak, or indeed realise who were surrounding my bed. I then recollected my dream, which was strange enough. I dreamt that I as playing with my little sister in a beautiful field covered with grass and flowers, and as laughing at the way in which she ran about from one rich flower to another. I rned round to gather one which was taller and finer than the rest, as I conceived, and as about presenting it to my sister, when I found that she had disappeared, and was nohere to be seen. It was in the dreadful fright that succeeded that I awoke. My father d mother soothed me as well as they could, and so much had the dream taken hold of e that I could not believe it anything but a reality until I was led to my sister's bed, d found her sleeping like a little cherub in the arms of an elder sister. I laid during e rest of the night very wretched and unable to sleep.

In the morning my father attempted to joke with me about my dream; but I burst into ars, and I observed that my mother looked very grave, and seemed to chide my father r his levity. She evidently attached more importance to my childish fears than my father d. As the day got on, and the sun shone brightly, we began our play, and the impreson wore off. About noon some cousins came to see us, and after having an early nner, they invited us to go over to their farm, a distance of two miles, to eat some rawberries and cream. My mother at once consented, and we set off in high glee. ll went off well until our return home. We were walking up the side of a stream that as generally slow and shallow, but deep in some places, when all of a sudden, without ly apparent cause, I heard a scream, from my little sister, and looking round caught a impse of her form borne down by the stream and floating gently past a corner which d her from view. I ran round but could not see her, and in the extremest terror rieked until I fell into a fit. I never knew how she got in. We had wandered by the nks of that stream day by day—we had gathered the blue-bells that grew upon its nks—we had washed our feet in its waters. A few moments before she was prattling nd in hand with a cousin of her own age, and a few hours after was taken from underath the bank, cold, dead, and stiff. The child with whom she was talking could give account how she fell into the water.

I have never been able from that time to ridicule presentiments; and I have taken a eat interest in noting down any remarkable cases that were brought before me in ading, or were related to me. A singular instance is related in one of the early volumes of e "Christian Witness," and entitled "A Special Providence." Here it is:—"The te Sir Evan Nepean, when Under-Secretary of State, related to a friend of his, that e night he had the most unaccountable wakefulness that could be imagined. He was perfect health; had dined early and moderately; had no care; nothing to brood over; d was perfectly self-possessed. Still he could not sleep, and from eleven till two in e morning had never closed an eye. It was summer, and the morning had far

advanced, and to dissipate the *ennui* of his wakefulness, he resolved to rise and brea the fresh air of the park. There he saw nothing but sleepy sentinels whom he rat envied. He passed the Home-office several times, and at last, without any particu object, resolved to let himself in with the pass-key. The book of entries of the c before lay open on the table, and in sheer listlessness he began to read. The first th appalled him—'A reprieve to be sent to York for the coiners ordered for execution n day!' It struck him that he had no return to his order to send the reprieve, and searched the minutes, but could not find it. In alarm he went to the house of the ch clerk, who lived in Downing-street, knocked him up (it was then long past three), a asked him if knew anything of the reprieve being sent. In great alarm, the chief cl could not remember.

"'You are scarcely awake,' said Sir Evan, 'collect yourself; it must have been ser

"The chief clerk said he did recollect now that he had sent it to the clerk of t crown, whose business it was to forward it to York.

"'Good,' said Sir Evan, 'but have you his receipt and certificate that it is gone?'

"'No.'

"'Then come with me to his house, we must find him, though it is early.'

"It was now four, and the clerk of the crown lived in Chancery-lane. There was hackney coach, and they almost ran. The clerk of the crown had a country house, a meaning to have a long holiday, was just stepping into his gig to go to his vi Astonished at the visit of the Under-Secretary at such an hour, he was still more so wh he told his business. With an exclamation of horror the clerk of the crown cried, 'T reprieve is locked up in my desk.' Sir Evan sent to the Post-office for the trustiest a fleetest express, and the reprieve reached York at the very moment that the unhap people were ascending the cart."

It was related of the celebrated Lord Lyttelton, that he prophesied the time a manner of his own death, on the authority of an apparition; but it has since turned c that he had resolved upon taking poison. The old poets, especially Shakspere, ma full use of presentiments. The wife of Julius Cæsar implores him not to go to t capitol.

"She dreamt she saw his statue,
Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure bloood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it."

Shylock portended ill, as he "did dream of money-bags;" and Richard the Third, the eve of the battle of Bosworth-field, has strange dreams and presentiments.

One of the most singular with which I have become acquainted was related to me Dr. R—, of Glasgow, an estimable and worthy minister of the Church of Scotland, w enjoyed considerable reputation as an author. Considerably advanced in life, he fell i but the malady was not considered at all dangerous. One night he dreamt that he w passing along a highway he had never trod before, when an angel stept before him, a in solemn tones bade him prepare for death. The warning took hold of his imagi tion; and the physician, hoping that a change of scene would dissipate the idea creat by his dream, and otherwise engage his mind, advised him to go to the Western Islands Scotland. This, added to the advice of his friends, induced him to make the expe ment. An early fine day was chosen for the trip, and he seemed to enjoy the ride do the Clyde. He landed, and in about an hour after exclaimed, "This is the strange ro and the singular place where the angel of the Lord warned me of death." No induc ment could prevail upon him to proceed. He returned, took to his bed, and died. Th account I had from a member of his family. He declared that he had never been that neighbourhood before, and it seems very strange that the scenery should so cor spond with that of his dream.

Among the loose papers of the late Dr. Gooch was found the following on the subj of dreams:—"From the age of fifteen to twenty-one I was an apprentice to a coun surgeon; and when I had nothing else to do—no pills to roll nor mixtures to compose I used, by the advice of my master, to go into my bedroom, and there, with Cheseld before me, learn the anatomy of the bones by the aid of loose ones, together with whole articulated skeleton, which hung up in a box at the foot of my bed. It was so

e before I overcame the awe with which I used to approach this formidable personage. first, even by daylight, I liked to have some one in the room during my interviews h him; and at night, when I laid down on my bed and beheld the painted door, I s obliged to make an effort to think of something else. One summer night, at my ual hour of retiring to rest, I went up to my bedroom. It was in the attic story, and erlooked the sea, not a quarter of a mile off. It was a bright moonlight night, the was sultry, and, after undressing, I stood for some time at my window, looking out the moonlight sea, and watching a white sail which now and then passed. I shall ver have such another bedroom, so high up, so airy, and commanding such a spect; or probably, even if I had, it would never again look so beautiful, for then s the spring-time of my life, when the gloss of novelty was fresh on all the objects ich surrounded me, and I looked with unmingled hope upon the distant world. w—but I am rambling from my story. I went to bed: the moonlight, which fell ght into my room, showed me distinctly the panelled door behind which hung my nt acquaintance; I could not help thinking of him. I tried to think of something , but in vain. I shut my eyes and began to forget myself, when, whether I was ep or awake, or between both I cannot say, but suddenly I felt two boney hands sp my ancles and pull me down the bed; if it had been real, it could not have been re distinct. For some time, how long I cannot tell, I almost fainted with terror, but n I came to myself I began to observe how I was placed: if what I felt had been ality I must have been pulled half-way out of bed, but I found myself lying with my d on my pillow, and my body in the same place and attitude as when I went to sleep. this moment this is the only proof which I have that it was not a reality but a am."

his circumstance shows that even the strongest minds cannot resist superstitious ings and impressions. Dr. Gooch, was, however, capable of reasoning on the sub-, and arrived at a common-sense solution of the phenomena. Dreams have been wn in many cases to lead to the discovery of murder or lost property, of which in ture paper.

THE WISE MAN'S EYES.

A Discourse. By E. H. Weeks.

(*Concluded from page* 97.)

have already seen—so I trust—that the s of the wise man are in his head, *first*, ook after the health of his body; and, *ndly*, to watch over his circumstances. bserve—

HIRDLY, and lastly,—That "THE WISE N'S EYES ARE IN HIS HEAD," TO TAKE E OF HIS SOUL. And that in a two- l point of view.

. *As regards his Intellect.*—This is GOD'S lest and distinctive gift to man: his son, his ability to compare, discriminate, l judge: his understanding, with its acious powers, the faculty that elevates above the brute. But many never cul- te their intellect; they boast of their ength of body, their manual dexterity, what they can do in wrestling, running, ing, quoiting, bowls, nine-pins, and cket, but not of the strength of their in, their memory, their judgment. And en they become grey-headed, they are y-headed, ignorant old fools.

n the present day men cannot get on without knowledge and sagacity, or practical wisdom. Look at *Cobden*, the politician; at *Stephenson* and *Brunel*, the engineers; and *Paxton*, the architect of the Crystal Palace. These men were working men, are working men; they cultivated their intellect, and advanced by little and little. Their eyes are in their heads. Whilst many of their contemporaries, and perhaps of their early companions, have been spending their time in building castles in the air, and discussing reforms as solid as the smoke from their pipes, these men have been training their minds. They said—"What has been possible to man, may be possible to me." They held Napoleon's notion, "Impossible is the adjective of fools." They were not daunted at beginning by little, knowing that the man who carries the growing calf on his shoulders every day, will soon be strong enough to bear the bull.

My friends, many of you will read: let me recommend you to read, in addition to

that king of books, *the* BIBLE (which with the wise man will always have the first and chief place), publications, papers, and magazines that will profit. I would urge on your notice especially, all *John Cassell's* working men's publications, as among the cheapest, best, and most interesting I know of for the instruction and benefit of the toiling masses of my native land. "The wise man's eyes are in his head;" he aims to cultivate his intellect—he remembers in effect the latin proverb,—"*nulla dies sine linea*," no day without a line. A little more light every day he lives.

2. And chiefest of all, the wise man takes care *of his heart;* not only of his *intellect*, but of his *soul*, properly speaking. He believes, and feels, and acts up to the feeling, that he has an immortal nature; that he is not like the horse, the ass, the dog, done with at death; or even not so useful as they, for their flesh or skin is good. The wise man is not led astray by the shallow sophisms, the flimsy arguments, the stale witticims, of the sceptic and the infidel. If the infidel or atheist says to him, "The Bible is all a cheat;" he replies, "Have you ever, like an honest man, read it carefully through, without prejudice, from beginning to end? or do you, like Tom Paine or David Hume, on distorted hearsay evidence, rail against a book you never fairly studied? Is this honest? No, no, friend sceptic, if, indeed, you are my friend, a book that such men as Bacon and Milton, as Boyle and Newton and Locke, and thousands more of towering and gigantic intellect, read and honoured, I must honestly and without prejudice peruse. Brighter geniuses than *you* have paid homage and reverence to it, and staked their eternal all upon it, as the word of the living GOD. With all my credulity, I really cannot believe they were all fools, even while I will readily grant they were but fallible men. And if you tell me," continues the wise man to the infidel, "that the Bible is full of mysteries and seeming contradictions, I ask again, have you read it, and fairly examined it? It is *not true* that it is *full* of these, and many apparent discrepancies, patient and candid investigation can clear up; besides, I have found that its doctrines are grand, its precepts pure, its arguments weighty and invincible, and the very fact of there being some things in it *above* my understanding, is to *me* a proof of its being the book of GOD. If I could with the line of my limited intellect fathom it all, how know I but a fellow man, no wiser or better than myself, may have forged it? but its truths and teachings, that transcend a human intellect, convince me that it is the revealed word, and the noble, worthy, workmanship of GOD. And says the wise man to the sceptic, "Do y wish to deprive me of the happy hopes t Bible brings? then, can *you* give *me* an thing *better?* Is your doctrine that GOD a Great Perhaps, or that perhaps *matter* GOD, better than mine, that he is an int ligent, holy, loving Being? Is your dogm that death is an eternal sleep, better th my faith that eternal life and happine are the gift of GOD? *You* cannot po tively pronounce concerning the futur then, on the low ground of a probable sta hereafter, or even the lower ground of mere possibility, is not my creed safer a happier than yours? Don't wish to r me of my religion unless you can supp me with a better article, a substitute wor having in its stead. Don't run away wi my good dinner and leave me nothing b your chaff. Don't play the dog-in-th manger trick, refuse the Bible yourself, a wish to deprive *me* of its consolatio Unless you can bring me a more valuab friend than the loving GOD the Bible r veals, I shall, by his help, cleave close him; my eyes are in my head."

Now, my friends, this man is wise, is not? Is there any fault in his logic? Is not clear and clinching? This is the log of the true Christian man; the convert man; the pardoned man, whose sins a washed away by faith in the cleansi blood of CHRIST; the man who has pea with GOD, and purity of heart; who tak care of his soul. I don't mean your me religious professor, your hypocrite, yo pharisaical formalist; there are too ma of these who disgrace the name of Chr tian; there are many counterfeits amo the sterling coin, but if there were golden sovereigns, there would be no of the spurious sort, the baser, bras metal. That man is a fool who would fli his well-filled purse into the river becau amongst the silver there was a solita counterfeit shilling; and that man is equal a fool who would condemn all Christiani because some of its professors are wor than their creed. Your Society profess to provide for the *body* when sick, and secure for it after death a shroud, a windi sheet, a wooden case called a coffin, a f pounds if the husband die, and somethi less should the wife decease. But wh about the main part, the *soul?* If you vi the Great Exhibition this summer, you w probably look for that magnificent ge the *Koh-i-Noor* diamond, of priceless wort now, supposing our Queen, to whom it b longs, had shown more care for the ca that contains it, or the setting that holds than for the precious stone itself, would y not judge her conduct as (to speak in t

dest words), unwise? How much more lish is your conduct if you value the r perishable case, the *body*, above your l, the gem of immortal price within; if t care more for your *funeral* than for ir *final state;* more for provision against poral sickness, than for security against rnal death? I hope many of you are er; that here also your eyes are open.

"Now," says Solomon, "keep thy heart h all diligence; for out of it are the ues of life." That is, take care of the l. "For what," asks the great Master nself, "for what is a man profited if he shall n the whole world and lose his own soul? what shall a man give in exchange for his l?" My friends, GOD loves your souls. loves every man's soul. He takes no ight in the sinner's eternal ruin. His k tells us—"The Lord is long-suffering us-ward, not willing that any should rish, but that all should come to repent-ce." It tells us "GOD our Saviour will ve all men to be saved, and to come to knowledge of the truth." Yea, to show sincere desire for your welfare and sal-tion, he affirms by an oath, "Say unto em, as I live, saith the Lord GOD, I have pleasure in the death of the wicked, but at the wicked turn from his way and live: rn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for y will ye die, O house of Israel?" GOD oves the sincerity of his desire for your ernal happiness by his deeds. "For GOD loved the world, that he gave his only gotten Son, that whosoever believeth in m should not perish, but have everlasting e." And CHRIST, the Son of GOD, so ved our guilty humanity, which had no aims on his compassion, that he humbled mself to descend from heaven, to take e form of a servant, to teach, to toil, to ffer, to weep, to bleed under the pressure his soul's deep anguish, and by the tor-ures of cruel men whom he came to save; ea, even to *die* of all deaths the most itter and shameful, that he might procure y his merits and sacrifice our peace, our ardon, our eternal joy. And the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of GOD, so loves us, that e has inspired holy men to write the Bible, he revealed will of GOD, that by it we ight have instruction and a good hope hrough grace; so loves us, that he has aised up faithful ministers, age after age, o make known his truth: so loves us, that e employs every suitable means to reach, o enlighten, and to bless our minds.

See then the true character of the GOD f the Bible. GOD is the *friend* and not he *enemy* of his fallen creatures—he hates heir sins; but he loves their souls.

But men have wrong views of GOD and is character: these wrong views spring from various sources. Priestcraft, for example, limits GOD's love by narrowing the channel or medium through which it flows. Many judge of GOD from the false teachings of priests in this country, who call themselves his ministers, whilst their prime object is, by a specious appeal to the Bible, to make the masses believe that they only are the authorised teachers of Christianity, and that they only can savingly dispense religious ordinances and so-called sacraments. But the wise man, whose eyes are open, cannot so be caught; he knows that every true Christian is a priest of GOD—that no Government has any right to control his conscience—that there is no special order of men endowed with *saving* powers—that any man with a converted heart, and to whom GOD has given the ability to speak to profit, may preach the gospel, whether he be, like Peter, a fisherman, or, like Paul, a tent-maker—whether he be a carpenter, a carpet weaver, or a college-bred man: whilst he knows, also, that GOD has appointed *pastors*, *ministers*, *evangelists*, and *public teachers*, whose work should solely be preaching the gospel, and who should live by the gospel, but whose labours should not exclude the activities of others on whom GOD had conferred gifts that edify.

Again: While priestcraft narrows the channels of GOD's love, a false but common theology limits that love itself. Some have wrong views of GOD and *Christianity*, by learning their doctrines from the lips of miscalled Christian ministers. The statements of the Bible have been twisted to teach that GOD is *partial* in his love—that he is a respecter of persons—that he loves a few, and that he has irrevocably doomed the rest to eternal death. This doctrine is a libel on the tender heart of GOD. He invites *all* to his favour; he opens for *all* his arms: he has made for *all* ample provision; he excludes none from eternal life but those who madly despise him, and shut themselves out of heaven.

Others, again, are too prejudiced to listen thoughtfully to anything about GOD's love. They have wrong views of GOD through infidel teaching—their mind is brimful of bitter opposition. They never examine; they find it is easier to rail and reject than to scan and search. A Jonathan Martin, a madman, could burn York Minster to the ground; but it would take an architect of no mean talent to reconstruct that noble edifice. It is easy to cavil, pick holes, and be prejudiced; but I am sure you will say it is nobler and more honest sedulously to search, and diligently and candidly to examine the divine word.

But the main objection of the carnal mind to the character of GOD, and the considera-

tion of his love, arises from the purity and holiness of GOD'S commands; the firm, unbending claims of his righteous law; and his steady determination to punish all who accept not his gospel, his provided remedy. Men hate restraint—men, in their self-righteousness, hate to be indebted to free grace for salvation, even to the perfect work of JESUS: hence the carnal mind is enmity against GOD. Men see not GOD as he really is;—not a harsh taskmaster, a stern and wrathful tyrant,—but a kind and loving Father, who, whilst he maintains the dignity of law, and preserves justice intact, delights in displaying mercy and compassion. To employ an illustration for the purpose of exhibiting the love of GOD in CHRIST JESUS to the sinner: Supposing, by a reckless, profligate course, *I* had blasted my character, and beggared my family, and become a bankrupt both in fame and fortune. Ruined and wretched, the constable was carrying me off to the common prison, there, in hopeless solitude, to expiate my crimes. On the road, one of this congregation stops the constable, and, showing him my legal discharge, addresses me: "Young man," says he, "I have, at the greatest sacrifice to myself, paid all your creditors, become your surety for the future, and lodged in the bank to your account a capital of ten thousand pounds, on which you may go and trade. Here is pardon, here is forgiveness for you now; and as for the future, I will be your friend. All is clear for your prosperity in the time to come." Should I not fall at his feet and bless my benefactor? Surely yes. Could I help loving him and serving him? Surely no. Now, JESUS CHRIST has done much more for *me*, for *you*. I love him, I glory in him, because, when I was on the road to hell, he arrested me—his word and spirit showed me my *sin* and *danger*—yes, showed me also that he had suffered in my place, that sin was put away, that justice was satisfied, and GOD was pleased. I believed the good news that all that law required CHRIST had finished, and finished in love for me. I was at once free, forgiven, safe, and happy. I learnt that CHRIST did not come to appease an angry GOD, or to make a reluctant GOD ready to receive sinners. I learnt he came, by his death, to pay the penalty which a righteous law justly claimed. Zeleucus, king of the Locrians, passed a law punishing with the loss of sight any of his subjects guilty of adultery. The first criminal convicted was his own son. The father in judgment passed sentence upon him, and then, descending from the throne to the place of punishment, he had one of his own eyes destroyed, that his son might lose only one of his; thus he showed his love for his country's laws, and his love for his guilty child. But GOD shows greater love to his holy law, and greater love to sinners than this. All the penalty fell on CHRIST that we who believe might be free from punishment; and, says Paul, "when we were yet without strength, Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But GOD commendeth his love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

TO CONCLUDE.—You have enrolled your names among the ODD FELLOWS—are you registered in the royal society of heaven? Are your names written in the *Lamb's* book of life? This is the only *record* that shall not be burnt—the only *fraternity* that shall survive and be safe in the world's rapidly approaching judgment and doom.

You wear sometimes your society's peculiar *paraphernalia*. There is a dress in which you will do well to be clad—the robe of the Redeemer's righteousness—that wedding garment, destitute of which, CHRIST says, you shall not sit down at his wedding supper. *Then* you will be speechless, if *now*, whilst he is ready to give it, you refuse to take and put it on.

You are not *ashamed to meet* in this chapel with your fraternity. Would you be ashamed to confess CHRIST, and be numbered among his faithful and active followers? A day is coming, and coming quickly too, when the last thing that will make any man blush will be his adherence to the gospel of GOD.

You have your *pass-words*. They admit you to your rooms here; they are useless for the mansions above. No name of friendly fraternity, or of religious sect or party, will do there. The only words that will then answer are, "I am a Christian." Let the *life* correspond to the *name*, and a free admission will be yours.

You demand an *entrance fee* from every suitable candidate; but for GOD'S kingdom all sinners are suitable, however dark and desperate their character; and there is for each a free pardon now, without money and without price. GOD asks no fee; eternal life is *a gift* now ready for you. CHRIST having died for you, the unjust, you are as welcome to come to GOD now as if you had never sinned. That excellent man, George Whitfield, was conversing one Monday morning with a lady of title at the Countess of Huntingdon's house. The latter said, "Mr. Whitfield, this lady wonders at your language; you yesterday told the crowds in the open air that Christ took in the devil's castaways." Before Whitfield had time to reply, a servant came to say that a poor

man at the door wished to speak with n. The good man went down. There od a faded prostitute, worn out in the ys of sin, weeping and wretched. He ed her into the hall. She said, sobbing h grief, "Oh, sir, I am a poor profligate, rn out in the devil's service. It seems if I was neither good enough for men nor r Satan. But you said last night that rist took in the devil's castaways. Is is true? Oh, tell me—is this true?" Yes," said he, "yes;" and he preached her a present pardon through the blood JESUS. She believed the glad tidings, d, like Mary Magdalene, obtained by ith a free forgiveness. He returned to e room, told the lady the scene he had tnessed, and her objections to his strong nguage and his bold statements of GOD'S ve were for ever silenced.

My friends, there is this love for you. e wise; accept it, rejoice in it. Be wise: epare not only for sickness, for decay, for d age, for your funeral, but for death, dgment, eternity. Remember, there is o heaven, no eternal happiness, for de- isers, for neglecters, for the unprepared. emember, you may now have pardon, eace, and purity of heart, as the free gift f GOD, bought for you by the blood of HRIST.

Finally, remember the lessons which *the coat of arms* on the title-page of the Dewsbury rules may well teach you.

There is the *eye of Providence;* and *that* eye, GOD'S eye, is fixed on you, wherever you are, whatever you think, whatever you do.

There is *Faith*, with her cross; and faith in the cross of CHRIST, in the work finished there for you, is the sinner's only safety. Every wise man glories with all his heart, like Paul, in the cross of Christ, as the drowning man would glory in the rope and the hand that saved him—as the man in the burning house would glory in the ladder and the friend by which he had escaped.

There is *Hope*, with her anchor. Now every wise captain looks after his anchors, and casts them out to hold on by in the time of danger. See to it your souls are well anchored on CHRIST the Rock—see to it you have a good hope through grace.

There is *Charity*, surrounded with needy children. Then let your coat of arms remind you to help the widow and the orphan. And on the top of the arms there is the open hand of liberality, and not the clenched fist of the greedy miser. Then open your hands now generously for the collection, and make a good beginning for the benevolent fund, to found which is one of your objects of meeting. AMEN.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD IN CREATION.

WHERE'ER the eye of man is cast,
From the Equator to the Pole,
How glorious are thy works,—how vast
The wisdom that directs the whole.

That brilliant orb that gives us light,
And ripens Nature's vegetation,
And she that cheers the gloom of night,
Are both the works of thy creation.

The stars that in the "milky way"
Like a pure zone of diamonds glisten,
The wonders of thy hand display,
And winds obedient to thee listen.

The sun in torrid regions glows,
And warms the naked Indians; there,
Thy hand dispensing order shows,
That he is not beneath thy care.

If to the frigid zones we go,
Thou'rt there, upon the mountain's steep;
And living things in wilds of snow
Secure in thy protection sleep.

What need to seek 'neath distant skies
For marks or proofs of thy existence;
When not a plant before our eyes
Could live without divine assistance?

There's not a stream that ripples by,
Nor flower upon its margin growing;
There's not a star that gems the sky,
But the Creator's power is showing.

The fruits that bow the laden trees,
The ripening fields of yellow grain;
The insect floating on the breeze,
The natives of the boundless main.

What beauties may we not behold
At every step, in every creature;
For thou, O GOD! hast shaped the world,
And given life, motion, grace, and feature.

The tuneful warblers of the grove,
With songs of gratitude adore thee;
Shall man, alone, ungrateful prove,
When earth and heaven bow down before thee?

To earth a sparrow cannot fall
Without thy knowledge and permission;
And shall presumptuous mortals call
Thy works mere chance, thy words tradition?

Ye atheists blush, if blushing can
Tear off the veil of self-opinion;
And learn your inward selves to scan
Before ye question GOD'S dominion.

What, tho' ye challenge to His face,
The Godhead's wisdom, strength, or power;
Learn henceforth, oh! ye godless race,
His mercy spared you in that hour!

THOMAS CLARKE, Bolton.

MR. GOULD'S COLLECTION OF HUMMING BIRDS.

While interest cannot fail to be excited by the eagle, the ostrich, and the vulture, humming-birds, though the smallest, are the most brilliant of all the feathered tri So beautiful and delicate are these beings, that they have awakened the admira of their discoverers, and of all who have observed them on the wing in their na regions, or artificially displayed in private or public collections, by the exqui proportions of their form, and the unrivalled beauty and splendour of t plumage. They have been described, when in all the activity of life, as hover like winged gems over flowers whose richest hues they surpass, or meteors dart along in effulgent radiance.

Some families, genera, or even species of birds are found in all parts of earth; while others are restricted to certain isolated spots. The willow ptarmig the jer-falcon, the snowy owl, and many more, are scattered through the north latitudes of Europe, Asia, and America; and India, Africa, America, and N Holland, severally produces its peculiar species of parrot. The woodpec ranges freely in the Old and the New World from north to south, but it is not fou on the continent of Australia. The ostrich roams the deserts of Africa, the emu t wilds of Australia, and the cassowary the fertile islands of the Eastern Archip lago; and in like manner the birds of which we speak, have their appropria regions. Mary Howitt says:—

"In the radiant islands of the East,
Where fragrant spices grow,
A thousand, thousand humming-birds
Are glancing to and fro.

Like living fires they flit about,
Scarce larger than a bee,
Among the dark palmetto leaves,
And through the fan-palm tree.

And in the wild and verdant woods,
Where stately moras tower—
Where hangs from branching tree to tree
The scarlet passion-flower.

Where, on the mighty river banks,
La Plate or Amazon,
The cayman, like a forest tree,
Lies basking in the sun.

There builds her nest the humming-bird,
Within the ancient wood,—
Her nest of silky cotton down,—
And rears her tiny brood."

Strictly speaking, however, the humming birds are exclusively confined to America and the adjacent islands. That great archipelago of isles between Florida and the mouths of the Orinoco, with the mainland of the southern continent until it passes the tropic of Capricorn, abounds with these beautiful and splendid creatures. They are found in the native forests, where trees of the loftiest height are festooned with garlands of lovely flowers, while others adorn their massive trunks; nor less abundant are they where the garden has succeeded to this rude magnificence and beauty, and where they will hover about one side of a shrub, while the hand plucks from the other the fruit or the flower. The ruby-throated humming-bird passes north as far as the interior of Canada, migrating like the swallow of our own land. Captain King, in a recent survey of the southern coasts, met with numerous species of this interesting family, flying about in a snow-storm, near the Straits of Magellan; and discovered two species, which he considered to be undescribed, in the island of Juan Fernandez, on which Alexander Selkirk was left, and whose residence there gave rise to De Foe's delightful tale of Robinson Crusoe. One species was discovered by Captain Cook

Nootka Sound, and another is described by Wilson as having been found breed- near the Elk River.

n inspecting any of these creatures, we cannot fail to observe the structure of r wings, as narrow-pointed, more or less curved inwards, formed of feathers ng a strong and peculiarly elastic shaft, each one having a vane so compacted ther that the wing may cleave the air at every stroke, as one of whalebone netal would. The plumage is, in fact, "thick without burden; close as fish's es;" the breast-bone is unusually large; and the pectoral muscles have ense strength. It is the rapid action of the wing in cutting the air, just as sabre would, that produces the humming noise to which the name of the bird tributable.

he feet and legs are, on the contrary, small and feeble, and might at once gest the conclusion that they are designed for very limited use. The humming-, indeed, sometimes settles on a twig to preen its plumage, and to arrange the s and down of its nest, but its element is neither the tree nor the ground, for ay almost be said to live on the wing. Remaining suspended in the air in a e barely sufficient for the motion of their pinions, these birds keep their bodies ne air, apparently motionless, for hours together, yet sustaining the humming id by a surprising velocity of movement; and in a lengthened flight, raising nselves for some distance, and then falling in a curve, they pass through the as when they migrate, in long undulations; but the smallness of their size rents the possibility of observing them further than fifty or sixty yards, without it difficulty, even with a good glass.

Where," says Audobon, the eminent American naturalist, "is the person who, seeing this lovely little creature moving on humming winglets through the air, pended, as if by magic, in it, flitting from one flower to another with motions as eful as they are light and airy, pursuing its course over our extensive conti- t, and yielding new delights wherever it is seen; where is the person, I ask of , kind reader, who, on observing this brilliant fragment of the rainbow, would pause, admire, and instantly turn his mind with reverence towards the ighty Creator, the wonders of whose hand we at every step discover, and of ose sublime conceptions we everywhere observe the manifestations in his irable system of creation? There breathes not such a person, so kindly have all been blessed with that intuition and noble feeling, admiration."

t the exquisite beauty and brilliance of this animated being, the most elegant orm, and most splendid in colouring, Wilson has thus glanced:—

> "While richest roses, though in crimson dress'd,
> Shrink from the splendour of his gorgeous breast,
> What heavenly tints in mingling radiance fly!
> Each rapid movement gives a different dye;
> Like scales of burnished gold they dazzling show,
> Now sink to shade, now like a furnace glow."

he emerald, the ruby, the topaz, and the precious metals, raised to their utmost lliance, sparkle in the plumage of the humming-birds; while often are these ts combined and blended with a gorgeous resplendence, which utterly eclipses most wondrous hues of art.

To quote again the words of Wilson:—

> "When morning dawns, and the bless'd sun again
> Lifts his red glories to the western main,
> Then, through our woodbines, wet with glittering dews.
> The flower-fed humming-bird his round pursues;
> Sips with inserted tube the honeyed blooms,
> And chirps his gratitude as round he roams."

But the nectar of flowers is not the whole of its diet; for it takes insects on the ng, and searches for others in the nectaries of flowers, or wandering over their tals. The same observer says:—"I have seen the humming-bird for half an ur at a time, darting at those little groups of insects that dance in the air on a

fine summer evening, retiring to an adjoining twig to rest, and renewing the att with a dexterity which sets all our other fly-catchers at defiance." For this p pose the bill is long and slender, and the tongue, consisting of two muscular tul is capable of being protruded a considerable distance, and is covered wit glutinous saliva, so that the insect adheres to it as soon as it is touched, and n readily be retracted into the mouth.

Of these birds, Mr. Gould, who has presented to the world not far from twe splendid volumes on Natural History, adorned by coloured representations wh have never been surpassed, has formed a most charming collection, which l recently been added, as a separate sight, to the varied and valuable contents of Zoological Gardens. Linnæus knew only a few humming birds, but here nea three hundred species appear, about a hundred and thirty of which are new modern naturalists, admirably arranged on appropriate twigs and foliage, in abo thirty sexagonal cases, tastefully placed on tables in an elegant saloon at the rig of the terrace, leading from the southern entrance. Ample opportunity is th afforded of looking again and again at these most exquisitely formed and rich ornamented tenants of the air; it may be truly said, "they are all but alive and no effort of imagination is required to suppose that the bird is searching for food in the long petals of the trumpet-shaped flower about which it hovers; whi the little nests, suspended here and there, so well-compact, so firmly fixed, and such a downy softness, cannot fail to excite to highest admiration.

A VISIT TO VESUVIUS IN 1851.

By an American.

Naples, Feb. 1851.—With a party of six others I took the cars to Portici, for a visit to Vesuvius. It was a dusty, windy day, and very cold. The snow which had fallen upon the mountain the night before gave promise of rather a freezing reception, but we finally concluded to try it. From Portici it is about ten or fifteen minutes' walk to Resina, where horses and guides are taken for the ascent.

We had hardly left the cars when two or three individuals, who seemed to have an instinctive perception of our object, accosted us, and were most pressing in their offers. We contracted with one of them for horses and a guide.

An ascending ride, and a very cold and uncomfortable one, of little more than an hour, brought us to the Hermitage, the usual stopping-place for warmth and refreshments. After resting here for a short time we rode for about a half hour longer, until we had nearly reached the base of the cone, where we left our horses. A short distance beyond the Hermitage is an observatory for meteorological observations, erected by Government. Our ride was by a narrow path, through a plain slightly ascending, over which heaps of lava were scattered widely and in every direction. The desolation of Vesuvius had begun to break upon us. We had approached near enough to the cone to see its bleak, dark sides plainly, and how they were scarred and furrowed, as year af year the tides of its terrible passion h overflowed. There was no sign of gree ness or beauty. There was no song birds, nor the smoke of a single dwellin nor a single living presence. Yet behin and below is one of the loveliest countrie the sun ever shone upon, and though w had gazed upon it through clouds of dus and almost benumbed by the chilling wind it was surpassingly beautiful. And th contrast between it and the dreariness an desolation immediately before and aroun us was sickening.

Leaving our horses, we walked a littl further on, and then commenced the ascent Six *non-commissioned* guides had gone o before, while we were resting at the Her mitage, and now rejoined us. Each o them produced a strap, which he buckled over his shoulder, and begged us to take hold of. Upon one side of the ascent were large clinkers of lava; and upon the other, sand a foot deep. They immediately led us into the latter, and in proportion as we begun to grow tired, grew pressing in their offers. But we were young and active, and preferred climbing Vesuvius ourselves to doing it by proxy. Moreover we had asked them what they meant by following us, and suggested the propriety of tneir staying be- hind in no very mild or measured terms; and now to use them, after all, would be a

oo much. It occurred to us also to ge the sand for the lava-clinkers, we found made a difference of at least the fatigue of climbing. They hung us, however, most perseveringly until l refused their kind offers over and gain, and they saw there was nothing made out of us, when they very reluc- turned back, and, judging by their each carried with him a miniature ius of wrath. There was an old n chair at the base of the cone, of the sed for carrying ladies up the moun- nd I saw one fellow approach it, as h it represented us, and kick it ten feet. It didn't hurt the chair, rather think it did him.

suvius always looks smaller to a person e climbing it than it does afterwards. scent of the cone is exceedingly steep, never did harder work for the time it l. We halted to rest when about half ip. Below us was a narrow valley ed with white sand, upon the other of which arose a mountain ridge, at one end of which was an extin- ed crater,—the one, our guide told us, h destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum. said that Vesuvius has the same base two other mountains near it; and it lieved by some that all three formerly posed a single mountain, higher than r at present, and were separated by violent eruption.

ter halting long enough to get slightly d, we pushed on again, and were tly at the summit. At the time of our the mountain was very peacable, and, l now, we had seen nothing but a faint d of smoke arising from it. But im- iately upon reaching the top, we saw se mass arising from the crater, and en so strongly by the wind against the tern side, as entirely to shut out the v of that part of it. We followed a path ling around the edge, and there found t the wind which had tried us so severely day, was the most fortunate thing pos- e for us. The whole of the vast volume moke as it rose slowly up from the ter, was thrown completely upon the stern side, leaving the other compara- ly clear. The form of the crater was more e a huge mill-hopper than anything else ould think of, and more utter desolation n it presents is seen nowhere. I never ore knew what the word meant. I peered ough the smoke, upon the other side, and ld faintly see how its jagged surface, se perpendicularly out of nobody knows at, blackened and torn, and at intervals ntrasting its pitchy hue with the bright llow veins of sulphur. Directly before there was a gradual descent of about a hundred feet, to where a rock jutted over the mouth of the chasm. In a still day the smoke would have filled all parts of the crater, and made the descent exceedingly disagreeable, to say the least. But we found it comparatively easy. When we proposed to our guide to make it, he immediately dilated on its dangers, and demanded an exorbitant price for going; whereupon we started off without him, and he immediately followed with a manner most delightfully submissive, and was quite content to conduct the whole party for a little more than his first price for one. At every step we went ankle deep in the sand, and our foot-prints smoked, and were marked with sulphur. The smell and smoke were almost suffocating, as we stood upon the jutting rock, and looked down into the awful chasm. The destruction of the world did not seem such a very difficult matter after all. We had occular evidence that there was abundance of combustible material, and it would only be necessary to close a few such vent-holes as Ætna and Vesuvius, crowd the brimstone a little closer, and touch a slow match, and we should be flying off into asteroids without much ceremony. Notwithstanding the descent was so easy, it was a little exciting at the time, and still more so now that I remember it coolly, to think we might have been only treading a crust we knew not how thin, which served as a lining to an oven seven times hotter than Nebuchadnezzar's.

We could get no fresh lava, and were obliged to content ourselves with the choicest specimens of sulphur we could find, as relics. Returning, we went a short distance from the crater, where an old man who had followed us from the Hermitage, awaited us with a basket of provisions. We made our lunch, the most important feature of which was an egg cooked in the crater, and returned to our horses. The descent was as easy as the ascent had been difficult. We went down upon the sand, which was fine and soft, and retarded our rapid movement by the mere force of gravity, just enough to make it pleasant and exciting.

Our horses were left at Resina, and we started for Herculaneum, which is beneath it and Portici. It is well known, that owing to its greater nearness to Vesuvius, it was buried to four times the depth of Pompeii, by sand and gravel, which, mixing with water, formed an exceedingly hard cement. It has, therefore, been much less excavated, and does not compare in interest with Pompeii, as everything must be seen by candle-light. Still, you see several of the streets,—which were commodious and paved with lava, and having foot pavements,—

some of the private houses, and some of the paintings in stucco. The chief object of interest is the theatre, which is of Grecian architecture, having a stage which was adorned with marble columns, and being 290 feet outside and 230 inside measurement. But the whole was very soon over, and was tame enough compared with Pompeii.

After I had taken my seat in the cars, I had opportunity to examine myself more leisurely, and felt highly pleased at the attractive nature of my personal appearance. A thick coat which I had worn was d brilliant red, having changed colour in vapour of Vesuvius, like the boiled lo of Hudibras; a pair of loose thick were covered with dust, and had so n inside as to be rather a tight fit; my and hands were stained and blackened altogether I was a walking advertise of the pursuit of Vesuvius under difficu Every joint creaked out a "thank you, I stretched myself in my bed; and if I any dreams that night, I forgot all a them before morning.

COLUMNS FOR THE YOUNG.

A GENTLE BOY.

"Be very gentle with her, my son," said Mrs. Butler, as she tied on her little girl's bonnet, and sent her out to play with her elder brother.

They had not been out very long before a cry was heard, and presently Julius came in and threw down his hat, saying—

"I hate playing with girls! There's no fun with them; they cry in a minute."

"What have you been doing to your sister? I see her lying there on the gravel walk. You have torn her frock and pushed her down. I am afraid you forgot my caution to be gentle."

"Gentle! boys can't be gentle, mother; it's their nature to be rough, and hardy, and boisterous. They are the stuff soldiers are made of. It's very well to talk of gentle girls; but a gentle boy—it sounds ridiculous! I should be ready to knock a fellow down for calling me so!"

"And yet, Julius, a few years hence, you would be very angry if anyone were to say you were not a gentle man."

"A gentle man! I never thought of dividing the word that way before. Being gentle always seems to me like being weak—womanish."

"This is so far from being the case, my son, that you will always find the bravest men are the most gentle. The spirit of chivalry that you so much admire was a spirit of the noblest courage and the utmost gentleness combined. Still I dare say you would rather be called a manly than a gentle boy?"

"Yes, indeed, mother."

"Well, then, my son, it is my great wish that you should endeavour to unite the two. Show yourself manly when you are exposed to danger or see others in peril; be manly when called to speak the truth, though the speaking of it may bring reproach on you; be manly when you are in sickness and pain. At the same time be gentle, whe you be with females or with men; be ge towards all men. By putting the two sp together, you will deserve a name wh perhaps, you will not so greatly object t

"I see what you mean, dear mother, I will endeavour to be what you wish gentle-manly boy."

THIEVISH PROPENSITIES CURED B KINDNESS.

A member of the Society of Frie Isaac T. Hopper, of New York, relat little adventure thus:—

"While residing in Philadelphia, I in my yard a pear tree, which bore m excellent fruit. Between my yard and t of my neighbours, was a very high fen with sharp iron pickets upon it. I do approve of such things. It was the la lord's work. Well, one year when the p tree bore very abundantly, there happe to be a girl belonging to my neighbou family, who was as fond of pears as I v myself, and I saw her several times cli the high fence, and walk carefully alo between the pickets, until she came op site the pear tree. Then she would re over, fill her basket with fruit, and carry away.

"One day I called upon my young frie with a basket of the nicest pears I co find.

"'Rebecca,' said I, 'here are some fi pears for thee.'

"She did not know what I meant. I e plained: 'Rebecca, I brought these pe on purpose for thee. I wish to make thee present of them, as I see thou art very fo of them.'

"'I don't want them, sir.'

"'Ah, but thou dost, Rebecca; else th would not take so much pains, almo every day, to get them.'

ll she would not take the pears, and a little more eloquence.

Rebecca,' I said, 'thou must go and asket for these pears, or I shall leave on the carpet. I am sure thou must iem, or thou would not climb such a and dangerous fence to get them. pickets are very sharp, Rebecca; f thy feet should slip while thou art ng on the fence—and I am very much thee will—thou would get hurt a deal more than the pears are worth. hou art welcome to the fruit; but I will ee thee expose thyself any more so hly. But perhaps thou hast taken the so long that they seem to belong to as much as they seem to belong to me. lo not wish to blame thee any more thy conscience does. But look out for pickets. They are dangerous. I l have them removed; only I am l the landlord would not like it. Thou elcome to the pears though, and I will thee a basketful every day.'

The little girl did not steal any more , and I venture to say she was suffily rebuked before the end of the pear on, for I remembered my promise, and ed her a basketful every morning."

"FROM MY MOTHER, SIR."

was a crowded court of law: there sat judge, there the jury, there the pleaders ieir gowns and wigs, there, behind the the prisoner; and there, in the witness a poor boy who was about to give evie in the case.

e was a small lad, with shaggy hair, and ronzed character about his head and neck, for he was a sailor-boy who had seen many a rough storm in his little life. As his bright eyes gleamed round the court, the prisoner's counsel, doubting whether he understood the obligation of an oath, asked leave to question him. This was granted, and the counsel asked—

"My lad, do you know what you are obliged to do when you have taken an oath?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"What is the obligation?"

"To speak the truth, and keep nothing hid."

"Right, my boy, where did you learn this?"

"FROM MY MOTHER, SIR."

The boy spoke with a firm voice, and a look of pride, which showed how much he loved and honoured the teachings of his mother.

For a moment there was deep silence in the court, and then as eye met eye, and face gleamed to face with the recognition of a mother's love and moral principle which had made their fixed impression upon this boy, it seemed as if the spectators would forget the rule of the court, and cheer the mother's teachings and the mother's care. The lad was sworn and gave his evidence.

Behold the mother's power. Often had evil influence and corrupt example assailed this boy. Time and care, and exposure to the burning sun and the wild sea-storms, had bronzed his face; but deeply nestled in his bosom still lay the lessons of a mother's love, which taught him to speak the truth and keep nothing hid.

UBLIC OPINION.—Let children be early taught to set a true and just value upon lic opinion. Show them how the world has always treated its greatest men—how it stoned its prophets, crucified its saviours, martyred its apostles. Show how fickle, v indiscriminating it is to this day—how ignorance speaks with the same confidence, even with more, than knowledge—how the heights and depths of the greatest minds measured at once by the conceit of the smallest. Show how hard it is for people to ise, how easy to blame. Call the attention of the young to the kind of criticisms rent of both men and things in this much-dreaded society, and let them say, if they lly seek excellence, whether they ought to value such criticism? When they have stered any one subject, let them listen to the flippant, trivial, conceited, shallow dgments of the world of their acquaintance upon it, and let them learn from that to preciate the worth of public opinion, and judge whether the desire of fame, based upon ch a public opinion, is worth striving for, or ought much to influence their motives to tion. To appreciate a great man requires, if not one as great, still a great man, and e judgments of the world, therefore, must be either borrowed or erroneous—more equently the latter, as self-conceit usually supplies any deficiency of talent.

Whatever nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride.

pon whom does fame bestow her rewards? Rarely upon those who most deserve iem. Does conscience approve the judgment even of the most intimate friends with spect to our characters? how then can we expect the world or posterity to do justice? nd praise or blame that is not discriminating and just, who would value?

THE CRYSTAL PALACE THE TEMPLE OF PEACE.

SAMUEL BROAD TO JOHN WILLIAMS.

London, July 24, 185

FRIEND.—Thou mayst recollect, when I left Lichfield, that I promised thee a s account of those matters which were most interesting to me in my visit to Lon Thou knowest I am an active man, but I tell thee I am but a poor correspon Therefore thou wilt look over any seeming neglect in me if I tell thee not of the ordi affairs of this huge Babylon, but rather speak to thee in another man's words. those words are eloquent, for they are they which were spoken by Sir David Brew at the Great Peace Congress at Exeter-hall, at which I have been present these t days, and from which I have but this hour returned.

Thou knowest my sentiments on the great question of peace—the question which i this moment uppermost in men's minds. War, they tell us, has been a civiliser. times past, I grant it has; but in the present, I think, with Sir David, that the gam ignorance has been played long enough, and the schoolmaster has buckled on his arm to do battle with wrong and prejudice.

Can anything, I ask thee, better express the sentiments of the advocates of peace t the words of the Chairman of the Peace Congress?

"The arts of peace," said he, "will flourish as the arts of war decay. The tal and skill which have been squandered on the works and on the instruments of destruct will be directed into nobler channels. Science and the arts, in thus acquiring n intellectual strength, will make new conquests over matter, and give new powers to mi Science will no longer bend a suppliant at the foot of Power. Education, too, w dispense its blessings through a wider range, and religion, within its own hallo sphere, will pursue its labours of love and truth, in imitation of its blessed master. we have not yet reached this epoch of peace and happiness, we are doubtless rapid nearing it; and among the surest harbingers of its approach is the Exhibition of t World's Industry, and the reunion of the world's genius, which now adorn and hono our metropolis. As one of its daily visitors since it was first opened by our belov Queen, I may be permitted to call your especial attention to it as the first Temple Peace that modern hands have reared. You have doubtless all seen its magnifice exterior and its internal splendour—its lofty transept raising its glittering roof to t skies—its lengthy nave vanishing in distance and misty perspective—its countle avenues and aisles—its iron corridors—its crystal labyrinths. On the outline of its wall and from its balconies within, wave the banners of nations—those bloody symbols war under which our fathers, and even our brothers, have fought and bled. They a now the symbols of peace. Woven and reared by the hands of Industry, they hang i unruffled unity, untorn by violence and unstained with blood, the emblems, indeed, strife, but of that noble strife in which nations shall contend for victory in the fields o science, in the schemes of philanthropy, and in the acts of life. The trophies of suc conquests, and the triumphs of such acts, are displayed within. Who can describe then without 'thoughts that breathe, and words that burn?' There are the material gathered from the surface, or torn from the bowels of our planet, the products o primeval creation, or annual growth, the gift of God to man—the elements o civilisation from which his genius is to elaborate these combinations of scienc and of art which administer to the comforts of life and the grandeur o nations. There are the instruments to grasp with the eye the infinitely great, to measure space and time—to charm, to cure, and to kill. These mechanisms, which have made man a tyrant over matter, cutting, and twisting, and tearing, and moulding its hardest as well as its tenderest elements—which break and pulverise the dust of the earth—which lift up its heaviest and most solid strata— which spans its rivers and its valleys—which light up our rugged shores—which transport the riches of our commerce across the deep—and which hurry us as on wings of iron, beating the eagle in its flight, and mimicking the lightning in its speed. Yonder are the fabrics which clothe the peasant and the prince, which deck the cottage and glitter in the palace—the jewels which hang on the neck of beauty, and which play a part in the pomp of kings—the cup of clay which the hus-

nan dips into the crystal well, and the goblet of silver and of gold from which the favoured of our race quaff the nectar of the gods. And, finally, as if to chide the r of the riches that perish, and chasten the extravagance that lives but for the present, e commingled with the baubles of wealth and luxury, with what the moth and the corrupt, those divine models which record in marble or in bronze the deeds of sm that time has spared, the glorious names which the past has transmitted to the e, the forms divine of the sage that has instructed and the patriot that has saved ountry. Amid these proud efforts of living genius, these brilliant fabrics, these lrous mechanisms, we meet the sage, the artist of every clime and of every faith, ing the productions of each other's country, admiring each other's genius, and ing the lessons of love and charity which a community of race and of destiny ot fail to teach. The grand truth, indeed, which this lesson involves, is recorded in ze on the prize medal by which the genius of the exhibitors is to be rewarded. nd the head of Prince Albert, to whose talent and moral courage we owe the Expo- n of 1851, and addressed to us in his name, is the noble sentiment,—"Dissociata in concordi Pace ligavi. What space has separated I have united in harmonious e."

ost thou not think, friend, that words like these stirred up within thee a determina- not to listen merely, but to act, and promulgate the doctrines of peace? "What is ?" has been more frequently asked than answered; "and I hope that there may be in assembly," said the worthy doctor, "some eloquent individual who has seen it in its ties, and who is willing to tell us what he has seen. Most of you, like myself, w it only in poetry and romance. We have wept over the epics and the ballads ch celebrate the tragedies of war. We have followed the warrior in his career of y without tracing the line of blood along which he has marched. We have wor- ped the demi-god in the Temple of Fame, in ignorance of the cruelties and crimes which he climbed its steep. It is only from the soldier himself, and in the guage of the eye that has seen its agonies, and of the ear that has heard its eks, that we can obtain a correct idea of the miseries of war. If Reason not for us, Revelation is against us. War is by its friends deemed a con- on of man in his state of trial. It has, they allege, been part of the ine government for six thousand years, and it will therefore continue till that ernment has ceased. It is, consequently, as they argue, wholly Utopian to attempt subvert what is a law of Providence, and what seems part and parcel of our fallen ure. If the combativeness of man, as evinced in his history, is thus a necessary dition of his humanity, and is for ever to have its issue in war, his superstition, his dulity, his ignorance, his lust for power, must also be perpetuated in the institutions which they have given birth. Where, then, are the orgies, the saturnalia of ancient ies, the gods who were invoked, and the temples where they were worshipped? Like r, they were the condition of an infant race, and have disappeared in the blaze of vancing civilisation."

It is not necessary, my friend, that I should lengthen my letter! Any words of mine uld only weaken the effect. Ponder, therefore, over what thou readest, and believe e thine,

S. B.

THE MIND.—The mind has a certain vegetative power, which cannot be wholly idle. it is not laid out and cultivated into a beautiful garden, it will of itself shoot up in eeds or flowers of a wild growth.

REVENGE.—When the mind is in contemplation of revenge, all its thoughts must rely be tortured with the alternate pangs of rancour, envy, hatred, and indignation; nd they who profess a sweet in the enjoyment of it, certainly never felt the consummate iss of reconciliation. At such an instant, the false ideas we received unravel, and the yness, the distrust, the secret scorns, and all the base satisfactions men had in each her's faults and misfortunes, are dispelled, and their souls appear in their native hiteness, without the least streak of that malice or distaste which sullied them; and erhaps those very actions, which (when we looked at them in the oblique glance with hich hatred doth always see things) were horrid and odious, when observed with honest nd open eyes, are beauteous and ornamental.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.—No. XXIV.

ENGLISH INTO FRENCH.

WHAT a good horseman he is! How well he rides that horse! What a hands
Qu'il monte bien à cheval! Qu'il monte bien ce cheval-là! Quel *(no art.)*
man! What a handsome man the Emperor of Russia is! What a handsome man he
homme! Que l'Empereur de Russie est bel homme! Qu'il est bel homme!
What stormy weather it was, last night! What a stormy night! W
Qu'il a fait orageux, la nuit passée! Quelle nuit orageuse! Q
improvident people sailors are! How many annoyances he suffers! W
les marines sont imprévoyants! Que de désagréments il souffre! Q
beautiful music this is! What tyrants the Russians are!
cette musique est belle! Que les Russes sont despotes!

The first sentence in this exercise literally means, "*that he mounts well to hors*
the second, "that he mounts well that horse there;" and the real sense in pro
English is given in the exercise.

Que, the reader will perceive, is largely used for exclamatory purposes in Frenc
The exclamations given in this exercise are the best French which could be employed
the purpose. Nevertheless, it is fit to observe, that in showing at great length the u
of any French term, you may illustrate its introduction, and the place it would occupy
used at all, by means of phrases which it would be much better to turn otherwis
During the course of the present lesson we will explain this fully. We have alreac
more than once spoken of the variety of meanings which the word *que* has in Frenc
Numerous, however, as were the modes of introducing it which we instanced, one was st
reserved by us for subsequent illustration. It is that which is used for "how much,
"how many," or "what a number of." This meaning, when forming the beginning
an exclamation referring to some substantive, may be rendered in French by *que*, with th
de immediately following. Thus, *que de charmes ce pays possède*—"what a number
charms this country has!" &c. Very often, when *que* is used thus with the *de*, before
substantive, the phrase is such that *combien de* might be, with equal correctness, employe
in a similar manner, only with an interrogative, not an exclamatory, meaning. And so
when *que* is used before a verb in such exclamations as we have frequently exemplified
comme could be frequently substituted for the *que* without damage to the sense. In th
following paragraph the two words are synonymously used in succession :—

QU'il est doux, lorsqu'on le peut, de prévenir les désirs d'un objet aimé! *Qu'*il es
naturæ d'aimer ceux qui lui rendent justice! *Qu'*il est aisé de deviner ce qui peut lu
plaire, le consoler, lui être utile! COMME on est ingenieux à le servir! *Comme* on es
actif pour le défendre! *Comme* on est éloquent pour le justifier et pour faire son éloge!

These sentences may be thus translated :—

How sweet it is, when one can (literally, "can 2, it 1"), to forestall the desires of a
loved 2 object 1! How natural it is to love those who render 2 him 1 (or her) justice!
How easy it is to divine (or "to guess") what can please 2 him 1, console 2 him 1, be 2
to him 1 useful! How ingenious one is to serve him! How active one is to defend
him! How eloquent one is to justify him, and to speak (literally, "to make") his
eulogy!

Many very excellent school-books of French leave on the student's mind the
impression that *combien* cannot be used for exclamations in the place of *que*, but only
for interrogations. This is not quite accurate. *Combien* DE, instead of *que* DE, before
a substantive, changes an exclamation into an interrogation. But *combien* alone, applied
to an adjective, has pretty much the force of both *que* and *comme*. Suppose you wished
to render in French this sentence—"how hateful is pride!" You might turn that
exclamation, with equal correctness, in any of three ways—COMBIEN *l'orgueil est*
haïssable! or, QUE *l'orgueil est haïssable!* or COMME *l'orgueil est haïssable!* There is
hardly the shadow of a shade of difference between these expressions, and they are all
three equally good French.

When speaking of *que* in a former lesson, our object was principally to multiply,
even though some of them should be far-fetched, the illustrations of the manner in which

word is, under any circumstances, employed. Some of those illustrations are of rse more elegant and more appropriate than others; in many instances, too, the e meaning can be conveyed by different expressions, in which no *que* is used. This ot all. Those expressions may be "far, far easier" and "simpler." This being why have we not given the easier and simpler expressions, instead of those in which is forced to bear a part? Because the very business we then had in view was to oduce *que* in the place which it would occupy if used at all, and not to express the e sense in the best French. And if one thing be certain in language, it is this—that ou go the round of all the meanings in which any given word is used, some of those anings are not only capable of being expressed otherwise, but were much better so ressed, and are very indifferently rendered by the word in question.

In Lesson VIII. we gave some rules for the employment of this word, and especially understanding its employment when met in books or otherwise. We also introduced ultitude of instances and examples. The rules are right; but as, in speaking of the urrence of a verb in the exclamation, we alluded to English phraseology, a confusion y arise in the minds of some. This we will obviate in the republication of these sons. As for the examples given, *que* occupies the place and is used in the way which would occupy, and in which it would be used, if introduced in such phrases at all. me of them, however, would not be used. There are better phrases current in French. hy, then, introduce these? You may be shown the mode of using a weapon with jects against which no weapon is ever actually used in seriousness. The lunge of the l is learned against a wall—the aim of the pistol against a target—the sails and spars a vessel are conned in paper or glass. It is only proper to add, that most of the tances adduced by us are actually the very best French that could be employed, as ll as an example to familiarise the ear to the use of *que*.

Que vous êtes bon! que ce pays est beau! qu'elle est gentille! qu'il est agréable! que us m'importunez! qu'il est bel homme! are exclamations in every way, of unexceptionable French. The *un*, as we have already, in a former lesson, remarked, should not cur before *bel homme*. In fact, the words *bel homme* together are used idiomatically e a mere adjective. So is the *esclaves*, though really a substantive, used with reference to the Russians. Therefore, the *des* should not be used before that name; e occurrence of it would be conceivable if, accidentally, the writer were about to have itten DSE *potes* (tyrants), as in the present exercise, and changing his epithet to slaves, nitted to erase the first syllable of the other word, which thus appeared accordingly. et this seems unlikely. As for *que vous êtes un homme importun*, that explanation ight be better expressed "*que vous êtes importun.*" But, at all events, the *que* is in e proper place, and the mode of employing it, when employed at all, is clearly seen. It better not introduced when there is a substantive in the exclamation.

FRENCH INTO ENGLISH.

C'est=une absurdité de mepriser=un ridicule (1) fondé (2); c'est une petitesse
absurdity to despise ridicule (2) well-founded (1) littleness

un *tort* de redouter un ridicule mal fondé. Il est possible de dejeûner à Londres
wrong thing to dread ill founded possible to breakfast

de diner en Irlande, le même jour.
to dine Ireland same day.

Observe here, once more, how the "it" is translated into French under different circumstances.

Before closing these lessons, which will now be soon, we wish to look back over the round over which our students have accompanied us. A correspondent, who signs himself H., sends us a list of some errors (he makes them since the commencement, about alf a dozen), which have occurred in these Lessons. If we do not give him a satisfactory account of this matter, we shall lose, he says, his confidence in our teaching.

In the first place, we are happy to say that several of the malignant giants are but armless windmills; in other words, that his errors are not always errors. We must ax his bill in amount, as people often do an attorney's; and even the balance we will in his case pay, not as a moral, though as a legal, debt. In plain truth, we can, and we hall, frame against ourselves a larger table than his; and a table of real *errata*. But

were these more numerous than we shall be able to point out, the more flagran rectified, and the effect of them, one and all, is neutralised and entirely remedied by sequent remarks, and by the very course itself of these Lessons. An instance in occurs. In the last lesson (the 23rd), and before we received the letter of our f "H.," (who may try, if he please, to withdraw his confidence from us and from instructions, but he will find it out of his power to do so; people can neither give withdraw confidence against their reason); in the last lesson, we say, before recei "H.'s" letter, we explained fully and radically the use of *ce* and of *il* as a translatio the English "it." We explained the principle; we laid bare the very essence of rule which indeed governs a distinction of great nicety and a locution of conti recurrence; and we may even take this much credit to ourselves, that nowhere else our friend "H." be able to find an explanation so full, or examples so practical, of particular point in question. Now of ourselves we need not speak; but we speak our students; and we say that from the account given by us of *ce* and *il*, they only will be able to use those words correctly, but to explain in turn their use to oth that they not only must understand the point, but henceforth must even be capable making others understand it; which is the highest and steadiest kind of knowledg any and every case. For we must have before we can give, and we may have, and not have enough to give; therefore, before imparting sound information, we m not only possess it, but possess it and to spare,—whatever be the subject. The inte gence displayed in the letters we have received convinces us that we have hundreds pupils who could now satisfactorily explain how the English pronoun *it* should in vari circumstances be respectively rendered in French. They not only could explain this, say, but they know why they could. That, and other points, in long succession, have rendered clear to them, not by rote, but in the principle; not making a mechani task of these instructions, but an acquirement for their reason much more than for th memory.

There are mistakes of two kinds in composing in any language; there are mistak made in spite of knowing better, and mistakes made in consequence of not knowi enough. The former are committed every day, and will be committed to the e of time by the most finished proficients in every art; yes, and in points with whi they are the most familiar; by great generals in war, by great statesmen politics, by great writers in the composition of their mother tongue. Blair explai with wonderful effect; and, therefore, he perfectly understood, all the principles of styl yet it would be easy to quote from him in nearly every page, violations of his ow maxims, and of those important rules on which he insisted so strongly and so well. his book, then, useless? It is admitted that no book has ever been found more usefu or has ever effected more, or perhaps effected as much (in that department), for th literary student. Are we to lose our confidence in his teaching? No; for it is he himse who best enables us to detect his own deficiencies, and to avoid them ourselves: he give us the right principles, luminously explained—and that is more than enough. In ou Sixth Lesson in the exercise with which it closes, these words occur:—"The building o the Exhibition is very large, and it is a building of glass. The last member of the sen tence we had at first worded thus:—"and it consists of glass," or something to tha effect, omitting the substantive "*building*;" afterwards we changed the sentence to it present form. Underneath, as the reader perceives, is not a regular translation of th passage, but a version of some of the words. Below "*it*," we have placed a Frenc term which, though generally used for "*it*," is not so used if a substantive follow th "*is*," in the manner in which "*building*" was afterwards made by us to follow it here. The principle of this has been fully explained by us in Lesson XXIII. Therefore, the reader will perceive that after altering our English sentence, we ought to have altered the French word for "*it*" to *c'*, as we did the other French terms. We now beg to call attention to this error. At the same time it is evident that, from our own instruc- tions, the student could now rectify for himself such a mistake if placed before him; and that if required to translate a similar sentence into French, what we have said of the use of *ce* and of *il* would show him which to choose.

In the collected edition of these lessons, all such little blemishes as may have crept in (and there are several) will be carefully expunged; several passages will, besides, be

l more clear. These lessons will be made more valuable. At present, the ssons are, in many respects, the key to the earlier; and this was unavoidable: d not crowd all the lessons into one. It is extremely difficult to avoid making a reater number of such errors as those to which we have alluded, in a serial work, a work none of which is published till all of it is finished. In the latter, the tion may be withheld till every part is brought into harmony with every other, in fact is perfect, and revised with leisurely care. But in a serial, and above all a serial, where the day of publication will not wait, there may, indeed, be more ss, and there must be much more adaptation to the wants and wishes of the , as the treatise proceeds; but it is not in the nature of things that there should same amount of severe and uniform accuracy. As with other English writers, es have occurred also in our English, which for all that, has continued to be useful, supply the reader's mind with what it required. Yet we have sometimes said, as error already corrected about the place of adjectives, the very reverse of what we d. We must in these matters look to the main advance effected, the general ss achieved, the aggregate tendencies which, in spite of every little check and e, continue to roll visibly onward. Otherwise, neither the instructor could t, nor the student profit by, any serial work of an educational nature. But the ages of both kinds of publication, the double opportunities, the twofold character, duated adaptation of the serial and the accuracy of the separate work are com- when the various numbers of the former are subsequently re-issued altogether, in ed and retouched shape, the *errata* expunged, and the obscurities cleared up and ted. Blemishes of that inevitable kind to which we refer are always to be found in the earlier numbers of an educational serial.

present tense, Subjunctive mood, of the third conjugation is:—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
t I may perceive	*que j'aperçoive*	*"cu" zhappersoo-awv*
thou mayst perceive	*que tu aperçoives*	*"cu" tu appersoo-awv*
he may perceive	*qu'il aperçoive*	*keel appersoo-awv*
she may perceive	*qu'elle aperçoive*	*kel appersoo-awv*
we may perceive	*que nous apercevions*	*"cu" nooz appers-svee oan*
you may perceive	*que vous aperceviez*	*"cu" vooz appers-svee-ay*
they may perceive	*qu'ils aperçoivent* / *qu'elles aperçoivent*	*keels appersoo-awv* / *kels appersoo-awv*

perfect Subjunctive:—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
t I might perceive	*que j'aperçusse*	*"cu" zhapper-suce*
t thou mightst perceive	*que tu aperçusses*	*"cu" tu apper-suce*
t he might perceive	*qu'il aperçut*	*keel apper-su*
t she might perceive	*qu'elle aperçut*	*kel apper-su*
t we might perceive	*que nous aperçussions*	*"cu" nooz apper-suce ee-oan*
t you might perceive	*que vous aperçussiez*	*"cu" vooz apper-suce-ee-ay*
t they might perceive	*qu'ils aperçussent* / *qu'elles aperçussent*	*keels apper-suce* / *kels apper-suce*

e perfect and the pluperfect Subjunctive need not be given in full: "that I may perceived," &c., *que j'aie aperçu*, &c.; "that I might have perceived," &c., *que se aperçu*, &c.

e Imperative is:—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION
rceive (thou)	*aperçois*	*apper soo-aw*
him perceive	*qu'il aperçoive*	*keel apper-soo-awv*
us perceive	*apercevons*	*appers svoan*
rceive (you)	*apercevez*	*appers-svay*
them perceive	*qu'ils apercoivent* / *qu'elles apercoivent*	*keels apper-sco-awv* / *kels apper-soo-awv*

e have now finished three of the four regular conjugations. It only remains to that which ends in the present infinitive with *re*.

TO OUR "FRENCH" CORRESPONDENTS.

A correspondent informs us that there is a French pronouncing dictionary of the which J. W—NS wished to obtain. It appears that there are more than one, th we were unaware of the circumstance, not having had occasion to use such a work. dictionary of this kind, by F. C. Meadows, of the University of Paris, indicating French sounds by English combinations of letters, exists, the publishers being Tegg Company. Another was published, it seems, about forty years ago in London. author was an *Abbé Tardé*, as our correspondent tells us; but he forgets by house the work was published.

RT. W—RS.—As early as may be in August.

JAMES D—DE.—Your prize exercise has been safely received.

G. S.—The French *o* is not pronounced like our *oo* in "bloom." Its normal s is like our *o* in "go." The French word for "and" (*et*) is always pronounced like well-known exclamation, "eh;" or, in other words, like the first letter of our alpha

"H."—You say that in Lesson VI., line 11 (page, we presume, 359), our *je n'a été* should be *je n'y ai pas*. Refer again to the page and line in question. "*Y*" is than once introduced in the proper manner during that lesson. Do you mean th is omitted in some place where it ought to appear? If so, we will rectify that an other *errata* in the revised and collected edition. Meantime, read the present les remembering that you do not prove a term to be wrong by showing that other term right, nor even by showing that they are much better. Almost every line in some of most useful literary productions could be proved "wrong" by such a process.

A CATHOLIC.—You say you cannot accept a "Protestant version of the Scriptu as a prize, if you be one of the successful candidates, believing that in that ver some essential portions of Holy Writ are omitted, and many things twisted from genuine purport. We do not know under what signature you contend for the prize, therefore we cannot say whether or not you be a prize-bearer. If you be, we have doubt you will be offered the Scriptures in the form which alone you esteem as inte and truthful.

CHARLES W—Y.—You are quite right; *avouez que cela est ainsi* means "con that *that* is so."

A LATE SCHOLAR.—Your exercise has been received; but, we are sorry to s partakes too much of your assumed name; it is too late.

M. O.—No. DE, not DES *rois;* for they may be any kind or class of kings; *noth is specified.*

Some communications have just reached us too late for special replies this week.

ERRATA.—In the little exercise of English into French, in Lesson XVIII., the w "*a*" should have followed the first "*it is*," and the word "*lot*," should have b introduced after "annoying." If the reader desires to understand why the omissio these words makes the sentence wrong, he will find the reason in Lesson XXIII., in remarks on the use of *ce* and of *il* as translations of our "*it*."

Same page, second line of the paragraph after the exercise, for "*preceding*," r "succeeding."

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

n-substantive; *a.* adjective; *ad.* adverb; *v.* verb; *v. a.* verb-active; *v. n.* verb-neuter.

LOCA'TION, *s.* the act of displacing. term is usually applied to the dis- g of any joint of the human body by irect application of violence, or more al causes; luxation, or looseness of ints.

PATCH', *s.* generally used, in the l, (*Dispatch'es*), a packet of letters on State affair or business, sent express officer or public messenger.

PEN'SARY, *s.* an institution supported ally by voluntary contributions, for upply of the poor with medical and al advice, and with medicines, gratui- *i.*

PENSA'TION, *s.* an exemption; a dis- ion; an indulgence from the Pope. eology, the term dispensation means try; the *Mosaic* dispensation meaning spensation or unfolding of the law by s; the *Gospel* dispensation meaning the try, or unfolding of the blessings of the el by Christ and his apostles.

PEN'SATORY, *s.* a directory for the g and preparing of medicines; a *acopœia.*

POR'T, *s.* sport, play, pastime.

POSI'TION, *s.* order; method; quality nper of mind; situation.

PUTA'TION, *s.* a controversy or con- y argument.

QUISI'TION, *s.* an examination or in- , conducted on the principles of sound nent.

SEC'TION, *s.* anatomy; a cutting in s; a separation of the parts of organ- odies in such a manner as to display structure; a nice and minute exami- n.

SE'IZE, *v. a.* to dispossess, to deprive.

SEM'INATE, *v. a.* to scatter, sow, d.

SENT', *s.* disagreement; difference of on.

SENT'ER, *s.* the general name given e various Protestant religious sects in country that differ in doctrine, but ially in discipline and mode of wor- from the Established Church.

SERTA'TION, *s.* a discourse, a treatise.

S'SOLUBLE, *a.* capable of separation.

SSOLU'TION, *s.* a dissolving; destruc- ; the act of breaking up an assembly.

S'SONANCE, *s.* discord, harshness.

SSYL'LABLE, *s.* a word of two syllables.

DIS'TAFF, *s.* (in spinning) a staff, on the top of which is placed the flax or wool to be spun.

DISTEM'PER, *s.* the name given to a mixture of size, colouring matter, and water, to be spread on walls, paper, &c., for the purpose of ornament. *Painting in distemper* is a kind of painting in which the pigments are mixed with water and size, and chiefly applied to scene painting and interior decoration.

DISTEND', *v. a.* to stretch out in breadth.

DIS'TICH, *s.* two lines of poetry making a couplet; an epigram consisting of only two verses.

DISTILLA'TION, *s.* a process of separating or drawing off a fluid by converting into vapour the particles of a washed body, and afterwards condensing the vapour by cold. In commercial language the term is applied to the manufacture of spirituous liquors. This process, as carried on in Great Britain, may be divided into four general operations:—1. The *mashing* or formation of a saccharine (sugary) infusion from certain vegetable matters, as malt, barley, oats, rye, &c.; 2. the *cooling* of this wort, or liquor; 3. the *fermentation*, or process by which the sugar of the cooled wort is converted into alcohol; 4. the *separation of the spirit* so formed by means of a still and cooler.

DISTRAIN', *v. a.* to seize; to lay hold of; an indemnification for a debt, or for the purpose of compelling a person to pay some debt, or to make compensation for some wrong he has committed. The act is sometimes called "a distress."

DITHYRAM'BIC, *s.* a wild song or poem; a song in honour of Bacchus.

DIT'TY, *s.* a song; a musical poem.

DIUR'NAL, *a.* performed in a day; daily.

DIVAN', *s.* a senate, or council of state.

DIVARICA'TION, *s.* a division of opinions.

DIVER'GE, *v. n.* to bend from one point.

DIVER'SIFORM, *a.* of various forms.

DIVERT'ISEMENT, *s.* a diversion; a recreation; a dramatic piece of an entertaining description.

DIVEST'ITURE, *s.* the surrender of property.

DIV'IDEND, *s.* in *arithmetic*, any quantity which is to be divided; in *commerce*, money divided among the creditors of a bankrupt trader out of the amount realised from the remaining property; or the part allotted in division to annuitants or shareholders.

DIVI'DERS, *s.* a name often given to a pair of compasses.

DIVINA'TION, *s.* a conjecture or surmise concerning future events, generally delivered in a pompous or oracular form by its professors. This is founded upon observations on the air, the stars, the flight of birds, the lines of the hand, the position of the planets, and even the grounds, or sediment, of tea or coffee.

DIVIN'ING-ROD, *s.* a forked branch, usually of hazel, by which it has been pretended that minerals and water may be discovered in the earth, and to which, also, other mysterious powers are ascribed.

DIV'ING-BELL, *s.* a machine for conveying a person to or from the bottom of the sea, or any other body of water, in safety.

DOCIL'ITY, *s.* aptness to be taught.

DO'CIMACY, *s.* the art of assaying metals.

DOCK, *s.* a place artificially formed for the reception of ships, the entrance to which is generally closed by gates. *Dry* docks are used for receiving ships in order to their being inspected and repaired; *wet* docks are for the purpose of keeping vessels always afloat.

DOCK'ET, *s.* a direction fastened upon goods; a record of the Courts, containing an entry of payments; "*Striking a docket*" in bankruptcy, was formerly a conventional phrase, meaning that a creditor had taken the first step to make his debtor a bankrupt.

DOC'TOR, *s.* one that has taken the highest degree in the faculties of divinity, law, physic, or music. In its original import it means a person so skilled in his particular art or science as to be qualified to teach it.

DOC'TORS' COM'MONS, *s.* the College of Civilians in London, near St. Paul's Churchyard, founded for the professors of civil law. In the Common Hall are held all the principal Spiritual Courts, and the High Court of Admiralty.

DOC'UMENT, *s.* a precept, instruction, or direction; written evidence.

DODEC'AGON, *s* a figure of twelve sides.

DODECAHE'DRON, *s.* a solid contained under twelve regular pentagons, or figures with five angles.

DOG'DAYS, *s.* the days in which the dog star rises and sets with the sun—from July 3 to August 12.

DOGE, *s.* the title of the chief magistrate of Venice.

DOG'GEREL, *s.* verses destitute of poetry or just measure; *a.* vile, mean.

DOG'MA, *s.* an established principle; a tenet; a fundamental article of belief. *Dogmatic theology* is an exposition and tion of the various articles of the Chr faith, as founded upon authority ac ledged by Christians in general, and tinguished from *scholastic* theology, assumes to establish the truth of Chr doctrines by argument. The terms *matical* and *dogmatism* are generally emp in reference to a positive, authoritati rude and overbearing *manner* of ass any opinion or doctrine.

DOG' STAR, *s.* Sirius; a star from the dog days derive their appellation.

DOI'LY, DOI'LEY, *s.* a small napkin at or after dinner.

DOL'LAR, *s.* a foreign coin of diff value, from 2s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.

DO'LOMITE, *s.* a variety of magn limestone.

DOME, *s.* a term applied to the cov of the whole or part of a building; a cu an arched roof.

DOME'SDAY BOOK, *s.* a record of a su of the lands, tenures, and subjects thro out the kingdom, still existing, and by order of William the Conqueror.

DOMI'CIL, DOMI'CILE, *s.* a private dwel

DOMIN'ICAL, *a.* a term for Sundays, nifying "days of the Lord." The l denoting the Sabbath in calendars is n the *Dominical Letter*.

DOMIN'ICAN, *s.* a friar of the order o Dominic.

DOM'INO, *s.* a kind of hood; a long d

DON, *s.* a Spanish title for a gentlem

DO'NATIVE, *s.* a gift, a largess, a ben

DON'JON, *s.* the strongest tower i castle.

DOR'IC, *a.* relating to an order of ar tecture invented by the Dorians, rem able for its simplicity and strength.

DOR'MAR, *s.* (in building) a beam sleeper; a window in the roof of a hous

DOR'MITORY, *s.* a sleeping room; a bu place.

DOR'SAL, *a.* belonging or fixed to back—as the *dorsal fins* of fishes.

DOS'SIL, *s.* a pledget or roll of lint.

DO'TAL, *a.* relating to a portion or dow

DOUANIER', *s.* (French) an officer Customs.

DOUCEUR', *s.* (French) a present; a c ciliating bribe.

DOVE'TAIL, *s.* a method of joining pieces of wood together, one end be fashioned into the fan-like form of a do tail, and let into a corresponding hollow another piece of wood; *v. a.* to join tenons.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.
[VOL. VII.—No. 84.—SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1851.]

WARS AND STANDING ARMIES A SCOURGE TO THE WORLD, AND ESPECIALLY SO TO THE WORKING CLASSES.

As our periodical, from the first, has been devoted to the interests of the working classes, it is necessary that our voice should again and again be lifted against the cruelty, the iniquity, as well as the unprofitableness of war, in all its departments and aspects. A brief review of the origin of our military operations would show that they have been as reckless and mad as they have been inhuman and destructive. What business had we to interfere with the French because they chose to change their form of Government? No people under heaven have produced greater changes in their constitution or dynasties, or given more encouragement to ambitious usurpers, than the English; and yet we had the audacity to attack France for attempting to free itself from despotism, and the folly to spend millions of treasure in our efforts to dethrone Napoleon! Some have thought that a heavy curse is yet to visit us for our sanguinary wickedness. But they seem to forget that the scourge *already* lies heavily upon us. Our national debt is a punishment which we and our children are doomed to bear for a long series of years.

Our victories have cost us so much that a few more would have been our entire ruin. What a mercy it was that Washington defeated us, and that America declared herself "*independent*." If the New World had continued a British colony, it would have been a continued expense to us. We should have made it an asylum for needy aristocrats, and places, sinecures, and pensions, would have multiplied to a most expensive and ruinous extent. The "*United States*" are now worth nearly TEN MILLIONS A YEAR to us, while, as a mere English province and colony, they would hardly have been worth sixpence. Here was a defeat, then, which was more valuable than all our victories. We want our operatives to feel that war, in every form in which it can be viewed, is *a* LOSS.

I. THE MEN WHO BECOME SOLDIERS ARE LOST.—If we lead them out on military expeditions, numbers of them die of climate, pestilence, or exposure to all sorts of midnight blasts and inclement weather. We have seen the hardy youth, the flower of the village, with an iron constitution, deceived by that serpent, the recruiting sergeant, taken off to the barracks, exposed to storms and damps by day and by night, thrown into a consumption, and then hurried to the grave, before he was five-and-twenty. We talk of the massacre of the battle-field. But the barracks, the colonies, and home and foreign service, destroy more lives than the sword or the cannon. Very few of those who serve in the army live to be old. The bait of a pension is held out, but the chances are a hundred to one that the poor dupe will never live to enjoy it. And then what a tale of blood the *battle-field* unfolds!—and of those who escape, how many return disabled for life! We thus take from the factory and the fields the best men we can find, both for stature, form, and muscle, and devote them to destruction. We annihilate them physically, intellectually, and morally; we make their existence not merely a blank, but, in too many cases, a perpetual curse; we tax ourselves enormously for this barbarity, and then have the blasphemy to invoke a God of love and mercy to grant his smile and benediction on our worse than fiendish proceedings!

We are sometimes told that the world is in danger of being *over-peopled*, and that war is a merciful dispensation to prevent us from eating one another. The

man who makes this remark, except to show its folly and wickedness, can hardly have taken the trouble to open his eyes. Of course he knows nothing of the dimensions of the globe, of its geology, its soils, or its climate. Of art, trade, or industry, he must be totally ignorant. The earth over-peopled indeed! With agriculture in a state of infancy; with myriads upon myriads of acres lying fallow; with all the riches of our mines, rivers, and seas; with all the resources of chemistry and other branches of science, art, and invention; who would talk for the next thousand years of the inhabitants of our planet multiplying beyond the means of subsistence? Far from this, we have not a life—no, not a hand, an eye, a foot, a nerve, or a muscle—to waste on war, or to paralyse in a barrack. We want all these able-bodied men in the workshop, in the field, in the mart, the docks, and the merchant ship. Give us free trade with all the world; let us offer the comforts and conveniences of life to the masses; let us refine their tastes, and give them a chance of improving their condition, and we shall soon require a vast addition to the number of the human family; we shall then see and feel that not a man can be spared to be idle in the citadel, to be murdered by hard duty, to be slain by miasmata in inhospitable climes, or shot by the arrow or the cannon. War massacres our labourers, our artisans, and our customers, and thus impoverishes the world, and countermands the divine injunction "to multiply and replenish the earth." Man is the only being that can enrich our globe; whatever destroys him, destroys all.

II. What an ill-paid being is the soldier!—We have often great complaints about wages, but for an able-bodied man, the soldier is the worst remunerated of any individual in the land. We can hardly think that many of our operatives are sincere in seeking to better their condition, so long as they sell themselves for so small a pittance per day to be shot at. The nation could not afford to give proper and reasonable wages to a standing army. It would bankrupt us, and therefore there is no remedy but to abolish the abomination altogether. We may be told that some persons have good pay; but with the exception of a few persons who are highly favoured, or have property, the officers of our regiments are as poor as church mice. Their habits are so expensive that many of them are always in debt, and when they are promoted, their new rank involves expenses which run away with all their profits. All sorts of tradesmen and mechanics among us become independent, but when is this the case with a naval or military officer? Poor fellow! he is doomed to be a pauper all his days, and live upon a pension. Had his father apprenticed him to a shoemaker, bricklayer, carpenter, tailor, grocer, or draper, he might have retired honourably in his old age, and have lived on his means, but making him a lieutenant condemned him to be a sycophant and a pauper all his days.

Should any demur that we have said that these gentlemen are not only pensioners but sycophants, we have only to reply that a man who intends to rise in the army or navy must not be a *man*. He must not speak out; he must neither think nor act freely. The moment he entered the regiment he voluntarily sold his liberty, and therefore his humanity. How few patriots or public-spirited men are found among lieutenants, &c. Officers that hope to rise must put their fingers on their mouths, and become as near like machines as possible. We know of nothing under heaven so demoralising as an army. The men are all slaves, and we feel assured that when the matter shall be duly considered, we shall have another movement to emancipate

these white vassals; but to emancipate the soldier we must break up the military establishment altogether, because freedom and humanity are perfectly incompatible with the discipline and requirements of war.

III. THE BARRACK-LIFE OF A SOLDIER IS A MISERABLE AFFAIR.—There are in many places a hospital and a graveyard attached, and rightly so, for the whole system leads to disease and death; and it is well that the young recruit should early read his doom. Were we in Parliament, we should feel it a duty to ask for the returns of sickness and death from all our barracks. We do not need an hospital for the same number of people in our fields and workshops. Let anyone enter the dormitories of soldiers on a morning before the men have risen from their beds, and he will have little to say about the foul air of our towns and cities. We grant that much is done to render these places healthy; but still we believe that there is a curse in the system of huddling so many human beings together, which no sanitary regulations can prevent. Our fathers had no barracks. The thing is only of recent date, and is one of the scourges which military cruelty has of late years inflicted on the land.

And then the soldier in the barracks is to all intents and purposes a prisoner and a slave. All his movements are regulated by his master's. His hours of going out and coming home, the distance he may go, and all other such matters are fixed by his lord in the most arbitrary manner, and watched over by his brother spies and minions. Should he express a word of dissent, he will be locked up or flogged. He dares not be a man; and should he see a comrade act a little independently, and not accuse him of presuming to be a free agent, he will be in danger of being punished for not being an informer. The despotism of a regiment is the most complete thing of the kind under heaven, and not in any particular surpassed by the slaveholders of America.

Further, a soldier has *no home*. "Home! sweet home!" he may sing, but there is no hope for his tasting it. He has to be marched from place to place, wherever his masters wish. He must be always ready to depart at an hour's notice, and burst himself from every natural tie. Few comparatively marry; and only think of the condition of a soldier's wife! Should he leave her at home, she is a widow with a living husband, whose "hand is against every man," and who is hourly in danger of being shot. Should he take her with him, she is doomed to the outrage of every delicate feeling which God has planted in the female bosom, and without which a woman cannot be woman. Hence his wife must either be unsexed, or perpetually exposed to the most disgusting torture of her feelings. For the soldier, the soldier's wife and children, there is no home on earth.

On the *morals* of barracks we need not enlarge. The tale cannot be told. The conversation and actions of one day, if printed, would equally pollute, disgust, and affright the country. And not only the men, but the officers would hardly like to have their sayings and doings published. We know there are exceptions; but then the "Iron Duke" has told us that "*men who have very nice feelings about morality or religion have no business in the army.*" And his Grace knows full well that if past history may be taken as an example of the future, he has little cause to be alarmed on that head.

We trust that our operatives will soon make wars their study, and then they will see that armies are a physical, a social, a political, an intellectual, and a moral curse.

THE ARABS IN SPAIN.—No. IV.

THE reign of Mohammed I., the son and successor of Abderahman, was not more free from attempted rebellions and civil disorders than had been those of his predecessors on the Cordovan throne. Shortly after his accession, a formidable insurrection was organised by Omar Ben Hafs, a captain of Andalusian banditti, secretly aided by the disaffected walis, or governors, of Saragossa and Toledo. Omar had been an obscure artizan; but being of a reckless and dissatisfied spirit, committed some offence in Cordova which compelled him to remove from the city. Having escaped to Torgiela, he soon after joined the mountain bands which infested Andalusia, and by his daring bravery and military tact soon rose to the command. As his forces increased, he extended his depredations; and having seized upon a fortress on the frontiers of Navarre, from thence, as a rallying point, he carried his ravages into Aragon. Encouraged by the success which attended his forays, he stirred up the inhabitants to revolt against the King of Cordova, and allied himself with Ordono, the sovereign of the Asturias. Several of the local governors embraced his cause, and openly acknowledged him as king. Mohammed now advanced to put down the growing rebellion, the suppression of which he had at first entrusted to Ali ben Zayid, one of his generals. Omar, aware of his own inability to meet the augmented forces of Mohammed in the field, had recourse to cunning—an auxiliary not seldom made use of in Mussulman policy. Sending messengers to the Caliph, he assured him that his alliance with the Christians was only pretended for the purpose of procuring him a good opportunity to advance the interests of his legitimate sovereign. The credulous monarch believed him, and actually sent his nephew with a body of Valencian cavalry to strengthen the treacherous rebel. On reaching the camp of the insurgents, the prince and his followers were received with apparently the most profound respect, but were assassinated during the night following their arrival. On learning the treachery, Mohammed swore to be revenged, and hastened with the chief force of his kingdom to crush the perfidious outlaw. In the action which ensued, Omar was openly assisted by the disaffected walis, who were slain upon the field. The insurgent forces were routed with great slaughter, and Omar himself narrowly escaped being taken. He fled to the Pyrenees, whence he soon after made his appearance with a second army, which he had succeeded in raising in Navarre, but lost his life in the early part of the first engagement which followed with the royal troops. Though his son still remained at large in the mountains, meditating and preparing for fresh disorders, the internal peace of the country was restored, and no other outbreak occurred in this reign. Like his father, Mohammed was a liberal patron of literature, wrote verses, and moralised upon the cares of royalty and the uncertainties of human life.

His son and successor, Alhonondir, was slain in a battle with Calib, the son of Omar, whose continued successes disturbed the peace of the next sovereign, and kept the country in a state of civil war throughout his reign. A detailed account of these internal broils would only occupy space which may be much more profitably and agreeably taken up with dwelling, as we proceed with the narrative, more specifically upon points of greater legendary or historic interest. The new Caliph was Abdalla, the brother of Alhonondir. Soon after his accession he prepared, by prompt and vigorous action, to put an end to a rebellion which had been so disastrous to the peace and prosperity of the kingdom during the reigns of his father and brother. Calib had fortified himself in Toledo, where he sustained a prolonged siege, and ultimately forced the Caliph to retire. He even carried his boldness so far as to appear privately in Cordova, the capital, after the return of Abdalla from before Toledo. But his temerity was nearly proving fatal to him. The singular manner in which his presence in the city was discovered is worth being mentioned. One Suleyman, who had been cadi, or magistrate, of Merida, but had rebelled and been pardoned, wrote a sharp lampoon against the Caliph. On being discovered, the ungrateful author was brought into the royal presence. "I greatly fear," said Abdalla, "that I have thrown away my favours on thee; certainly I do not deserve thy reproaches. I might punish thee, but I will let thee live. I am even willing that thou shouldst repeat thy verses to me whenever I am in a humour to hear them; and, to show thee how highly I value them, thou shalt pay me a thousand dinars (about £200) for every one thou composest." The poor poet threw himself at the feet of the Caliph, and, after many asseverations of sorrow for his transgression, was pardoned. In the first gush of his gratitude, he revealed the presence of Caleb in the city, and told where he might be found. But the very means taken to secure the arch-rebel led to his escape.

Suleyman was temporarily confined in prison, lest he should repent and acquaint the outlaw of his danger. The imprisonment became known, and excited the suspicions of Calib and his friends. He hid himself till night, and then passed out through the gates in the disguise of a beggar. He soon after approached the capital at the head of a large force; but being defeated, he managed to shut himself up in Toledo till the death of Abdalla, in the year 912.

Abderahman III., the son of Mohammed, who had died in prison after an unsuccessful attempt to dethrone his father Abdalla, succeeded to the vacant throne. This sovereign was the Haroun Al Raschid of the West. During his reign the Caliphate of Cordova attained its greatest splendour. Indeed, according to some historians, he was the first of the Arab kings of Spain who assumed the title and honours of Caliph and "Defender of the Faith of God." Though denied by other authorities, this statement will serve to show how much he surpassed his predecessors in the glory and magnificence of his reign. "So splendid a court as his," says a writer upon this portion of Spanish history, "in comparison with all contemporary ones, Europe has never seen in any earlier or later age; scarcely, perhaps, at any time, one so splendid in itself. Yet this was the monarch who, when he had reigned fifty years in the height of human power, declared, that upon a sober retrospect of his life, he could only reckon up fourteen days in which he had been altogether happy"—one among the countless examples of how little enviable is "the head that wears a crown."

"The reign of Abderahman III.," says another, "has been termed the most brilliant period in the history of the Spanish Arabs. That commerce flourished, and riches were accumulated in an unexampled degree; that a powerful navy was formed and maintained in full activity; that the arts and sciences were cultivated with ardour, because their professors were rewarded with princely liberality; that many splendid public works were undertaken in the principal towns of Mohammedan Spain; that the king was the friend of industry, of merit, and of poverty; that his fame was so widely diffused as to bring even rich embassies from Constantinople; are undoubted and indisputable facts." According to Condé's account of the first of the eastern embassies here mentioned, the credentials of the envoys who conducted it, were written in characters of gold upon an azure ground, and the seal by which they were secured was of massive gold, engraven on one side with the likeness of our Saviour, and on the other with those of the Emperors Leo and Constantine—by whom the embassy was sent. They were then deposited in a box of carved silver, and that again was enclosed in another of gold, embellished with a portrait of Constantine on stained glass. The whole was placed in a case shaped like a quiver, enveloped in cloth of silk and gold tissue. The style with which the letter commenced, sufficiently evinced the wishes of the senders to conciliate the good will of the Caliph:—"Constantine and Romanus, believers in the Messiah, the two Emperors, sovereigns of Rome, to the great in the rightful possession of glory, the noble in descent, Abderahman the Caliph, ruling over the Arabs in Spain, may God prolong his life!" The almost fabulous value of the presents brought on this occasion, and of those which the Spanish sovereign sent in return, could be believed only in connexion with eastern monarchs, whose wealth would seem to have been as exhaustless as was the imagination of those by whom it has been described. The foundation of the palace and town of Medina-Azhara, or City of the Flower—so named from a slave whom he passionately loved—sufficiently attested the taste and luxury of Abderahman. The roof of the palace was supported by more than four thousand pillars of variegated marble, whilst the floors and walls were of the same costly material, and the chief apartments were adorned with exquisite fountains of jasper, amid which mimic swans of gold were seen disporting under canopies of inestimable gems; and the whole was surrounded by the most magnificent gardens, in the centre of which rose a pavilion resting on pillars of white marble ornamented with gold, and commanding a prospect of unequalled loveliness and extent. In the middle of the pavilion played a fountain of quicksilver, which threw back in a new and wondrous manner, the glittering rays of the sun. The whole resembled rather the creations of genii than the labours of man. Though the marvellous accounts which the Arabian historians have handed down of the splendour of this royal residence doubtless partake largely of the spirit of oriental exaggeration, the facts that such statements were hazarded, avouches Medina-Azhara to have been a work of consummate magnificence: and yet, so entirely has it passed away, that not even a ruin, since its demolition during a civil outbreak in the year 1008, points the traveller to the place where it stood. Here again might the moraliser say, "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

Nor was it on "The City of the Flower" alone that the coffers of Abderahman

poured forth their measureless contents. An aqueduct at Ecija, a noble mosque at Segovia, a *Mihrab*, or sanctuary appended to that of Tarragona, baths, fountains, and hospitals, almost without number, in each of the principal cities within his dominions; in Cordova a long range of quays, and an arsenal commensurate with the wants of the vast military establishment which he maintained, were lasting and substantial proofs of the Caliph's attention to the welfare of his people. Nor was he less a friend of literature than some of his predecessors in the Spanish Caliphate. In his court were found the most learned men of the East, invited and supported by his liberal patronage. Poetry, music, medicine, and natural philosophy were professed and taught; and the germs of that afterwards celebrated school which within two centuries boasted no less a name than that of Averroes, were planted and nourished by the fostering hand of Abderahman. "To the dominion of the Mussulmans," says a late writer upon Mohammedan history, "Spain is indebted for the culture of rice, of the fig, and of the sugar-cane; the choicest plants of Africa and the Levant were intermingled with those of Europe; the soil was meliorated, and the unknown fertility developed by the general practice of irrigation; so that not a step can be taken in the rich provinces of Granada or Valencia, in which the remains of some canal or watercourse, of some huge basin or reservoir, or of some subterranean drainage, do not proclaim the superior skill and the gigantic labours of the Saracens in agriculture."

In his internal administration, Abderahman was distinguished for great capacity of mind, for unbounded liberality, and for inflexible justice. The fate of his eldest son, Abdalla, was a fearful illustration of the last characteristic. Several years before his death, the Caliph had caused his second son Alhakem to be publicly recognised as the heir-apparent to the throne. This arrangement very naturally gave umbrage to Abdalla, who entered into a conspiracy of which the object was the assassinatio or perpetual imprisonment of Alhakem The plot was betrayed, Abdalla wa arrested, confessed his meditated crime and was suffocated, notwithstanding th entreaties of his intended victim Alhakem "Thy humane request," replied the inflexi ble father, "becomes thee well, and if were a private individual, it should b granted; but as a King, I owe both to m people and my successors an example o justice: I deeply lament the fate of my son I shall lament it through life; but neithe thy tears nor my grief shall save him!" The wound which he thus inflicted upon himself was never healed: a profound melancholy settled down upon the heart-broken father for the remainder of his life. The state of his mind was truthfully described in some verses addressed to his friend Abu Becri—for the Caliph was no mean poet—who had remonstrated, in verse too, upon his master's indulgence of painful remembrances. He thus gives vent to his irremediable grief:—"The sorrow of a troubled heart will vent itself in sighs. Can we enjoy tranquillity while the tempest is roaring? How, then, can I rejoice over the sparkling cup? Glory crowned my youth; now she abandons me. The sharp blast of affliction has withered the roses of my youth; and I tremble lest the storm should blast the lilies of more advanced age. The brightness of my days has passed away, and a gloomy night has overspread me with shadows which no future morning can ever dissipate." Consumed by this ever deepening grief, this greatest of the Arab sovereigns of Spain, went down into the grave, the victim of his own sternness, in the year 961.

Without dwelling much upon the details of the reign of Abderahman, we have thus noticed at some length, its general features, inasmuch as in it the reader meets, perhaps, with one of the best examples to which he could be pointed of the splendour and prosperity of the Arab dynasties during their eventful existence in Spain.

AMBITION.—There are few men who are not ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the nation or country where they live, and of growing considerable among those with whom they converse. There is a kind of grandeur and respect which the meanest and most insignificant part of mankind endeavour to procure in the little circle of their friends and acquaintances. The poorest mechanic—nay, the man who lives upon common alms, gets him his set of admirers, and delights in that superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some respects beneath him. This ambition, which is natural to the soul of man, might receive a very happy turn; and, if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a person's advantage, as it generally does to his uneasiness and disquiet.

ALEXANDER POPE.

By Parson Frank.

The animosity and party strife to which Pope's character and genius gave rise during his life, have continued in various forms, and with various degrees of rancour in the antagonists, to this very hour. Byron and Bowles fought long enough and bravely enough to have settled the question, if it *could* be settled. Lord Carlisle and Mr. De Quincey have within this year taken up the cudgels anew, though on different terms, and with infinitely better temper. But the question is one on which men must agree to differ, unless it can be shown that poetry admits of a strict and absolute definition, and that taste is not among the *nil disputanda*. As, according to Coleridge (who pilfered the saying, we are told, from Frederick Schlegel), every man is born either a Platonist or an Aristotelian, so we may aver that every man is born with sympathies or antipathies towards Pope—either a philo-papist or a miso-papist—either a French classicist in tendency, or an English romanticist. Like parallel lines, they can never meet. They can but agree to differ. It is as futile to try and convert a Wordsworthian to *Popery*, as to be angry with a man for relishing brown bread instead of joining your infallible self in preferring white—and so again *vice versâ*. There will always be Campbells, Byrons, Carlisles, Voltaires, on the one side, and Coleridges, Cowpers, Wilsons, De Quinceys, on the other. Those who think Corneille the superior of Shakspere, will inevitably prefer the little great man of Twickenham to the patriarch of the Lakes. We must supply them with new constitutions as well as arguments, ere we can change their opinion. Till then, argument is waste of breath and of temper, and illustrates our own short-sightedness and one-sidedness as well as theirs. Do we pity them? The compassion is returned with interest. Two can play at *that* game; and the game, if ended at all, is likely to end (the sooner the better) in a mutual cry of quits!

Does this imply that I am to have no opinion upon the subject, *pro* or *con?* Not at all; but only that I am not to marvel at my neighbour's, or challenge him to a display at fisticuffs, because, forsooth, his taste is *pro* where mine is emphatically *con!* Such a pugilistic encounter may answer the purpose, if my object is merely to exhibit my athletic cleverness and consummate aptitude for the ring; but if it is to convert my antagonist, I shall but spend my strength for nought, and be liable to a fresh challenge to-morrow.

To glance cursorily and without method at one or two *Papist* criticisms—Voltaire, in a letter from England, dated October, 1726,* calls Pope the "best poet of England, and, at present, of all the world." "I look on his poem called 'The Essay on Criticism' as superior to the 'Ars Poetica' of Horace; and his 'Rape of the Lock' is, in my opinion, above the 'Lutrin' of Boileau. I never saw so amiable an imagination, so gentle graces, so great variety, so much wit, and so refined a knowledge of the world, as in this little performance." Dr. Johnson warmly declares it superfluous to answer the question, whether Pope was a poet, otherwise than by asking in return, if Pope be not a poet, where is poetry to be found? "Let us look round upon the present time, and back upon the past; let us inquire to whom the voice of mankind has decreed the wreath of poetry; let their productions be examined, and their claims stated, and the pretensions of Pope will be no more disputed."† *Per contra:* Aaron Hill, writing to David Mallet, says:—"I was always grieved to find in Mr. Pope too much of Mr. Pope. . . . I am loth to be content with barren melody. A poet should be filled with greatness. He should tune his passions to more concord than his numbers; and yet these frailties charm, too! and sometimes so powerfully by the magic of their expression, that we cannot, without pain, compel ourselves to see and own that there is nothing but expression in them."‡ "I admire Pope," says Mr. De Quincey, "in the very highest degree; but I admire him as a pyrotechnic

* Quoted in Hartley Coleridge's Essays and Marginalia, Vol. II. p. 89.

† Boswell's Life of Johnson. Ed. 1827: p. 443. ‡ Quar. Rev,, Vol. XXIII. p. 431.

artist, for producing brilliant and evanescent effects out of elements that have hardly a moment's life in them."* Excerpts of this kind might be produced many enough to fill a volume, and diverse enough to make it amusing reading. Certainly, the critics have dressed up their little client in a coat of many colours, of which an infinitesimal fraction may be seen in the patchwork specimen just offered.

For our own part, we side with the moderates, the trimmers, the eclectics, who admire Pope without being thorough-going Papists. We are neither ultra-Protestants in this quarrel, nor ultra-Montanists; we neither call this "Pope" the Man of Sin, nor the Holy Father, and Infallible head of Catholic Parnassus. We account him, in the words of a transatlantic critic,† the poet of wit and fancy, rather than of fancy and imagination; his invention is often brilliant, but never grand; he rarely excites any sentiment of sublimity, but often one of pleasure. We read him with a regular pulse. He often provokes a smile, but never calls forth a tear. His rationality approves itself to our understanding, his fancifulness excites our applause, but the citadel of the soul is uninvaded. As Mr. D. M. Moir justly says, the great forte of Pope and his school lay in their acquaintance with and skilful depicturing of the fashions, follies, and frivolities of polished life, wherein art is made in a great measure to supersede nature in subject, style, and expression. "His imagination never hurries him away on the pinions of inspiration, nor is the music of his verse like that of the old ballad—a simple melody, that's sweetly played in tune. His taste keeps his fancy in check, and is continually pruning her wing. He deals not with the great passions of the human heart—love, jealousy, hatred, remorse, despair; he is all for parlour-window ethics, and the niceties of *morale*. His heroes are beaux, buttered or unbuttered; his heroines are belles of the same description; his levée is made up of courtiers, generals, gamesters, artists, authors, and men about town. . . . From the windows of the house we have a glimpse of nature indeed; but it consists of shaven lawns and clipped hedges and diamonded parterres, beyond which are parks redolent of tame deer, artificial cascades, and Chinese bridges.‡ Such were the themes with which,

> "—In this happy isle, a POPE'S pure strain
> Sought the rapt soul to charm, nor sought in vain.
> A *polished* nation's praise aspired to claim,
> And raised the people's, as the poet's fame."§

But then what a master he was in his own line of things! Grant that he never soared above the empyrean. Yet what grace of flight, what strength of wing, in the sphere to which he limited himself! insomuch that we incline to think, with Mr. Leigh Hunt, that if any living poet, or any one who claims to be thought a poet, and one of a higher order than Pope, is not fully alive to his merits, or takes himself for a greater genius, purely because the age has led him into an imaginative school, and he "thinks he's thinking," because he jumbles a heap of images together, he is but a dead man already; sure of that oblivion from which the divine little artist has escaped.¶ It is next to laughable to class and compare Pope with Shakspere, the myriad-minded, or with Milton, on the cherub-wings of ecstasy; so, at least, it seems to "us true Britons," whatever our Gallic neighbours may think. But then it is more than laughable to degrade Pope below ephemeral poetasters of the smallest conceivable dimensions, who, in their vanity and dogmatism, fly, moth-like, too near the flame of his genius, with the Quixotic intent of extinguishing it, and very naturally get scorched up for their pains. Pope is not all that we desire, but he is more than *they* will ever be. His little finger is thicker than their loins; his shallows are deep as their profundities; his dark spots clear as their excessive bright. We can fancy the muse addressing these gentlemen after an old formula, and saying, "Pope I know, and Dryden I know,

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* Tait's Magazine, May, 1851. † Henry T. Tuckerman.
‡ Poetical Literature of the Past Half-Century, p. 7.
§ Byron: English Bards and Scotch Reviewers. ¶ Leigh Hunt's Journal, IV.

but who are *ye?*" Whereupon we suppose they will answer, that it is only an evil spirit that puts *that* query.

When we talk of Pope as being *par excellence* an artist, we are apt to conclude or imply that he did nothing by impulse, but wrote mechanically—the mechanism being indeed first-rate of its kind, but still subject to the cold laws and uniform method imposed on all such operations. Whereas, in point of fact, Pope was the reverse of this ideal of mechanical verse-making.

> "As yet a child, and all unknown to fame,
> He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came"

of their own accord, and wandered over blank leaves and from letter-paper at their own sweet will. He was called the young nightingale. Before he was twelve years old, he wrote bitter sarcasms upon his country schoolmaster; and after the *émeute* which this occasioned, he took his education into his own hands, and, rare result! became a conscientiously sedulous student. His temper kept him in hot water throughout life—the temper of a choleric, independent, impulsive man—at one time embroiling him with Ambrose Philips, the Whig minstrel, who threatened to scourge the waspish little Tory at Button's coffee-house, and whom the latter mercilessly ridiculed as

> "A bard whom pilfered pastorals* renown,
> Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown;
> Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
> And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a year;"

at another time provoking him to bandy malicious personalities with Lady Mary Wortley Montague; at another assailing Theobald, at another Colley Cibber, at another Dennis, and always with a determined hostility that made Cowper wonder how he could write the lines (in his "Universal Prayer")—

> "That mercy I to others show,
> That mercy show to me."

Such a temperament was ill adapted to that deliberate patience in composition, that slow building of the lofty rhyme, which is commonly supposed to have characterised him. And that he did not write slowly and elaborately when in his best mood and on his most successful themes, we have his own testimony to show. "The things," he says, "that I have written fastest, have always pleased the most. I wrote the 'Essay on Criticism' fast. . . . The 'Rape of the Lock' was written fast. . . . I wrote most of the 'Iliad' fast—a great deal of it on journeys, from the little pocket Homer on that shelf there; and often forty or fifty verses in a morning in bed."† If, however, he wrote in haste, he corrected and polished at leisure; and the correction was so smoothly varnished over, the polish so cleverly administered, that men said there was nothing but art. As Gifford says, "all was resolved by Curl and Dennis into a 'knack of rhyming.'"

There are poets whose poetry is a faithful reflex of themselves. There are others who make it a veil rather than a mirror. Among the latter, it would seem, we must rank Alexander Pope. The impression he affords us of his personal character in his verses and correspondence differs significantly from that gathered from external sources. It must be allowed that opinions vary on this question almost as widely as on that of his poetical genius; Mr. Bowles, for instance, accusing him of a sordid money-getting passion, of taking bribes to suppress satires, of indulging the most rankling envy of Addison, of yielding to the worst of tempers, of exhibiting duplicity and fickleness of opinion, and of writing the grossest licentiousness; while Mr. Gifford avers that he was kind from his nature, that his heart was open at all times to the claims of his humbler friends, that he was adored by his intimates, that he could have no one to envy, and that he was

* These "Pastorals" had been published together with verses by Pope, and praised by Tickell as the best in the language. Such eulogium fired up the jealousy of Pope, who proceeded to satirise Philips in "The Guardian." Thereupon Philips launched forth the threat of personal castigation.

† Spence's Anecdotes of Books and Men.

no lover of money. Considerable allowance should be made for Pope on the score of bodily infirmity. He was deformed in person; so short in stature, that when sitting at table the seat he occupied had to be raised; he suffered habitually from headache; one side was contracted; his legs were so thin that he wore three pairs of stockings to give them "form and pressure;" and for a long period of his life these stockings were drawn on and off by an attendant, "for he was not able," says one of his biographers, "to dress or undress himself, and neither went to bed nor rose without help." His youth was that of a little old man—his manhood that of a confirmed and sensitive cripple. Now these calamities, together with his precocious talents, insured him from the first a degree of domestic attention and sedulous consideration which tended vastly to increase his natural egotism, and to make him impatient of opposition, intolerant of the barest approach to disrespect. Vanity was one of his besetting frailties, and we recognise its presence the more distinctly from the pains he takes to hide it. It argues no little affectation and insincerity, even in one who strains so hard to appear perfectly unaffected and sincere.* That he was fickle in friendship is more questionable, for in most instances he does appear to have been exemplary in affectionate constancy.† There are exceptions, however, and Mr. Bowles complains that it makes the heart sick to think how often Pope altered his tone, and that the "best man in the world" with him one moment has afterwards "no heart," as in the cases of Addison and Rowe. Another ugly charge against him is that preferred by Dr. Johnson—to wit, the contempt he is pleased to pour on poverty, as though to want money was to want everything—a charge recently renewed, in more caustic terms, by Mr. De Quincey, whose zeal in opposing Lord Carlisle's recommendation of Pope to the study of working men is singularly ardent, and who observes that although Pope felt *intellectually* that it was philosophic, and also that it wore an air of nobility, *not* to despise poverty, yet *morally* he felt inversely, since nature and the accidents of his life had made it his necessity to despise nothing so heartily. Another unpleasant characteristic attributed to our author, with too much apparent justice, is his over-fondness of the pleasures of the table. With a wretched digestion, he would eat, we are told, highly-seasoned meats, and stuff himself between the courses with biscuits and dry conserves. Dr. Johnson and others have imputed his death to repletion by eating potted lampreys, which he had dressed with his own hands in a silver saucepan—an imputation the truth of which De Quincey is candid enough to doubt; adding, however, with amusing slyness, "but if anything inclines me to believe it, chiefly it is the fury of his (Pope's) invectives against epicures and gluttons. What most of all he attacked as a moralist, was the particular vice which most of all besieged him."‡ If Pope had been the contemporary of the English opium-eater, what terrible messages would have been interchanged betwixt Twickenham and Lasswade! No assailant had he of equal *calibre;* and clever as he was at a malignant epigram, or a stinging couplet, we doubt whether he would not have met his match in the philosophic equanimity, the logical acuteness, the piquant humours, the reckless fun, and the versatile agility, of De Quincey's almost matchless prose.

To return from the man to his writings. Pope's earliest compositions extant were chiefly imitations of Chaucer and our elder poets. The "Essay on Criticism"

* Tuckerman says, there seems little question that Pope was an artful man. He made use of the most unnecessary stratagems to compass a simple favour. De Quincey contends there is nothing Pope would not have sacrificed—not the most solemn of his opinions, not the most pathetic memorial from his personal experiences, in return for a sufficient consideration, which consideration meant always, with *him*, poetic effect.

† One case should never be forgotten—his devotion to his mother.

‡ The question of Pope's suitableness for the shelves of working-men is discussed by Mr. De Quincey with characteristic ability and subtle analysis. We think he has indulged too much in one-sidedness and special pleading; but that, at the same time, he has made out a strong case, if not against Pope, at least against Pope's adaptation to the business and bosoms of English operatives. Here he has, we think, the whip hand of Lord Carlisle.—See Tait's Magazine for April, May, and July, 1851.

was composed at the well-nigh incredible age of one-and-twenty. It is a model of its kind—"the finest piece of argumentative and reasoning poetry in the English language," according to some. It is rich with wit, shrewd discrimination, good sense, lively illustration, and rhythmical skill. It criticises the critics in a manner full of instruction even to this day—for still does the doctrine hold good that—

"In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share;"—

and still may be found those who deface good sense by false learning, and lose their common sense in search of wit,—who are bold in the practice of mistaken rules,—whose little learning is a dangerous thing,—who make the whole depend upon a part,—who are

"Of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,"—

who confine their taste to conceit alone, or express all their care for language and false eloquence, or judge a poet's song exclusively by his numbers, or take offence at every trifle,—who stickle for nothing but the ancients, or for nothing but the moderns,—who judge of authors' names, and not their works,—who make themselves the measure of mankind,—who judge with spleen and sour disdain, and in whose jaundiced eye all looks yellow and diseased. Soon after the Essay, appeared the yet more celebrated "Rape of the Lock," founded on an incident in actual life; Arabella Fermor, a belle of the day, being the Belinda, and Lord Petre the adventurous Baron of the poem. It is pronounced by Johnson the most airy, ingenious, and delightful of all Pope's compositions. Its fairy region, indeed, compared with Shakspere's, is "what a drawing-room is to the universe,"* but, perhaps, we shall have another "Midsummer Night's Dream" as soon as another such bourdoir fairy-land of—

"Lakes of liquid gold, elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines,"

such a quaintly-disposed congress of living tea-pots, and walking pipkins, and sighing jars, and talking goose-pies, and gnomes and sylphs innumerable. The poem has been compared to the fruits and flowers of precious stones set in the exquisite *pietra-dura* tables of Italy,—"clear, fanciful, rarely combined, but unwarmed with any glow of nature."† As for the style, "We doubt," says Professor Wilson, "if such a finished style has ever been heard since, from any of the King Apollo's musicians. Pope's versification sounds monotonous only to ears of leather." And as for imagination, "we shall continue till such time as that faculty has been distinguished from fancy, to see it shining in the 'Rape of the Lock,' with a lambent lustre."‡

Next came "The Temple of Fame," the "Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady," and "Windsor Forest;" the first exemplifying his classical taste, the second his pathos, and the third his power, or lack of power, in natural description. In 1716 he wrote the "Elsisa to Abelard"—his *chef-d'œuvre* in emotional verse—a work which justifies Christopher North's sarcasm, that they are only critics of "King Cambyses' vein" who preach that Pope has no passion. From 1713 to 1725 he was engaged in his translation of Homer, which brought him in the comfortable sum of £5,000 and upwards; and in which, clever as it undoubtedly is, the old hero, done into heroics, looks as little like his ancient self as need be. Pope's version is more readible than Cowper's, but neither will compare, in fine and family likeness, with that of Chapman.§ The "Essay on Man" was published in 1733, and it is against

* Leigh Hunt: Table-talk. † Tuckerman: Thoughts on the Poets.
‡ Blackwood's Magazine, Vol. XXX. p. 487.

§ So thought not Dr. Johnson, from whom we presumptuously differ. When Bozzy mentioned "the vulgar saying, that Pope's Homer was not a good representation of the original," the doctor peremptorily answered, "Sir, it is the greatest work of the kind that has ever been produced." Even *that*, however, was not demolishing the vulgar saying.

the "moral philosophy" of this renowned work, that Mr. De Quincey fights tooth and nail. Wilson eulogises with warmth the spirit and sweetness of the verse, the lucid and vivid expression, the pregnant brevity of the meanings, the marrying of ardent and lofty imagings to moral sentiments and reflections, the pious will of the argument, the strokes of a now playful, now piercing, but always adroit wit, and the occasional touches of natural painting and of apt unwrought pathos. With much of this panegyric, De Quincey would probably agree; but as to the ethical part of it, he maintains that Pope, in the midst of his surface display, and in defiance of his ostentatious pretensions, is not in any deep or sincere sense a moral thinker.* However this may be, the Essay is, and long will be, read both for its doctrine and its poetry; and on the whole, we believe, with as much profit, and certainly more pleasure, than the majority of didactic poems, be the authors who they may.

A few words must suffice anent the satires. No one, we suppose, will deny the pre-eminent prowess of Alexander Pope in *this* department. In satire, as Mr. W. Savage Landor puts it,—

> "Dryden's rich numbers rattle terse and round—
> And here, almost his equal, if but here,
> Pope pleas'd alike the playful and severe,"

provided always they were not playfully tortured in the "Satires," or severely smashed in the "Dunciad." He gave no quarter. He lashed right and left like one possessed with legion—yet never with that self-oblivion and blind fury which exposes some tempers to fatal reprisals. His indignation was intense rather than clamorous, more caustic than obstreperous, more withering than overwhelming. It devoured his adversaries rather with the stealthy hiss of the serpent than the blustering roar of the lion. Occupied as these satires chiefly are with persons and events now comparatively unknown, they are still attractive from their singular vigour and condensed irony and epigrammatic point; and perhaps more than any other of his writings develop the poet's personality, and show, not always with gratifying fidelity, what manner of man he was.

* He adds :—"The dilemma for any working-man who should apply himself to these (*i. e.* the moral) sections of Pope's writings is precisely this :—Reading them with the slight and languid attention which belongs to ordinary reading, they will make no particular discoveries of Pope's hollowness and treacherous infidelities to the truth, whether as to things or persons; but in such a case neither will they reap any benefit. On the other hand, if they so far carry out Lord Carlisle's advice as to enter upon the study of Pope in the spirit of earnest students, and so as really to possess themselves of the key to his innermost mind, they will rise from their labours not so much in any spirit of gratitude for enlarged and humanising views of man, as in a spirit of cynical disgust at finding that such views can be so easily counterfeited, and so often virtually betrayed." We think with the *Leader*, that this is *exaggerating* the case, but have quoted the above extract as having special reference to the bulk of our readers.

THE WISE MAN.—A wise man, by constant observation and partial reflection on himself, grows very familiar with himself: he perceives his own inclinations, which, if bad, he strives to alter and correct—if good, he cherishes and corroborates them; he apprehends the matters he is fitting for and capable to manage, neither too mean and unworthy of him, nor too high and difficult for him; and those applying his care to, he transacts easily, cheerfully, and successfully. So being neither puffed up with vain and overweening opinion, nor dejected with heartless diffidence of himself; neither admiring, nor despising; he continues in good humour, maintains a sure friendship and correspondence with himself, and rejoices in the retirement and private conversation with his own thoughts, whence flows a pleasure and satisfaction inexpressible.—*Barrow.*

PRIDE AND VANITY.—No two qualities in the human mind are more essentially different, though often confounded, than pride and vanity: the proud man entertains the highest opinion of himself; the vain man only strives to infuse such an opinion into the minds of others: the proud man thinks admiration his due; the vain man is satisfied if he can but obtain it: pride, by stateliness, demands respect; vanity, by little artifices, solicits applause: pride, therefore, makes men disagreeable, and vanity ridiculous.

MR. GOULD AND HIS HUMMING-BIRDS.

In our last Number we gave a brief account of the wonderful collection of humming-birds now exhibiting at the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park. We now subjoin a few particulars respecting John Gould himself, by whom this collection was made and arranged. His history furnishes another pleasing proof of what may be effected by industry and perseverance, especially when following the bent of native taste and talent. It seems that Mr. Gould's taste for this peculiar department of natural history was begotten or drawn forth by his noticing, when young, the specimens exhibited in what are called curiosity shops. Some of these he purchased from time to time, as his means allowed him, till he was able to present a caseful beautifully grouped according to his own taste, and his ideas of the natural habits of the birds. To this he continually added, from subjects caught by himself, from purchases, and from foreign consignments, till his collection became worthy the attention not only of the curious, but of experienced naturalists.

In order that his arrangements might be made in the most scientific manner, he became a devoted student of zoology. He began by studying from books; but his fame having reached the Zoological Society, he was employed to collect and arrange specimens for their museum. The result of his assiduous application has been, that he has gradually risen from a mere seller of stuffed birds to one of the most accomplished naturalists of Europe.

It is somewhat remarkable, that Mr. Gould married a lady as passionately fond of the science as himself; and while he was able to write scientifically, his wife was able to illustrate his writings with accurate and beautiful delineations of the objects he described. Their joint work, "A Century of Birds from the Himalaya Mountains," is a volume of great beauty and interest, and, though necessarily published at a high price, has now become scarce. His "Birds of Australia" comprises the labour of ten years: it is a magnificent work, containing an account of six hundred species, drawn and described from actual observation of their haunts and manners. His wife, who was the companion of his voyage, had drawn on stone nearly all the plates of "The Birds of Europe;" but she died soon after their return from Australia in 1840, leaving behind her a very large collection of ornithological and botanical drawings.

Mr. Gould is now preparing another splendid work, "The Birds of Asia." The first part of a "Monograph of the Trochilidæ, or Humming-Birds," is already issued. In this the collection now exhibiting in the Zoological Gardens will be permanently represented, and with a brilliancy of colour very nearly approaching that of the birds themselves.

BE WIDE AWAKE.

That is, when you have right work to do, do it heartily, earnestly, not as a person who is nearly overcome with sleep, and can scarcely keep his eyes open. No, no; be wide awake.

Do you want to know why? Well, here are six reasons; ponder them carefully.

I. *This is the way to be happy.* A distinguished man said, "I have lived long enough to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: never suffer your energies to stand still."

II. *This is the way to do a great deal.* It is really a truth that the busy man has the most leisure, while the indolent are always in a hurry, and, after all, do very little.

III. *This is the way to be contented.* Idle people are always restless and uneasy. The sleep of the labouring man is sweet.

IV. *This is the way to keep out of bad company.* When you see a crowd of great boys lounging idle at the street corner, depend upon it they are after no good, and will get none by associating together.

V. *This is the way to disappoint Satan.* He looks after idleness:—

"And Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

VI. *This is the way to mind what the Bible says:*—"Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work." "Not slothful in business." "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

Be about the right thing—do it well—keep on at it—whether it be grubbing up the roots in your father's garden, or scrubbing your mother's floor on a Saturday, or learning your lesson for your Sunday class, do it with all your strength. Don't be half asleep—no, no, awake—be wide awake!

THE "LOTUS-FOOTED" CHINESE.

A CHINESE lady, with her native attendants, two men and two children of the same country, forms, at present, one of the remarkable exhibitions of the Metropolis. Among the personal attractions of her sex at home is a "willow waist;" the eyebrows are frequently removed, that for them delicately-drawn pencil lines may be substituted; "the cheeks," it is said, "should be red as the almond-flower; the mouth, like the peach's blossoms; the eyes, bright as autumnal ripples (in allusion to the dancing reflection of the sun on a ruffled lake); and the footsteps like the flower of the lotus or water-lily."

The small feet, which are thus described, are considered the chief of these personal beauties. The origin of the practice by which it is produced is unknown. The tradition is, that in the time of the *Woo-tae*, or five dynasties, Le-how-choo ordered his concubine, Yaou, to bind her foot with silk, and cause it to appear small, and in the shape of the new moon. The distortion thus strangely regarded as an attraction is produced by turning the small toes of the child under the soles of the feet, confining them in that position by tight bandages, and continuing for years this excruciating torture till all the parts are wasted, or, to use the native phrase, till "the whole is killed." The term is, however, not accurate, as much anguish may subsequently be endured in the lower and more central parts of the foot. Almost every family in China, even among the poor, has one daughter with the small feet, or else she could have no hope of becoming a FIRST wife.

The personal attraction which is consequently very highly valued in China, is possessed by Pwan-ye-koo, who, with her native companions, has and will be beheld by thousands of our own people and of our foreign visitants at this unprecedented gathering of the nations. For several hours in the day she is to be seen, with her attendant and the children, on a small stage, where she appears amusing herself with wooden toys, and occasionally talking with them. She is seventeen years of age, but her mind is evidently undeveloped, for the women of China, as in all other countries not blessed with the light of Christianity, occupy a rank in society far inferior to that of the men; and of school education the mass of them receive none.

At certain specified times, Pwan-ye-Koo *hobbles* from her platform (for in walking, the body of females reels from side to side, so as never to appear upright; and when seen in the streets of China, they are generally supported by a little girl, or have the assistance of a walking-stick), and withdraws to an adjoining saloon, while about her the rest of the Chinese are placed. Here she sings a native air, accompanying herself on the Chinese guitar—a very simple and not *very* musical stringed board, while one of her male companions adds an accompaniment from a single-stringed Chinese violin, which it will be safe to describe as the absolute antipodes of that of Paganini. At the close of these performances the company are invited to inspect "the lotus feet," as they rest on an ottoman—when it will be seen that they are not three inches long. A wooden model, suspended in the former room, shows that the principal part remaining is the great toe, to which the rest of the foot is narrowed, while the remains of the small toes may be observed violently pressed together with the rest of the foot into one rude mass beneath.

"A foot two inches in length," says Mr. Langdon,* "is the idol of a Chinaman, on which he lavishes the most precious epithets which nature and language can supply. But its beauties are altogether ideal, for when stripped of its gay investments it is a piteous mass of lifeless integument, which resembles the skin of a washerwoman's hand after it has undergone a maceration in soap and water. But fancy has played her part so well, that this piece of ruined nature, which is seldom or perhaps never seen by men, is treated as the prime essential of all feminine beauty. 'The foot of a native woman,' said I to a Chinese acquaintance, 'is very handsome, so that it is a great pity to spoil it.' He smiled with much satisfaction at the compliment, but would only allow that it interfered with the gait. 'They cannot walk so well,' was the amount of his concession in my favour. To show that there is something like masonic secresy about this small

* Ten Thousand Things Concerning China.

t, I need only mention that on one occasion the servant, when her mistress pro-
ded to unwind the bandages, blushed, and turned her face to the wall."

The feeling thus displayed, will appear to the people of this country, in general, very
ural; the epithets showered down on a distortion produced by a most revolting and
el practice, will be pronounced preposterously absurd; while, perhaps, in some
tances, its continuance will invoke on the Chinese the most vehement denunciations
t, the proverb is worthy of remembrance, "Those who have glass windows should be
eful of throwing stones." Among ourselves prevails a far worse practice; for while
Chinese in compressing the foot attack no vital part, Englishwomen, aiming at the
ne object, personal beauty, adopt, by their habit of *tight-lacing*, the very means of
ious distortion, functional disorders, terrific disease, and premature death. A few
ts will place their folly and criminality clearly before the mind.

The human body, for instance, has within its frame-work of bones, the vertebræ, or
k-bone, the shoulder and breast-bones, and the ribs, two cavities: in the *upper* one
the heart, the great function of circulation; with the lungs by which we breathe, so
t a change may pass in the blood, which is absolutely essential to its healthy state;
ile in the *lower* cavity, are the liver, to secrete the bile; the stomach, to digest the
d; and the intestines, that nutriment may be carried by appropriate vessels through-
the frame; the two cavities being separated by the part called the diaphragm. Now,
these various and indispensable parts for the maintenance of life, there is adequate,
no superabundant space. To press on any one part is to injure the whole economy;
if one member, as the lungs, the heart, the stomach, suffers, all the members suffer
h it; and it is only as the action of the whole is undisturbed, that the body retains its
health and vigour; and this, of itself, were enough to condemn the practice to
ich we now advert. But to impress this more fully on the mind, let the following
narks be remembered:—

1. *Tight-lacing produces personal distortion.* There is no more real beauty in a small
ist than there is in a Chinese woman's foot. The idea on which the practice in either
e proceeds, is the product of a most perverted imagination. Let the human body,
ich has grown naturally to its maturity, be considered, and it will appear the very
posite of that *wasp-like* state to which fashion has reduced so many of its votaries,
l which is imitated by many of humble grade. It would seem, in some instances, as
a little further tightening of the cords would render the separation of the two
ts of the frame complete. An Italian woman would as soon think of applying these
ds to her neck as to her waist. And why? Because the sculptures with which she
familiar give to the female figure its natural beauty. Its violation leads to nature
ing its revenge, and that decisively and summarily, in distortion of the ribs, distor-
n of the bones of the shoulders and chest, distortion of the hip-bones, and distortion
the spine!

2. *Tight-lacing is the fruitful cause of disease.* Of this there is a sufficient intima-
n when at night the cruel pressure is removed, for the blood rushing downwards from
diminished resistance to its motion, empties the vessels of the head, and thus occa-
ns fainting. Hence stimulants are resorted to, and in not a few instances habits of
emperance have been originated by this monstrous practice. But even these are far
m constituting the catalogue of evils that arise; it is thus given by Mr. Coulson,
o has written with great ability and intelligence, on "Deformities of the Spine:"—
Pains in the eyes, ear-ache, bleeding at the nose, apoplexy, cancer in the breast,
ression of the lungs to the diaphragm, asthma, spitting of blood, palpitation of the
art, water on the chest, abscesses in the lungs, rupture, fistula, jaundice, calculi,
eases of the kidneys, and consumption." Mothers, he also shows, entail incalculable
ls on their offspring; and hospitals might be filled with patients the sufferers from
ht-lacing. Instances of insanity are also attributable to the same cause. We need
rcely remark—

3. *Tight-lacing brings on premature death.* In the year 1839, the Registrar-General
England stated that no fewer than 31,090 Englishwomen died of consumption. And
what does he ascribe this dreadful mortality? Partly to their living so much in-doors,
d partly "to *the compression by dress preventing the free expansion of the chest!*"
On how many tombs then, might the hand of truth write, in consequence of this prac-
e—"A SUICIDE."

"THE ARTISTS' TOURNAMENT."

By Miss H. M. Rathbone.

Arthur Lord D'Arcy was the representative of one of the oldest Roman Catholic families in England, and in the year 1840 he had led to the altar one of his own faith, Lady Winnifred Talbot, the only daughter of Viscount Haggerstone; and immediately after the ceremony had taken her abroad on a tour of inspection through all the noblest galleries of painting and sculpture which Europe afforded, and even persuaded her to venture on a pilgrimage to the hallowed ground of Palestine. Warmly attached to the religious opinions of their ancestors, mutually enthusiastic in the progress of ecclesiastical architecture, and desirous to enlist the fine arts in the service of their church, the young couple were enraptured, when staying at Smyrna, at the discovery of a very ancient and perfect MS. copy of an illuminated New Testament, belonging to the third century, and which the cupidity of its possessors, an unworthy community residing in one of the Levantine monasteries, enabled them to purchase. Tradition related that it had once belonged to St. Augustin; and they were still more delighted when, in addition to this valuable missal, they found, in the near neighbourhood of Mount Calvary, a piece of wood which, though rotten in appearance and texture, they believed to be a portion of the *vera crux*. How to dispose of these treasures was a frequent subject of discussion between them on their homeward route; and on reaching their country residence of Whitby Priory, in the county of Durham, and even before the Lady Winnifred had seen the costly preparations made by Lord D'Arcy in honour of her arrival, they sought the private chapel, which stood in a grove of pines, cedars of Lebanon, and feathery yew-trees, and which communicated with the Priory by an underground passage, in the fashion of former ages. The door of the sanctuary stood open, and the interior had been swept and garnished in readiness for their inspection; but as they had not been expected until a later hour, the officiating priest and two or three of the villagers were engaged within, admiring a monument of Chantrey's workmanship, which had been recently erected in memory of the late Lady D'Arcy. Winnifred and her husband remained silently apart for some time, near the altar, for the place seemed to them holy ground; and at no previous moment had they felt so completely united in heart and mind as now, when for the first time they stood together in the peaceful home chapel, where they trusted that they should be daily permi to worship side by side for many year come.

At last Lord D'Arcy spoke: "We n have a new altar-piece, my Winnifred— more in unison with the chaste beaut our little church; and it seems to me a well-conceived shrine might be contri to hold our relics, which could stand in carved recess behind the altar, and which might be hung the most appropr pictures which we can obtain. Speak, darling, and tell me frankly what is y opinion."

"I think," replied Winnifred, timi "such a shrine would indeed be admir fitted to the purpose, if we could only artists who so loved and reverenced t work that their execution would equal lofty conceptions which could alone justice to the holiness of the place."

"And are there none such to be foun broad England?" said the Earl, "let ask father Conroy, who I see is waiting be introduced to you;" and, turning f the altar, Lord D'Arcy presented his to the priest, and both bent their k while the venerable man pronounced a vent benediction upon their union, and return to Whitby Priory.

The villagers, who had lingered in ho of receiving some mark of recognit were then kindly noticed, and Winnif struck with the bearing of one dres somewhat less plainly than the ruddy men, who seemed to be his compani asked her husband what was the you name, and on learning that he was ca Francis Hepburn, and had attained s eminence as a skillful, but indolent ar she smilingly said she thought *he* wo prove capable of nobly executing the sac commission which they had been discussi Lord D'Arcy's eye followed Winnifre and though he had seen Hepburn m times before his continental tour, with having been peculiarly attracted by him now thought his wife had augured righ as he attentively regarded the young arti feeling and thoughtful countenance. remark caused the immediate introduct of the subject to Father Conroy, w beckoning to Hepburn not to leave chapel, entered into his patron's views the devout ardour natural to his charac while encouraged by the Earl, the yo artist joined in the conversation; and the largeness of his view, the evident p and discriminating taste which he displa greatly increased the high estimate of

rs which Winnifred had from the first disposed to assign to him.

o months later, printed circulars were d, describing the private chapel of by, and inviting the best artists to ete for the prize offered by Lord cy, for a new-altar piece and shrine in o enclose the relics from Palestine. artists, three of whom were London and the fourth from a neighbouring -Durham—accepted the challenge; o the surprise of both Winnifred and Earl, the name of Hepburn did not ar, and Lord D'Arcy went to call on the next day and ask him why he re- to execute a commission which he seemed to understand so well. The ersation which then passed between the ng, modest young man and the Earl, made the latter still more earnestly e that one so disinterested in his love t, and possessing such noble ideas of oundless power, to express the highest ions of the soul, should make the apt to carry out his own excellent con- ons on this occasion. Encouraged by Earl's evident sincerity in his delicate e of Hepburn's talents, and his rever- for everything appertaining to religion, rtist's timid doubts of his own capa- es, gave way, but then he demurred as ms; and after some hesitation, said, "I sure that I could not, my lord, paint an opriate altar-piece with the single- tedness necessary to render it worthy s sacred destination, if I was influenced he paltry ambition of trying to win a from my fellow men, or the desire for ey."

I respect your scruples," Lord D'Arcy ed; "but you do wrong to look upon competition as degrading: it is simply arnest endeavour on my part to obtain best design and the best executed that I can, to fulfil its holy purposes temple dedicated to religious worship. are not invited to engage in vain strife ttain pre-eminence over other artists, to produce a suitable shrine to further, s far as outward aid can do so, the ts of frail mortals to worship their tor at the appointed season."

epburn owned that he had not before ed at the subject in this light, and the continued, with a grave kind smile: to the money part of the affair, you l be quite at liberty to refuse the remuneration due to your toil or to accept it, when the time comes; so I beg you will let me have the pleasure of telling my wife that you will do your utmost to help us in our good work." The artist agreed, and Winnifred expressed herself well pleased by his having entered the lists.

Six months had been allowed for the execution of the shrine, and the different artists came to Whitby more or less frequently to study the peculiarities of the chapel, in order to render their work as appropriate as possible; but none came so often and stayed so long as Hepburn. He came, too, at the times when he was most sure of finding it empty, haunting it early and late, besides attending the various services held within its walls as regularly as Father Conroy himself. On these occasions he sometimes found Lady D'Arcy there, drawing from the sculptured ancestral monuments or carved images of the saints which adorned the aisles. At such times she often entered into conversation with him, and learnt thoroughly to appreciate the young man's upright, self-controlled character, and his fervent, devotional love of whatever was pure, holy, and beautiful. She learnt, also, the cause of his melancholy looks, in the early and mysterious disappearance of his young and only sister, who had been confided to his care by their dying parents, and on whose affection to himself he relied so implicitly, that he preferred to believe her to be no longer living, since eight years had passed since her disappearance.

The first of September drew near, and from distant counties came many noble Catholic guests, who were to aid the earl and countess in balancing and deciding upon the different handiwork of the five artists; and to avoid all possibility of partiality, no hint had been allowed to get abroad of the designs of any of them, and the one selected was to be chosen without the judges knowing by whose hand it was wrought. On the appointed morning each artist arrived with his performance, and each was in turn conducted to the fine old picture-gallery, where the shrines were to be displayed. Each production was ticketed with a figure, whose duplicate, and the name and address of the artist, lay on a small centre table, in a sealed envelope, and all were covered up with large white linen cloths, which were not to be withdrawn until the earl and his guests had taken their places.

(To be concluded in the next Number.)

CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE GAMBOGE TREE.—Although gamboge has been known as an article of European commerce for nearly two centuries and a half, the tree which produces it is still unknown to botanists. Since 1836, three species of Gerdinia have been described, respectively found in Ceylon, Western Mysore, in Birmah, and in North-eastern Bengal, and all producing varieties of gamboge differing slightly in chemical composition from each other, and from that of Siam. Recent information renders it probable that some specimens taken from two trees cultivated at Singapore by Dr. Almeida, and by him stated to have been obtained "direct from Siam," do not, in reality, belong to the gamboge tree of that country. Careful examination of their construction leaves no doubt of their being a distinct species from any already known.

THE UPAS TREE.—Some curious particulars respecting a upas tree, situated a little below Bruni, in Borneo, are given by a recent traveller. It is described as a magnificent tree, about two feet or more in diameter, and rising sixty feet without a branch; at that height it spreads with a dense foliage. The trunk is smooth, and of a dirty silvery colour. Upon wounding it a milky secretion rapidly exudes. This is mixed with other juices, and used as a poison for arrows. Except when taken internally, or thrown into the circulation through a wound, it is perfectly harmless. The leaves are obtained by shooting at the branches.

CALIFORNIAN PEARL FISHERIES.—The shell fish producing the pearl occurs abundantly in the Gulf of California, adjoining both American and Mexican territory. The pearls are of excellent water, but generally irregular in form. The vessels employed in the fishery are from fifteen to thirty tons burden, and generally owned by individual adventurers, and commanded by them. There is on board of each vessel a working crew of sailors, and an equal number of Indian divers, technically called *Busos*. The ships are generally ill supplied with provisions, and upon their arrival in the gulf at once commence business. The *Busos*, armed with pointed staves, plunge into water four or five fathoms deep, and when they find a pearl-bearing oyster, rise to the surface and deposit their prize in a sack hung to the vessel's side; thus plunging and reappearing on the surface with fresh treasure until their strength is exhausted, or their time of labour is over. When the latter is the case, they all collect around the owner, or *armc* who divides the gains in the following portion, namely, two for the Governn two for himself, and one for the *Buso*. share, however, of the *Buso* is gene taken by the *armador*, who contrives to in his debt for extra allowances, outfit, all his crew. In 1831 one vessel seventy *Busos*, another with fifty, two thirty, and two with ten each, sailed the coast of Souora. One of these bro home in two months forty ounces of pe worth about £1,200; another, twenty ounces, worth about £600, and the res proportionate quantities.

THE CALIFORNIAN SOAP PLANT.—T plant grows all over California, on l hills as well as in the valleys. The le make their appearance about the middl November, six weeks after the rainy sea has set in; the plants never grow n than one foot high, and the leaves stalk drop entirely in May, though bulbs remain in the ground all the s mer without decaying. It is used to w with in all parts of the country, and, those that understand its useful quali is preferred to soap. The method of us it is merely to strip off the husk, dip clothes in water, and rub the bulb on th It makes a thick lather, and smells new brown soap. The botanical nam the plant is *Phalangium pomaridian* Besides this plant, the bark of a tree, *C laria saponaria*, is used in South Ame for the purposes of washing. Several ot plants have been used in various count as a substitute for soap.

NEST-BUILDING FISHES.—The gen disbelief with which stories of fishes tak care of their young have been received, been somewhat shaken by the recent te mony of a celebrated naturalist. W engaged in collecting insects along shores of Lake Sebago, in Maine, he led to observe the action of a couple of fish, which at his approach left the sh suddenly, and returned to the dee water. This movement being repeated, was led to a closer observation. The pe liar black appearance of the place which fishes had left first attracted his partic attention. Examining more closely, a n was discovered, in which were movin number of little tadpoles. These were first supposed to be the tadpoles of fro and to test the attachment of the old fis to the spot, some pains were taken to perimentalise upon them. The fishes wo return slowly and cautiously, looking a

toward the nest to see if it had been rbed. They would approach to within r eight feet. Large stones cast at , or into the nest, only served to ten them away for ten or fifteen tes. They would then return, evi- seeking the protection of their young. nest was formed amongst the water- s.

TERNAL FIRES AND FEARS.—From vations made in more than three hun- places in different portions of the globe, found that the degree of internal heat ases as you descend, at the rate of t one degree of Fahrehheit to about 45 feet. Supposing it to increase in ame ratio, at the depth of twenty-four the heat would be sufficient to melt or any known substance. And this nal heat, be the cause what it may, is ource of all the great changes occurring e surface of the earth, and sufficiently nts for the volcanic strata which are d 3,000 feet above other rocks on the of mountains. The mountains thrown y volcanoes in South America, Lyell estimates as equal to 363 millions of the largest of the Egyptian pyramids, and displaced beneath the surface of the earth an amount of matter that could not be implaced by all the sediments from the Ganges in 1600 years. A single eruption of the volcanic mountain of Jokul, in Iceland, threw out a stream of lava 90 miles long, and, on an average, 15 miles broad, and 150 feet deep, and would have covered to the depth of 40 feet 7,000 square miles. As a conclusion from these, and many other like facts, Mr. Lyell states that the earth thus undermined must ultimately cave in. If the earth, then, be a great volcanic pile, feeding its own fires by chemical decomposition, and the water of the ocean is decomposed into its own elements of oxygen and hydrogen, when the final conflagration comes it will only be the result of agencies which are now at work in the earth; and Mr. Lyell might well exclaim, in the words of Pliny, that it is a wonder a single day should pass without a universal conflagration.

I'M OF THAT BAND THAT TILL THE LAND.

I'M of that band that till the land
And draw from earth her store;
Right happy indeed 's the life we lead
While our days are passing o'er.
Many there are, in riches far
Surpassing the farmer's purse,
While other pursuits may yield more fruits,
But often produce much worse.

We envy not the statesman's lot,
Still clamouring for his class;
Nor his that fights for glory's rights
At some redoubted pass.
No risk have we on boisterous sea,
Nor fears lest tempests whelm
All we possess without redress,
While labouring at the helm.

The fruitful field its bounties yields,—
A rich reward for toil;
Be ours the trade to ply the spade,
And deeply plough the soil.
We walk abroad o'er carpet sod,
And flow'rets kiss our feet,
Whose odours rise to scent the skies—
A tribute pure and meet.

To all who give the means to live,
As brother shares with brother,
And thus fulfil the holy will
That bids us love each other,
Oh! life secure from guile, and pure,
To thee my life clings ever,
With all its might and fond delight,—
To change from thee—oh, never!

MECHANICS.

Why! is the subject not exhausted? No, nor will it while there are cities to rear, mines to explore, and oceans to traverse. The idea is now pretty well exploded, even among the silly ones, that a man is less to be respected than a name; and with the sensible portion of the masses a profession cannot cover a multitude of sins. We cannot think why the term "mechanic" first came into opprobrium; since it is certain that toil which bends the manly brow and wears the athletic frame, received the sanction of God in the beginning; and

> "Working men, what e'er their task,
> To carve the stone or break the sod,
> They wear upon their honest brows,
> The royal stamp and seal of God."

What is oftener said of the Deity than that he is the framer of worlds; the great architect of the universe? He condescended to make perishable things, for the earth was destined to destruction. The Almighty constructed the first temple; a human habitation, a dwelling for the soul. He took clay and made man after his own image; combining Divine skill with infinite perceptions of taste and beauty in his glorious productions; does not that give dignity to physical labour? Not only will and sinew are essential to the success of the well-skilled mechanic, but mind, talent, and discrimination; and that many hard-working men have won imperishable names, is proof that intellects of no common order bend over the fashioning of such things as the necessities of life demanded, whether soldering the little porringer for the tiny child, forming the delicate slipper for the maiden's foot, or moulding the huge ship from the heavy timber of the forest.

The mechanic enters upon his allotted task of acquiring a trade as seriously and with as high motives as one who studies for a profession. In order to make a good workman, he must commence in youth, and devote much time to the consummation of his purposes.

The professional man, after years o plication to his favourite science, wo course be wholly unable to compete a mechanic in his particular line of ness. He could never, it is to b sumed, bend his energies, after ma has fairly set in, to the making of a ticular edifice on mechanical princ and yet it is a masterly undertaki construct a perfect building, a gre complishment.

But give to the strong mind o mechanic initiatory principles of int tual study, and he will master it wi further aid; wake up his slumb imagination, and you have roused a that will uproot mountains from caverned beds to give material thoughts. He will rise to eminence will be a doctor, a lawyer, a preac whatever you please. The fires o forge shall gild some bethumbed tattered lexicon with lustre brighter that of shining gold; and while the st of his heavy hammer bend the angry the pliant machinery of his wond mind shape the strange hieroglyphics foreign language into gems of pric worth and images of beauty. Men have the physical strength to wield anvil and shoulder the heavy beam wi evince superiority in mental power those who early wear out the freshne life and soul by the too intense applic of but one set of faculties. It seems tha former, when they devote themselv science, have wide scope for fancy, a vigorous and healthy imagination. them many of the peculiarities of so are unveiled; they see all classes, keenly discern the hollowness and er ness of etiquette. The facility with w they construct gives them sprightline wit, while the inventive faculties w new improvements constantly put in r sition, by their electric influence upo intellect, call forth originality as we versatility of genius.

Live for Something.—Thousands of men breathe, move, and live—pass off the s of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not partake of good in the w and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of t redemption. Not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, an they perished: their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered m than insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy, on the he of thousands you come in contact with, year by year, and you will never be forgot No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the s on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the s of heaven.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

A FIRST VISIT TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LETTER FROM JESSIE SMITH (LATE PRIMROSE), A VISITOR IN TOWN, TO HER OLD FRIEND AND SCHOOLFELLOW IN THE COUNTRY.

July 29, 1851.

DEAR ANNIE,—I suppose I ought to write in quite a matronly style, now that I married. John is *so* kind: dear fellow! he takes me everywhere. We have been ie Crystal Palace a great many times; but I do so wish that they would keep it open he winter; it would look so beautiful by gaslight! And now, you know, that John business for himself, he does not like to spare too much time "gadding about," as alls it; and we should be able to get away after tea, for John is a firm supporter of arly closing system. Having seen the evils of late hours—I heard him say these words at a public meeting, Annie, and you can't think how proud I felt of him—ad determined that, now he was himself an employer, that no person working for should undergo the sufferings, or be exposed to the temptations, which he had rienced. And so, you know, we regularly close the shop at seven in the evening, h allows both our young men and the new apprentice to take a long walk in the try, or attend the classes and lectures at the literary institution. I am so glad, ie, that my little fortune has enabled my dear husband to go into business for him-I am sure we shall succeed; that is, if perseverance and probity—John's words —help folks forward in this world.

meant to tell you all about the grand places I have seen—the Exhibition, the amas, the Colosseum, the Zoological Gardens, and the Opera; but I find myself y moment putting down on paper the words of my husband instead of my own. husband, Annie! Well, do you know that ever since I have taken to serving in hop (I have the lace and ribbon department all to myself), and feel that I can assist and worthily do battle by his side in the great life-contest going on around us—since I have taken part in the actual business of life, I have grown more satisfied my own exertions, and more assured of my dear John's confidence and regard.

ut, bless me, if I go on in this way, you will take me for the most egotistical little that ever wrote a word about herself. Don't show my letters to anybody, for I k folks would laugh at them. Not that I am ashamed of loving and admiring my and—of course not, but that there are some things which cannot well be said except een such friends as you and I, Annie.

esterday John took me to the Royal Academy. When he talked about going to see llery of pictures, I must say I did not anticipate much pleasure; but when we got y there, I was enchanted. Oh, you never can conceive what a delightful thing it is ok upon all these fine paintings—there are about twelve hundred and fifty separate gns, all in gold frames—besides the sculptures, which are in a little, dark, cold n, all by themselves, as if the managers of the Royal Academy were ashamed of them. refore you will not expect me to tell which I liked best; indeed, I don't know elf. John was quite enthusiastic, for he is a great admirer of pictures, and poetry, music, and all those sort of things; and when he repeated a line out of Dryden, h says that "the pencil speaks the tongue of every land," then I began to under-d the feeling that draws so many well-dressed ladies and gentlemen to the picture bitions in Trafalgar-square.

midst so many beautiful paintings, I can only recall some two or three. John has a h better memory than I have for such things, though I don't altogether understand t he means by the education of the eye and the improvement of the taste in all that es to fine art. I asked him when we came home, and he told me that in matters of and *vertu* much depended on a proper knowledge of what had been performed by ancients, who were to be regarded as the masters of art. Now I could not under-d why that should be, for I am sure I could understand and appreciate Mr. Linnell's ure of "Job," who stands all fearfully and woe-begone when the messenger arrives to him of a fresh calamity, "and I only am escaped alone to tell thee"—just as well as knew all about Raphael and Correggio. But I did not dispute with John about that, we talked of Sir Edward Landseer's "Scene from the Midsummer Night's Dream," re Titania is in love with Bottom with the ass's head; and we spoke of the won-

derful painting of Mr. Grant's, in which Queen Esther accuses Haman in the preser King Ahasuerus—"We are sold, I and my people, to be destroyed, to be slain, ar perish . . . . and the adversary and the enemy is this wicked Haman." John says this picture is sure to be engraved.

You recollect, Annie, that when we were reading "Pepys' Diary" together, we c not help laughing at the old courtier being fascinated by the beautiful Nell Gwy whom he had always reviled so; well, here he is pictured on Mr. Egg's canvass, act kissing the charming actress. Oh, that deceitful Pepys; and before his wife, Only think how he could write in his gossipping way about the court:—"23d.—Th to the King's house, and there saw 'The Humourous Lieutenant,' a silly play, I th only the spirit in it, that grows very tall, and then sinks again to nothing, having heads breeding upon one; and then Knipp's singing did please us. Here, in a above, we spied Mrs. Pearce: and going out they called us, and so we staid for th and Knipp took us all in, and brought to us Nelly, a most pretty woman, who acte great part of 'Cœlia' to-day very fine, and did it pretty well; I kissed her, and s my wife, and a mighty pretty soul she is. We also saw Mrs. Ball, which is my Roman-nose black girl, that is mighty pretty; she is usually called Betty. Knipp r us stay in a box and see the dancing, preparatory to to-morrow, for 'The Goblin play of Suckling's, not acted these twenty-five years, which was pretty. And so a thence, pleased with this sight also, and specially kissing of Nell."

I could tell you, Annie, of a great many beautiful pictures—for there are some o descriptions, from an immense frame that would fill up the side of our parlour at h to a little miniature that you could hide in the palm of your hand,—but that my p is exhausted, and I expect John home almost immediately,—it is just eleven; he has to a Temperance Demonstration at Exeter Hall. My next letter, therefore, mus more full of matters less egotistical. Believe me, Yours, JESSIE.

P.S.—My husband has just come home; he sends his love with mine.

SINGULAR PROPERTIES OF THE FIGURE NINE.

MULTIPLY 9 by itself, or by any other of the digits, and the figures of the prod added together, will amount to 9. The component figures of the amount of multipliers (viz., 45), when added together, make 9.

The amount of the several products, or multiples of 9 (viz., 405), when divided b gives a quotient of 45; and the component figures of either the dividend or quoti added together, make 9.

Multiply any row of figures either by 9 or by any other of the products of 9 multip by one of the digits, as by 18, 27, 36, 45, 54, 63, 72, or 81, and the sum of the figure the product, added together, will be divisible by 9.

Multiply the nine digits in the following order—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9—by 9, or by one of the products of 9 mentioned in the last paragraph, and the product will come all in one figure, except the place of tens, which will be an 0, and that figure will be one which, multiplied into 9, supplies the multiplier: that is, if you select 9 as multiplier, the product will be (except the place of tens, all ones: if you select 18, twos; if 27, all threes; and so on. Omit the 8 in the multiplicand, and the 0 will vanish from the product, leaving it all ones, twos, three, &c., as the case may be.

THE POWER OF SMALL BEGINNINGS.—A grim lion obstructs the paths of ar benevolence in its desire to lesson the monster evils of society, and constantly r "Impossible! impossible!" Well disposed affluence surveys the encroaching wave destitution and crime as they roll onwards, spreading their dark waters over the fac society, and folds its hands in powerless despair—a despair created by a false notio the inefficacy of individual or limited action. "Who can stem such a tide?" it exclai "We must have some great comprehensive system. Without that single efforts useless." Upon this untrue and timid premise many a purse is closed, many a gene impulse checked. It is never remembered that all great facts, for evil or for good, an aggregate of small details, and must be grappled with *in* detail. Every one hath and to spare, has it in his power to do some good and to check some evil; ar all those to whom the ability is given were to do their part, the great "comprehen system" which is so much prayed for would arrange itself. The hand of charit nowhere so open as in this country, but it is paralysed for the want of being well dire

LESSONS IN FRENCH.—No. XXV.

OUR PRIZES.

present chapter, which will prove not the least instructive of our Lessons, will be ed to an analysis of the best method of translating our prize exercises, to an ıncement of the names of the successful competitors, and to an explanation of the s which have entitled them to what is unquestionably a real and a brilliant honour. ıen we first proposed a prize exercise for our students, we thought that twelve *ia* would be amply sufficient, and that it was extremely unlikely that more would served. In order that, among our students, even that number might obtain the d, we determined to redouble our own exertions, ever since the Ninth Lesson, to these instructions more really and practically serviceable than tracts of the kind imes are. And had even but twelve realised in their performance that perfection of we wished to render them capable, we should still have considered our labours compensated, and a very great result achieved. For what are these lessons, y considered? They have appeared once a week: they have been hitherto four-wenty in number. Now, would it be a logical or accurate description of the course ıdy which these Lessons have enabled our students to pursue, if you were to speak ɔugh the study itself had lasted four-and-twenty weeks? Most assuredly not. The ns, indeed, could not have appeared more rapidly, for they belonged to the pages of kly magazine. But each lesson might well be mastered in a single day, by any one ıad adequate leisure and average abilities. Indeed, we have no doubt whatever that a reader will study them successfully and completely within less than one month, collected in a separate form; and that, though totally ignorant of French before ng on that perusal, he will be able, in the limits of the brief period we have men-l, to derive a lasting and solid advantage in the acquisition of all the information the whole course contains. Knowing, then, that for our students (though y-four weeks have elapsed since the First Lesson appeared) as yet only a month's ation to French has been secured, we should have been proud and delighted if but e out of them all had merited a prize by the correctness and the spirit with which ıad performed the proof exercises.

our hopes have been signally surpassed. Instead of the twelve names which we rusted (not without some tremors) that we might be able to cite, we have to record, present chapter, upwards of sixty. And these sixty names are but a selection from ch larger number, which, after long hesitation, many doubts, and much careful arison, we have at length reluctantly put aside. In some cases, almost a comma een sufficient to decide the preference. Positive excellence in a high degree belongs ıny of those performances which we have rejected merely for comparative inferiority. example and proof of this we call attention to the first name on our fourth list in of merit. That name stands no higher; although in the translation of the passage Lord Bacon into French (an exercise more difficult in its nature than the converse lation from French into English) there was but one error; and that one error con-g of but one letter. In talking of the kings being "surrounded," the competitor ɔut the past participle of the French in the singular instead of the plural. He had ed the "*s*." He had written *entouré* (or *environné*), instead of *entourés*. And, of e, as it referred to a plural nominative, "kings," and as the participle was used *être*, the plural *environnés* (m. p.) or *entourés* (m. p.) ought to have been employed. uently, correctness being equal, the superior elegance or the greater tasteful simpli-ɔf some one version has borne away the palm from another.

rst, we will now proceed to translate the passage from Chateaubriand, premising that, ng as the sense is preserved, there may be other terms equally good. The very es through which we have attentively gone show what endless variety of expression ich old mother-tongue supplies.

BIRDS' NESTS.

admirable Providence manifests itself in the nests of birds. It is impossible to emplate without emotion that divine goodness which gives industry to the weak and ight to the careless.

No sooner have the trees put forth their blossoms, than thousands of artificers their labours. These carry long straws into the hole of an old wall—those con buildings at the windows of a church—others purloin a hair from some steed, shred of wool which the sheep has left hanging to the thorn. There are woodcu who interlace branches in the top of a tree; there are spinners, who gather the s the thistle. A thousand palaces arise, and each palace is a nest. Each nest witn charming changes:—a glittering egg; then a little one, clothed in down. This nu assumes feathers; his mother teaches him to raise himself upright on his couch. he perches himself on the edge of his cradle, whence he casts a first glance nature.

Of course, "without being moved," or "without being affected," would be as as "without emotion." So, "silk on the thistle," or "silk from the thistle," were to us as acceptable a turn as that in the text. We need not add, that "steed" is not literal; but *une* is used in that vague sense which justifies our transl it by any term which may appear most vividly to reproduce the author's pleasant simple picture. If we say "horse" or "steed," it is merely to avoid the jingle bet "mare" and "hair."

One correspondent asks us, how can a "*horse*-hair" be stolen from a "mare," "horse" were not the generic term for that whole class of animals? Another, wit less logic than he himself supposes, says he cannot understand the expression, "foresight to the careless;" for as it is the essence of carelessness to want foresight, can the quality be predicated of those who have it not? Why, it is not predicate them! It is stated to be conferred—an altogether different idea. By a parit reasoning, our correspondent would see an absurdity in the expressions "to give foo the hungry, to give drink to the thirsty, to give clothes to the naked, to give refug the harbourless." For clothes cannot be predicated of the naked, &c.

An objection has been made, in a very similar spirit, by one of our correspondent a point in the sketch of Turenne's character, contained in the Eighth Lesson. mentioning some excellent qualities, it is observed that there are many worse person the world. Now, argues our friend, you cannot have the comparative "worse," wit supposing the positive "bad;" and nothing bad had been previously predicate Turenne. In a geometrical demonstration, or in any scientific argument, such an objec would hold good; but here the objection is levelled against one of the commonest fo of a well-known and effective figure of rhetoric—irony. It is as though it had been s "If, after this, we allow Turenne to be bad, what name shall we reserve for the re bad, who nevertheless abound among the respectables of the world?" Thus, w people find themselves in some particularly pleasant position, after counting up advantages they enjoy, they might conclude (and often have we heard similar express used in this manner), "we might well be worse off."

With regard to the passage from Lord Bacon, it may be turned into French in var correct ways. The following is one:—

N'avoir que peu de choses à desirer, et avoir beaucoup de choses à craindre, voilà condition malheureuse de l'âme. Et pourtant c'est (or *c'est là*) le sort ordinaire des De plus, ils sont entourés d'ombres et de périls. Les Saintes Ecritures déclarent "le cœur du roi est inscrutable." En effet, lui-même ne connait pas (or, lui-méme il connait pas) son propre cœur.

You might also begin: "Avoir peu de choses à desirer et beaucoup de chose craindre," &c.

You could further turn it—"C'est une condition malheureuse de l'âme d'avoir peu choses à desirer, et beaucoup de choses à craindre," &c.

In the fourth place, though it would savour of the English, from which it was so m more literally drawn, and though both this and the preceding form are altogether excellent style, you could say—"C'est une condition malheureuse," &c.; "*lorsqu'o* peu de choses," &c.

Again: it would pass to reverse this, and to say, "Lorsqu'on a peu de choses," & c'est une condition, (or) voilà une condition," &c.

It would be as correct to say *état malheureux* as *condition malheureuse*; nor wo

sential inaccuracy result from placing the adjective before either of those substan-

ılly, we may remark that though *entourés de périls*, &c., is far the best expression *ɔironnés de périls*), yet *entourés par les périls* would be understood, and would not n any *solecism*.

h regard to the English version of the passage from Chateaubriand, we have ɔd a great many more than a hundred correct translations; but several of the ; are thrown out by the other exercise. We have been obliged to strike a balance rit between the two performances. Among the incorrect versions of the orni- ical passage, it is curious how many have erred in one and the same little point. ıis: in the second sentence, *on ne peut contempler* has been referred by these com- 's to the immediately preceding words which conclude the first sentence, "the ɔf birds;" and thus the word "them" has been inserted after the word "contem- —an error which has thrown out several. If "contemplate" had referred to ı," the French would have run—*on ne peut* LES *contempler*.

ɔre proceeding to announce the names of the successful competitors, we have still ːr remark to make. It is, that he who has merited the first prize has not given the ːlegant English version of Chateaubriand. But it is perfectly correct, and cor- ss is the great essential; and, taking all the merits of both themes into account, he *ile princeps*.

last thing to be said is this: We will produce here the French of three of our , for the whole world to examine; and in examining that French, let it be borne in hat it is not such as they were able to choose for themselves, but a translation of Bacon's English, and therefore not likely to drop of itself into the idioms of a ı language.

twelve best performances of each theme, in about the following order of merit, ɔeen received from

Thomas Dow,	W. G. Reid,	Thomas A. Newman,
Samuel North,	James Phizackerley,	Arnold de Lamoure,
Andrew Forbes,	Thomas Speight,	William Pope,
Wm. Sharp,	Benjamin Harris,	James Knox.

se are the first prize-bearers. The next dozen prize-bearers, the earlier-mentioned ɔm are but very slightly separated from the foregoing, are:—

ohn Mitchell,	Thomas Fitzgerald,	James Hannah,
. Y. Y.	J. Gaukrager,	C. P. Price,
eorge Taylor,	J. Pleace,	John Grainger,
lbert Pope,	H. Preston,	Alexander Weir.

t in merit come the following thirteen, who are in many respects but a shade r to the prize-bearers:—

oseph C. R. J.Cartner,	En. Lucas,	Joseph Hemingway,
oseph Timms,	J. S. Lowe,	"Jean,"
oseph Veals,	Edward Palmer,	S. Watkinson,
itus Berry,	William Nettleton,	S—y L—b.
rederick Atkins,		

the head of the fourth class stands John Watkins, whom we are prevented from g higher simply because he omitted to add an *s* to the past participle of his French for "surrounded," referring as that participle did to the plural nominative, gs," and being conjugated with *être* (*sont*).

er him come—John Tomlinson, Andrew Leiper, Emma Francis (who has translated assage from Chateaubriand not only in correct prose, but in very pretty verse es); Joseph Sandell (*l'homme pauvre et petit*), Benjamin Brown, Thomas Wheble, t Brooks, Guillaume (*apprenti*), James Wood, John Brown, Joseph Campbell, V. (of Goswell-street), F. W. Shillitto, W. G. Oliver, James H. McGowan, ıam Howard, J. Milner, J. S. B. (West of Yorkshire), J. Keeton, Walter Pettit, s Duguide, George Plackett, Samuel Allen, Thomas C. Guenning, W. James, ockdale, and Alexander Doig.

There are still many, many others, whose merits have surprised us. In select comparatively best, we have rejected much positive excellence.

Benjamin Harris's version of the sentences from Lord Bacon runs thus :—

N'avoir que peu de choses à désirer, et avoir beaucoup de choses à craindre—v condition malheureuse de l'âme ; et pourtant cela est (*c'est*) le sort ordinaire des ro plus, ils sont entourés d'ombres et de périls. Les Saintes Ecritures declarent ' cœur du roi est inscrutable." En effet, lui-même il ne connait pas son propre cœ

After this exercise, the competitor remarks in his letter to us :—"*I beg leave i my readiness to sign any Declaration, however solemn, inasmuch as I knew not word of French before these Lessons, nor have I had any help whatever fro other source.*"

William Sharp's version runs :—

Avoir peu de choses à désirer et avoir beaucoup de choses à craindre, voilà u dition malheureuse de l'âme, et pourtant cela est (*c'est*) le sort ordinaire des rois. I ils sont environnés d'ombres et de périls. Les Saintes Ecritures declarent que "l du roi est inscrutable." En effet, lui-même il ne connait pas son propre cœur.

Samuel North's version is :—

C'est un état malheureux de l'âme quand on a peu de choses à désirer, et beauc choses à craindre ; et pourtant cela est (*c'est*) le sort ordinaire des rois. De plus, eux, i entourés d'ombres et de périls. Les Saintes Ecritures declarent que "le cœur du inscrutable." En effet, lui-même il ne connait pas son propre cœur.

To give their respective English versions of Chateaubriand would occupy mor than we can command.

We now beg those whose names we have published to send us, each of the declaration, signed by the sender :—

"I declare, honestly and truly, that I never made a regular study of French made it in the lessons published in THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND, and that the lations I have sent in competing for the prize proposed in that Journal have b own work only." (*Name.*)

ERRATA.—Lesson XXIV. p. 134, for *natural* read *naturel ;* and p. 135, for *d* read *despotes.*

TO OUR "FRENCH" CORRESPONDENTS.

GIUSEPPE.—The instance in question is very peculiar (*je parle d'une époqu* You might there use the perfect tense, *qui précéda*, or even the present tense. even the present tense, because, though it is now 1851 of the Christian era, yet true to-day, and will to the end of time be as true, that year 1, for example, *y* year 2, as it was during the course of the first year itself. Thus you migh "Harold's reign precedes William the Conqueror's." If, in such circumstance use the perfect tense, you get rid, as it were, of the year to which it refers, a cease to speak of it. If, on the other hand, you use the imperfect tens transport the reader back to the epoch in question, which you suppose, for th of narration, not to be yet expired. The present tense would, rhetorically, ha same effect.

With regard to the other point, Cobbett's assertion is perhaps too sweeping. may make words signify almost anything by the context. For example, "to does not signify, in its more natural use, "to be of importance ;" and yet a person say, "there is *a* meaning in that," or "that means something," to convey the s "that is important."

THOMAS DOW.—Nous vous remercions de votre lettre. Si vous avez ajouté thême une analyse des mots, &c., alors c'est Thomas *Dow*, et non pas Thomas *Do* a gagné un prix. Nous vous prions de pardonner l'erreur.

ROBERT AND GEORGE.—The French *o* before two *n*'s frequently takes the so our *u* in *dun* ; and the French *e* before two *r*'s, that of our *a* in *hare.*

NOTICE.—Our next Lesson will conclude the course ; and, at the request of m our pupils, we have to state that we intend immediately issuing the whole of the L in a separate pamphlet, with title-page, &c., at a charge not exceeding one shill the whole.

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

n-substantive; *a.* adjective; *ad.* adverb; *v.* verb; *v.a.* verb-active; *v.n.* verb-neuter.

BLE ENTEN'DRE, *s.* (French) a term d to expressions which have a *double* ng or *intention*, or which admit of more ne construction.

W'AGER, *s.* a widow with a jointure.

W'ER, or DOW'RY, *s.* a wife's portion; w's jointure; an endowment; a gift.

W'LAS, *s.* a strong, coarse kind of

G'OLOGY, *s.* a form of giving glory to a certain hymn in praise of the Al- y.

A'CO, *s.* the dragon; one of the old llations.

AFT, *s.* a bill *drawn* on another for ; a drawing of men for the army; o select, or detach.

AG, *s.* a net, or hook; a hand cart.

AG'OMAN, *s.* an Eastern interpreter.

AGOON', *s.* a horse soldier.

AIN, *s.* a channel to carry off water.

AIN'ING, *v.* in *agriculture*, the removal excess of water or moisture from lands cultivation. In *sewerage*, the making le channels for carrying off water from s or streets.

AM'A, *s.* an action; the action repre- l in a play; a poem.

AS'TIC, *a.* powerful, vigorous, effica- a name given to powerful aperient ines.

AUGHT, *s.* the act of drinking; the ity of liquor drunk at once; a deline- or sketch; the act of pulling car- ; in pharmacy, a single dose of liquid ine.

AW'BACK, *s.* money paid back on goods ted.

AW'ING, *s.* in its strict meaning, is rt of representing objects on a flat e by lines describing their forms and s alone, independently of their colour en shadow; but the term is applied o such representations in their more ed or perfect state.

AW'ING-ROOM, *s.* a room into which is may withdraw, or in which persons ble at Court.

AW'-WELL, *s.* a deep well from which has to be drawn by pullies and ts.

AY, *s.* a carriage used by brewers on to carry barrels, &c.

EDGE, *s.* a kind of net used to drag up s from the bed of a river, &c.

DREDG'ING-MACHINE, *s.* an engine for taking up mud and gravel from the bottoms of rivers.

DRENCH, *v. a.* to soak, steep, or fill with drink.

DRILL, *s.* an instrument to bore holes with; *v.* to exercise troops.

DRILL-HUSBANDRY, *s.* a mode of sowing land by a machine.

DRILL-PLOUGH, *s.* a plough for sowing grain.

DROP'SY, *s.* an unnatural collection of watery fluid in different parts of the body.

DROSS, *s.* the scum of metals; refuse; dregs.

DROWN, *v.a.* to suffocate in water; to overwhelm in water; to immerge; to bury in an inundation; to deluge.

DRUCE, *s.* a cavity in a rock where the inner surface is covered with crystals.

DRUG, *s.* a medicinal simple; the word is used *metaphorically* to describe a thing of little value or worth, or with which the market is overstocked.

DRUG'GET, *s.* a slight kind of woollen stuff.

DRU'ID, *s.* an ancient British priest or bard.

DRUM, *s.* an instrument of military music; the tympanum of the ear.

DRUNK'ENNESS, *s.* the excitement occasioned by the use of distilled or fermented liquors, deranging the senses and the will, and leading to disorderly conduct and to crime.

DRY'AD, *s.* a wood nymph; an imaginary poetic being.

DRY ROT, *s.* a disease affecting timber, and particularly the oak employed for naval purposes.

DRY'SALTER, *s.* a dealer in salted or dried meats, sauces, oils, pickles, drugs, &c.

DU'AL, *s.* expressing the number two.

DUB'IETY, or DU'BITANCY, *s.* doubt, uncertainty.

DU'CAL, *a.* pertaining to a duke.

DUCH'Y, *s.* a territory giving title to a duke.

DUCT, *s.* any tube or passage through which a fluid can be conducted.

DUC'TILE, *a.* flexible, pliable, tractable.

DU'EL, *s.* a fight between two persons with deadly weapons.

DUEN'NA, *s.* (Spanish) an old woman kept to guard a young one.

DUKE, *s.* the dignity next below a prince.

DUL'CET, *a.* sweet, luscious, harmonious.

DUL'CIMER, *s.* a kind of musical instrument.

DUMB'-BELLS, *s. pl.* weights held in the hand, and swung to and fro, for exercise, especially for expanding and strengthening the chest.

DUODECEN'NIAL, *a.* occurring every ten years.

DUODE'CIMO, *s.* the size of a book, in which each sheet of paper has *twelve* leaves.

DUODE'NUM, *s.* the first of the small intestines.

DU'PLICATE, *s.* an exact copy of anything; *a.* double; twofold.

DU'RA MA'TER, *s.* the membrane which lies between the bones of the skull and the parts of the brain, and which also divides it into two parts.

DU'RANCE, *s.* imprisonment, continuance.

DURESS', *s.* imprisonment, constraint.

DUSK'Y, *a.* inclining to darkness; tending to obscurity; gloomy.

DU'UMVIRS, DUUM'VIRI, *s. pl.* two Roman magistrates who held office jointly.

DYE'ING, *s.* the art of giving colour to cloth, silk, and other substances.

DYNAM'ETER, *s.* an instrument for ascertaining the magnifying power of telescopes.

DYNAM'ICAL, *a.* pertaining to stength or power.

DYNAM'ICS, *s. pl.* the science that treats of moving powers, particularly of the motions of bodies that mutually act upon one another.

DY'NASTY, *s.* government, sovereignty.

DYNANOM'ETER, *s.* literally a measurer of power; an instrument to ascertain the force of machinery, or the strength of men or animals.

DYS'ENTERY, *s.* an intestinal disease, accompanied with severe fluxes, partly of blood.

DYSPEP'SY, *s.* a weakness or derangement of the organs of digestion.

E

EARL, *s.* a title of nobility, next in degree to that of a marquis.

EARTHS, *s. pl.* the substances which form the dust of the globe; they were formerly regarded as simple bodies, but are now proved to be compounds of oxygen with peculiar bases.

EARTH'QUAKE, *s.* a tremor or tre[illegible] of the earth; the most terrific of all [illegible] phenomena.

EAS'EL, *s.* a wooden frame, fur[illegible] with a set of moveable pegs, or [illegible] ledge, on which pictures are place[illegible] being painted, and by means of whic[illegible] are raised or lowered, according [illegible] artist's convenience. *Easel pictur*[illegible] term employed to designate a pict[illegible] small dimensions, such as render i[illegible] able.

EAS'TER, *s.* a festival held to com[illegible] rate the resurrection of Christ, cele[illegible] on the Sunday following the first full [illegible] after the 21st of March.

EAVES, *s.* the edges of the roof [illegible] overhang a house.

EAVES'-DROPPER, *s.* a listener [illegible] windows.

EBB, *s.* a flowing back to the sea; [illegible] An *ebb-tide* is the reflowing of tide w[illegible]

EB'ON, EB'ONY, *s.* a hard, black-co[illegible] wood, of much value, the product [illegible] climates.

EBRI'ETY, *s.* drunkenness, intoxic[illegible]

EBULLI'TION, *s.* the act of boiling [illegible] bling up.

ECCEN'TRIC, *a.* deviating from the [illegible] irregular; incoherent; anomalous.

ECCHYM'OSIS, *s.* an appearance [illegible] spots, caused by blood forced out [illegible] proper place.

ECCLES'IARCH, *s.* a chief or ruler [illegible] church.

ECCLESIAS'TES, *s.* (the preacher) a [illegible] ical book of the Old Testament, place[illegible] the Proverbs, and before the Songs o[illegible] mon.

ECCLESIAS'TIC, *s.* a clergyman, a p[illegible]

ECCLESIAS'TICUS *s.* one of the b[illegible] the Apocrypha.

ECHELON', *s.* (French) a term [illegible] military tactics to express the movem[illegible] which each division follows the [illegible] Literally, the word *echelon* means a [illegible]

ECH'INATE, *a.* prickly, like the [illegible] hog.

EC'HO, *s.* the reverberation, or re[illegible] a sound.

ECHOM'ETRY, *s.* the art of making [illegible] or arches, so as to produce an artificia[illegible]

ECLEC'TICS, *s. pl.* an ancient sect [illegible] losophers who, without adopting a[illegible] ticular system, professed to *selec*[illegible] other systems whatever they conceive [illegible] conformable to truth, and fitted th[illegible] tached parts together so as to form [illegible] whole. The term *eclectic* means sel[illegible] choosing at will.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.
[VOL. VII.—No. 85.—SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1851.]

MILITARY MORALS.

Our last article contained some remarks on *the barrack system*. In attending the Peace Congress in Exeter-hall, we were much gratified to hear this very subject discussed by Mr. Cobden; and we were the more pleased, because we had said nothing on the point to Mr. Cobden, nor had Mr. Cobden to us, so that there was no concert between us; but the sentiments advanced on both sides were those of conviction arising from actual observation. The facts we stated in our last paper were not merely truths, but truths that had forced themselves upon us as eye-witnesses of what we testified. We believe there is not a place in the country where there is such a systematic destruction of body and soul as in our barracks. And in making these observations we do not blame this or that particular agent. We believe that all the evils which exist are inherent in the system itself. They are like the confirmed leprosy in the Hebrew house, which could be removed by no other means than by taking down the building. So the diseases, the vices, and the immoralities of the barracks can never be remedied until these sinks of iniquity are abolished. Even the Duke, who thinks that "men who have a nice sense of morals and religion have no business in the army," has nevertheless stated in another place, that if you could only make "the English army moral, it would be the finest in the world." Doubtless it would, my lord duke; and if "the sky were to fall we should be able to catch plenty of larks;" but then the one is as likely as the other.

Mr. Cobden, in Exeter-hall, spoke especially of the baneful moral influence of the barracks. He justly stated that wherever they existed there was a blight on the houses, lands, and population of the neighbourhood. Rents were lowered, beer-shops, and shops of a more infamous character, abounded; and in fact everything moral and religious shrunk before them. Just after he had done speaking, we happened to sit near two ministers of religion, who resided in a fortified town, and on referring to the subject, one of them said: "I was just observing to my brother minister, that we have constantly before our eyes the most appalling facts confirmatory of every word that Mr. Cobden has said." And, as we have hinted already, the evils belong to the system. Should any differ from us, the following considerations will perhaps dissipate the fond delusions they may entertain respecting the possibility of *reforming*, instead of *annihilating*, these institutions.

1. The men are, in almost every instance, gathered from the most immoral portion of the population.—Is there in *the family* a boy more depraved than the rest, he is the one who goes for a soldier. His moral and pious brothers never think of enlisting. It is generally the son who sets at nought all domestic restriction; who "despises his father and mother;" who hates the school, and plays truant almost daily; who has no regard for relatives, or home; who spends his evenings in beer-shops, or houses of ill-fame, who becomes the prey of the recruiting-sergeant. Is there in *the Sunday-school* a lad whom scarcely a teacher can manage, and who is oftener breaking the Sabbath than attending his class? or is there in the day-school a youth, who hates learning, and is the pest of the master and of his school-fellows? who throws stones, breaks windows, calls ill-names, swears, tells lies, and perhaps steals? This is the very boy for the army or navy. We have known many a villain have the offer given him by the magistrate to be a soldier, or

to go to prison. We lately heard of a young sceptic, who had involved himself in debt, being hurried into the army to elude his creditors. This youth preached infidelity to large congregations every Sunday, and is now being drilled to shoot his fellow-creatures. These, then, are the materials out of which the army is constructed. It is a kind of common reservoir, into which is drawn a large portion of the moral pollution of the country.

We are grieved and ashamed to say, that some of the ministers of religion still preach the doctrines of war; and are ready, in one breath, to pray that the heathen may be converted, and in the next that a God of love would give victory to our troops. But still, even these men of peace and of blood would hardly advise their pious sons, or members of their congregation, to enter the army. We have listened to a great many exhortations given to children in Sunday and day-schools, but we never heard anyone recommend the lads to enter the army. The man, and especially the minister, who did this, would be scouted from society as one who wishes to ruin the young people, and break the hearts of their parents. Thus, then, we see that regiments and men of war are school, from which we make great efforts to keep everything moral and religious, and into which we draft a large portion of the vice of the country; and, therefore, they are of necessity more demoralising than our prisons or penal colonies, because the young soldier has more latitude to be vicious than the criminal.

We may be told that there are *chaplains* and *Bibles* in the army. But we all know that the appointment of the priest is, in nine cases out of ten, a political job; that the religious instruction which is given is often of the most meagre description; that he is the sport of all the young sceptics and sensualists who have entered the regiment, not excepting some of the officers. And we know further, that if the minister of religion were a second Paul, he could not preach the Gospel nor evangelise his hearers so long as they are taught to be men of blood, and to slay rather than forgive their enemies. Slaughter, standing armies, and evangelical religion, are "as far as the poles asunder;" and, therefore, we maintain that barracks and regiments must, from the very nature of things, be immoral institutions.

II. THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER IN THE BARRACKS IS, IN A GREAT MEASURE, AN IDLE LIFE.—It is true he is drilled, and has to march and counter-march, and go through his exercise; but then these things occupy his time but very imperfectly. Who has lived in a barrack town without seeing a number of able-bodied men in red coats sauntering about, or sitting still and doing nothing. Here, then, is a great violation of the laws of nature, and a grand source of demoralisation. Stagnant waters become pestiferous. Vegetables, animals, and men, are physically healthy, only in proportion as circulation goes on. Stop the beating of the heart and the respiration of the lungs, and death and putrefaction must soon ensue. The same may be said of our moral constitution. All our mental powers were given us for useful purposes. Our bodies and souls show that we were made for labour; and we enjoy healthy spirits just to the same extent as we are properly employed; and therefore idleness is a curse far heavier than the expulsion from Paradise. In fact, indolence is itself one of the most corrupting things under heaven. It leads to every vice; and, consequently, a soldier has always some baneful influence exerting itself upon him. If he is active, he is only active in doing mischief, or preparing himself to do it; and if he is idle, then he is destroying his body and

rrupting his soul. Here, then, you have a number of the most ignorant and im-
ɔral portions of the population herding together, and passing a large part of
eir time in doing nothing. Listen to their conversation, their jests, their oaths,
eir obscenity, and who would dream of having virtuous regiments composed of
ch materials, or trained in such a school? If, among these depraved spirits,
ere should happen to be a youth who will not "run to the same excess of riot,"
who wishes to blend in his character the heterogeneous elements of the trained
urderer and the pious Christian, what a life of mockery, derision, and persecu-
n he has to lead! Were you to hear their low, foul, filthy, and malignant attacks
the Gospel, you might imagine that a legion of incarnate demons had come
m the bottomless pit to assail the doctrines of the Cross, and drive devotion,
nevolence, and purity from the earth. And yet all this is in perfect keeping
th the men, and the occupation for which they are educated.

II. THE OCCUPATION OF THE SOLDIER IS THAT OF SLAUGHTER AND PLUNDER. For these callings he is fed, clothed, housed, drilled, and armed. His destina-
n is the destruction of his fellow-men, the sacking of cities, and the desolation
countries. He is the locust in a human form. "Before him is the garden of
en; behind him a desolate wilderness." He is the only being we are acquainted
h who is trained to desolate the world. Devils are chained, and never use any
ysical violence, and cannot destroy a soul without its own consent, and its own
ɔrts. Men walk to perdition on their own legs. There are no vehicles or rail-
ys to Tophet. But the soldier is the most ruthless of all beings. Hangmen and
mmon executioners only destroy on a small scale, and therefore must swell with
de as they hear the praises of a Marlborough or a Nelson. Calcraft must thank
d that he is not as other men, or even as this Napoleon. The trade of the war-
r is murder and robbery. Until he has slain hundreds of his fellows, laid cities
l towns in ruins, trampled the fruits of the earth in the dust, and committed
ɔbery on too large a scale for the laws to take cognisance of them, he is nothing
all; till then, he has seen no service, and not a bard will sing his praise, not a
der lady will weave a garland for his brow, not a bishop will return thanks
him, not a Government will bestow a pension. He must make wives widows,
l children orphans; he must retard trade, science, and religion; he must, though
aptised man, become a brutish barbarian, and alike set at nought every dictate
eason, justice, right, mercy, religion, and humanity, before the umpires, who
k on, will award him the crown. The soldier who slew Archimedes has been
ned with almost universal execration; but were the man to rise from the dead,
would plead his cause in some such words as these, and he might say:—

'My occupation is blood. My whole business is to take away life. What has
oldier to do with nice sentiments about morality, humanity, science, or philo-
hy? According to your modern views, the only science the warrior needs is
t which enables him to give the keenest edge to the sword, the sharpest point
the bayonet, the surest mark to the artillery, and the most deadly force to the
nb or the grape-shot. The man who has a grain of humanity to feel for the
low or the orphan, who has any feeling of respect for the philosopher, or the
st sentiment of veneration for the temple of religion, is not fit to be a soldier.
s philosophy must consist in quenching all the sympathies of his nature; his
ty must be seen in observing his military oath, and in a blind obedience to the
mmand of his general. He must have no God, no religion, no volition, no heart,

no humanity, beyond the will of his leader. Philosophy and a regard for p sophers would unfit him for the profession of death. Humane feelings w paralyse his hand when about to draw the sword: reason would render his ne and muscles tremulous, his shot uncertain, and cause him to miss his aim. V he to fear God or regard man, he must give up his trade; and therefore, on own notions of valour, when I slew Archimedes I only acted according to t higher behests of military morality which set science, philosophy, intellec greatness, religion, Heaven, Earth, and Hades, at defiance."

Is it not strange that men should dream of having our barracks rendered i lectual or moral institutions, seeing the buildings are the abodes of tra assassins. To make a perfect soldier it is necessary that the heart should be dened? The man must have no regard for property, for manufactures, for ar tecture, for painting, sculpture, or any of the works of art. He must have sympathy with the farmer, no respect for domestic happiness, no veneration age, no pity for infancy, no protecting hand for woman; not even any nat affection for his parents, or relatives, nor any love for his fatherland. He mus ready at the word of command to slay his father and mother, to devastate his country with fire and sword, and to make the whole earth one scene of desolat At this moment, France, Prussia, Austria, Italy, and Russia, are armed aga themselves. The troops are ready to lay Paris, Vienna, Berlin, or Petersburg ashes, if the spirit of liberty should speak out, and ask that men and women be free, moral, religious, and happy.

But we need not enlarge. War cannot be subject to any of the laws of mora or religion, because its very essence is murder and robbery. The barracks car be anything but vicious institutions; vicious men chiefly enter the army. whole system is that of cruelty and injustice. The soldier is fed by injust clothed by injustice, trained for injustice, and his whole being, powers, tale life, and energies, are to be absorbed in the one idea of destroying his fellow-m And, therefore, it is no wonder if such an unmanned man should give his hour indolence to sensuality, and thus harden himself by his vices for the more inhu occupations of his profession. What a burlesque is military morality!

"THE ARTISTS' TOURNAMENT."

By Miss H. M. Rathbone.

(*Concluded from page* 157.)

As we have already stated, the different handiworks of the respective artists were duly arranged for the inspection of the judges. Exactly as the soft musical chimes of the old hall clock told the hour of eleven, Lord and Lady D'Arcy, accompanied by their friends, the five artists, and the three Catholic priests of Whitby, besides many of the gentry of other denominations from the neighbourhood, took their seats, and, at a sign from the earl, the old steward removed the covering from the first shrine. Very gorgeous it appeared, formed of the richest variegated marbles, while the centre panels, behind which the relics were to be concealed, were blazing with jewels and precious stones set in fine gold; and ab these were suspended three pictures, th on each side of the middle piece being constructed as to close over the latter doors, to protect the surface when neec Paul Preaching to the Athenians was subject of the principal painting. On side of it the Taking of Jerusalem by Turks was depicted, and the third represer the Betrayal of Our Saviour into the ha of his Enemies. Great care had dently been bestowed to choose strik subjects, and which should display to greatest advantage rich colouring and grouping. This shrine was loudly plauded by the chief part of the gue

Lord D'Arcy allowed it to be a magnifi- showy piece of workmanship; but nifred said nothing until pressed to do y her husband, and then, in a tone h only reached his ear, replied, with a ppointed smile: "I think it would look well in the large drawing-room of War- Castle, but it is far too ostentatious gaudily-fancied for our chapel."

rd D'Arcy nodded his acquiescence, and red the next shrine to be displayed, h at first gave more promise of suiting destined purpose. It was well con- d, and appeared to be made entirely of ately cut stone work, and the orna- tations of the coffer or chest were in ame material, and represented images ints, apostles, and the early fathers. quiet sombre hue of the grey stone set o advantage the gay colouring of the ures, which were tolerably accurate s of the Italian masters, and repre- d St. Cecilia on the one hand, the in Mary Teaching St. Anna to Read on ther, and a large figure of St. Peter iving the Keys of Heaven occupied the le compartment. But the first im- sion of pleasure produced on the mind is rather graceful Gothic shrine soon off, giving rise to no emotion of freshly- led piety, and leaving behind a feeling issatisfaction, which was increased the examiners found that the sub- e which for a few seconds had looked good stone-work, proved to be made of iron painted, and the images either of same material, or else mere casts, the copied lifeless paintings com- d the impression of the whole having done by machinery, and of its total nce of vitality and beauty beyond a and cheap mode of getting up a light, y-looking altar-piece for persons who cared for transitory and general effect. there were people present who admired ch, and thought it the more valuable so much of it had been done by ma- ery. The Earl and Winnifred made no rk, and, exchanging a mute glance of olence with each other, signed to the ard to proceed.

e third shrine might have been made foil to the first, so cold, and bare, and rty-stricken did it look. The frame- was made in carved mahogany, poorly and left unfinished wherever the artist ght the omission would escape observa- ; the pictures bore no traces of study e of labour for its own sake, and yet ed marks of talent which betrayed what rtist might have accomplished, had he thought it worth while to take pains, een inspired by the sacredness of his 's destination.

Few, if any, of the spectators cared to look long at number three, and the fourth performance was next exposed to view, and exhibited a florid altar-piece, whose general effect was almost as showy as the first one, but it was much more carelessly constructed, and bore close examination still less favourably, looking as if it had been designed and executed in undue haste, and merely to accomplish a given order, at as small an expense of trouble as possible.

Lord D'Arcy was deeply disappointed, and half inclined to spend no more time upon subjects so little deserving his serious attention, and so ill adapted for the sacred purpose for which they were destined. He turned aside, and was amusing himself by gazing on a fine painting by Corregio, when an exclamation from Winnifred hastily recalled his wandering thoughts, and he beheld in the fifth and last shrine a work which at once arrested the attention. Yet its quiet, chastened beauty was not formed to create any powerful sensation at first sight; but all present felt unable to withdraw their eyes from the striking pictures now unfolded to their view. The shrine, too, was composed of exquisitely carved alabaster, with no adventitious ornament from other sources—no brilliant marbles, no sparkling gems, no gaudy gilding, and no poverty-stricken or careless labour could be detected. The hand of the artist had evidently lingered lovingly over every detail of its beautiful carving, whose luxuriance and delicacy of finish richly repaid the fullest examination; while its general effect of purity and beauty admirably fitted it to enclose the relics, and to serve as a communion-table for the most sacred festival of the Christian's worship. But the eye could not linger long, even upon this lovely specimen of art, so forcibly did the paintings above arrest the attention, and keep it spell-bound by their magical influence. No curious or ornamented carving surrounded these masterpieces—a rim and outer coating of ebony alone surrounded the pictures, the former of which was alone visible, and thus no external circumstance distracted the mind from wholly giving itself up to the impressions they occasioned.

It had been one of the conditions insisted upon by Lord D'Arcy that all the shrines were to be surmounted by paintings, divided into three compartments, such as are still frequently seen in the cathedrals of France, Italy, and Belgium; and in this condition his wish had been duly observed. In the last performance the right-hand division was occupied by a touching representation of the Return of the Prodigal Son, and the aged father advancing with outstretched arms to

welcome his penitent child; and well did it perform its destined office, in holding out encouragement to despairing sinners, and proclaiming the readiness to forgive on the part of the Most Holy if the sinner will only return to the paths of duty and penitence. Winnifred could not restrain her tears, but they fell softly and calmly as she fixed her gaze on the left-hand compartment, representing the last mournful scene upon the Mount of Olives, when in unutterable agony an angel appeared from heaven strengthening the sufferer in the hours of darkness and anguish; and as she gazed, she felt her faith refreshed, and able to realise the truth that to us and to all is the gospel preached, and that, even in these days, "blessed are those that mourn, for they shall be comforted." The middle division, which was larger than the two wings, contained a splendid picture of the Interior of the Temple at the hour of morning sacrifice, and when the first rays of dawn fell upon the bright face of the Virgin Mother, who held the young child in her arms, in the act of receiving him after the benediction of the devout Simeon, Joseph standing by amidst a large audience with the appointed offering of a pair of turtle-doves, while the glorious sunshine illuminated the divine head and fair serious features of the holy infant with a natural and most appropriate halo. The unbroken silence and rapt meditation which succeeded the uncovering of this last shrine testified to the depth and sincerity of the emotions to which it had given rise, and a burst of glad acclamation greeted Lord D'Arcy's announcement that so fully were he and Lady D'Arcy satisfied with this last performance, that they had quite decided to accept it for Whitby Chapel; and then, breaking the sealed envelopes, Winnifred's delight was at its height when it was found that No. 5 bore the name of the young and comparatively unknown artist, Hepburn.

Lord D'Arcy then addressed the five competing artists, and while doing justice to the merits of all, he kindly but clearly pointed out how the four first viewed-shrines had failed in fulfilling their mission by their respective faults—firstly, those of ostentatious ornament, and the doing work for the sake of applause, without any deep conviction of the hallowed nature of the commission; secondly, in the meanness of casting in executing a work which demanded the exercise of the highest faculties of the mind and heart, instead of such mere mechanical dexterity, which could excite no ennobling emotion, and could convey no high lesson that could touch the soul. Thirdly, he pointed out how the utter poverty of the next performance, or rather its careless, indifferent workmanship, spo the talent visible in the general but im fectly carried out design. There was, said, no heart-work in it, and therefor could not speak to the heart. Of the fou specimen of *handicraft*, as Lord D'A emphatically declared it to be, he said s hasty, superficial, showy workmanship, only fitted for making drawing-room boudoir knick-knackeries, and rendered performance more suited to the shop of upholsterer than the studio of a thought high-souled artist. Then, turning to H burn's beautiful shrine, he spoke of great care which its every detail display the vitality of the smallest part alike w the largest, thus proving how the artist conscientiously and reverently perform his work, doing far more than was absolut needed, from his exceeding love of the g and beautiful; and yet how perfectly ev part was kept in due subordination to general effect. "Long-continued thoug unceasing labour, a self-denying expen ture of time, cost, trouble, and mind, w an unselfish devotion to work for its o sake, and a warm love for the beautiful art, nature, or character, are absolut necessary for the artist or artisan, if would produce any work worthy of admiration of posterity."

The Earl concluded by distributing appointed sum for the mere cost of w and material to each competitor, and wh allowed all the disappointed candidates offer their rejected shrines for sale el where. But to Hepburn he would ha presented the prize promised to the s cessful artist, had not the young man, w troubled looks, timidly stammered o "Excuse me, my lord! I cannot ta it, for I cannot part with the shrine. love it as if it were something divi and it has become a part of my very bein and though I should be grieved to d appoint Lady D'Arcy, I hope she will f give me when I tell her that the painti of the Virgin so greatly resembles my l sister, that its possession almost seems supply her place to me." And he gaz upon the centre picture as if it we indeed the idol of his fondest affectio while a murmur of mingled surpri sympathy, and contempt ran round t spectators. Lord D'Arcy paused, p plexed what step to take next, when to great astonishment, Winnifred asked He burn if he would relinquish his beautif performance, provided his long-lost si were restored to him?

"Surely, lady!" he replied, in mu agitation. And Lady D'Arcy, leaving t apartment for a moment, returned leadi in a young girl, an attendant of her ow

d to whom she was fondly attached. The gular resemblance between her features d those of the Virgin-Mother struck all sent, and Hepburn, after a pause of athless surprise and doubt, caught her his arms, exclaiming, "Millicent, my ter! my dear, dear sister! is it possible at you are yet living to bless me?" A out of mingled applause and congratula- n arose, and, at a signal from their stess, the stately company quitted the m, and left the brother and sister to their mutual rejoicing, and that intense happiness natural in two lonely orphans, long and hopelessly separated, thus restored to each other's love.

The very next day witnessed the solemn service and joyful inauguration of Hepburn's shrine in the ancient chapel of Whitby, which read a severe and just lesson to the low-motived, unenthusiastic artists whose attempts had so signally failed.

EDWARD YOUNG.

By Parson Frank.

E literary divines of these islands make up, on the whole, a gallant company. nong our poets, historians, philosophers, and essayists, great is the company of preachers. Thus we have Robert Langlande, who wrote "The Vision of Pierce oughman," before Chaucer's time; John Barbour, a Scottish archdeacon, who g of Bruce and Bannockburn in the same (fourteenth) century, and his fellow- untryman Andrew Wyntoun, who, early in the following one put into verse an Original Chronicle of Scotland;" John Wickliffe, a laborious student as well as ergetic reformer; William Dunbar, author of allegorical and comic poems—very aphic, lively, and not always too decorous—a poet, however, whom Sir Walter ott considered to be unrivalled by any that Scotland has ever produced; John elton, the satirical, out-spoken rector of Diss; Bishops Fischer and Latimer, th martyrs to religion, the one for his Romanism, the other for his Protestantism; hn Foxe, of the "Acts and Monuments," or "Book of Martyrs;" John Leland, antiquarian; Dean Wilson, who, for his "System of Rhetoric" (1553), has en called the first critical writer upon the English language; John Donne, one our most eminent sermon-writers, and the leader of our metaphysical poets; us Bishop Hall and witty Bishop Corbet; Phineas and Giles Fletcher, both ciples of Spenser, and retaining, says Campbell, "much of his melody and luxu- nt expression;" "holy George Herbert," that true model of the country parson o centuries since; Robert Herrick, who figured so much more creditably in the ical than the clerical department, and entered with such keen zest into the say- gs and doings of Ben Jonson and his boon-companions, "at those lyric feasts de at the Sun, the Dog, the Triple Tun," where Ben's great overplus of wit and rry verses

"Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine."

en, again, we have to enumerate William Cartwright another of rare Ben's *pro- és*; Richard Crashaw, a devout, imaginative, and musical poet; Hakluyt and rchas, historians of travel; Robert Greene, author of the "Pinner of Wake- ld" and other dramas; Robert Burton, that quaint, amusing, pedantic, bilious l Trojan, whose "Anatomy of Melancholy" was the only book that ever took Dr. hnson out of his bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise; Usher the scholar, ylin the partisan, Chillingworth the polemic; Jeremy Taylor so notable for his quence, Hales for tolerance, Fuller for sagacious humour, Cudworth for meta- ysics, Barrow for copious thought, Tillotson for clear good sense, South for ry declamation, Baxter for fervent piety, Owen for ponderous prolixity, Burnet homely shrewdness; Parnell, the friend of Pope, and author of "The Hermit;" ift, the caustic, clever, energetic, unamiable dean of St. Patrick's; Berkeley, the nevolent enthusiastic propounder of philosophic idealism; Samuel Clarke, quite home with abstractions, and Charles Leslie with controversies, and Whiston with tchets, and Doddridge with expositions, and Watts with hymn-making, and ason with politics, and Percy with ballads, and Churchill with theatricals, and

Robertson with history, and Blair with sermon-writing, and Butler with nat theology, and Lardner with the Christian evidences; and so we come down to days of James Grahame, author of "The Sabbath;" George Crabbe, unrivalle his own line, as an accurate, minute, observant, but severe painter of humble middle life in England; William Lisle Bowles, whose tenderness and pathos moved the public so sincerely; Reginald Heber, author of "Palestine," and m a saintly lyric; Charles Wolfe, immortalised, it would seem, by one brief exqui poem, "On the Burial of Sir John Moore;" Pollok, who has traced so finely the co of time; Croly, who has done good service to our *belles lettres*, by his rhetorical p and elegant verse; Milman, the classic author of "Fazio," and "The Fa Jerusalem;" Cary, the able translator of Dante; Maturin the dramatist; Ling the historian; Sydney Smith, the reviewer; Samuel Parr, the scholar; Paley, moral Philosopher; Robert Hall, the orator; John Foster, the essay-wri Thomas Chalmers, the preacher and practical man; Gilbert White, the nat historian; Malthus, the political economist; Buckland, the geologist; the Miln Wordsworths, and Palmers of church history, &c. &c. From a host of contempo names, of widely diversified merit, but all celebrated for something or another some class or other, may be added those of Whately, Pye Smith, Thomas Arn Julius Charles Hare, Connop Thirlwall, William Whewell, Edward Pusey, J Keble, John H. Newman, Renn D. Hampden, John Harris, Cæsar Otway, " goldsby" Barham, G. R. Gleig, Alexander Dyce, James White, Archibald Alis Thomas Price, Robert Vaughan, Samuel Davidson, Frederick Maurice, R. Trench, Henry Stebbing, Robert Montgomery, John Sterling, Charles Kingsley, George Gilfillan. In citing the clerical celebrities of the past five centuries, have probably omitted more than one bright particular star, and perhaps inse more than one erring comet, or even Will-o'-the-Wisp. One luminary of the f magnitude, whose name is hitherto suppressed, we have now to examine mor leisure—Edward Young.

The life of Young was a busy but unhealthy one. Neither as man nor as cler man does he win his way to our hearts, or to much of our respect. It was until the sober age of fifty that he took orders; and the reason of doing so at seems to have originated in the blighting of his prospects as a layman. He was adept in tuft-hunting as well as in blank verse, and could manufacture a perso compliment and a sonorous couplet with equal facility. For more than sixty of his long life of fourscore and four years (1681-1765), he played with spirit t parts that are properly incompatible—the severe and sublime moral poet, and adroit, plastic, agile flatterer of great people. Reverend doctor—our "guide, p losopher, and friend!"—these things ought not so to be. Thou wert a gay yo man about town at the commencement of thy career,—the friend and travell companion of that profligate nonpareil, the Duke of Wharton; and though tow the close of thy days thou didst take up thy parable and say, "Vanity of vaniti all is vanity," and didst become quite ascetic in thy doctrines, quite merciless thy anatomy of human folly, yet we fear it was rather because the world had d with thee than thou with the world.

Born at his father's rectory, Upham, in Hampshire, Edward Young was e cated at Winchester school, till of age to matriculate at Oxford. At that univ sity he was a member first of New College, the college of Bishop Kerr (als Winchester boy), of Bishop Lowth, the commentator on Isaiah, of Sir Phi Sidney's father, of George Herbert, of Somerville the author of "The Chase," Sydney Smith the wittiest of Edinburgh or other Reviewers, and of Dr. Cro the composer of "Palestine." Thence, however, he migrated to Corpos Chri College, which in its turn can boast of having on its boards the illustrious nam of Cardinal Pole, Bishop Jewell, Richard Hooker, Hales, Buckland, and other Having finished his Oxford course, he looked out for patronage and popularity dint of speaking smooth things and writing poetical ones. In both he w tolerably successful. The Duke of Wharton took Young to Ireland with him, a

* He subsequently enjoyed a law-fellowship at All-Soul's, thanks to the good offices Archbishop Tenison.

erwards persuaded him to resign a tutorship he held in the Burghley family, on promise of more substantial emolument. The Duke—to whom he dedicated tragedy of "Revenge"—put him forward as candidate for the representation in rliament of the Borough of Cirencester, presenting him with a bond for eral hundred pounds to clear off election scores. But alas, poets are not infal-ly successful, dukes are not certainly immortal, nor the promissory notes of ish dukes invariably good. The worthy and independent electors rejected Young. ath had an appointment to keep with Duke Wharton that could not possibly put off. The Court of Chancery shook its bewigged head at Duke Wharton's id, and left the accounts of Edward Young, poet and courtier, quite in the *us* sign. So what could he do but turn virtuous, and abuse cakes and ale, and against all the first-born of Egypt, and publish a satire on "The Love of Fame, the Universal Passion," and, last, not least, take orders in the Church. As a good tor, and with characteristic reverence for the powers that be, what more natural, table, exemplary, and promising, than to write a panegyric on His Most Gra-us Majesty George, by the Grace of God King, Defender of the Faith, and varder of supple courtiership? Young was right. He was appointed one of the yal Chaplains. He could now write, with much complacency, "An Apology Princes, or the Reverence due to Government," compelled, as Swift malici-ly insinuated, to

"Torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension."

t the court was not to be wheedled into any extraordinary generosity. Young ained a college living, Welwyn, in Hertfordshire; but the Government disre-ded his hints for a bishopric, and wickedly pretended to think that his poetical tures about retirement from a noisy world were sincere, and equivalent to a re-ute, primitive, humble-minded *Nolo Episcopari*. Poor Young, he had his crosses bear up Hill Difficulty, after all—and sorely he bent under them, while he kept tall in Vanity Fair. His marriage, in 1731, to the daughter of the Earl of Lich-d, has something also of a tuft-hunting look; but it was a happy one—an ex-tion to the cases of Dryden, Wycherley, and Addison,* whose titled ladies vrought them much annoy," or suffered it themselves. Young was the fondly ached father† of two children, both of whom he lost at a tender age. The death his wife filled his cup of sorrows, and he cried—

"Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shafts flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain."

nce came "The Complaint." The gloom of affliction found utterance in Night Thoughts." He was now sixty years old, but none too old for poetry, and etry of a very high, if not the highest, order—nor, we fear, too old for tact in king and enjoyment in obtaining preferment. Four years before his death he s appointed (being then eighty) clerk of the closet to the mother of George III.;

* DRYDEN married (1665) Lady E. Howard, the daughter of the Earl of Berkshire. w their union prospered may be imagined by the following illustration:—The lady day expressed a wish to be a book, that so she might enjoy more of Glorious John's npany; whereupon *he* made answer, "Then be an Almanac, my dear, that I may nge you every twelvemonths." As for WYCHERLEY, his alliance with the Countess Drogheda resulted in most despotic petticoat government; the Countess was, in caulay's words, "ill-tempered, imperious, and extravagantly jealous. The unfor-ate wit was, indeed, allowed to meet his friends at a tavern opposite to his own use (in Bow-street). But on such occasions the windows were always open, in order t her ladyship, who was posted at the other side of the street, might be satisfied that woman was of the party."—(*Macaulay's Critical Essays*, Vol. III.) ADDISON wedded Countess-dowager of Warwick, 1716, and but too literally

"Married discord in a noble wife."

† Stepfather only. He had one son by Lady Elizabeth; but these two were her off-ing by a former marriage with Col. Lee.

and an extant letter of his to Archbishop Secker, proves that when full of yea and sorrows and "Night Thoughts," he had still a keen relish for preferment, an could plead for it in a very business-like way.

Little regard is now paid to Young's performances in the lyrical and dramat province. The lyrics are out of sight, out of mind, and nobody the loser. H tragedies, however—three in number—were once of high repute, especiall "Revenge," a Moorish story, with something of the plot of "Othello;" som thing, too, of its passion and intensity; but, unlike "Othello," disfigured wi some family likeness to the "Bombastes Furioso" of a past, or the transpontine mel dramas of the present era. The "Paraphrase on Part of the Book of Job" i like all rhymed modern versions of the grand old Hebrew, a lame affair, labou ing throughout under all the disadvantages necessarily suggested by comparis with the simple but sublime original, even in our English rendering. The "Lo of Fame, the Universal Passion," in seven characteristical satires, is undoubted vigorous and biting in its way, and has been called the "nearest approach we ha to the polished satire of Pope." The poet was heated into earnestness when h wrote it, by personal disappointment and disgust, so that he could feel quite since in the aspiration—

> "O Juvenal! for thy severer rage!
> To lash the ranker follies of our age;"

and could cordially appeal to

> "Instructive Satire, true to virtue's cause—
> The shining supplement of public laws!"

as demanded by the flattered crimes of a licentious epoch, when Law showed h teeth, but dared not bite, when the South-Sea Bubble was a great fact, when m flew from bailiffs into Parliament, and when the love of praise reigned more less corruptly in every heart. Young could satirise sharply enough, but n always with discrimination, or according to a proper scale of desert in the differe objects of his wrath. As Professor Wilson says, "he hammers vice well whe laid on the anvil, but he is not expert at hitting the right nail on the head; a often, when wielding his mace against a fly sticking to the wall, merely shatte the wainscot.* In such flourishes, his satire, to adopt his own words, resembles

> "——— Ocean into tempest tost,
> To waft a feather, or to drown a fly!"

The "Night Thoughts," if not absolutely a great poem, contains some of t finest poetry in our language.† There is no harmony or connexion of plot—n spinal column, as it were, to support the overgrown structure, a deficiency fat to its interest as a whole. It can only be read in parts, and, so read, it is generall admirable. We are inevitably impressed with the poet's shrewd sense, read wit, impassioned fervour, magnificent diction, florid fancy, and comprehensi intellect. True, there is something artificial felt to pervade the work, if you rea it all continuously—not that Young merely aped the emotions he utters, for at t time he must have been deeply affected by them, or he could not have expresse them so intensely: but his life was not moulded by the sentiments of stoic morality on which he thus insists, and he appears somehow to let this fact esca in his verses, so that his eloquence has the warmth rather of excited rhetoric tha of a vital, consuming passion. His Lorenzo wants reality—wants human the and sinew—wants form and pressure. Campbell,‡ comparing our poet wit

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* Blackwood's Magazine, Vol. XXIII. p. 836."

† Mr. Gilfillan says, "It is worth many 'Ramblers' as an expositor of the vani of human life, and of those strings which in every breast point to a future existence and never before did the night find such an interpreter of its grandeur, its silence, it mystery, its religion, its gloom, and its unutterable joy."—*Gallery of Literary Po traits, first series, p.* 267.

‡ Specimens of British Poets.

owper, remarks that while Young's works are as devout, as satirical, and some-
mes as merry as Cowper's, and unquestionably more witty, yet their wit and
elancholy do not make up to us the idea of a conceivable or natural being ; he
as sketched in his pages the ingenious but incongruous form of a factitious mind,
hereas Cowper's soul speaks from his volumes. Other critics complain of un-
eality in the most serious and touching passages of the "Night Thoughts."
effrey,* for instance, calls them rather ingenious than pathetic, and more cha-
acteristic of a gloomy imagination than of a feeling heart. Leigh Hunt, alluding
o his mother's fondness for them, says, "Young deluded her with his groans
gainst the world, and his lamentations for his daughter. She did not know that
e was a preferment-hunter, who was prosperous enough to indulge in the luxury
f woe, and to groan because his toast was not thrice buttered."† This poem is
kewise marked by singular combinations of styles and vacillations of purpose.
t is sometimes versatile as a harlequinade, a mosaic of odds and ends ; as erudite
nd eccentric as Southey's "Doctor." Pun and epigram are liberally intermixed
ith these "Night Thoughts."

> "In meditation deep, and dense perfumes,
> Beneath the starry sky, mid garden glooms,
> Young's cassock was flounced round with plaintive pun."‡

He travelled out of his way to be witty. He would sacrifice good taste and serious
eeling to the saying a smart thing. He has been called the "prey of his own
pigrammatic genius, that would never let him rest in ordinary speech, but kept
ointing every line as it came up, often at the wrong end."§ He is too often, as
andor says (by the mouth of one of his imaginary dialogists), "fantastical and
rivolous ; he pins butterflies to the pulpit-cushion ; he suspends against the
rating of the charnel-house coloured lamps and comic transparencies, Cupid, and
he cat and the fiddle ; he opens a store-house filled with minute particles of
eterogeneous wisdom and unpalatable gobbets of ill-concocted learning, contri-
utions from the classics, from the schoolmen, from homilies, and from farces.
What you expect to be an elegy, turns out an epigram ; and when you think he is
ursting into tears, he laughs in your face. Do you go with him into his closet,
repared for an admonition or a rebuke—he shakes his head, and you sneeze at the
owder and perfumery of his rebuke."‖

Yet, with all its faults, the poem contains, as we have said, plentiful redeeming
assages of surpassing beauty. When Young surrenders himself awhile to the gran-
eur and gloom of his topic, forgetful of the art of cramming his lines with piquant
nd trenchant things, he stands forth in his majestic attitude, and employs the large
tterance of the true poet. His figures of speech smite the ear with awe—the night
houghts of the wandering wind, whose whence and whither thou canst not tell.
peaking of Young's metaphors, Sir Bulwer Lytton (a stanch admirer of the doctor)
ays, "What wonderful metaphors they are ; sometimes trite, familiar, common-
lace—sometimes exaggerated and fantastic—but how often ineffably sublime!
Milton himself has not surpassed them. But Young is not done justice to, popular
s he is. He has never yet had a critic to display and make current his most em-
hatic and peculiar beauties. He is, of all poets, the one to be studied by a man
ho is about to break the golden chains that bind him to the world ; his gloom
hen does not appal or deject, for it is a gloom that settles on the earth we are about
o leave, and casts not a single shadow over the heaven which it contrasts."¶ Cer-
ainly, when he conjures up visions of immortality, revelations of heaven's eternal
ear, he is animated and elevated by the height of his great argument. No longer

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* Critical Essays.
† Autobiography of Leigh Hunt, Vol. I.
‡ W. Savage Landor (Works, Vol. II. p. 639).
§ Professor Wilson (Blackwood, 1828).
‖ Imaginary Conversations: Southey and Porson.
¶ The Student.

"Involved in palls of gloom,
He haunts, with footsteps dread,
The murderer's midnight tomb,
And calls upon the dead,"*

but he lifts up his eyes unto the hills whence cometh his help—the everlasting hills of the great I AM, who saith to the dead, "Return ye children of men, return from the dust of mortality: because I live, ye shall live also! After all that has been written on the theme of man's imperishable existence, "this poem," says Gilfillan, "is the most conclusive and sublime pleading for the immortality of the soul. You hear in it the soul itself rising up in its majesty, 'like thunder heard remote,' and spurning the base idea of annihilation. Thomas Brown has not approached its depth, or touched the hem of that gorgeous garment of eloquence which surrounds it star-inwrought."† The Night Thoughts are illuminated by joy that cometh in the morning from the east, "Eôthen," the morning land,

"Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God."

* Macnish (A Modern Pythagorean).
† Gallery of Literary Portraits.

LETTERS FROM CALCUTTA.—No. II.

IN delightful contrast to the scenes which I described to you in my last letter, are those which I have since then witnessed in the public profession of Christianity by two Brahmins, and their baptism by the missionaries of the London Missionary Society. These young men, who are between the ages of seventeen and twenty, have been for several years students at the society's institution for the education of Hindoos, at Bhowanipore, near Calcutta; where, while passing their various studies, they have been led to believe in and to embrace Christianity as the true religion. It appears that several of these students have lately been thinking much on the subject, and conversing with each other unknown to their teachers; and at length five of them determined to renounce Hindooism, and to apply for Christian baptism. They accordingly left their homes, and went to the residence of one of the missionaries, to whom they revealed their feelings and desires. Now, the profession of Christianity here involves far greater sacrifices, and requires a far higher degree of moral courage than can be imagined in England. A convert, in becoming a Christian, has to renounce everything which to a Hindoo makes life desirable.—An ancient but cruel faith professed by his ancestors for a hundred generations, proclaims him an outcast. He cannot return to the home which he would defile by approaching—he has no longer either parents or brethren, but is regarded by them as though the grave had indeed closed over him. His former friends and acquaintances not only refuse any longer to recognise him as one of their body, but pursue him with an intensity of scorn and hate which is almost inconceivable. In the present instance, all these and more were at stake, two of these inquirers after the truth having been Kooleen Brahmins of the highest caste, and also holders or proprietors of the temple at Kalle Ghant. The missionaries seem to have impressed on them the losses which they must sustain in embracing Christianity; but they were found steadfast to their purpose; and, having satisfied their teachers of the intelligence and correctness of their views, it was determined to baptise them on the morrow. The missionaries then wrote to the relatives of the young men, acquainting them with what had taken place, and urging them to see the converts and ascertain the facts for themselves. During the whole of Saturday and Sunday morning, the house of the missionary, at which they had sought a refuge, was witness to the most exciting and affecting scenes. Mothers, bathed in tears, embraced the feet of the teachers, and besought them to dissuade their sons from such a step,—fathers mingled threats with entreaties, and with their brothers employed every possible argument which it was supposed might induce them to relinquish their intentions. Yet, it is remarkable that nothing was said by any one against Christianity; its superiority as a religion was even admitted by many, but all the arguments used were founded on the antiquity of the Hindoo faith, the dishonour of denouncing caste, the disgrace of their families, and the

oss of station and property consequent hereon. To the youngest of the converts money was promised, wine to drink, and sweetmeats to eat if he would return. At length he was told that his mother was in a dying state, and wished to see him once more. His brother, who had formerly been a student in the institution, appealed to his teacher for the truth of his assertion, and said:

"I am a Christian in heart and do not wish to influence him; I only wish him to see his mother once more; he shall return on Monday."

The young man was at length induced to go; but, as was expected, the promise has been broken, and he has not returned. On Sunday two others were induced to go home, in order to see their female relatives, where, it is supposed they have been since detained. The remaining two remained firm, and declined any further discussions on the point, saying—

"We have made up our minds—why subject us to further trials? We love our relatives very much, but we must follow the dictates of conscience, and serve God."

They were baptised in the evening, at the Union Chapel, by Mr. Storrow, one of their teachers. The scene was a very pleasing one. In front of the pulpit stood the candidates for baptism, enveloped in folds of muslin of snowy whiteness, and gracefully arrayed according to the native custom. They replied toMr. Storrow's questions in a most intelligent manner, and stated that of their own free choice, and from conviction they were perfectly willing to give up all things that had once been dear to them. They then underwent rather a strict examination as to the tenets of Christianity, with which they showed a fair acquaintance. The points which had had most influence seemed to be the reasonableness and purity of Christianity, (in these respects the absolute converse of Hindooism) and the fact of its offering an atonement for sins committed, and teaching universal love and charity to all mankind. Nothing resembling this exists in the Hindoo Shafters, which permit the violation of as many of the moral duties as they enjoin the performance of. They were then asked:

"Do you repudiate the Vedas, the Puranus, and idol worship?"

"Yes, we give them up; idols are only wood and mud, and some are straw."

"Will you take the Bible as your guide through life."

"Yes!"

"Do you not still love your friends?"

"Oh yes! but they are not our true friends if they wish us to do wrong."

"Will you deliver to me your Poitas?"

"Yes, here they are."

The Poitas, which are the insignia of Brahminhood, and the loss of which is an absolute renunciation of caste, are slight cords composed of six cotton threads worn loosely over the left shoulder and passed under the right arm. The investiture, which generally takes place at six or seven years of age, is an important religious ceremony. Having given up these, they were baptised and pronounced Christians. So great was the determination of their relatives to prevent their being baptised, that it was necessary to escort them to and from this chapel by two of the native police; nor did their opposition end here, for on the next day Mr. Storrow was summoned before the magistrate on a charge of abduction. The accusers appeared, accompanied by a number of witnesses ready, as is usual, to affirm anything the case required, and bringing horoscopes to prove the minority of the youths, which were so evidently forged that the magistrate threw them aside, remarking that the papers looked very clean to have been kept so long. This kind of exposure produces no effect upon a native; when a fraud is discovered, he quietly puts it aside with a smile and a salaam, and tries something else—he is never ashamed or non-plussed. The intimation of the magistrate prevented any further evidence being offered, and the charge fell to the ground. The young men were then proved to be of age, and to have acted from their own free will, and were told they were at liberty to go where they chose. The relatives retired apparently satisfied that all they could do had been done, and the converts retired with the missionaries. The excitement against them is, however, so great that they will hardly venture to appear in public till some weeks have elapsed, or without a sufficient guard. They fear being carried off, and either kept in confinement or sent to a distant part of the country, which is known to have been the case with many suspected of similar intentions.

The issue of the trial has discouraged the natives exceedingly; they see that if their sons choose to become Christians they have little power to prevent it, and that the law protects the converts. Some of them during the trial expressed their conviction that ere long all would become Christians; and one aged Brahmin said, "When we are dead our sons will forsake Hindooism." It is well known that there are hundreds at this moment who believe in Christianity, but cannot make up their minds to renounce caste, which is the great obstacle to every change and improvement in this land. As in the days of our Saviour they wait for

examples, and say, "Have any of the rulers believed?" If those who are actually Christian in opinion would come out from heathenism in a body the work would be done. We hope that the noble conduct of these two Brahmins will decide many to follow their example. Already another of the students has declared himself, and was baptised on the succeeding Sunday. The statements he made were extremely interesting, as he entered at some length into the nature of the idolatry which is practised here, and its effect on the people. He is twenty-one years of age, and has been in the institution almost from its commencement.

I have mentioned that one of the two who were first baptised is a Holdar, and you will like to know what this means. About 200 years ago a Brahmin of this name erected the celebrated Pagoda at Kalee Ghant, which I mentioned in my last letter as the spot where the abominable ceremonies of the Churruck Pooja commence. His descendants have ever since been entitled to the offerings that are daily brought to the temple, which are numerous, and frequently of considerable value. They officiate by turns, some being entitled to several days in a year, some to only a few hours, some to a few minutes, according as the different branches of the original families have increased in number. This young man was entitled to ten days, and his income would have been very large. It is, of course, all given up arising from "things offered to idols." this case even the act recently passed, wh insures to a Hindoo convert his inherita does not assist him.

You will imagine that those Holdars have had their turns so subdivided as officiate only a few minutes at a time, h not much chance of realising a sub tence; but the thing is managed in t way:—

Suppose a wealthy Rajah declares his tention of making an offering of 20,000 rup to Kalee, as is not unfrequently the ca He first consults the Gooroo, or househ priest, who professes to act according to t rules of astrology, or as the horoscope m point to lucky or unlucky days. Amo his acquaintance the priest reckons some the officiating Brahmins. An arrang ment is come to that the stars shall point some particular minute on the dial of tir as the most propitious for the offering to laid on the altar of the goddess. On th precise moment the procession, with t devotee and his offering, are sure to arriv and the officiating priests share of course the plunder.

I hope ere long to be able to give you description of the temple, and the worsh carried on there. But at present the pries are too much incensed at these conversio from among their number to justify t appearance of Christian strangers amon them.

GLEANINGS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

No. X.—A TRAGEDY OF THE WAR IN SPAIN.

Although historians and poets have from all times depicted in glowing colours th horrors of war, yet few persons have any adequate conception of the social an domestic misery it produces, particularly in the countries which are the scene c campaigns. The following dreadful history is taken from a valuable work— "Memoirs of the Duchess D'Abrantes"—and presents a view of the dreadfu passions called up even in the breasts of women, and the ruthless acts perpe trated by a marauding soldiery. The account is given in the words of th authoress:—

A regiment was sent from Burgos against a guerilla party, under the Marqui of Villa Compo, and ordered to treat the Spaniards with the most rigorous severity, especially the inhabitants of Arguano, a little village near the famous forest of Covelleda, whose deep shades, intersected only by narrow footpaths, were the resort of banditti and guerillas. A principal feature of the whole Spanish war was the celerity with which all our movements were notified to the insurgent chiefs, and the difficulty we experienced in procuring a spy or guide, while these, when found, proved almost uniformly treacherous. The battalion had to march through a frightful country, climbing rugged rocks, and crossing frozen torrents, always in dread of unforeseen and sudden dangers. They reached the

age, but perceived no movement--heard no noise. Some soldiers advanced, saw nothing—absolute solitude reigned. The officer in command, sus- ting an ambush, ordered the utmost circumspection. The troops entered the et and arrived at a small opening, where some sheaves of wheat and Indian , and a quantity of loaves, were still smoking on the ground, but consumed to inder, and swimming in floods of wine, which had streamed from leathern s that had evidently been purposely broached as the provisions had been nt, to prevent their falling into the hands of the French.

o sooner had the soldiers satisfied themselves that after all their toils and gers no refreshment was to be obtained, than they roared with rage—but no geance was within reach! All the inhabitants had fled into the forest.

uddenly cries were heard issuing from one of the deserted cottages, amongst ch the soldiers had dispersed themselves in hopes of discovering some food or ty. They proceeded from a young woman holding a child, a year old, in her s, whom the soldiers were dragging before their lieutenant.

Stay, lieutenant," said one of them ;" here is a woman we have found sitting de an old one, who is past speaking : question her a little."

he was dressed in the peasant costume of the Soria and Rioja mountains, and pale, but not trembling.

Why are you alone here ?" said the lieutenant.

I staid with my grandmother, who is paralytic, and could not follow the to the forest," replied she haughtily, and as if vexed at being obliged to drop ord in presence of a Frenchman ; " I staid to take care of her."

Why have your neighbours left the village ?"

he Spaniard's eye flashed fire ; she fixed on the lieutenant a look of strange ort, and answered—

You know very well ; were they not all to be massacred ?"

he lieutenant shrugged his shoulders.

But why did you burn the bread and wheat, and empty the wine skins ?"

That you might find nothing. As they could not carry them off, there was no rnative but burning them."

t this moment shouts of joy arose, and the soldiers appeared carrying a num- of hams, some loaves, and, more welcome than all, several skins of wine—all overed in a vault, the entrance to which was concealed by the straw the old nan was lying on. The young peasant darted on them a look of infernal ven- nce, while the lieutenant who had pondered with anxiety on the destitute and ing condition of his troops, rejoiced for a moment in the unexpected supply. the recent poisonings of several cisterns, and other fearful examples, ting him on his guard, he again interrogated the woman—

Whence come these provisions ?"

They are all the same as those we burnt ; we concealed them for our friends."

Is your husband with yonder brigands ?"

My husband is in heaven !" said she, lifting up her eyes ; " he died for the d cause—that of God and King Ferdinand !"

Have you any brother amongst them ?"

I have no longer a tie, except my poor child ;" and she pressed the infant to breast. The poor little creature was thin and sallow ; but its large black eyes tened as they turned to its mother.

Commander," exclaimed one of the soldiers, " pray order divisions of the ty, for we are very hungry and devilish thirsty."

One moment, my children. Listen," said he, eyeing the young woman with picious inquisition ; " these provisions are good, I hope ?"

How could they be otherwise," replied the Spaniard, contemptuously ; " they e not for you."

Well, here's to thy health, then, Demonia," said a young sub-lieutenant, opening of the skins and preparing for a draught ; but his more prudent commander restrained him.

One moment. Since this wine is good, you will not object to a glass."

"Oh, dear no! as much as you please;" and accepting the mess-glass o by the lieutenant, she emptied it without hesitation.

"Huzza! huzza!" shouted the soldiers, delighted at the prospect of intoxic without danger.

"And your child will drink some also," said the lieutenant; "he is so pal it will do him good."

The Spaniard had herself drunk without hesitation; but in holding the c her infant's lips her hand trembled. The motion, however, was unperceived, the child also emptied his glass. Thereupon the provisions speedily disappe and all partook both of food and wine. Suddenly, however, the infant observed to turn livid, its features contracted, and its mouth, convulsed with a gave vent to piteous shrieks. The mother, too, though her fortitude suppr complaint, could scarcely stand, and her distorted features betrayed her suffer

"Wretch!" exclaimed the commandant, "thou hast poisoned us!"

"Yes," said she, with a ghastly smile, falling to the ground beside her c already struggling with the death-rattle. "Yes; I have poisoned you. I l you would fetch the skins from their hiding-place. Was it likely you would l a dying creature undisturbed on her litter? Yes—yes—you will die, and d perdition, while I shall go to heaven!"

Her last words were scarcely audible, and the soldiers at first did not com hend the full horror of their situation; but as the poison operated the Spa declaration was legibly translated in her convulsed features. No power c longer restrain them. In vain their commander interposed—they repulsed hi and dragging their expiring victim by the hair to the brink of the torrent, t her into it, after lacerating her with more than a hundred sabre strokes. uttered not a groan. As for the child, it was the first victim.

Twenty-two men were destroyed by this exploit, which I cannot call other than great and heroic. The commander himself told me he escaped by mirac

The persuasion that the bed of death would be disturbed in search of booty, indeed holding us as savages; and such was the impression produced by the who could command "Let no sanctuary deter your search." By such m were the populace from the beginning exasperated against us, and especiall the oppressions of General D——. If the inhabitants of Arguano had received information that they were to be massacred, they would not have ta the lead in massacre.

Such were the people amongst whom I dwelt. When this tale was relate me, on the eve of my departure from Burgos, I shuddered in contemplatin the murderous war of people against people. I trembled for the first time s my entrance into Spain. I was become timid. Alas! it was not on my account—but I was again approaching the great crisis of maternity—and am what perils, good God! was my child destined to see the light.

THE SIEGE OF ANCONA.

Although war has been the trade of men, we have several accounts of wo who have braved its dangers and its terrors, and distinguished themselves by display of courage and fortitude. Our readers will recollect the heroic Joan of A and the Maid of Saragossa named in Byron's "Childe Harold." In the hist of the Venetian wars we meet with many anecdotes of heroic women. following incidents are related as having happened at the siege of Ancona. T siege was undertaken about the year 1167, by Christian, Archbishop elect Mayence, whom Buoncompagno, the historian, denounces as a vile and cruel ruffi "On one occasion, while an attack from the Germans occupied the attention of whole garrison, the Venetians also effected a landing on the opposite quarter, a were advancing towards the city, when, by a vigorous charge, not only of regu troops but of such inhabitants as lived nearest the shore, they were repulsed a driven in confusion upon their military engines. Rallying under these, they w protected by a sheet of stones and arrows, which appeared to forbid the eager h of their pursuers, who at first threatened to fire the beleaguering works. But

was not of long continuance. Reckless of all danger, and as if bearing a ed life, a woman, widowed, perhaps, during the siege (her name deserves ıbrance, it was Stamura), rushed forward with a lighted torch. Her peril :arcely less from the weapons of her own countrymen than from those of her es; yet, amid both, unconcerned and uninjured, she set fire to a lofty n tower, nor quitted its base till the flames had gained such a height as made struction certain. The conflagration spread rapidly along the lines, and the train of engines, the formidable but unwieldy artillery of those ages, was med to ashes." The following extract shows the extremity to which the itants were reduced, and gives two touching anecdotes of the heroism of n:—

ncona indeed had little prospect of escaping from his grasp. The misery to which ıs reduced may be estimated from the returns made by Commissioners instructed :ch for food, in order that it might be applied to the public service. Their utmost ons, after carefully exploring the most secret hiding-places in which the avarice of night be supposed to treasure up its hoards, produced no more than five pecks of s grain; yet the city at that moment contained no less than twelve thousand souls its circuit. Food, the most disgusting at other times, had been greedily coveted, as exhausted. Even the *skins* of animals whose very *flesh* is commonly rejected as ın, the wild herbs which grew on the ramparts, the sea-weed which was reputed ious—all these had been tried, and all had now failed. Whatever may be the ncy of his endurance, there is still a limit to the physical powers of man; and it t be a matter of wonder if nature sometimes gave way under this accumulated and -increasing wretchedness. A sentinel, worn with hunger, fatigue, and watching, ink upon the ground at his post, when a young and lovely woman, of the noblest in the city, bearing an infant at her breast, observed and rebuked his neglect. He d that he was perishing from famine, and already felt the approach of death. en days,' answered the more than Roman matron, 'have passed, during which my as been barely supported by loathsome sustenance, and a mother's stores are ning to be dried up from my babe. Place your lips, however, upon this bosom, if aught yet remains there, drink it, and recover strength for the defence of our ry!' The soldier, shamed and animated by her words, and recognising and cting the dignity of her birth, no longer required the proffered nutriment. He g from the ground, seized his arms, and, rushing into the enemies' lines, proved gour by slaying no less than four combatants with his single hand.

One other, and a yet more touching instance of the self-devotion of female affection, be produced in striking contrast with the unnatural deed recorded of the frenzied er of Jerusalem, under circumstances of similar destitution and horror. A woman ıcona, heartbroken by the exhaustion of her two sons, and hopeless of other relief, ed a vein in her left arm; and having prepared and disguised the blood which d from it with spices and condiments (for these luxuries still abounded as if to the cravings of that hunger which had slight need of any further stimulant than its sad necessity), presented them with the beverage; thus prolonging the existence of hildren, like the bird of which similar tenderness is fabled, even at the price of that of life by which her own was supported."

TEND TO YOUR OWN BUSINESS.—A man who had become rich by his own exertions ısked by a friend the secret of his success. "I have accumulated," replied he, ıut one half my property by attending strictly to my own business, and the other by letting other people's alone."

SOMETHING.—Don't be a drone. You may rely upon your present possessions, or ur future prospects, but these riches may fly away, or hopes may be blighted; and u have no place of your own, in such case, ten to one, you will find your path beset thorns. Want may come upon you before you are aware of it; and having no pro- n, you find yourself in anything but an enviable condition. It is, therefore, im- nt that you should be *something*. Don't depend upon fortune, for she is a fickle ort, which often fails when you lean upon her with the greatest confidence. Trust ur own exertions.

THE POPULATION OF IRELAND.

In Number 82 we made some observations on the census of Great Britain. S those remarks were written the Irish census has been published. Ireland has been, and still is, a mystery in the world; at least so say philosophic sta Nay, more, that she is an anomaly. But why a mystery and an anom If we read history correctly, and the world aright—and the world of nineteenth century has long said that such mysteries and anomalie Ireland presents to our gaze are but the ordinary results of progress,—t is neither mystery nor anomaly in the matter. In Ireland, and in the E lands of Scotland, Celtic romance, Celtic love, and Celtic bravery, were nu through all their stages, from puny childhood to silly old age. And v the mandate of Progress went over the world—when the well-being of man demanded that instead of Druidical superstitions and follies, instead of romances of the harper, and the unsettled life of the freebooting Celt, hence stern realities, that lead to useful purposes and holy ends, should be the guid nations and the themes of historians, what was there left for men than to follo the track, or lag behind and perish?

The origin of the Celtic race is not accurately known. But in whatever cou they have been planted, their habits and tendencies have always remained same. America may be an exception to this remark; as it has been noticed as soon as a Celt mixes among the children of Brother Jonathan, he immedia casts aside his old world notions, begins anew the race of life, and becomes or them. In Europe, hitherto, they have been a *separate* people. In their day, race was more warlike. The prowess of their arms gained them territory in alr every kingdom on the Continent; and they would doubtless have become an fluential people had not their thirst for dominion, and their consequent migra habits, scattered them in small sections over many lands.

What we do know of this people, however, is only through sources that in th days we are not inclined much to rely on. However, it is asserted by the earl writers on this subject, that the Celts had arrived at a considerable degre civilisation, and professed to some extent poetry and music. They were rema able for their hospitality—a striking feature among them even in the present da to which were added honesty and docility. With all these virtues they might h risen to be a great nation. But there was one fault sadly against their advar ment—*exclusiveness*. They met frequently in public assembly, but no stran even if permitted to be present, was ever allowed to speak. They thus nurse kind of national exclusiveness that has proved their destruction.

The facts concerning the population of the British empire, lately published, the tale that the Celt, like the Indian in the Far West, aye, even his romances his songs, even his spirit and his memory, are doomed to perish from the fac the earth. There can be no doubt much of this mournful but inevitable trut attributable to the inflexible, unbending pride of the people, their love of clanni ness, and their want of commercial energy. Much, also, of the evil is to be lai the doors of some of the large landed proprietors, who in Ireland and the north Scotland have of late effected such merciless clearances on their estates—raz houses to the ground innumerable, and driving the unfortunate people homel and desolate on to the heath and the highway. But one fact in figures will tell story better than all the eloquence of a poet's speech.

In Ireland, according to the recent census, there were:—

	In 1841.	In 1851.
Houses inhabited.....	1,328,839.....	1,047,735

Showing a decrease in ten years of two hundred and eighty-one thousand, hundred and four houses! We heard of the clearances as they were going on, we are sure the most vivid imagination could never dream a tale like this!

When the fact of such a decrease in the number of houses is known, people

urally exclaim—How the population must have diminished! And so it has. e census tells us there were:—

	In 1841.	In 1851.
Families	1,472,287	1,207,002
Persons—Males	4,019,576	3,176,727
Females	4,155,548	3,339,067
Total inhabitants	8,175,124	6,515,794

owing in 1851 a decrease of 1,659,330 souls, or at the rate of twenty per cent. e population was in 1821, 6,801,187; in 1831, 7,767,401; in 1841, 8,175,124; in 1 it is 6,515,794, being fewer persons by upwards of 286,000 than in 1821. The ference between 1821 and 1831 was an increase of rather more than 14 per cent.; n although a famine in 1823 greatly retarded the growth of the population; ween 1831 and 1841 the increase was just a trifle over five per cent.; and be- en 1841 and 1851 a positive decrease of twenty per cent.! The satisfaction might feel when reading that the population of Great Britain had increased lve per cent. must be considerably cooled when he looks on the Irish return, l adding it to that of Great Britain, sees that the population of the British nds has increased only 604,220, or about 2¼ per cent.

However, as it is in Ireland alone that the decrease is perceptible, it would be ll worth the while, if other duties did not interfere, to inquire fully into the ses of it. The chief cause, we have no hesitation in affirming, is emigration; eing certainly known that about 1,200,000 people have left Ireland, chiefly for erica, &c., though some few thousands have taken up their abode in Scotland l England. Secondly, we may set it down that the "clearances" have had a siderable share—at least a half—in the rest of the deficit. Thirdly, a cessation marriages. Fourthly, the sterility of women in the lower order of life: this t has elicited some surprise the last few years among learned people. But when se who wonder much at it will prove to us that the apple-tree can bear fruit in nty without proper nourishment, and think it nothing strange, we will clear up ir mystery for them. Fifthly, the delicacy of the children born. If the mother re not sufficient sustenance, how can her child be reared in health?

We have thus sketched, imperfectly we admit, a few facts relative to the popu- tion of Ireland. It is easier to chronicle facts than to account for them. We re, in performing the easier part of the task, attempted a little of the more diffi- t part. The causes are all natural enough—*Fate*, we are sure, has nothing to with the matter—and need only natural remedies. Ireland, we are told, has ays been an ill-fated nation. But the inertness of her Celtic race has done re to demoralise her than ever fate could do. True, like the Scottish High- ders, her restless though clannish spirit, has always involved her in broils; and tory tells us how a Tudor, a Stuart, Cromwell after the "Rebellion" in 1641, l the Prince of Orange, scoured the country with their military hordes, laid ste the cities and villages, and covered the earth with human gore; yet from all se reverses the island rose, though chiefly from the infusion of Saxon energy ong them, and in 1841 had prospered so far that her people numbered upwards eight millions. But in 1851, after a more terrific visitation than even the sword the conqueror—clearances, famine, and fever combined—Ireland's numerical ce is reduced by upwards of a million and a-half. Nevertheless, there is yet pe for Ireland—although we fear the still clannish Celt will not participate in e coming good. Our space is exhausted, or we might show from returns recently sented to Parliament, that the condition of the people of Ireland, and of the itish Islands generally, is infinitely better than for many years past—and that at condition shows vigorous signs of even yet greater extension.

Those of our readers who feel an interest in the manufactures and trade of Ire- nd, and who would wish to know the prospect she has of becoming great in the le of nations, will find in No. 9 and succeeding numbers of THE ILLUSTRATED

Exhibitor, some interesting particulars respecting them—facts, indeed, which a who have Ireland's welfare at heart ought to be acquainted with.

In the article on The Census of 1851, in No. 82,—on page 90, for 1,263,550, rea 2,263,550; and on page 91, for about a third, read about a fifth. The populatic of London by the new census is 2,363,141.

IMPORTANCE OF LITTLE THINGS.

"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

Never despise trifles. There is nothing unimportant in the world. Great events are produced by apparently insignificant causes. The spring that leaps from the parched ground widens into the deep broad river, to bear upon its bosom the commerce of the earth; the acorn, which by some hasty footstep is pressed into the sod, becomes the lofty oak, spreading its gnarled branches over the rich green sward. So is it in the history of the world. Take a few instances:—

It was a mere trifle that prevented Oliver Cromwell and several others who afterwards distinguished themselves as his associates, from emigrating to the colonies of the New World some time before the first steps were taken in that revolution which cost the monarch of England his head, expatriated his family, and elevated Cromwell to the seat of highest authority in the nation. Cromwell and his friends had engaged their passage to America, and were only awaiting the signal to embark, when, by some caprice of the Court, they were prohibited from leaving the country. Had any accident occurred to delay the order of the Court until after they should have commenced their voyage to the American colonies, who can tell how different might have proved the course of events, and how different might have been the aspect of affairs over all Europe at the present hour. It is far from improbable that the destiny of the English nation and of Europe hung upon that single event, the arrival or non-arrival of the Court courier before the change of wind to favour Cromwell's embarkation. The life of a monarch and the destinies of a proud nation hung upon the speed of a horse.

Another striking illustration of the influence of little things is found in the history of the Negro race. The celebrated Bartholomew de las Casas, a Spanish prelate, who accompanied Columbus in his second voyage to Hispaniola, and on the conquest of Cuba settled there, moved by compassion for the sufferings of the native Indians who were worked as slaves in the mines by the Spaniards, conceived the idea of sparing this feeble race, that were fast passing away, by substituting Negroe a much more athletic race, and that the were to be obtained from the Portugues settlements on the coast of Africa. Afte petitioning the Spanish government, su cessively under Ferdinand, the Regen Cardinal Ximenes, and then Charles V he succeeded. In 1503 a few Negro slave had been sent into St. Domingo, and after wards Ferdinand allowed the importatio of large numbers. The labour of one Ne gro was found equal to that of four In dians. Ximenes discouraged the traffic Charles V. revived it, and conferred th privilege, as a monopoly, on a Flemis favourite. In 1518 the right was sold t some Genoese merchants, who reduced th traffic to a regular system. The Frenc obtained it next, and retained it till it ha yielded them a revenue of nearly five mil lion pounds. In 1713 the English secure it for thirty years. For the last four o these years, Spain purchased the Englis right for £100,000. Thus, through th mistaken benevolence of a Spanish priest a measure was set on foot, which the cu pidity of Christian Europe turned into system of fearful cruelty—a system by th operation of which the commerce of th world and the aspect of all civilised so ciety has been affected—a system, whic seems likely, in God's overruling Provi dence, to convulse one of the mightiest nations on the globe, and eventually t return light and peace, civilisation and Christianity, on the eighty millions of the African tribes. *How great a matter a little fire kindleth!*

Another instance. In August, 1799, a French artillery officer, named Bouchard, when digging near Rosetta, in Egypt, for the foundation of a military work, came upon a huge block of basalt, marked with various strange characters and hieroglyphics. These characters were found to exhibit three inscriptions, in three different characters, one of which proved to be the Greek. This was the celebrated Rosetta stone, now in the British Museum, which has been the subject of diligent investigation by learned antiquarians of every nation in Europe; and this stone, under the

enious labours of Young, and Champol- yielded, by a comparison of the cha- ers found in the different instructions, ey to unlock the treasures of ancient dom, shut up for so many centuries er the hieroglyphics of Egypt.

The discovery of a small obelisk on the of Philoe, in the Nile, in 1816, by llaud, the French traveller, on which a Greek inscription containing the nes of Ptolemy and Cleopatra, greatly ed Champollion in unravelling the stery. Thus, as the result of the seem- ly trivial event of finding an old broken ne at Rosetta, and a little obelisk years rwards at Philoe, the industry of an- uarians was set to work, and that in- try has been crowned with astonish- success.

The inscriptions found on the decaying numents, and on the frail papyri of ypt, are now quite intelligible; the ient records of Egyptian dynasties are idly opening to the inspection of all n. Thence the infidel is drawing gely his materials for renewed assault the records of revelation; and the ristian is patiently awaiting the issue a finished discovery among these old numents, perfectly confident that the th of human records, once fully made , will fall naturally and inevitably into train of the handmaids and supporters revelation.

Little did the French artillery-officer eam, when the men working under his ection first heaved up that dark and utilated block near Rosetta—that around it old stone, and over its mutilated in- iptions, the friends and enemies of the cient Jewish Scriptures would rally for long and arduous, and possibly a final nflict, as to the truth of revealed reli- on. *How great a matter a little fire ndleth!*

And often it is seen that some unlooked- and seemingly trivial event, baffles the resight of men, frustrates their plans, d defeats their most important enter- ises. A sudden tempest will sometimes atter and destroy a numerous and well- pointed fleet. The fate of a battle on hich are hanging the destinies of empires ill sometimes be decided by a thick mist, a driving storm, or by a random shot which cuts down an experienced leader, and spreads a resistless panic through his whole army.

In private life, also, results of great magnitude follow from causes apparently insignificant. The flight of a bird, the fall of an apple or an acorn from the tree, the course taken by a flash of lightning, the swinging of a lamp suspended from a ceiling, or the singing of a tea-kettle over a fire, may give birth to a train of thought in the mind of some quiet observer, that shall lead to conclusions little anticipated, elicit new discoveries in science, and open the way for improvements in art, of the first importance to commerce and to the practical business of life, and diffuse incalculable benefits among millions of our race.

Again, the accidental meeting of two entire strangers may lead to an acquaintanceship that shall ripen into friendship strong and enduring—throw an entirely new aspect over the emotions, the sentiments, the pursuits and character of both, and send its influence, healthful and cheering, or the reverse, over the whole life; aye, and over the immortal interests of both—possibly even of others with them. Many a well-disposed youth has been led, by the influence of a cherished companion, into scenes of gaiety and pleasure, of dissipation and vice. His mind has been poisoned, his principles perverted, his character degraded. While others, by the kind counsel, the cheering influence, and the gentle force of consistent example in a faithful friend, have been strengthened in virtue, habituated to what is good and honourable, and taught to seek the pearl of great price. "He that walketh with the wise man shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed." And it is often the merest accident, apparently, which determines whether a youth shall be the companion of wise men or of fools—whether he shall be honourable and good, or base and worthless—whether he shall be saved or lost for ever.

Every reader may call other instances to mind, and found upon each a profitable meditation.

HOPEFULNESS.—True hope is based on energy of character. A strong mind always opes, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, nd how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit, o, rests upon itself; it is confined to partial views, or to one particular object. And at last all should be lost, it has saved itself—its own integrity and worth.

A "POOR MEMORY."

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG.

CHEERFUL midsummer had come round again, and the young folks were home for the holidays. And what a merry time it was! There is something very pleasant in the happy home at Christmas, to gather round the blazing fire, or to join in all the Christmas fun; but if I were called on to give a preference, I think I should give that preference to midsummer, when the fields are green and beautiful, the garden is full of sweet-smelling flowers, and the bright sunshine is over them all.

Alice Manby had come home for the holidays, and, what is pretty sure to be the case, was being asked a great many questions about what she had been learning at school.

"I learn geography and arithmetic," said Alice; "and I have now begun to study English history."

"Then I suppose you can tell me," said Aunt Mary, "when the Normans conquered the English, and William of Normandy became King of England?"

Alice looked puzzled, but at length she said she believed it was in 1666.

"Oh, no, Alice," said her sister Ellen, who was sitting near;" that was the year of the great fire which burnt all London. You are four hundred years wrong—it was in 1066."

"Can you tell me at what time Charles the First was beheaded?" Aunt Mary asked.

"In 1720," said Alice, with the air of one who had drawn a bow at a venture, and hoped the arrow would hit the mark.

"Wrong again, Alice;" it was in 1649."

"I can't remember all those hard names and dates," said Alice; "it is out of the question to suppose I can. I wish I had got a good memory; but I can't help it."

"This is very sad," Aunt Mary said, "that such a bright-looking girl as you should have but a poor memory. To have no memory—not to be able to recollect the many pleasant, useful things which we see in all the world or read in our books, and to forget the story of the past, and all we hear from day to day—is a very sad misfortune."

The conversation was here interrupted; but when the family circle met again in the evening, Aunt Mary asked—

"Do you remember, Alice, when it was that we went down to Gravesend? It was in the autumn, last year, I think?"

"It was last year, aunt, but not in the autumn," Alice said. "It was abou weeks after midsummer."

"How are you so sure about the ti

"Why, I had my green silk fro purpose to wear that day, and my t bonnet, with the cherry-coloured bands; and don't you remember, that Jane Walters came with a beau bracelet, and I kept wishing that s body would give me one just like

"What time did we start in the m ing?"

"About twenty minutes before for the boat left the pier at nine, an were only just in time."

"Do you remember what sort of a we had?"

"Oh! it was a bright, sunshiny but there was a little rain, very litt only a few drops—as the boat pa Greenwich, and we were so afraid it w turn out wet. And what a fine nig was when we came home—what a sight it was to look at all the great s in what the captain called the pool."

"It relieves my mind," said Aunt M "to find that, after all, Alice has a g memory sometimes. I thought, if memory was so poor as she said it this morning, it was a very great misfort But, my dear, if you can remember particulars of what occurred so long how is it that you fail to remember thi which you have read and learned at sc a much less time ago? If I were to you to repeat the story which I relate you last Saturday afternoon, would not be able to do it?"

"I think I should, aunt. I recollec well; it was so very interesting, I co not forget it."

"The difficulty is, when you study endeavour to attend to two things once. You try to understand, to pay tention, and to retain what you taught; but, all the time, you are thi ing about something else."

"But how shall I become interested my studies?"

"By giving them *all* the energies your mind. Is there not something teresting in knowing the situation a extent of countries, or the number a size and motion of the stars; or to und stand how the flowers grow in the gard or the names and nature of birds a beasts and fish; above all, is there something interesting in knowing history of your own country—how

ns conquered the ancient Britons—those they called the Picts and Scots led Britain when the Romans left—the poor Britons obtained help from axons, and how the Saxons soon be- their masters—how Danes and Sax- ought together till the Normans came —to trace the gradual advancement of our country until we see it what it is. All this is very interesting. Do not charge a fault upon your memory of which it was never guilty; but rather say, 'I bestowed so little attention upon the subject, that I cannot recollect.'"

LESSONS IN FRENCH.—No. XXVI.

English into French.

GLE (1) inconsiderate (3) *step* (2) can cost the repose and (*def. article*)
il (m.) inconsideré (m.) *demarche* (f.) peut couter repos (m)
ile (f.) inconsiderée (f.)

ness of a (2) whole *life* (3). *It* is impossible (*of*) to be *at the same time*
eur (m.) *tout* (m.) *vie* (f.) Il impossible d'être en même temps
toute (f.)

ly charitable and really unhappy That is of no consequence.
ent charitable malheureux. Cela ne fait rien (or) *cela ne signifie rien.*

correspondent (*l'Homme pauvre et petit*) calls our attention to an assertion of ett's to the effect that the verb *signifier* in French is never used to imply "being of quence." Cobbett is wrong. *It is so used.* Cobbett was a man for whose ful mind and undoubted genius we have every respect, but beyond a thorough ledge of the grammar, he was by no means a finished French scholar.

the exercise given above, we have purposely used the phrase "can cost" where cost" would be the more usual English. We wished to show that "may" in sh is often convertible into another word, and not always the sign of the Subjunctive . This mood is so called because it is *subjoined* to members on which it is dent, and not absolute and direct, like the Indicative, in its import. The sign of the nctive mood is generally "that," or "if," whether expressed or understood; 'may" is sometimes convertible into "is able to, is enough to," &c., and is then lated into French by the irregular verb *pouvoir* (to be able), which requires any verb that it governs to be in the present Infinitive, without any preposition between wo verbs. In the second sentence another example is given of the manner of lating "it" into French. "*It is impossible to—something.*" Here the sense being leted in the remaining portion of the sentence, and no substantive being used after the "it" is rendered by *il; ce* would here be wrong. You perceive, also, that rench say "it is impossible *of* to be, possible *of* to do," &c.

même temps—"at the same time." No article: an idiom useful to learn, se of constant occurrence.

th regard now to the gender of nouns, the only very important point on which it ns for us to enlighten our students, there are indeed many treatises written for the se of laying down rules to distinguish the masculine from the feminine by their nations, &c. These rules are very incomplete, because scarce one of them excludes tions; and the consequence is, that they do not effect their purpose. Thus it is to nfessed that a knowledge of the genders of French nouns is ever best derived from ice and experience. Read with attention, refer often, when in doubt, to your dic- ry, and by degrees you will grow familiar with the subject. The knowledge will almost insensibly. The ear and the eye will supply what no universal rule can ctly answer.

the meantime, however, we mention a few little signs which will facilitate and en the labour.

RST.—As a general rule, substantives derived from the Latin are in French ine, if in Latin they were feminine; and if in Latin they were either masculine or r, are in French masculine. Thus *ame*, corrupted from the Latin *anima*, feminine, l," is feminine in French; *incendie*, from the Latin *incendium*, "a fire, a con-

flagration," neuter in Latin, becomes masculine in French. *Genius* (m.) gives in Fre *génie* (m.).

SECONDLY.—Almost all substantives ending in *e* mute, and a great many ending i accented, are feminine.

THIRDLY.—The majority of substantives ending in *ion* are also feminine.

FOURTHLY.—All substantives ending in *a* are masculine, as *le panorama, un opéra,*

Finally, as to adjectives, many of them form the feminine by adding *é* to the termi tion of the masculine, but often doubling the preceding consonant :—*bon* (m.), *bonne* (*gros* (m.), *grosse* (f.); *nul* (m.), *nulle* (f.); *beau* and *bel* (m.), *belle* (f.).

Others insert a *h* for euphony before the added *e* :—*franc* (m.), *franche* (f.).

The termination *eux* changes into *euse;* as *heureux* (m.), *heureuse* (f.), & *heureux* (m. p.), *heureuses* (f. p.), &c.

The termination *eur* changes sometimes into *euse*, sometimes into *eresse*, and sometir into *rice*. As *un homme trompeur* (m.)—"a deceitful (2) man (1);" *une fem trompeuse* (f.)—"a deceitful (2) woman (1)." *Un paysage enchanteur* (m.)—" enchanting (2) landscape (1);" *une voix enchanteresse* (f.)—"an enchanting voice (1)." *Un gouvernement persécuteur* (m.)—"a persecuting (2) government (1) *une loi persécutrice* (f.)—"a persecuting (2) law (1)."

Adjectives, the masculine of which end in *f*, change the *f* into *ve* in the feminir *neuf* (m.), *neuve* (f.)—"new," &c.

These are the most important rules we can lay down. They will help the task observation, which must do the rest.

It remains now to learn the fourth and last regular conjugation, ending in *re* in present Infinitive. Let us take, for example, *rendre* ("to render," or "to restore *rendant*, rendering (f.); *rendu* (m.), *rendue* (f.), restored, or rendered.

Present Indicative :—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
I render	*je rends*	*zhurron*
thou renderest	*tu rends*	*tu ron*
he renders	*il rend*	*eel ron*
she renders	*elle rend*	*el ron*
we render	*nous rendons*	*noo rondoan*
you render	*vous rendez*	*voo ronday*
they render	*ils rendent* / *elles rendent*	*eel rond* / *el rond*

Imperfect :—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
I rendered, or did render	*je rendais*	*zhurronday*
thou didst render	*tu rendais*	*tu ronday*
he did render	*il rendait*	*eel ronday*
she did render	*elle rendait*	*el ronday*
we did render	*nous rendions*	*noo rondee-oan*
you did render	*vous rendiez*	*voo rondee-ay*
they did render	*ils rendaient* / *elles rendaient*	*eel ronday* / *el ronday*

Perfect Definite :—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
I rendered	*je rendis*	*zhur-rondee*
thou renderedst	*tu rendis*	*tu rondee*
he rendered	*il rendit*	*eel rondee*
she rendered	*elle rendit*	*el rondee*
we rendered	*nous rendîmes*	*noo rondeem*
you rendered	*vous rendîtes*	*voo rondeet*
they rendered	*ils rendirent* / *elles rendirent*	*eel rondeer* / *el rondeer*

Future :—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
I shall render	*je rendrai*	*zhur-rondray*
thou shalt render	*tu rendras*	*tu rondrah*
he will render	*il rendra*	*eel rondrah*
she will render	*elle rendra*	*el rondrah*
we shall render	*nous rendrons*	*noo rondroan*
you shall render	*vous rendrez*	*voo rondray*
they shall render	*ils rendront* / *elles rendront*	*eel rondroan* / *el rondroan*

The following tenses need not be given in full; our students know enough of *avoir* to able to conjugate them already:—PERFECT INDEFINITE, *J'ai rendu*, &c.; PLUPERFECT, *wais rendu*, &c.; PERFECT ANTERIOR, *J'eus rendu*, &c.; FUTURE ANTERIOR, *urai rendu*, &c.; PAST TENSE OF THE CONDITIONAL MOOD, *J'aurais rendu*, &c.; RFECT SUBJUNCTIVE, *Que j'aie rendu*, &c.; PLUPERFECT SUBJUNCTIVE, *Que usse rendu*, &c.

The present tense, Conditional mood :—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
I should render	*je rendrais*	*zhur-rondray*
thou shouldst render	*tu rendrais*	*tu rondray*
he should render	*il rendrait*	*eel rondray*
she should render	*elle rendrait*	*el rondray*
we should render	*nous rendrions*	*noo rondree-oan*
you should render	*vous rendriez*	*voo rondree-ay*
they should render	*ils rendraient* / *elles rendraient*	*eel rondray* / *el rondray*

Present tense, Subjunctive mood :—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
That I may render	*que je rende*	"*cu*" *zhurrond*
that thou mayst render	*que tu rendes*	"*cu*" *tu rond*
that he may render	*qu'il rende*	*keel rond*
that she may render	*qu'elle rende*	*kel rond*
that we may render	*que nous rendions*	"*cu*" *noo rondee-oan*
that you may render	*que vous rendiez*	"*cu*" *voo rondee-ay*
that they may render	*qu'ils rendent* / *qu'elles rendent*	*keel rond* / *kel rond*

Imperfect Subjunctive :—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION
That I might render	*que je rendisse*	"*cu*" *zhurrondeess*
that thou mightst render	*que tu rendisses*	"*cu*" *tu rondeess*
that he might render	*qu'il rendit*	*keel rondee*
that she might render	*qu'elle rendit*	*kel rondee*
that we might render	*que nous rendissions*	"*cu*" *noo rondeessee-oan*
that you might render	*que vous rendissiez*	"*cu*" *voo rondeessee ay*
that they might render	*qu'ils rendissent*	*keel rondeess*

Imperative :—

ENGLISH.	FRENCH.	PRONUNCIATION.
Render (thou)	*rends*	*ron*
let him render	*qu'il rende*	*keel rond*
let us render	*rendons*	*rondoan*
render (you)	*rendez*	*ronday*
let them render	*qu'ils rendent* / *qu'elles rendent*	*keel rond* / *kel rond*

The reason why, in the pronunciation, we have given *ron* as the nearest approach to e sound of *rends*, whereas we have given *rond* as the sound of *rende*, is, that the final nsonants are mute; but a vowel following, whether in the next word or in the word self, makes a consonant audible. With regard to the sound of *je*, we have been commended to denote it by *jhĕ;* but our pupils to whom prosody is strange would ronounce those letters in a way to rhyme with *bee*. Now the sound of *je* is like what e first three letters of our word *shu*dder would be, if for the *s* you had a *z*. Of course e admit it is only a likeness, but the likeness is close.

TO OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENTS.

C. V——LL.—Your exercise is too late. We cannot depart, for your sake, fro regulation which has hindered others from bettering their translations.

HARRISON.—Your letter is, on the whole, remarkably good; but you have forgot that *je* is first person, and therefore that it should be followed by *écrivis* and *serai*, by *écrivit* and *sera*. Again: the French never end a letter by any phrase exactly "yours truly." They say, "*votre très devoué serviteur*," &c.

JOHN K—E.—Your exercise has been received and examined.

UN QUI AIME LA JUSTICE.—Send names in making a charge. How otherwise we, by any possibility, be guided by what you say?

E—N E—LY says:—"Your correspondent has made a trifling mistake in the nam the author of the pronouncing dictionary of the French language. The Abbé Tard the name, and not "Tardé." I speak from experience when I say it is a very excell work. I have an edition before me published by Messrs. Longman and Co., in 18 price 6s."

A PLEA FOR ART-EDUCATION AMONGST ALL CLASSES.

WE extract the following remarks, on the influence of Art upon the community at large, from a lecture recently delivered by Mr. *J. A. Hammersley*, of Manchester:—

"Everything which surrounds us is an influence. We are surrounded with beautiful things in the world, and it is our duty to make our houses look as beautiful as possible. Everything we have in our houses—every glass and jug, every painted door and table—is an influence, an association, out of which the mind receives its instruction, even more than that which the pedagogue conveys in the school. Therefore, art is nothing more nor less than the recognition of the example set us by God. I should be sorry to limit art to a mere canvas and statuary exposition of it. The basis of all good art—of painting, and statuary, and architecture, and the ornamentation of domestic vessels—is a constant acknowledgment of the beauty of the external world, out of which can only come good art. The craving for this art is perfectly universal. The savage who carves his spear and war instruments, and paints his body, evinces a leaning towards things that are beautiful. The commonest hind who cultivates his small plot of land with flowers is declaring an inward and conscious sense of the beauty alluded to. Therefore, the manufacturer, the designer of every class, and the workman, instead of working from the thought that he is merely catering to a luxurious feeling, should labour rather with the consciousness that he is labouring to cultivate and raise that which in the human mind is a natural instinct. To the designer—and house painters and architects amongst this class—a true sense of ar indispensable—that he should think himself, and not be continually reproduc what has been done before. Take the or nary house painter: a man thoroughly e cated for his business would, for 3s. 6 make a cottage an arena of excellen Shop-fronts, and signs, and all these thin are influences. But supposing the desig of every character were perfect: the b would be thrown away upon us with educated workmen. If the design be realised by the workman, it must lose all vitality and beauty. We are continua talking of our inferiority to France a Germany in designs. In these countri every man has received an education in a from the designer to the lowest class workmen, to enable him thoroughly understand and to love the work to be do In Lyons I have seen workmen bring in their shops quantities of flowers and dr them, merely for their beauty, not becau they were obliged to do so. These are t men to make work beautiful, and to justice to the designer. But even supposi the designer and the workman to be w educated, it is no less important that t user of a thing should be able to appreci it too. 'People in this country,' say man facturers, 'are not in a position to tell go things from bad ones.' I have no belief the statement that the people are n prepared for beautiful things in art. Th they want education in art, I readily a mit; but that they have an instinctive lo for it, I fully believe."

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

substantive; *a.* adjective; *ad.* adverb; *v.* verb; *v.a.* verb-active; *v.n.* verb-neuter.

R'CISSEMENT, *s.* (French) an ex- n or clearing up of any doubt.

T, *s.* (French) splendour, show, re-

'SA'REON, *s.* an instrument for ex- the phenomena of eclipses.

'SE, *s.* an obscuration of the sun, c., from the intervention of some dy; *v. a.* to cloud, to disgrace.

'TIC, *s.* the apparent orbit of the called because eclipses take place

GUE, *s.* a pastoral poem; so called Virgil named his pastorals

M'IC, ECONOM'ICAL, *a.* frugal, prudent expenditure of money, ., or the greatest effect with the ns.

M'ICS, *s.* what applies to the ent of household affairs.

CY, *s.* excessive joy, rapture, en-

'AL, *a.* taken from the original.

s. a turn of the water; a whirl- whirling; *v. a.* to move circularly.

TE, *s.* a stone of a light grey

CATED, *s.* deprived of teeth.

VISE, *ad.* in a direction of the edge.

E, *a.* fit to be eaten, eatable.

, *s.* a proclamation, an audience.

CE, *s.* a building, a fabric.

, *s.* the title of a Roman magis-

GE, *s.* the whole impression of a

R, *s.* one who revises or repairs ry work for publication.

'TION, *s.* the word is derived from o bring forth, to draw out; it is understood to mean the instruc- ildren—that is, the teaching them writing, and arithmetic; but true includes much more than this— he *drawing forth* their latent powers, *training* of them physically, intel- and morally, so that they may d the duties of life, and fulfil a manner consistent with their as rational, intelligent, and ac- beings.

E, *v.a.* to bring out, to extract.

CORATE, *v.a.* to sweeten; to purify.

EF'FABLE, *a.* that may be spoken; expressive.

EFFEC'TION, *s.* (in geometry) a problem, or proxis, drawn from a general proposition.

EFFECT'S, *s. pl.* goods, moveables, furniture.

EFFERVES'CENCE, *s.* the act of growing hot; production of heat by intestine motion; fermentation; rapid formation of air bubbles.

EFFEC'T, *s.* (in art) the impression produced on the mind at the sight of a picture, or other work of art, at the first glance, before the details are examined. EFFECT is also the *result* of all the peculiar excellencies of the true master; the *ensemble*, which is brilliant and striking.

EF'FETE, *a.* barren, worn out.

EF'FIGY, *s.* the literal representation or image of a person, whether by painting, or in stone, wood, wax, &c. The word is usually applied to the sculptured figures on sepulchral monuments, and to the heads of monarchs, &c., on coins and medals.

EFFLA'TE, *v. a.* to fill with wind, to puff up.

EFFLORES'CENCE, *s.* in *botany*, this word means the production of flowers; in *medicine*, the breaking out of some humour in the skin; in *chemistry*, the formation of a white, powdery substance on the surface of saline crystals.

EF'FLUENT, *a.* flowing from, issuing out of.

EFFLU'VIA, EFFLU'VIUM, *s.* vapours; the particles which are continually flying off from bodies, and, in most cases, rendered perceptible to the sense of smelling.

EF'FLUX, *s.* an effusion; a flowing out.

EFFUL'GENCE, *s.* lustre, brightness, splendour.

EFFU'ME, *v. a.* to breathe or puff out.

EFFU'SE, *v. a.* to pour out; to spill; to shed; *a.* wasteful, dissipated, extravagant.

EGER'MINATE, *v.* to bud or spring out.

EGES'TION, *s.* throwing out digested food.

EGLOM'ERATE, *v. n.* to unwind itself.

EGG, *s.* the seed or germ of feathered animals and various kinds of insects, &c., from which their young are produced; the shell is composed of phosphate of lime and water; then is a thin membrane; then the white, or albumen; and then the yolk, which consists of fat oil and serous matter.

E'GOTIST, *s.* one who talks much of himself.

EGRE'GIOUS, *a.* remarkable, eminently bad.

E'GRESS, EGRES'SION, *s.* the act of going out of any place; departure.

EGRET'TE, *s.* an ornament of ribbands, &c.

EIDOURA'NION, *s.* a mechanical exhibition of the heavenly bodies and their motions.

EJACULA'TION, *s.* a short fervent prayer, dictated by the feelings or circumstances of the moment.

EIS'TEDDFOD, *s.* (Welsh, from *eistedd*, to sit) a meeting, or assembly. The term was more especially used as the name for the session of the bards or minstrels which was held in Wales for many centuries. It is still used to describe the festivals or gatherings held in Wales, in which the peculiar music of that country is a principal feature.

EJECT'MENT, *s.* a legal writ by which any inhabitant of a house, or tenant of an estate, is commanded to give up possession.

ELAB'ORATE, *a.* finished with great exactness and diligence; performed with great labour; studied.

ELAS'TIC, *a.* having the property of springing back or of returning to its original form and tension.

ELA'TE, *a.* flushed with success, haughty.

ELEC'TION, *s.* the act, or power, of choosing or selecting.

ELECTIONEER'ING, *s.* the practices used at the election of a member for Parliament.

ELEC'TIVE FRAN'CHISE, *s.* the power or privilege of voting for a member of Parliament, &c.

ELEC'TRIC, *s.* any substance capable of exhibiting electricity; a non-conductor; pertaining to electricity.

ELECTRI'CITY, *s.* the science which explains the laws that govern the phenomena of a peculiar element called electric fluid. This fluid is diffused through all bodies, but, being invisible, it presence is only known by the effects it produces. There are two kinds of electric bodies; first, those which are excited by means of *friction*; and, secondly, those which receive their elective power by *communication* with the former.

ELEC'TRO MAGNET'IC, *a.* pertaining to magnetism as connected with electricity.

ELEC'TROTYPE, *s.* the process by which works in relief are produced by the agency of electricity, through which certain metals, such as gold, silver, and copper, are precipitated from their solution upon moulds in so fine a state of division as to form a coherent mass of pure metal, equal in toughness and flexibility to the hammered metals.

ELECTROME'TER, *s.* an instrum measuring the electricity in any ele body.

ELEC'TUARY, *s.* a soft compound cine.

ELEEMOS'YNARY, *a.* living upon c *s.* a gift of charity.

EL'EGY, *s.* a mournful pathetic p dirge.

EL'EMENT, *s.* a constituent prin anything; proper habitation, &c., thing; rudiments of science. Th *elements*, according to the Aristotel losophy, are earth, fire, air, water.

ELEMENT'ARY, *a.* not comp simple.

ELENCH', *s.* an argument, a sophi

ELEPHANT'IASIS, *s.* a species of l

ELEUSIN'IAN, *a.* belonging to the rites of Ceres.

ELE'VE, *s.* (French) one brough protected.

ELF, *s.* a fairy, an imaginary wa spirit.

ELIC'IT, *v. a.* to bring to light, out.

ELIM'INATE, *v. a.* to open out lease.

ELIS'ION, *s.* the act of cutting o ration.

ELIX'ATE, *v. a.* to extract by boi

ELIX'IR, *s.* the liquid extract o essence.

ELL, *s.* a measure of one yar quarter.

ELLIP'RIS, *s.* an oval figure; a d chasm.

ELLIP'SOGRAPH, *s.* an instru measure.

ELLIP'SOID, *s.* a solid elliptical b

ELOCU'TION, *s.* eloquence; flu speech; speech delivered with suit phasis and gesture.

EL'OGY, EU'LOGY, *s.* praise, pan

ELON'GATE, *v.* to lengthen, draw off.

EL'OQUENCE, *s.* speaking with elegance, force, &c.

ELUCIDA'TION, *s.* an explanation tion.

ELUCTA'TION, *s.* the act of bursti

ELU'SION, *s.* artifice; the act of

ELUTRIA'TION, *s.* the separatio substances from the pure by pulve washing and straining off.

ELUXA'TION, *s.* dislocation, pu joint; loosening of joints.

ELY'SIAN, *a.* pleasant, exceedi lightful.

HE PEACE CONGRESS AND THE SYMPATHIES OF THE MASSES OF ALL COUNTRIES.

was our privilege to attend the Peace Congress at Brussels, in Paris, in Frankt, and, more recently, in London; and it has been no small pleasure to watch e progress of this glorious movement. In going to Brussels, one vessel was sufient to carry the pilgrims of peace. When we went to Paris we required two; d two steamers were needed when we crossed the channel and navigated the er for Frankfort. But the interest has increased every year, and the late asably in Exeter-hall would have demanded four or five vessels to have carried its mbers to any foreign shore.

We were also struck with the appearance on the platform and in the body of the l of a number of those individuals who never show their faces in any public erprise until it is getting popular and there is danger of public odium if they y any longer behind. These personages have the organ of cautiousness very gely developed. At the commencement of any great undertaking they always k a-head, and if there is the least prospect of any opposition, they keep very sely at home, and, perhaps, even join with the mockers who treat the scheme h derision or scorn. But as soon as the pioneers have gained a little way, have ved their foes, and passed the storm, these timid souls look behind, and, to id the indignation which is now following them, they take refuge in the triumant society of the philanthropists; for it should be observed that as the tempest changed sides, so its fury is about to vent itself on a different class of victims. irst threatened those who went in the van, but now it pursues those who are mbering in the rear. Few thanks are due to many of these new-comers, seeing y are stimulated rather by fear than by love. It is the danger rather than the nciple of benevolence that influences them. The odium of going before, or of ying behind, is the mainspring of their conduct. Well, we are glad to see them der any circumstances, and, although their time-serving timidity is so un-English l unchristian, the ark of peace has room enough for them all, and, in accordance h the great doctrine of universal charity, can forget past unmanliness or tergisation. None but the guilty can be offended at these remarks, which we would have made here but, *in the first place*, to warn these over-cautious folks of the rm that is behind them; and, *secondly*, to encourage our friends with the thought t, as they have now all fair weather and sunshine before them, and the storm has anged sides, they may calculate upon some four or five millions of adherents, who, escape from public censure, will soon be found in their ranks.

The last Peace Congress in Exeter-hall would afford matter for a volume, and erefore but little justice can be done to it in this short paper. There were more an a thousand delegates, and we are certain that, by a very little effort, it would ve been just as easy to have made them *five* or *ten* thousand. We know numbers towns and localities which would have sent representatives if the matter had only en laid before them. The question of universal peace is so just, so humane, so nevolent, so Christian, that, with the exception of those who fatten upon slaughter d its plunder, all who hear the principle announced must admit its reasonableness. the other hand, war is so expensive, so destructive to trade, so desolating to the earth,

so cruel, so merciless, so inhuman, that one shudders at its name. Now there no persons in the country so much interested in the cause of universal peace as working classes, nor are there any who can so effectually stay this direful scou As soon as our labourers and operatives shall resolve to be duped no more by recruiting sergeant, and shall leave the fighting of battles to those who stir up proclaim war, we shall have military expeditions brought to an end. It se strange that renowned warriors should encircle their brows with garlands won common soldiers. And we are pretty sure that many of the heroes who have s large pensions as the price of blood, have after all never killed a single hu being; and, further, we have a strong impression that some hundreds officers never would have bought commissions if they had thought that the act work of murdering the French, &c., was to be done by *themselves*. Not that t have any objections to blood, because they well known that until they obt wreaths steeped in human gore, they can have no military glory, nor until t will this Christian country lavish its wealth upon them; but still, should it co to the crisis that they must with their own daggers drain the blood which is dye their crowns, from the heart of a brother, and, at the same time, run the risk being killed in the fray, we believe that they will seek a safer, a more honest, a humane profession than the army presents.

Would that we had a pen of iron with which we could engrave this truth u the inmost souls of our operatives. We want them to feel that *they*, and t *alone*, yield the sinews of war. Even the money is chiefly drawn from th pockets; and the nerve and muscle which perform the fighting are theirs. Th must stand in the thickest of the battle, they must shield the gentlemen's sons w are to wear the glory and pocket the pensions which will be drained from t earnings of the widows and orphans of the men who fell in the combat. From t ranks of labour must come the victims who are to interpose their heads for t shot and their hearts for the bayonets which otherwise would have slain the office and yet after this vicarious sacrifice of the masses, these very heroes will go ir Parliament, and vote away the rights and money of the poor fellows who won t victory. And further, the supposed enemies which are slain are, af all, our customers. There is not a man of them but might have be a mechanic, an artist, a farmer, a merchant, a scholar, or a philanthropis he might have enriched us, we could have enriched him. While alive you cou have made anything of him, but as a corpse he is useless. Heaven has thus taug us to value life. Man is only valuable when alive, and intelligent, moral, and fr Oppress him, impoverish him, disable him, maim him, corrupt him, slay him, and is good for nothing. War is therefore the most desolating of all fiends. Its whole ai and trade are to take away life, and thus rob the world of the healthiest of her son and then rob these sons of life, and consequently of the only jewel that rende man valuable.

Again we say to our working people, *set your faces against war;* this is a game which you can have no hope of gain. Of whatever may be won, you will have r share. The paltry pension held out to the common soldier is not worth havin Any able-bodied man can obtain twice as much by labour, temperance, an economy, and without the humiliation of military slavery. We are happy to kno that not only here, but on the Continent, the masses are beginning to open the eyes to these truths. One of the most touching speeches at the Peace Congress Exeter-hall, was that of an Austrian, who bewailed the ills to which war ha

ed his unhappy country, and under which the people especially groaned.
n sorry," said he, "that my country is so poorly represented in this meeting,
ou may depend upon *millions of absent friends* in Austria. Yes, I repeat it,
ns of friends—for, with the exception of a few proud and ambitious natives,
reat mass of the 35,000,000 of its inhabitants are friends of universal peace."
words of this patriot might be taken as representing the feelings of the people
e larger portion of the globe. Man is not naturally blood-thirsty, he must
ade cruel and savage by education; and even then the ills of fighting are a
drawback. The cost, and a thousand other evils, will make him loathe what
nother taught him to love. For we may safely aver that the chief calamities
ar are not at the time of the struggle; the woes that follow the victory are the
t part of the affair. England has bled daily, from the Battle of Waterloo until
, and will do so for years, if not ages to come. And we are certain that when
nasses pay a little more attention to this subject, there is nothing they will
heartily execrate than wars and standing armies. Talk, indeed, of England's
ig any of her greatness to her military achievements! Why, the main thing
has retarded her progress has been her troops, her heroes, and the debt which
been incurred in their prosecution.

erhaps it may not be amiss, in closing this paper, to sum up a few of the bless-
, or curses, which our working people owe to military glory.

The common soldier is *the most abject slave* upon earth. He must quench
y manly sentiment that may have glowed in his bosom, and become, as far as
ible, a mere machine, to be used in plundering and slaughtering his fellow-
tures. He must sink below tigers, wolves, or demons, because these do not
one another. He cannot be a soldier and at the same time a man. He is a
ig of which there is no type in heaven, earth, or the bottomless pit. Nothing,
should suppose, could be more harmless than a "*temperance society;*" but these
not be admitted among our troops. For on one being formed in the Indian
y, an order from the Horse Guards came to put it down; and the reason
gned was, "*That every organisation but the regimental is contrary to the discipline
he service.*" It is added that, "*within a month from this veto, one medical man
in his regiment forty cases of delirium tremens.*" Let every young man, then,
y consider that in entering the army he is about to sell every vestige of liberty
l humanity, and to sink far below the slaves of America.

2. The common soldier is *most miserably paid.* It is true he obtains enough to
and drink. As for his clothing, that may be bright and flashy, but it is of the
rsest texture. It is a kind of blanketing; and there is scarcely an operative
o would go to the mill or to a place of worship in such a pauper dress. In
lodgings, too, he is huddled together with a host of others, many of them as
hy and disagreeable as can well be imagined. One might write a host of
ays on a soldier's pay; a soldier's dress; a soldier's lodgings; a soldier's wife;
oldier's children; a soldier's *home.* We beg pardon; a soldier *has no home.*
is a homeless wretch, and his occupation is to make the world homeless.

3. *He is exposed to all winds, weathers, climates, hardships, pestilences, diseases, and
ath.* He must be ready to sleep on the bare ground, or not sleep for nights
gether; to live in the midst of all sorts of malaria, with death every moment
uring him in the face; to go for days together without food or drink, and continue
s journey through marshes, over mountains, under the pelting rain, the scorching

sun, or across the freezing snow. There is no poor wretch in the world tha such a miserable, horrible prospect before him as the common soldier. The g with which he is decked is less than the shadow of a shade. He will die no knows where, and his grave will probably be the maw of a vulture, of a shark, wolf, while his bones will be left for manure. His name will be buried in obli or, should it be remembered, will be covered with the infamy of those he s Here he has no hope, and in eternity he has to face the accusing spirits of tho slaughtered.

4. His children and children's children will have to suffer for his folly. not only have they no father nor home, but they must be taxed for years, and the trade of their country to a great extent paralysed in consequence of wa that he bequeaths a curse to his relatives and posterity. He may have deso other plains, and slain the citizens of other countries, but the chief scourge on his own home and kindred.

5. Military government must be despotic; and we generally find that colo and other officers, when they enter Parliament, bring their arbitrary not with them into the house, and have little sympathy for the masses. Our mili and naval senators are for the most part the bulwarks of all our national corr tions. This is a part of the reward which poor relatives gain, in return having lost a father, a husband, or a brother in the field.

The working classes, then, both men and women, have no interest in war. I their bitterest scourge; and we do not wonder that an Austrian should tell us t in the masses of Germany we have millions of friends, who in heart were at Peace Congress, and who sigh for universal peace.

RHYMES FOR WORKERS.

WOULD'ST thou win a noble name
In the coming ages?
Would'st thou earn a future fame
In historians' pages?
Listen, then, and thou shalt hear
How thou may'st attain it—
Bravely working many a year,
In the end thou'lt gain it.

Enter boldly on the fight,
Good with Bad is waging,
In the sacred cause of right
All thy soul engaging.
Care not though the world may frown
On thine earnest striving,
Error must be overthrown—
Truth is ever thriving.

Heed thou, lest a bigot's zeal,
Thwart thy good intentions;
Mix not up the simple truth
With dim obscure inventions.
Have a faith in man and God,
Pure and ardent burning;
In thy chosen pathway plod,
From it never turning.

Live not for thyself, but others
By thy working cherish;
Round thee thou hast many brothers
Who, neglected, perish.
Sisters erring, weak and frail,
Whom, by kindly teaching,
Thou may'st raise within the pale
They despair of reaching.

Striving with a noble purpose,
Still thy path pursuing,
To retrieve thy fellow-mortals
From a course of ruin.
Do but this, whate'er thy station,
Priest or politician,
Poet, teacher, or mechanic,
Thou'lt fulfil thy mission.

THE ARABS IN SPAIN.—No. V.

death of Abderahman, his son, m II., succeeded to the Caliphate. uccessors could have been found mply qualified to continue, and increase, the benefits of his father's han this prince. The fifteen years reign were spent in the tranquil ance of the noble projects which hman had begun, and in the ad- ent of literature, his own ruling . Calib, after successfully resisting erals of Abderahman, and the Ca- nself, had died a natural death at , shortly before Alhakem's acces- the throne, and the peace of the m was no longer disturbed by or internal enemies. The only ex- to this general tranquillity was an made by the Gallicians upon the rs of the Cordovan kingdom, early new Caliph's reign; but it was re- by Alhakem in person, who invaded ritory of the Count of Castile, and taken and razed St. Estevan, his hostile neighbours to sue for The remainder of his reign was rbed, and spent in the cultivation arts of peace amongst his people— blest occupation of a sovereign. impulses were given to agriculture, a general diffusion of useful la- ll orders were made to contribute well-being of the State; and those d been accustomed to wield only ord or the lance, were instructed in re profitable and honourable occu- of agriculture or the useful trades. sly promoting everything which dd to the morality, the knowledge, prosperity of his people, Alhakem uiet, unostentatious, and happy life. is for this very reason that his life ts hardly any incidents of romantic st. One instance of the equity of vernment, however, may be cited he many which the chroniclers of m have handed down. Wishing to e the gardens of his palace at Me- zhara, Alhakem had offered a liberal for some adjoining ground; and hstanding the refusal of the owner t with a patrimony to which he was y attached, the agents of the Caliph y occupied the plot, and erected on vilion. The rejected proprietor ap- to the Cadi of Cordova; and that rate going at once to the palace, mule and an empty sack, prostrated f at Alhakem's feet, and begged sion to fill the sack with earth. h surprised at the request, the Ca- liph readily granted the desired leave; and when the sack was filled, he was again asked to assist in placing it upon the mule. Smiling at the supposed jest, the good-natured Alhakem tried to raise the sack, but staggered under its weight, and was thus addressed by the Cadi in a tone of severity:—"Commander of the Faithful, that sack which you are unable to lift contains but a very small portion of the ground which you have unjustly appropriated from another. How will you be able to support the burden of the whole field when you stand before the judgment seat of Allah?" The sublime moral lesson contained in these few searching words, was received with the gratitude which it deserved; the field was restored to its rightful owner, and, in order to atone for the brief wrong which had been done him, he was presented with the pavilion which had just been built, together with its costly furniture.

But his ardent devotion to literature, and the success with which he laboured to promote a taste for it amongst his people, were chief among the glories which shed their abiding lustre upon the reign of the son of Abderahman. The impulse which he gave to learning helped in no small degree to prepare the way for its revival in Europe three centuries later; and far as were the followers of the Prophet in advance of the other nations of the European Continent in science and art, during the middle ages, the reign of Alhakem II. may be justly termed the golden age of Arabian literature in Spain. "His library," says the learned author of "Mohamedanism Unveiled," "according to original authorities, conveys an idea of the state of this art (Bibliography) among the Arabians in the 10th century, which may well moderate the pretensions of the most scientific modern collector. Even in the lifetime of his father, the great Abderahman, Alhakem maintained agents in Africa, Egypt, Syria, and Persia, whose sole office it was to purchase for their royal master the best books in every branch of learning. Men of letters, from all countries, frequented his palace of Mervan; and these, also, he engaged by the most liberal promises and rewards, to procure copies for him of the most rare, curious, and instructive works within their reach or knowledge. He wrote himself to all the more distinguished authors of the age, desiring copies of their works, for which he paid with his wonted generosity. At the same time he em-

ployed the most accomplished copyists to transcribe for him such books of price as he could not otherwise obtain. In the arrangement and classification of the splendid collection formed by these worthy acts, Alhakem displayed no less taste and judgment than he had before discovered zeal and munificence in their acquisition. With his own hand he catalogued and classed his library, which was skilfully subdivided into various compartments, each several compartment containing the books which treated on some particular science. Each book-case, each shelf, was furnished with its table of contents; and these particular tables, again, were incorporated into one general catalogue; which, according to Ebu Hayan, a contemporary writer, in its unfurnished state, occupied forty-four volumes of fifty pages each. In this seemly and scientific order was disposed the Royal Library of Cordova; a collection which, in the reign of Alhakem II., already comprised all the standard treatises on the arts and sciences; all the then known works on Eloquence or Poetry; and a rich accumulation of histories, both ancient and contemporary."

This benevolent monarch died of apoplexy, in the palace of Cordova, in the year 976.

Hixem II., the son and successor of Alhakem, mounted the throne of Cordova in his eleventh year, and the regency was conferred by his mother, Sobecha, on Mohammed ben Abdalla, famous in Spanish history by the name which he soon obtained of Almanasor—the Victorious. The wars of this Emir with the Christians, which proved so fatal to them, occupy the most prominent place in the history of his administration. He was the *Campeador*, the "Great Captain," of the Spanish Moors, and the most formidable enemy with whom the rising kingdoms of Leon and Navarre, and what was then the country of Castile, ever had to contend. The first act of his administration was to break the peace which Alhakem had so sedulously maintained with the Spanish Christians, and to declare perpetual war against them, with the intention of not leaving an independent "infidel" within the limits of Spain. His destructive inroads into the Christian territories are said to have occurred twice every year during the greater part of his life. It is said that he knew the person and name of every one who served under him; those who distinguished themselves in battle he invited to his table, and after every victory he gave a feast to his whole army. Regarding his battles as religious works, after every action he shook the dust from his garments, and had it c fully collected and deposited in a co which was always carried with the n valuable part of his baggage,—that w the dust thus gathered in the service the Prophet he might be covered in grave. After storming Zamora, he entered Cordova, preceded by 9,000 sla his own peculiar share of the booty; 4, had fallen to the second in command, half that number had been put to sword in an attempt to escape. Berm II., who then occupied the throne of Le alarmed by the announcement of this lamity, stripped his capital of all mo able treasure, disinterred the bodies of royal predecessors, and removed th with the relics of the saints, to the mo tains of the Asturias, once more fixing seat of the Christian government Oviedo. Nor was this precaution un cessary; for the victorious Almana speedily appeared before the walls Leon, where, however, he was unexp edly confronted by a small army of fres raised troops, under one of the l generals of the Christian king. The count given by the chroniclers of an i dent which occurred before the battle not unworth repeating. Looking do upon the small army of the Christi from the eminence on which his tent pitched, the confident Almanasor tur to his lieutenant, who stood beside h and inquired—

"How many good soldiers dost t think we may number in this army ours?"

"Thou should'st know thyself," repl Mustapha.

"I do not," said the general: "D thou think there are a thousand?"

"A thousand! nothing like the nu ber."

"Are there five hundred?"

"No!"

"Fifty?"

"To speak candidly," answered lieutenant, "I would not vouch for m than three!"

Almanasor, in great surprise, demand an explanation, and soon received According to the heroic manners of times, a Christian knight had j presented himself at the camp of Moslems, and challenged any one single combat. Two accepted it, a were successively deprived of life a armour by the victor. As no third op nent appeared, he cried out with a lo voice—

"Why do ye loiter? Come all, one one; and if that does not please y come two at once!"

e Christians applauded; the Moslems filled with indignation, until an Anian horseman spurred his charger f the Arab ranks to encounter the nger. But his fate was no better that of those who had gone before a mortal wound laid him on the d. Amid the loud hurrahs of the tians, the victor mounted a fresh , and returned to challenge the whole f the misbelievers. Almanasor, who witnessed the last feat, ordered no o leave the ranks, and, turning to pha, exclaimed—

hou art right; I had, indeed, but men of valour among my common rs; listen to the insulting bravadoes e infidel! I can bear them no longer; f thou wilt not fight him, I will send n, or go myself."

eave the business to me," quickly ed Mustapha. "Dost thou perceive eautiful tiger-skin which covers his ? It shall soon be thine!"

ay, conquer and keep it thyself," Almanasor, as his general advanced ds the Christian. The knight keenly his fourth antagonist, and with all ride of ancestry and chivalry deled—

Who and what art thou?"

ere is my nobility!" replied the m, shaking his lance.

e combat immediately commenced, as long maintained with vigour; but e end the Mussulman, who was better ted, succeeded in unhorsing his anist, and, leaping to the ground, speedspatched him with his sword. He returned, amid the exultant shouts e Moslem army, with the head and skin of the slain knight to Almanawho received him with open arms. e battle which followed, the Mohamns were completely victorious, and ity was soon after stormed. Almahimself was the first who sprang the ramparts, with a sword in one , and the red banner of the Crescent e other. The fall of Astorga and elona speedily followed; and the vicus general, carrying his army onward Gallicia, sacked Compostella, and, ithstanding the miraculous light h, say the Spanish historians, burst the tomb of Santiago, carried off ells of the Apostle's Church to be d into lamps for the famous Mosque ordova. During these brilliant ex- in Spain, Almanasor, by his son Abelic, suppressed a dangerous revolt e Caliph's territories in Africa; and, g terminated the dynasty of the Edrissites, annexed their territories to the Cordovan crown.

It was about this time that he participated in a tragical incident which has afforded a favourite theme to the chronicles, romances, and traditions of Spain; and which, therefore, will not be without interest to our readers.

The nuptials of King Velasquez, lord of Barcelona, with Lambra, a near relative of the Count of Castile, were celebrated with unusual splendour during five weeks' continued feasting, and among the most distinguished guests were seven nephews of the bridegroom, the Infantes of Lard. In a chance quarrel at a martial sport, between one of these youths and a kinsman of her own, Lambra conceived herself to be insulted; and, in revenge, she instructed a slave, a few days afterwards, during a hawking party, to fill a gourd with blood, and to fling it in the face of the young knight from whom she had received the fancied slight. The brothers, indignant at so gross an affront, pursued the slave, and slew him at his mistress's feet, where he had taken refuge, staining her garment with his blood. Lambra indignantly represented her wrong to her husband, and he promised to execute a terrible vengeance on the offending family. Concealing his resentment, he engaged Gonzalo Gustio, the father of the youths, to undertake a mission to Almanasor, with whom he was connected in bonds of friendship—an intercourse not unfrequently maintained during these singularly romantic times between individuals of the two nations so dissimilar in faith, and so constantly opposed in war. A Moor was employed to write a letter in his native tongue, of which Gonzalo was to be the bearer; and, lest the scribe should betray that its contents enjoined Almanasor to put the messenger to instant death, King Velasquez struck off the slave's head as soon as he had finished writing the letter. Almanasor, too generous to stain his hands with the blood of a defenceless and confiding guest, spared Gonzalo's life, but committed him to prison; and a Moorish damsel of high birth—probably a sister of Almanasor himself—deeply interested by the captive's misfortunes, consoled him by her love. A second part, however, of Velasquez's request was more strictly complied with. Some Arab troops were placed in ambush at a spot agreed upon for the capture of the infantes, and their treacherous uncle betrayed them into the snare. The seven brothers, after a gallant defence, were slain, and their heads conveyed as tro-

phies to the palace of Almanasor in Cordova. According to the old Christian chronicles, upon whose unsupported authority the whole story rests, Almanasor visited the captive father in his prison, and informed him that in a skirmish with the Castilians seven Christians had been slain, with whose features Gonzalo might perhaps be acquainted. He was accordingly brought out to a chamber of the prison, in which the seven heads were arranged on a white linen cloth; and when the old man recognised his murdered sons he fell to the ground as if dead. Recovering from his swoon, he said that they were his children, and, taking up the heads one by one, he talked wildly with each, and recounted their good deeds. Then, overwhelmed by the fury of his grief, he snatched a sword from a bystander, slew several Moors near him, and implored Almanasor to put an end to his miseries by death. Deeply affected by the wretchedness of the unhappy father, the Moslem was filled with contrition for the part which he had taken in the tragic affair, and released his prisoner; but, on his return to Castile, the bereft Gonzalo was much too weak, through the miseries he had suffered, to attempt the punishment of his guilty kinsman. Many years rolled away, when a youthful Moorish knight appeared with a brilliant escort before the gates of Gonzalo's castle, and, on being admitted, presented to him as his voucher a well-known ring, which had passed as a love-token between the former captive and his Cordovan mistress. The young knight announced himself as Mudarra Gonzalez, the issue of that amour, and declared his intention of avenging his brothers' death and his father's imprisonment. King Velasquez fell by his hand; Lambra is said to have been stoned by the indignant populace; and Mudarra, havir jured Mohammedanism, was for adopted into the family of Gonzalo became the restoring stem of the trious house of Lara.

Almanasor at last resolved upon a final blow, which should at once a ever extinguish the Christian power Peninsula, and for this purpose prep more formidable armament than ha assailed the Asturian monarchs. pelled at length to settle their n quarrels, these monarchs, for the firs during the administration of Alma united their powers to resist their mon enemy. The Mohammedan ar two formidable bodies, ascende Duero, and encountered the Chri in the vicinity of Calat Anosor, a between Soria and Medina Cœli. battle commenced at the break o and was maintained with unexa obstinacy until darkness separate combatants. Overcome with fatig anxiety, Almanasor retired to his t await the customary visits of his ge When they appeared, he learne night alone had saved the followers Prophet from complete destruction burning with shame at the news, dered a retreat. The Moslem arm only reached the borders of Castile Almanasor sunk under the weig his despair in the sixty-fifth year age. They buried him like a Muss martyr, in his bloody garments, a had borne him from the field, and covered his grave with the dust fifty campaigns.

With the death of Almanasor w pause, reserving for our next pap remainder of the reign of the im Hixem, who still continued to occu throne, a slave to the indolent and vating pleasures of his harem.

THE CAVES OF CANGO.

The famous Cango caverns, in the district of George, on the western coast of are said to be far superior to the caves of Elora and Elephanta, both in exte grandeur. They are wholly natural, and are among the stupendous wonders of cr The following particulars, by a recent traveller, may be interesting to our readers

"The road along which we had to proceed forms the 'Poort,' or 'Pass' of the river Grobbelaar; it is a gorge, or defile, between two ranges of lofty and precipitous mountains. The river winds most coquettishly along the bottom, now gentle, placid, and inviting, then abruptly dashing aside, frowning, threatening, and concealing its course amidst the dense umbrage of the jungle. In rainy seasons, when the torrents are immensely swollen, the stream b dangerous and impassable. At th of our visit it was most obligingly s seldom exceeding two feet in depth. due caution we crossed it, without di or accident; but from its extremely tine course we had to cross it thirty The scenery is magnificent. The sions have been fearful. Many of th are thrown up perpendicularly. Ma

into wild and awful forms. They the most part covered with vegeta- Along the course we took the prin- ces are mimosas, with their long and horns; where an equestrian with a -buttoned leather jacket has far less of interruption and laceration than ad in the flowing costume of an l. These mimosas are interspersed ousands of beautiful crimson gera- large and splendid plants of *palma*, and a kind of strong-scented lilac. proceeding about five miles through rge, we came to an open space, and ly reached the residence of Mr. a farmer who has lately purchased perty, including the caverns. It was ed in the afternoon when we arrived, farmer expressed a little reluctance going in so late; but as my time was s, we pressed it, and having taken a ea, which the hostess soon provided, nted our horses, and at a mile's e came to the entrance of the caverns, side of a lofty limestone mountain. trance is vast and imposing, exceed- fty and spacious—a porch befitting ubterranean and 'crystal' palaces. was kindled, and we were provided ng bamboo canes, spiked, not with s, but with candles. On entering erns, we descended into a dark and passage, implicitly following our whose lighted candles, however, l we could distinguish. We were n arrested, by reaching the brink of ing precipice, and 'darkness visible' it. Down we descended, by means dder placed there for the purpose, ich is drawn up again every time it n used. With due precauion, hold- steps of the ladder with one hand, friendly candle with the other, we eached the lower regions, say thirty m the top of the descent; and we ommenced our subterranean pil- e, and proceeded to inspect one s apartment after another, all the lled with awe, wonder, and admira- Many of the rooms are very lofty, forty, fifty, sixty feet high. Their cannot be seen at one view, nor of any of them, unless, perhaps, an e number of torches were placed in m. Even then, I suspect, only the would be seen in the distance, and objects themselves. Many rooms ed with millions of stalactites, de- scending in all forms from the ceiling, and meeting their kindred *stalagma* on the ground. Many of them retain only the grandeur of their forms; they are vast, magnificent, and exceedingly diversified. Others retain beauty as well as colossal dimensions, consisting of fluted columns, towering to amazing heights, and resembling at some distance, immense cathedral organs. In other instances they stand like primeval trees, such as I have seen in the quarries of Portland. Some of the specimens were of a remarkably white and glittering character, and some perfectly transparent. Here were niches, columns, cornices, fretted-work roofs in all variety of form and of beauty, far beyond verbal description. The detail would be insufferably tedious, but the impression of it as a whole is most effective. You feel at once transported into a region where you stand amidst the silent work of untold ages, perhaps thousands of ages. You have nothing in nature above ground to compare with it, and nothing of the work of man that can compete with it. The process of crystallization is still going forward, but not in all places. The crystal palace advances, though without the magic hand of Paxton. The stalactite is still gradually forming in innumerable places; in others it has ceased, and the slow progress of decay and disintegration is going forward. It seems an established law that it must live and increase; or else, in becoming quiescent and stationary, it decays. The exterior becomes first moist and clammy, then the crystals are destroyed; the adhesion ceases, and they crumble to powder. One room, called the 'Sand-room,' is strewn with fine sand—the decayed crystals of decomposed stalactites. Part of this is beautifully white, and part beautifully red; the colour of the latter occasioned, no doubt, by the presence of iron, which may be found in the vicinity of the limestone rock, through which the water had oozed, carrying an oxide in solution with the lime.

"We left the caverns at five o'clock, and returned to the farmer's residence, where we again found a cup of tea refreshing; and in about an hour and a half we had supper with the family, and shortly after retired to rest; the ultra sober hour of seven o'clock in the evening being the usual time when the family separate for the night's repose."

URAL HISTORY is no work for one that loves his chair or his bed. Speculation pursued on a soft couch, but nature must be observed in the open air. But the list must collect materials with indefatigable pertinacity. He must gather glow- in the evening and snails in the morning; must watch the daisy close and open; e owl shriek at midnight, and hunt insects in the heat of noon.

THE CAPTURE OF ELECTRICAL EELS.

The eye of the visitor to the Polytechnic Institution should dwell attentively the electrical eel which is now swimming about in one of its tanks—the only spe men of the kind at present in Europe. An extraordinary interest attaches to t tribe of animals. When full-grown, they measure between five and six feet length. Their colour varies with age, and the nature of the water in which th dwell; but generally it is of an olive-green, with the underpart of the head o yellow tint mingled with red. The upper surface of the one now referred to, i a brownish hue. The skin is lubricated by a slimy fluid, secreted by muc glands, from which there are small openings from the head to the tail of the e having also, the same blended hue. It has a wide mouth; and the interior, far as the gullet, has rows of small teeth, set very closely; the tongue is fleshy, covered with papillæ, or small teat-like substances. Its most surprising prope is that arising from the possession of a natural electrical or galvanic apparatus, which it can give a shock resembling that of a common electrical machine, c charged Leyden jar.

A similar power is possessed by the torpedo; and hence the phrase has ari "a torpedo-touch," to denote an advance which is instantly and determinat repelled. It is singular that, though the ancients knew nothing of electricity itself, they supposed the torpedo, with which they were familiar, to be gifted w a curative power. One of them, Scribonius Largus says:—"Pain in the he however inveterate and severe, is immediately taken away, and effectually cu by the application of the black torpedo alive to the affected part, which must retained there until the pain ceases and a sense of numbness succeeds; the rem must then be removed, lest the sensibility of the part be injured. It is, howe necessary to have several of these torpedos in readiness, because it someti requires two or three to effect a cure; or in other words, to produce the numbr which is the sign of the remedial effect." There are other instances in which ancients allude to the healing power of the torpedo; and when we are told, reference to what is considered a modern practice, that "there is nothing under the sun," it must be admitted that the first practices of medical electrici are of a very remote date.

Several other fishes besides the torpedo have the same extraordinary endowm Only two of them, however, inhabit fresh waters; the *Silurus electricus*, whic found in the Nile, and very abundantly in the river Senegal; and the *Gymn electricus*, or electrical eel, which is extremely common in the small rivers and p over the immense and generally arid plains which separate the northern ban the Orinoco from the Cordillera of the coast of Venezuela. The shallower th pools or meres are, the more easily are these animals captured; in the larger ri of South America, as the Meta, the Apure, and the Orinoco, this task is on far greater difficulty, from the force of the current, as well as the volume and de of the water. The inhabitants of Guiana, in swimming over the places where gymnotus abounds, often experience its injurious effects, though the crea escapes their sight. One road, formerly much traversed, has been utterly abando from its leading to a ford in a river which it was necessary to cross, and in wh many mules, stunned by the shocks received from these fishes, were annu drowned.

This part of the country was visited by the celebrated traveller Humbold and by every species of encouragement he could offer, he urged the Indians to cure for him living specimens. He did so in vain; dead ones in abundance brought; but though the natives pretended that they were unaffected by electric shock while holding tobacco in the mouth, it was evident they were scious of falsehood. He therefore determined to repair to the places where eels were numerous, and personally to engage in their capture. The Ind

* See Footprints of Travellers.

rdingly, conducted him to a basin or large pool of muddy water, which he ribes as encircled by an enchanting belt of vegetation, adorned by flowers of the st colours and the most delightful fragrance. Here the water teemed with ric eels; there was, therefore, no disappointment as to the objects of the e; the only question was, "How can they be taken *alive*?"

umboldt now heard to his great surprise, that the Indians were about to answer y going to collect thirty of the half-wild horses from the adjacent Savannah, a ect which appeared to him bordering on the ridiculous. To fish by means of es and mules might well appear strange, but one of the practices of the le unravelled the mystery. It is termed *embarbascar con caballos*, to make k by means of horses; the word *barbascos* signifying the root of various onous vegetables, which, when cast into the water, so stupifies the fish where- its influence extends, as to cause them to float on the surface of the water, intoxicated or dying condition. And as the horses driven up and down in ol produced the same effect on its terrified inhabitants, the natives, confounding cause and the effect, give the same name to both these modes of capture.

The Indians," says Humboldt, "had made a sort of *battue* in collecting the es and mules, and surrounding them on all sides, forced them to enter the . Imperfectly can I point out the interesting spectacle which the battle of the and the horses presented. The Indians, furnished with long canes and har- s, placed themselves round the pool; some mounted the trees, the branches of ch stretched over the surface of the water; and all, by their long canes, and by ring loud cries, prevented the horses from gaining the bank. The eels, terrified he noise of the horses, defended themselves by the reiterated discharge of their tric batteries, and, for a long time, had every appearance of gaining a complete ory. In every direction were seen horses or mules, which, stunned by the e and repetition of the electric shocks, disappeared beneath the water, floun- d up, and in spite of the vigilance and activity of the Indians, gained the bank; then, exhausted with fatigue, and with their limbs benumbed through the vio- e of the shocks, they stretched themselves at full length on the ground."

must have been, indeed, a strangely exciting scene. Here were groups of ians surrounding the pool; there, the horses, with bristling manes, and eyes ming with pain and terror, were struggling to escape the storm which had rtaken them; while yellow and livid eels were swimming like large aquatic ents on the surface of the water, and vigorously pursuing their enemies. "I ember," says Humboldt, "a fine painting representing a horse entering a cave, starting back in affright at the sight of a lion: such was the expression of or which we saw in these horses during this unequal combat."

t appears singular to speak of a combat between an eel and a horse as unequal; such is the absolute fact. The eel glides under the belly of its antagonist, and charging its electricity, benumbs at once the heart, the viscera, and the great xus of gastric nerves. The horse, therefore, if not killed, falls powerless or largic, and disappears beneath the water, while, as other horses and mules pass r it, it speedily perishes. In less than five minutes of the combat described by mboldt, two horses were drowned. Others became rapidly victims in the uggle, until, as he saw that the majority were so, he began to fear for the rest. t he was assured by the Indians that the same force would not be continued: d so it proved; the muscular movements of the eels being vigorous, but the elec- cal power suffering great diminution.

"When the combat had lasted a quarter of an hour, the mules and the horses peared less terrified; they no longer bristled up their manes, and the eye ex- essed less pain and affright. They were no longer seen to fall; and the eels imming half out of the water, and, avoiding the horses instead of attacking them, ade for the bank. The Indians stated that, when for two successive days horses e forced into a pool full of these eels, no horse is killed on the second day. These hes require repose and plenty of food, in order to the production or accumulation a great quantity of the electro-galvanic fluid.

"When the eels came towards the bank, they were very easily taken; little

harpoons attached to long cords were thrown at them, and two were sometin caught at once, and that without a shock being felt, the cord being very dry a of considerable length. In a few minutes five large eels were landed, and m might have been taken had they been needed. Most were only slightly wound in the tail." They were then transferred to little pits filled with fresh water, whi had been made on the bank to receive them.

Few of the visitors to the Polytechnic Institution have imagined such adventu to be passed through to capture the object on which they have gazed: but h various questions arise as to the electric power of the eel, and to its identity w the fluid with which we are familiar in widely different circumstances; some which we propose to answer in an early paper.

COINS.

In describing coins different terms are used, with which it is necessary to be acquainted. For example, take up a shilling or half-a-crown of the present date: the whole of its surface, on either side, is called the "field;" the side bearing the likeness of the Queen is called the "obverse;" the other is the "reverse." The letters on the field are the "inscription," and those round the edge are the "legend." That part divided by a line at the bottom is the "exergue;" and where several letters are joined together so as to form but one character, it is called the "monogram."

The word coin is derived from the Greek term "kinos," which means common, or from the Latin word "cuneos" a wedge, small wedges of metal being at one time current amongst merchants, and paid by weight. "Abraham was very rich in cattle and in silver and in gold;" and "he hearkened to Ephron, and Abraham weighed to Ephron the silver which he had named in the audience of the sons of Heth, four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant."

The Jews began to use stamped money during the time of the Maccabees, and they generally impressed it with familiar objects, emblematic or commemorative of some important event. There are a few of these still preserved in the British Museum, some of which bear a cup on the obverse, supposed to resemble that in which the manna was preserved; and on the reverse the branch of an almond tree in blossom, to commemorate the budding of Aaron's rod. It must have been a great comfort to the Jews to be allowed the use of such coins, as previously they were obliged to buy and sell with those engraven with the images of the heathen deities. Yet those very coins, though they were abomination to the Israelites, because regarded by the heathen as objects of worship, are of inestimable value in the eyes of Christians, for the testimony they bear to many of the truths of the H Scriptures. Many of the ancient coins India, Egypt, Greece, Mexico, and varic other countries, are impressed with image of the serpent, man's first enen and represent him under circumstan which leave no doubt that man's fall a God's promise of a Messiah are the subje intended to be delineated. For instan in India there was a coin, many hundr years old, found in the temple of Chrishi which represents the goddess trampling the head of a serpent; and in Mexico, wh it was first discovered by Europeans, coi were found which represented a man a woman in a garden, with a serpent n them; and others on which were the figu of a man and woman sailing over the face the waters on a huge raft. Ought not su coins to be valued, not alone by the c lectors of curiosities, or the learned h torians, but by the children of God, w find in them incontrovertible illustratio of the precious truths of the Gospel?

Compared with the British coins of t present day, these ancient moneys were very rude workmanship; indeed it wo be difficult to imagine anything of the ki more highly finished or more perfect th our present gold and silver currency. T machinery, too, is particularly beautif and is admirably adapted to the vario purposes to which it is applied; but thou in all its parts simple, yet, as it would difficult to give an intelligible description it unaccompanied by plates, we shall conte ourselves with making a few extracts fr Mr. Luke Herbert's account of meltin milling, and stamping.

"The interior of each furnace is circul 30 inches deep and 21 in diameter. T bottom is a grate of cast-iron bars, mo able, for the purpose of admitting a When the furnace covers are closed, t current of air which enters at the gra ascends through the body of the furna

causes the fuel, which is coke, to burn
great intensity around the melting-pot.
degree of heat is accurately regulated
a damper, fixed in the flue of each
nace. When the furnace is put to work,
lighted by some ignited charcoal being
upon the grate and round the pot (for
melting-pot is always in its place before
fire is lighted): upon the charcoal about
e inches in depth of the coke is placed,
cover is shut, and the damper is with-
wn about two inches. When the coke
gnited, a similar quantity is added, and
ontinued until the furnace is filled with
ted coke. The object of this precaution
o prevent the cracking of the melting
sel by being too suddenly heated. Before
silver is charged, the pot is heated to a
ht red; it is then carefully examined,
scertain if it has successfully withstood
action of the furnace or cracked in the
ration. The silver is then placed in the
, accompanied by a small quantity of
rsely-grained charcoal powder, which, by
ting the inner surface of the pot, pre-
ts the silver from adhering to it. When
silver has attained the fusing point, the
ntity of charcoal is increased, until
ut half an inch thick, on the surface of
silver, which preserves it in a great mea-
e from the action of the atmosphere, and
vents that destruction of the alloy which
s found so great a difficulty in the earlier
cesses of coining. When the silver is
npletely and properly melted it is stirred
h an iron stirrer, in order that the whole
y be of one standard quality. The vessel
ntaining the molten silver is then lifted
m the furnace by means of a powerful
ne, and brought over the pouring ma-
ine, where it can be raised so as to pour
e metal by means of the lip or spout in
e edge of the pot into the ingot moulds.
row of these moulds are placed in a car-
ge, and screwed tightly together, at the
me time resting on a plate, which can be
ised or lowered as the difference in the
e of the moulds may require.

"The next process to which the silver is
bjected after being taken from the mould,
that of flattening, rolling, or laminating
the rolling mill. For the purpose of fa-
litating this process, the bars, or plates of
etal, are heated to redness, by which a
uch greater degree of extension is ob-
ined by the same amount of power than
uld be otherwise accomplished. Gold
ars do not require to be so treated, they
eing rolled out while cold with great ease,
the thinness of half a sovereign, without
ne least symptom of cracking: this is
asily accounted for by the difference in the
nstituent particles of the two metals—
old and silver. The rolling mill is put in
motion by a powerful steam-engine, which, by a judicious and beautiful arrangement of mechanism, causes the rollers to revolve in opposite directions, and then their adjacent surfaces will move together, between which the silver to be rolled or flattened is introduced."

The flattened silver is then taken to the "cutting press," where it is cut into pieces of certain dimensions, which are then carried to the "sizing-room," where each individual piece is adjusted to its standard weight. The light pieces are selected for remelting, and the heavy ones, if not considerably beyond weight, are reduced to their proper standard by rasping their surfaces with a file. They are next heated to a cherry red in a reverberatory furnace; after which they are boiled in dilute sulphuric acid, which makes them very clean and of a white colour. When dried either in warm sawdust, or over a very slow fire, they are in a fit state for the two next processes, which are the milling and stamping.

The operation of milling is performed round the edges of pieces of money to prevent their being clipped or filed, which was a fraud commonly practised upon the ancient money, made before the introduction of milling or lettering round the edges. The construction of the milling machine is simple but efficacious. It consists of two rulers or steel bars, which are accurately cut or fluted, and, by the aid of a simple combination of mechanical contrivances, so placed that although the lower one is immovable, the upper has a horizontal motion, carrying the piece of money with it, which is placed edgeways between the two, the grooves, or flutes in the steel bars, forming corresponding indentations on the edge of the coin.

The next and last operation is that of stamping the effigy, or impression upon the hitherto blank pieces of silver. This is accomplished by the coining press, of which there are eight in the Royal Mint. They are worked by a steam-engine, which communicates its power from an adjoining room, by means of connecting mechanical arrangements. Both sides of the piece of money are stamped by one stroke of the press. The blank piece of metal being placed upon the lower die, which is immovable, is then forcibly struck by the upper die, which at one stroke produces the impression. The piece of blank coin is contained within a steel ring, or collar, whilst being stamped, which preserves its circular figure. There is likewise connected with this machine, a beautiful arrangement of mechanical power, by which, when one piece of metal is struck, it will be removed and replaced by another.

MARK AKENSIDE.

By Parson Frank.

The tradesmen of Britain have, in their own persons or those of their child contributed their quota to Britain's native literature. They have shown the c patibility of classical fame with plebeian birth—an alliance that once see impracticable to silver-fork philosophy, and sounded monstrous to ears po Michael Drayton, the contemporary of Shakspere, and lively author of "Polyolbion,"* was the son of a Warwickshire butcher. Shakspeare's peer self was the son of a Warwickshire wool-comber. Kit Marlow—renowned for "Life and Death of Dr. Faustus," the "Jew of Malta," &c.—was the son Kentish shoe-maker. Cowley was the son of a London grocer; Isaac Barrow London draper; Tillotson of a Yorkshire clothier; Pope of a mercer in Lomb street; Lillo of a jeweller; Defoe of a butcher. Bunyan was a tinker, an tinker's son. Gay was apprenticed to a silk-mercer in the Strand. Allan Ram was a hair-dresser in "Auld Reekie." Collins was the son of a hatter; Falc of a barber; Michael Bruce of a weaver; Blacklock of a bricklayer; Bloomfiel a tailor; Johnson of a bookseller; Gifford of a painter and glazier; Kirke Whit a butcher. To these we may add Mark Akenside, who, like the first and the of the worthies in the brief list just detailed—(*i. e.*, Drayton and Kirke White came of butcherly birth. And good cause had Mark to remember the shop and ungentle implements; almost cause enough to have made him a Vegetarian, an stern recusant from beef-eaters and all their ways; for while he was yet a l one of those ugly edged-tools yclept a "cleaver" fell on his foot, and lamed for life. Every limp the doctor made in after days might remind him of paternal vocation at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and defy him to separate the i "Pleasures of Imagination" from certain associations with the real prose of slaughter-house, and block, and hatchet, and steel, the odour of defunct "mutto and the shrill chant of "What'll ye buy? What'll ye buy?" Possibly Card Wolsey might have been a happier and better man had one of his sire's clea fallen on *his* foot in early days, and left there a perpetual memento of the butch shop at Ipswich.

Akenside was sent to Edinburgh, like Thomson, to be educated for the offic the Christian ministry; and, like Thomson, renounced this design, the expe of which were defrayed in part by the society of Dissenters; and, returning sums advanced, he betook himself to the study of medicine, obtaining his M degree at Leyden in 1744, during which year he published the "Pleasure Imagination," and was applauded to the echo by his contemporaries, just as other "Pleasure" poets—Rogers, the laureate of "Memory," and Campbell "Hope"—have been in later days. The medical profession affords few name greater celebrity in literature and the "faculty of verse" than of Dr. Akens Yet it can boast of Sir Samuel Garth—

> "The best good Christian he,
> Although he knew it not" †—

who wrote "The Dispensary," and fought the battles of the College of Ph cians; and of Sir Richard Blackmore, sadly satirised by Dryden and Pope; of Mandeville, the lively but unsafe author of the "Table of the Bees;" and Arbuthnot, Queen Anne's physician, to whom we owe the witty Tory "Histor John Bull," and the chief portion of "Martinus Scriblerus;" and of Oliver Go smith, who once felt languid pulses and examined furred tongues among the s folk of Bankside; and of Smollett, renowned for "Roderick Random" "Peregrine Pickle" rather than for his scanty practice at Chelsea; and of A

* A poem descriptive of England, divided into thirty books. It was published earl the seventeenth century.

† Pope.

strong, author of the "Art of Preserving Health"—a poem that would mightily diminish the demand for M.D.'s and apothecaries and black draughts, were its precepts more regarded; and of Darwin, who once enjoyed such popularity for his "Botanic Garden" and "Loves of the Plants;" and of Wolcot, "Peter Pindar," the reckless, boisterous satirist of Boswell and Sir Joseph Banks and King George; and, to quote but one recent example, Moir of Musselburgh, the tender and graceful "Delta" of "Blackwood's Magazine." The gratulations of the critics incited Akenside to love literature more and the Pharmacopœia less. His publisher, the well-known Dodsley, had consulted Pope upon the merits of the "Pleasures of Imagination," for the copyright of which the large sum of £120 was demanded by its young unknown author; and Pope bade the bookseller "make no niggardly offer, since this was no every-day writer." Pope's anticipation was correct. The poem was welcomed at home, and translated into more than one foreign language. Elated with success, Akenside next appeared in print with a denunciation of Pulteney ("Epistle to Curio"), followed by a rapid succession of odes, with which he wound up his career. These works characterised him, in the words of Dr. Aikin, "as a zealous votary of Grecian philosophy and classical literature, and an ardent lover of liberty." The somewhat pedantic enthusiasm of his taste in these respects exposed him to the ridicule of less dignified scholars. Readers of Smollett will remember a farcical, and, we must say, irresistibly ludicrous description in "Peregrine Pickle," of a physician's banquet "in the genuine old Roman taste," whereat the hospitable but crotchety doctor entertained his guests with a variety of dishes of truly problematical composition and eccentric odour, himself being the only person present whose organs were not discomposed—the dinners being painfully placed on *couchettes*, in imitation of the ancient *triclinia*, and the bill of fare including a "boiled goose, served up in a sauce composed of pepper, lovage, coriander, mint, rue, anchovies, and oil;" soup compounded with "parsley, pennyroyal, cheese, pinetops, honey, vinegar, brine, eggs, cucumbers, onions, and hen-livers;" "a loin of veal boiled with fennel and caraway seed, on a pottage composed of pickle, oil, honey, and flour, and a curious hash of the lights, liver, and blood of a hare, together with a dish of roasted pigeons." When Pallet unceremoniously disgorges his mouthful of the soup, and replies to the doctor's inquiry as to this "indecent phenomenon," that he would rather swallow porridge made of burning brimstone, the perplexed host, in his own vindication, assures the company that, "except the usual ingredients, he had mixed nothing in the soup but some sal-amoniac, instead of the ancient nitrum, which could not now be procured;" and subsequently plumes himself on introducing to them two pies, "one of dormice, liquored with syrup of sweet poppies," and the other "composed of a hock of pork baked in honey."* The doctor, in this burlesque entertainment, is said to be meant for worthy Mark Akenside, who loved to edify his guests with discourses on the cookery prescribed and proscribed by Galen, the tit-bits relished by voluptuous Heliogabalus, the manner of dressing lampreys adopted by Cæsar, and eulogised by Horace, and the epicureanism of that emperor, who ordered the brains of six hundred ostriches to be compounded in one mess. Akenside was devoutly interested in the associations of classical antiquity.

> "He, with a pious hand,
> The reverend scene delineates—broken fanes,
> Or tombs, or pillar'd aqueducts, the pomp
> Of ancient time; and haply, while he [illegible]
> The ruins, with a silent tear resolves
> The fame and fortune of imperious Rome."†

The extent to which he indulged this *penchant* involved him in the satirical caricatures to which all men with a hobby or a crotchet are more or less liable. But it

* Peregrine Pickle.

† Hymn to the Naiads.

does not appear that he was so exclusive or excessive a worshipper of antiquity *laudator temporis acti*, as to deserve the extravaganza devised at his expense b the caustic waggery of Tobias Smollett.

Smooth and void of incident was Akenside's professional career. At one tim he practised in Northampton; but, making no way there, he removed to Hamp stead, a place distinguished as the home of other notable literati, such as Stee Arbuthnot, Byron, Joanna Baillie, Keats, Leigh Hunt, Shelley, J. D. Morell, &c from whence he retired to London, becoming an F.R.S., Physician to St. Thomas' Hospital, Fellow of the College of Physicians, and finally one of Her Majesty' physicians, a post to which he was raised partly by the friendly intervention o his fellow-collegiate, Jeremiah Dyson (who made him an allowance of £300 yearly and partly by the reputation he won by his medical treatises. His death (1770 at the age of 49, was the sudden result of a putrid sore throat. His remains lie i the church of St. James's, Piccadilly, where also repose, among other illustriou dead, Charles Cotton (the friend and fellow-angler of Izaak Walton), the fac tious Tom D'Urfey, Arbuthnot, James Dodsley, Gillray, the caricaturist, and S John Malcolm.

The elevated tone and somewhat severe dignity of Akenside's poems is in kee ing with his personal character. He came of a Puritan stock, and had been, lik Milton, early imbued with the characteristic principles of his kindred. In his ju venile "Hymn to Science" his prayer is that his life may be formed, and his wi ruled, by the law of duty—that his passions' fires may be cooled, his desires su jected to judgment, his heart to reason:—

> "Raise me above the vulgar's breath,
> Pursuit of fortune, fear of death,
> And all in life that's mean;
> Still true to reason be my plan,
> Still let my actions speak the man,
> Through every various scene."

His *magnum opus*, the "Pleasures of Imagination," seems to have taken its cu in a considerable degree, from the papers on that subject in the *Spectator*, ground on the fact that though we cannot have a single image in the fancy that did n make its first entrance through the organ of sight, we have yet the power of retai ing, altering, and compounding those images, which we have once received into the varieties of picture and vision that are most agreeable to the imagination— which faculty a man in a dungeon is capable of entertaining himself with scen and landscapes more beautiful than any that can be found in the whole compass nature.* A lofty theme this, and demanding lofty treatment, with rather mo imaginative genius than we think Akenside possessed. However, he essayed with sanguine earnestness:—

> "Still unsung
> Lay this prime subject, though importing most
> A poet's name—

and he saw that

> "Fruitless is the attempt,
> By dull obedience, and by creeping toil,
> Obscure to conquer that severe ascent
> Of high Parnassus. Nature's kindling breath
> Must fire the chosen genius."†

While, therefore, not unconscious how delicate and doubtful was the task imposed on himself—to blend high poetry with deep philosophy, "to paint t finest features of the mind, and to most subtle and mysterious things give colo strength, and motion"—he felt the love of Nature and the Muses bid him explor

* *Spectator*, No. 411.

† Pleasures of Imagination, book i.

"Through secret paths, erewhile untrod by man,
The fair poetic region, to detect
Untasted springs, to drink inspiring draughts,
And shade his temples with unfading flowers,
Culi'd from the laureate vale's profound recess,
Where never poet gain'd a wreath before." *

'he "pleasures" of which he professes to treat are those proceeding from natural ects, "as from a flourishing grove, a clear and murmuring fountain, a calm sea moonlight, or from works of art, such as a noble edifice, a musical tune, a ue, a picture, a poem." His philosophy is akin to that expounded with such uisite skill by the late Lord Jeffrey, in his famous treatise on "Beauty," ginally a review of Alison on Taste. Beauty, he teaches—that is, the sense of uty—varies with the culture and character of the individual mind. To the very ie material object some are Argus-eyed and some stone blind. The same verse, as Carlyle so graphically illustrates, is very differently regarded by wton and by Newton's dog Diamond—an illustration already quoted in our er on Collins.

"Thus doth Beauty dwell
There most conspicuous, even in outward shape,
Where dawns the high expression of a MIND.
* * * *
MIND, MIND ALONE (bear witness, Earth and Heaven!)
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime." †

he doctrine is that of Coleridge's line,

"Oh lady, we *receive* but what we *give*!"

s to adopt Gilfillan's exposition of the arch-critic's "Edinburgh Review," that ır own soul is the urn which sprinkles beauty upon the universe—that flower . star are lovely, because the mind has breathed upon them—that the imagina- ı and the heart of man are the twin beautifiers of the creation—that the elling of beauty is not in the light of setting suns, nor in the beams of morning 's, nor in the waves of summer seas, but in the human spirit—that the universe ut a great mirror of the mind of man—that in contemplating the fairest scene, are ourselves more than half creating its beauty." ‡ To reduce the meta- sical abstractions of this and cognate theories into a shape available for readers poetry was a hard enterprise, and one in which a large success—the success of opular poem—would seem wholly out of the question. The subject, relatively utiful as it might be, appears absolutely "harsh and crabbed," and in no wise culated to become "musical as is Apollo's lute," when put into heroic verse. vertheless, Akenside *did* gain popularity. His poem rapidly passed through eral editions. If he had relieved his treatment of it with a larger admixture of se topics which afford scope for human sympathies and enlist human interests, nust have been far more relished by the public, and have enjoyed a more iiliar reputation than is its present destiny. Now-a-days it is occasionally ɔted, seldom read, and when read at all, only in paragraphs, not *in extenso*. complished critics will frankly confess that, although admiring Akenside, they er read him through. *That* is a feat practically equivalent to reading through ohnson's Dictionary," or the "Encyclopædia Britannica," or the integral series Mr. Anstey's (*plus* Mr. Urquhart's) parliamentary speeches. Probably the stolary criticism passed by the poet Gray on the "Pleasures of Imagination," the time of its appearance, embodies as nearly as may be the average judgment our living critics. "You desire to know what character the poem of your young nd" (he is writing to Dr. Wharton, 1744) "bears here. . . . To show you t I am a judge as well as my countrymen, I will tell you, though I have rather ned it over than read it (but no matter, no more have they), that it seems to me

* Pleasures of Imagination, book i.
† Ibid. ‡ Gallery of Literary Portraits, p. 8.

above the middling, and now and then, for a little while, rises even to the be
particularly in description. It is often obscure, and even unintelligible, and t
much infected with the Hutchinson jargon. In short, its great fault is, that
was published at least nine years too early." * Johnson, the critic and biograph
of poets, placed Akenside above Gray and Mason, but magnanimously allow
that he could not *peruse* him. Says Boswell: Akenside's distinguished poem
his "Pleasures of Imagination;" but for my part, I never could admire it so mu
as most people do. JOHNSON: Sir, I could not read it through. BOSWELL: I ha
read it through, but I did not find any great power in it." † Bozzy might boast
two unparalleled exploits—that of having written the best biography on recor
and that of having read Akenside through! In the former triumph he may ha
been neared by Moore, Lockhart, Twiss, and one or two others; but in the latte
who presumes to emulate him? If any, speak! for him have I offended.

The classical predilections of Akenside, so prominently, not to say obtrusivel
developed in his poetry, give further ground of objection to readers. But th
were not affected in his case. His enthusiasm in this respect is evidently genuin
And then again, the introduction of classical allusions was lamentably the mode
that period. It has been remarked that two lines in one of Pope's Winds
Pastorals (save the mark !) contain three Greek divinities, three Greek localitie
and but *four* English words:—

"Celestial *Venus* haunts *Idalia's* groves,
Diana Cynthus, *Ceres Hybla* loves."

This mania for classicism has been compared to a story of the pedant Isaac Vossiu
who desired that his hair might be combed by the rules of prosody: certa
heaven-born barbers and bath-men, he tells us, could, in combing the hai
"imitate *iambics*, *trochees*, *dactyls*, from whence there arose to me no small delight."
We have seen how Akenside "caught it" ("*it*" being *not* the classical mania, b
the penalty thereof) at the hands of Smollett, for indulgence in a similar pr
pensity.

The blank verse of our poet is generally allowed to be fine. Sometimes it a
proximates in pomp and sustained melody to that of Milton himself, and mu
rank before Thomson's in symmetrical dignity, while it is free from Cowper
colloquialisms and slipshod intervals. In lyrical flights Akenside was but ill
ease. His pinions were dull, inert, of the earth earthy. If ever he becan
animated in a lyric—and what is a lyric without animation !—it was when he ga
vent to his native whiggery; as where, in the Ode to Bishop Hoadly, he cou
assail that "Right Reverend Benjamin's" assailants, and sing how

"Truth, by Hoadly's aid,
Shone through Imposture's solemn shade,
Through kingly and through sacerdotal night:"—

and how

"On high,
To William's ear with welcome joy
Did Locke among the blest unfold
The rising hope of Hoadly's name,
Godolphin then confirm'd the fame;
And Somers, when from earth he came,
And generous Stanhope, the fair sequel told."

Never was Akenside happier than when protesting against any and every aspe
of "monkish craft," "the tyrant's claim divine," "synods by the Papal geni
taught," or "St. John's§ spirit loose, or Atterbury's rage." If not in every ner
a poet, he was every inch a Whig—and, may we not add, a patriot and an hone
man.

* Works of Thomas Gray (1821), p. 260.
† Boswell's Life of Johnson: A.D. 1772.
‡ Athenæum, 1839, p. 826.
§ Lord Bolingbroke.

"NO ONE'S ENEMY BUT HIS OWN."

Poor fellow! So he's gone at last! Well, he was no one's enemy but his own!" This is the exclamation uttered over many an individual brought to an untimely grave through his love of strong drinks. Is the assertion *true?* And if it be true; is it *wise* thus to speak of a destructive vice in terms which border upon eulogy?

"No one's enemy but his own."—Indeed! why he was *a husband.* And did his wife suffer nothing from his frequent absence—his return at unseasonable hours—his clouded countenance—his sullen discontent—his noisy murmurings—his moroseness—his ungrounded upbraidings—his neglect—his harshness—and, in some fatal cases, his brutal violence? Was he not her chosen companion—her sworn friend? Ought she not to have enjoyed all the advantages of his company—his counsels—his support—his protection—his example—his love? Was he not indeed *her enemy*?

"No one's enemy but his own."—Indeed! why he was *a parent.* He had children whom it was his duty to feed, to clothe, and to instruct, to "train up"—to guide aright—both by precept and by example. But through his tarrying long at strong drink, they grew up ill-fed, half-clothed, ignorant, exposed to innumerable temptations, miserable to themselves, and a pest to those around them. His precepts—if he uttered any—were confused and powerless; his example was that of a confirmed sot! Was he not *the enemy of his children?*

"No one's enemy but his own."—Indeed! why he was *a master.* Had his intemperance no influence on the conduct of those in his employ? Did he set them a praiseworthy example as to punctuality—assiduity—diligence—skill? Will no apprentice have to curse the day when in the house of his deceased master he acquired that appetite for strong drink, his indulgence of which has made *him* a drunkard? Will no mechanic, or artisan, or servant, or inmate, have to regret, that by following the customs of the house or workshop, those habits were confirmed which have deeply injured them in body, soul, and substance. Was not the drunkard *the enemy of his dependents?*

"No one's enemy but his own."—Indeed! why, was he not *a servant, an artisan,* or *a labourer?* And did not his love of strong drink palsy his nerves—enfeeble his muscular powers—impair his intellect—and injure his reputation? Was he industrious, punctual, careful, skilful, vigilant, trustworthy? Did his employer never suffer from his intemperance? Was he not occasionally reproved, suspended, or discharged? Were none of his fellow-servants or fellow-workmen injured by his profligacy? Was he not *an enemy to his companions?*

"No one's enemy but his own."—Indeed! why he was *a neighbour.* And did the "golden rule" regulate his general conduct? Were not his fellow-lodgers and persons in the adjoining houses often disturbed by his return at late hours—by his boisterous mirth—his mad pranks—his family broils? Were not their persons exposed to jeopardy, and their property to danger, in consequence of his negligent and reckless conduct? Was he not *an enemy to those around him?*

"No one's enemy but his own."—Indeed! was he not *a citizen*—a member of the community? And did not his drunkenness often interfere with the discharge of important duties? Could he say with the Moor of Venice, "I've done the state some service, and they know it?" Or rather, were not heavy taxes imposed upon the public, including the strictly sober, in consequence of his inebriety? Because he and his like were so frequently "drunk, disorderly, and incapable," was not the county put to considerable expense for police, for stretchers, for stations, for magistracy, and for prisons? Was he not a "dead weight" on society, a traitor to his Queen, and a *foe to his country?*

"No one's enemy but his own."—Indeed; was he not also an enemy to *moral and religious institutions?* Is not the Sabbath appointed to be kept holy? And did he not desecrate many of its hours? Are not places erected throughout the land that men may "hear of heaven and learn the way;" and did he not either turn his back upon those edifices, or attend upon their ordinances with listlessness and unconcern? And as to institutions for instruction in useful knowledge and other benevolent purposes, did not the drunkenness of his class render the majority of these necessary, at the same time that it materially impeded their operations, or rendered them altogether nugatory? Verily the drunkard is *an enemy of all good.* He is neither a Christian, a philanthropist, nor a patriot. He is an integral portion of the community; he cannot, therefore, be his own enemy without being at the same time the enemy of his race.

But admitting for a moment that the drunkard were an insulated being; that he was, indeed, "no one's enemy but his own;"

the question intrudes itself—Has he *any right* to be his own enemy? FIRST, does it consist with his DUTY as a rational and accountable creature?

Has the drunkard any right to injure his own *body?* It is "fearfully and wonderfully made"—a monument alike of the skill and power of the Great Creator. And if he wilfully sows within that body the seeds of disssolution, and plunges it before the "appointed time" into the grave, will he not have to render a strict account?

Has the drunkard any right to impair or derange his *intellect*—to dim the lustre of this "candle of the Lord"—to injure that "understanding" which is the effect of divine "inspiration?" That the use of strong drink does injure the human intellect—that it deadens alike the inclination and the capacity for improvement—evidence is continually afforded; and it would be easy to prove that, with respect to the majority, it is their *fault*, and not their misfortune.

Has the drunkard any right to waste his *property?* Money rightly applied will obtain the necessaries, and many of the luxuries of life; but drunkenness is a quicksand, greedily swallowing up and burying all that is cast into it. Who will contend that any man has a right to choose beggary and rags in preference to a decent competence? Yet how many have been cast down from the heights of affluence by their wilful indulgence of a depraved and sensual appetite? That "woful want" which is seen to overtake many drunkards with all the violence of "an armed man," is, in almost every instance, the result of his own "wilful waste."

Has the drunkard any right to squander away his *time?* Was not time granted him for the fulfilment of great and important duties? Can he, with impunity, waste the precious hours of the Sabbath, beside a portion of every day of the seven? Has not every day its appropriate and peculiar duties? And will not the wasted hours, days, weeks, months, and years of the drunkard rise up in judgment and condemn him, when it is proclaimed throughout the universe, that "Time shall be no longer."

But, SECONDLY, is it consistent with the HAPPINESS of the drunkard to be his own enemy? He wilfully disorders his body, and the result is disease pain, premature old age, infirmity, and death; he wilfully deranges his intellect, and the result is, confusedness, idiocy, or madness; he wilfully destroys his property, and the result is want, beggary, and dependence; he wilfully squanders away his time, and the result is ignorance, exposure to temptation, and confirmation in evil habits and practices; and the result of the whole is—MISERY. But God designed that all his creatures should be happy; he has provided abundantly for their physical and social enjoyment; and the man who seeks misery and death in the error of his ways subverts the purposes of the Most High, who, most assuredly, will not "hold him guiltless."

Away, then, with the maudlin sympathy which leads men to use soft terms in reference to a vice so foul, so complicated! ROBERT HALL once said, "Call things by their right names;" and he called brandy and water "liquid fire and distilled damnation." We will use similar expressions, and call the drunkard a *suicide* and a *murderer*; the destroyer of his own body and soul; the murderer of the peace and prosperity of others; and, to sum up all in one word, *the* "ENEMY OF GOD;" and "whoever hardened himself against God and prospered?"

Let the DRUNKARD awake to a sense of his fearful responsibility, and turn from his evil ways, before he sinks into irretrievable ruin.

Let MODERATE DRINKERS—those who use the smallest portions of strong drink, tremble at the danger to which they are exposing themselves, and adopt the total abstinence as the only certain and effectual preservative.

And let TEETOTALERS determine, with greater diligence and zeal than ever, to admonish both drunkards and moderate drinkers against the *folly* of drunkenness—against the SIN of being their own enemies and the enemies of others.

HAND.—The word "hand" in Scripture is variously applied. To pour water on any one's hand signifies to serve him. To wash the hands was a ceremony made use of to denote innocence of murder or manslaughter. To kiss the hand was an act of adoration. To fill the hand signifies taking possession of the priesthood, and performing its functions. To lean upon any one's hand was a mark of familiarity and superiority. To give the hand signifies to grant peace, swear friendship, promise security, or make alliance. The right hand was the emblem of honour and respect amongst the Grecks and Romans; it was customary for inferiors to walk on the left hand of emperors, that their right hand might be ready to afford protection and defence to their left side, which was on account of the awkwardness of the left hand, more exposed to danger.

BENJAMIN WEST, THE PAINTER.

A Memoir for the Young.

On the 10th of October, 1738, Benjamin West was born in the town of Springfield, Pennsylvania, America. His parents and neighbours looked for wonderful things from him, for a famous preacher of the Society of Friends, Quakers as they are called, had foretold that the child should be one of the most remarkable characters that had appeared since the time of William Penn, the founder of their sect. On this account the eyes of many people were fixed upon this boy. Some of his relations, long since dead, had won great fame in the old wars of England and France; but the Quakers did not expect that the child would become a soldier; they thought, perhaps, that he would be a successful preacher of their mild and peaceful doctrines. Farmer West and his wife were thought to be very fortunate in having such a son.

Little Ben lived to the age of six years without doing anything that was worthy to be told in history. But one summer afternoon, in his seventh year, his mother put a fan into his hand, bidding him keep the flies away from the face of a little babe who lay fast asleep in the cradle. As the boy watched the peaceful slumbers of the child, the idea occurred to him, what a pity such a beautiful look would not last for ever. Nobody had told him of the wonderful art by which the look, which appears and vanishes in a moment, may be made to last for hundreds of years. The boy approached a table on which lay pens and paper, and ink of two colours, black and red. He took a sheet of paper, and, kneeling down, began to draw a likeness of the infant. While thus employed, his mother returned, and was overjoyed to see that her dear child had already begun to show that he was one day to be a great man.

As Ben grew older, he was observed to take vast delight in looking at the colours and forms of nature. For instance, he was greatly pleased with the blue violets of spring, the wild roses of summer, and the scarlet cardinal-flowers of early autumn. In the decline of the year, when the woods were variegated with all the colours of the rainbow, Ben seemed to desire nothing better than to gaze at them from morn till night. The purple and golden clouds of sunset were a joy to him. He was continually endeavouring to draw the figures of trees, men, mountains, houses, geese, ducks, and turkeys, with a piece of chalk, on barn doors or on the floor.

In those old times the Mohawk Indians were still numerous in Pennsylvania. Every year a party of them used to pay a visit to Springfield, because the houses—*wigwams* they called them—of their fathers had formerly stood there. These wild men grew fond of little Ben, and made him very happy by giving him some red and yellow paint, with which they had been accustomed to adorn their faces. His mother, too, gave him a piece of indigo; so that he had now three colours—red, blue, and yellow—and could make green by mixing the blue and yellow together. But all this time he had no brushes—he could not buy them without sending many miles from home. He made up his mind to make paint brushes for himself. With this design he laid hold upon—what do you think? Why, upon a respectable old black cat who was sleeping quietly by the fireside. Our young folks may imagine Ben saying in his own mind, "Puss pray give me a bit of fur from the tip of thy tail," and how, though puss resisted, having no great zeal for the fine arts, the boy dexterously clipped off fur enough to make a paint brush, and found it of so much use to him that he applied to Madam Puss again and again, until her warm coat of fur became quite thin and ragged. Poor thing! she was forced to creep close into the chimney corner, and, with a rueful face, eye little Ben, who seemed to consider it more necessary that he should have paint brushes than that Puss should be warm.

And now the house began to present quite a different appearance from what it formerly had done. The parlour was ornamented with drawings of Indian chiefs, of birds with beautiful plumage, and of the wild flowers of the forest. Nothing of the kind had ever been seen before in the house of a Quaker farmer.

About this time a merchant of Philadelphia, named Pennington, came to visit his friend West, and was much surprised to learn that little Ben had painted all those beautiful pictures. When he returned home, he sent a colour-box, paint-brushes, various cakes of colour, several squares of canvas—such as artists use for painting pictures upon—and, in addition to all these, some beautiful engravings, the first pictures that Ben had ever seen except those of his own drawing.

What a joyful event was this for the little artist; for many succeeding days he was busily employed copying portions of two of the engravings, and making one picture of both,—the sky, the grass, the trees, the

houses, all painted in their natural colours. This picture was preserved for many a long year.

Benjamin was sent to school at Philadelphia. Not long after his arrival, he had a slight attack of fever, which confined him to his bed. The light, which would have disturbed him, was excluded from the chamber by means of closed wooden shutters. At first, it appeared so totally dark that Ben could not distinguish any object in the room. By degrees, however, his eyes became accustomed to the scanty light.

He was lying on his back, looking up towards the ceiling, when suddenly he beheld the dim apparition of a white cow moving slowly over his bed! Ben started, and rubbed his eyes in the greatest amazement. The white cow disappeared; and next came several pigs, who trotted along the ceiling and vanished into the darkness of the chamber. Ben was much surprised at this; and when the people of the house came to see him, he told them what had occurred. But they thought he must be out of his senses. How could a white cow and a litter of pigs be seen on the ceiling of a darkened room?

Ben, however, had great confidence in his own eyesight, and was determined to search the mystery to the bottom. For this purpose, when he was again left alone, he got out of bed, and examined the window shutters. He soon perceived a small chink in one of them, through which a ray of light found its passage and rested upon the ceiling. Now the science of optics teaches us that the pictures of the white cow and the pigs came into the dark chamber through this narrow chink in the shutters, and it is greatly to Benjamin's credit that he saw and understood this, and by means of it constructed a *camera obscura* out of a holiow box, which was of great advantage to him in drawing landscapes.

Well, time went on, and Benjamin reached the age when it was thought proper that he should choose a business for life. His father and mother were in considerable perplexity about him; for, according to the ideas of the Quakers, it is not right for people to spend their lives in occupations that are of no real and sensible advantage to the world. And what advantage could the world expect from Benjamin's pictures? This was a difficult question; and in order to set their minds at rest, his parents determined to consult the leading men of their society. Accordingly they were all assembled in the meeting-house, and discussed the matter from beginning to end.

They finally came to a very wise decision. It seemed as if God meant Benjamin to be a painter: the abilities which had been given him would be lost in any other business. A beautiful picture might benefit the hea as much as a good book or a wise discours and turn out as useful as tilling the groun or any branch of trade or manufacture. Th resolved not to oppose his inclination. T old men laid their hands upon Benjamin head and blessed him; the women kiss him affectionately; they committed hi to the charge of God, being well assur that he best knew what was the lad's prop sphere of usefulness. All consented th he should go forthinto the world and lea to be a painter by studying the best pi tures of ancient and modern times.

So our friend Benjamin left his old hom his native woods and streams, the goc Quakers of Springfield, and the India who had given him his first colours,—le all the places and persons whom he ha hitherto known,—and returned to them n more.

He first went to Philadelphia and afte wards to New York, painting portraits, an copying everything that was likely to mak him more fit for his profession. Havin raised money enough to undertake a voyag to sunny Italy, he quitted in order to see th beautiful paintings of those that are calle the old masters. At Rome, the arrival of a American Quaker to study the fine art caused an astonishing sensation. He wa introduced to Cardinal Albani, and throug him to the most distinguished persons i Rome. But how different was the nois and gaiety of that great city from the quie seclusion of his old home in Pennsyl vania. West was seized with a dangerou fever, from which the doctors said he coul only recover by being removed to a mor quiet scene. He passed eleven months a Leghorn, and having by that time perfectl recovered his health, began again to pain and study, still preserving all the simplicit and sobriety which he had learned amon the Quakers. It is related of him tha when he was presented at the Court of th Prince of Parma, he kept his hat upon hi head, even while kissing the prince' hand.

In 1763 he took up his abode in London and established himself as an artist. I due course of time he acquiried great fam by his pictures, and was made chief painte to King George III., being introduced t His Majesty by Dr. Drummond, Archbisho of York. On the foundation of the Roya Academy of Painting, he became a mem ber; and, on the death of Sir Joshua Rey nolds, he succeeded to the office of president When the Quakers of Pennsylvania heard of his success, they felt that the prophecy o the old preacher as to little Ben's future eminence was now accomplished. It i true they shook their heads at his pictures

battle and bloodshed; such as the death General Wolf, at the siege of Quebec,— inking that these terrible scenes should t be held up to the admiration of the rld. But they approved of the great intings in which he represented the racles and suffering of the Redeemer of ankind. King George employed him to orn a large and beautiful chapel at indsor Castle, with thirty-six pictures m the Bible. He likewise painted a agnificent picture of Christ healing the k, a copy of which he presented to the ospital at Philadelphia. It was exhited to the public, and produced so much ofit that the hospital was enlarged for the commodation of thirty more patients. If enjamin West had done no other good ed than this, yet it would have been ough to entitle him to honourable reembrance. At this very day, there are irty poor people in the hospital who owe l their comforts to that same picture. The iginal picture was exhibited at the Royal cademy in London, where it covered a st space, and displayed a multitude of gures as large as life. On the wall, close side this admirable design, hung a small d faded landscape. That landscape was e same that little Ben had painted in his ther's garret after receiving the paintbox and engravings from good Mr. Pennington.

One of his latest great works was a representation of "Death on the Pale Horse," from the Book of Revelations. He painted or sketched about four hundred pictures. Most of his works are well-known through the beautiful prints which we have of them. He lived many years in peace and honour; but in 1817 he lost his wife, an American lady to whom he had been married more than half a century. He survived her about three years, dying March 18, 1820, at the good old age of eighty-two. He was buried with great state in St. Paul's Cathedral, where his monument may now be seen; but better than this, we can see a fine portrait of him, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, in the Vernon Gallery.

The story of his life is almost as wonderful as a fairy tale; the little unknown Quaker boy, in the wilds of America, becoming one of the most distinguished of our English painters. Let us learn a lesson from his life, to make the best use of our natural abilities as he did of his, and with God's blessing we shall arrive at some good end. As for fame, it but little matters whether we acquire it or not; it is always better to be good than great; and all can be good if they only try to be so.

WONDERS OF THE UNIVERSE.

WHAT mere assertion will make any one elieve that in one second of time, in one eat of the pendulum of a clock, a ray of ght travels over 192,000 miles, and would herefore perform the tour of the world in bout the same time that it requires to ink with our eyelids, and in much less han a swift runner occupies in taking a ingle stride? What mortal can be made o believe, without demonstration, that the un is almost a million times larger than he earth? and that, although so remote rom us, a cannon-ball shot directly towards t, and maintaining its full speed, would be wenty years in reaching it, yet it affects the arth by its attraction in an appreciable nstant of time? Who would not ask for lemonstration, when told that a gnat's ving, in its ordinary flight, beats many hunlred times in a second; or that there exists nimated and regularly-organised beings nany thousands of whose bodies laid close ogether would not extend an inch? But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical inquiries have disclosed, which teach us that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes, is affected with a succession of periodical movements, regularly recurring at equal intervals no less than five hundred millions of millions of times in a single second? That it is by such movements communicated to the nerves of our eyes that we see; nay more, that it is the difference in the frequency of their recurrence which affects us with the sense of the diversity of colour. That, for instance, in acquiring the sensation of redness, our eyes are affected four hundred and eighty-two millions of millions of times; of yellowness, five hundred and forty-two millions of millions of times; and of violet, seven hundred and seven millions of millions of times per second. Do not such things sound more like the ravings of madmen than the sober conclusions of people in their waking senses? They are, nevertheless, conclusions to which any one may most certainly arrive, who will only be at the trouble of examining the chain of reasoning by which they have been obtained. *Herschel.*

USEFUL DISCOVERIES.

GLASS COATING FOR IRON ARTICLES.—Some specimens of iron manufacture coated with glass have recently been exhibited. The process by which this coating is given is thus described. The article is first cleansed in an acid solution, and then covered with a glutinous preparation, over which is laid a coat of glass, ground to a fine powder. The article is then placed in a furnace of peculiar construction, in which the glass is fused, and the intermediate glutinous matter being evaporated, the glass fills the external pores of the metal, and becomes firmly united to it. In ornamental dinner-plates, foliage and designs are given in relief, executed by a kind of stencilling; one colour being put on, it is transferred to the kiln and fixed; when cold, another colour is added, and so on.

NEW PROCESS OF TANNING.—A patent has lately been granted for an improved process of tanning. The hides or skins during the process of tanning are submitted to electric or galvanic agency by placing a plate of lead, and a plate of zinc on opposite sides of the pit, and connecting them by a metal strap above the level of the water. The skins are suspended in the pit for a week, in water, which is gradually converted into ooze, or tanning liquor, the strength of which is gradually increased until the tanning operation is completed.

METHOD OF HARDENING OBJECTS IN PLASTER OF PARIS.—Take two parts of stearine, two parts of Venetian soap, one part of pearlash, and twenty-four to thirty pounds of a solution of caustic potash. The stearine and the soap cut into slices, mixed with the cold lye, and boiled for about half an hour being constantly stirred. Whenever the mass rises, a little cold lye is added. The pearlash, previously moistened with a little rain-water, is then added, and the whole boiled for a few minutes. The mass is then stirred until cold, when it is mixed with so much cold lye that it becomes perfectly liquid, and runs off the spoon without coagulating or contracting. Before using the composition, it should be kept for several days well covered. It may be preserved for years. Before applying it to the casts, they should be well dusted, the stains scraped away, and then coated by means of a thick brush with the wash, as long as the plaster of Paris will absorb it, and then left to dry. The coating is then dusted with leather or a soft brush. If the surface has not become shining, the operation must be repeated.

BRONZING PLASTER CASTS.—A brownish green bronze for plaster figures may be very easily obtained by adding a mixture of sulphate of iron and sulphate of copper to a solution in water of palm-oil soap. This furnishes a brown green precipitate, the colour of which may be altered at pleasure by the addition of a greater or less quantity of one or the other of their salts. The precipitate, after being washed and dried, is redissolved in a mixture of good varnish of linseed-oil and wax, and with this the figures, having been previously heated, are coated. On drying, they will be found to possess the colour of bronze. Perhaps a better result is obtained by employing a solution of the salt of iron only, instead of the mixed solution of the sulphates.

LIQUID LEATHER.—Dr. Berrland, of Larria, in Germany, is said to have discovered a method of making leather out of a certain refuse and waste animal substance. He has established a manufactory near Vienna; no part of the process is explained; but it is stated that the substance is at one stage in a state of fluidity, and may then be cast into boots, shoes, &c.

RE-SHARPENING OLD FILES AND RASPS BY A CHEMICAL PROCESS.—By the following cheap and simple process, old files and rasps may be made nearly equal to new ones. First boil them in soap lye, or a mixture of slacked lime and soda in water; this done, wash them in water, and directly throw them into a tub full of diluted sulphuric acid, one part acid and six parts water. Let them remain there for some time, the exact period being easily ascertained by taking out a file and observing whether the nicks appear sharp or not. As soon as the desired sharpening is effected, the file must be taken out and washed in another tub containing a solution of soda, about one ounce of soda to a pail of water; by this means the sharpness of the file or rasp will be restored.

TRANSPARENT CEMENT.—An excellent transparent substance, particularly useful when a transparent joint is required, has recently been invented by Mr. S. Lenher. Small glass boxes for microscopic objects have been exhibited, the glass being united by this novel cement. The composition is stated to be caoutchouc, fifteen grains; chloroform, two ounces; mastic, half an ounce. The caoutchouc and chloroform are to be first mixed. After the gum is dissolved, the mastic is added, and the whole allowed to steep for a week. The conveni-

:nce of its application with a brush, cold, ·ecommends it for approval. .

WATER GAS IN FRANCE.—A correspon-lent of the *Journal of Commerce* writes rom Paris that the problem of making gas rom water has been solved in that city, and hat pure hydrogen can be evolved with erfect ease and the greatest economy by he invention to which he alludes. In order to make the gas luminous, the flame of the burner is surrounded with a thin filagree hoop of platina, about three quarters of an inch in length, which becomes intensely luminous with a white light. The gas has been used in cooking meats, heating rooms, &c. Its manufacture has already been commenced on a large scale. The writer says that it must work an important revolution in the whole matter of fuel and light.

HUMOROUS SELECTIONS.

A GOOD DEFINITION.—A definition of ıustachio was recently given as the ' upper-lip gone into mourning for the loss f the brains."

STIRRING APPEAL.—The following ap-eal appears in a Michigan paper :—" De-ıocrats of Iowa! If you are asleep—wake! If you are awake—*move!* If you re moving—*walk!* If you are walking—*un!* If you are running—*fly to the escue!*"

GROUNDLESS COMPLIMENT.—" I am appy, Ned, to hear the report that you ave succeeded to a large *landed* property." -" I am sorry, Tom, to tell you that it is *roundless.*"

TAKING IT EASY.—A clergyman dwelt ı a quiet rural district where laziness is pt to grow upon a man. One day his xcellent spouse remarked to him at break-ıst: "Minister, there is a bit o' butter on our neckcloth." "Weel, weel, Janet, my ear," slowly responded the worthy pastor, when I get up it'll fa' off."

COPYRIGHT.—Major Jacob Downing, an merican editor, says his countrymen nderstand the copyright to mean the right) copy.

WELL, IT WON'T HURT 'EM.—A Boston ontemporary tells the following :—" On ıe steam-boat St. Louis, not long since, a ıw Hoosier came on board. At night the loosier turned into his berth with his boots n. The steward seeing this, said, 'Sir, ou have laid down in your boots.' The ıw one raised his head, and, looking down t the boots, innocently replied, 'Well, it on't hurt 'em; they ain't the best I've ot.' "

ONE SHILLING EACH.—An attorney in ondon having died exceedingly poor, a ıilling subscription was set on foot to pay ıe expenses of his funeral. Most of the torneys and barristers having subscribed, ıe of them applied to Toler, afterwards ord Chief Justice Norbury, expressing a hope that he would also subscribe his shilling. " Only a shilling ?" said Toler, " only a shilling to bury an attorney! Here is a guinea ; go bury one-and-twenty of them.

NEWSPAPER CONTROVERSY.—The *Inquirer* thus judicially terminates a controversy between two correspondents whose respective *noms de guerre* were " Sigma" and " Tau :"—" We are obliged to stop the controversy between *Sigma* and *Tau*, lest the remainder of the alphabet should wish to join in it."

READY REPLY.—" Sire, one word," said a soldier one day to Frederick the Great, when presenting to him a request of a brevet of lieutenant. " If you say two," answered the Prince, "I will have you hanged." " Sign," replied the soldier. The Monarch, surprised at his presence of mind, immediately granted his request.

A CLEAR DEFINITION.—" Papa, I've spilt the butter all over the new table-cover." Papa : " Rub the soiled portion briskly with some woollen fabric, my dear."—Juvenile : " But what good will that do, Papa ?"—Papa (clearing his throat) : " Why, friction generates caloric, which volatilizes the oleaginous particles of the stearine matter !"

A LESSON IN ARITHMETIC.—Teacher : John, suppose I were to shoot at a tree with five birds on it, and kill three, how many would be left?—John : Three, sir.—Teacher : No, two would be left you ignoramus.—John : No there wouldn't, though —the three shot would be left, and the other two would be *flied away.*—Teacher : Take your seat, John.

"I SAW THEE ONCE."—A poet addressing some verses to a lady, commencing " I saw thee once," the lady said in reply, " I will take good care he shall never see me again."

NO CHANCE OF A SETTLEMENT.—" I'm glad this coffee don't owe me anything," said a financier at breakfast.—" Why ?" asked his wife.—" Because I don't think it would ever *settle.*"

AN UNDENIABLE ALIBI.—A Mr. Hardy having been accused of keeping a gambling shop in San Francisco, his "friends," naturally feeling hurt at the imputation, rebutted it by stating that he was in the gaol at Lockport for bigamy!

A PRIZE.—An American paper says:—"If any man from Maine to Georgia, will, on the first trial, say 'six slim slick saplings,' without making a blunder, and speak fast as he goes over the words, he shall have the 'Crocket Almanac' sent him for six years. It must be done on a cold frosty morning."

SO YOUNG, so WISE.—The Duke M——, of pompous notoriety and parsi nious celebrity, superintends personally produce of his dairy, and not unfreque sells the milk to the village children w his own hands. One morning a pretty li girl presented her penny and her pitche his Grace for milk. Pleased with the pearance of the child, he patted her on head, and gave her a kiss. "Now," s he, "my pretty lass, you may tell, as l as you live, that you have been kissed b Duke." "Ah! but," replied the ch "you took the penny, though!"

MUD AND DUST OF LONDON.

THE 300,000 houses of London are interspersed by a street surface, averaging about square yards per house, and therefore measuring collectively about 13 1-4 million squ yards, of which a large proportion is paved with granite. Upwards of two hundred th sand pairs of wheels, aided by a considerably larger number of iron-shod horses' feet, constantly grinding this granite to powder, which powder is mixed with from two to cart-loads of horse-droppings per mile of street per diem, besides an unknown quan of the sooty deposits discharged from half a million of smoking chimneys. In weather these several materials are beaten up into the thin, black, gruel-like compou known as London mud; of which the watery and gaseous parts evaporate, during s shine, into the air we breathe; while the solid particles dry into a subtle dust, whi up in clouds by the wind and the horses' feet. These dust clouds are deposited on rooms and furniture; on our skins, our lips, and on the air tubes of our lungs. The cl stable-like smell and flavour of the London air; the rapid soiling of our hands, our lin and the hangings of our rooms, bear ample witness to the reality of this evil, of wh every London citizen may find a further and more significant indication in the dark l of the particles deposited by the dust-laden air in its passage through the nasal re ratory channels. To state this matter plainly, and without mincing words, there is at this moment a man in London, however scrupulously cleanly, nor a woman, howe sensitively delicate, whose skin, and clothes, and nostrils are not of necessity more or loaded with a compound of powdered granite, soot, and a still more nauseous substar The particles which to day fly in clouds before the scavenger's broom, fly in clouds be the parlour-maid's brush, and next day darken the water in our toilet-basins, or wrung by the laundress from our calico and cambric.

TO OUR "FRENCH" CORRESPONDENTS.

WE had intended, as our readers are aware, to hold a meeting for the distri tion of our prizes to the successful candidates. Finding, however, that but few them could make it convenient to visit the Metropolis at the same time, and t considerable delay would be occasioned, we have judged it best to abandon project, and we have accordingly forwarded the prizes to their respective desti tions. Our course of French Lessons is now terminated, so far as the WORK MAN'S FRIEND is concerned. Our readers and pupils will receive, through t medium, due notice of the time when the first of our proposed reading works be ready.

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

oun-substantive; *a.* adjective; *ad.* adverb; *v.* verb; *v.a.* verb-active; *v.n.* verb-neuter.

LYS'IUM, *s.* in the heathen mythology, place appointed for the souls of the uous after death; the word is used *ratively* to describe any pleasant place tate.

MAC'ERATE, *v.a.* to waste, to make n.

MA'CIATE, *v.* to lose flesh, to pine, to te.

MAC'ULATE, *a.* clean, pure, free from ; or stain; innocent.

M'ANATE, *v.* to issue from something .

MANA'TION, *s.* the act of issuing or flow- from any other substance; that which s.

MANCIPA'TION, *s.* a deliverance from ery or servitude; restoration to liberty.

MAR'GINATE, EMAR'GINATED, *a.* notched ıdented at the edge; truncated; *v.a.* to away the margin.

MBALM', *v.a.* to impregnate a body with natics, that it may resist putrefaction.

M'BASSAGE, EM'BASSY, *s.* a public mes- e.

MBAR'GO, *s.* the word used to denote the by which the public authorities of a ıtry lay an arrest on ships to prevent r leaving its ports.

MBAY', *v.a.* to enclose in a bay; to ıe.

M'BER'WEEKS, *s.* those weeks in which *Ember-days* fall. The word *Ember* is sup- d to be derived from the Saxon word orting *a circuit or course;* so that these s, being not occasional, but returning y year in certain courses, may properly aid to be Ember-days, because fasts in se. The Ember-days are the Wed- lay, Friday, and Saturday, after the first day in Lent.

MBEZ'ZLEMENT, *s.* (from the French d, *embesler*, to filch) the fraudulent ap- ɔriation, by servants and others, of ey and goods entrusted to their care, eceived by them on account of their loyers.

MBLA'ZON, *v.a.* to adorn, or blazon with orial ensigns; to set off pompously; to k.

M'BLEM, *s.* a moral device; a figurative esentation; an allusive picture; a sym- cal figure or composition which conceals oral or historical allegory.

M'BLEMENTS, *s. pl.* the produce of land has been sown or planted.

EM'BOLISM, *s.* time inserted out of the common order; or the addition of a day, as in leap year.

EMBOSS', *v.a.* to engrave with relief, or rising work, by way of ornament.

EMBRASU'RE, *s.* a battlement; an aperture in fortifications for cannon.

EMBROCA'TION, *s.* a fomentation, a lotion; the application of medicinal liquids by rubbing or fomenting the part diseased.

EMBROI'DERY, *s.* variegated and tasteful needlework.

EM'BRYO, EM'BRYON, *s.* the animal in the womb before it has its perfect shape; anything unfinished; *a.* not yet ready for production.

EMED'ULLATE, *v.a.* to take out the marrow.

EMENDA'TION, *s.* a correction, an alteration.

EMER'GENCY, *s.* the act of rising from any surrounding element; any sudden occasion, or unexpected casualty.

EMIGRA'TION, *s.* a removal of inhabitants from one country to another.

EM'ISSARY, *s.* a secret agent.

EMIS'SION, *s.* the act of throwing or shooting out.

EMOL'LIENT, *a.* softening, suppling; a medicine applied externally, for the purpose of relaxing the fibres.

EMOL'UMENT, *s.* profit, advantage, gain.

EMO'TION, *s.* disturbance of mind; vehemence of passion; a sudden motion.

EMPAN'NEL, *v.a.* the writing and entering the names of a jury on a parchment schedule, or roll of paper, by the sheriff, which he has summoned to appear for the performance of such public service as juries are employed in.

EMPAR'LANCE, *s.* a petition, a conference.

EM'PEROR, *s.* a monarch superior to a king.

EM'PHASIS, *s.* a remarkable stress laid on a word or sentence by the speaker.

EM'PHYSM, *s.* a light puffy humour, yielding to pressure, but instantly rising again.

EM'PIRIC, *s.* a pretended physician; a quack.

EMPO'RIUM, *s.* a place of merchandise; a mart; a commercial city.

EMPYR'EAN, *s.* the highest heaven; *a.* aërial, heavenly.

EMPYREU'MA, *s.* the taste and smell produced by the burning or boiling of animal or vegetable oily matter.

EMPYRO'SIS, *s.* a conflagration, or general fire.

EMULA'TION, *s.* rivalry; envy; contention.

EMUL'GENT, *a.* milking or draining out.

EMUL'SION, *s.* an oily softening medicine.

ENAM'EL, *s.* a peculiar preparation of glass, to which different colours are given, sometimes preserving, sometimes depriving it of its transparency. *Enamel painting* is painting upon metal previously covered with a glazed ground.

ENARTHRO'SIS, *s.* the insection of the round end of one joint in the cavity of another.

ENCAUS'TIC, *a.* belonging to the art of painting with a wax medium which is impregnated or fixed upon the canvas by the aid of heat; burnt in; a style of painting superseded by the use of oil, which is a far better medium.

ENCHRID'ION, *s.* a small pocket volume.

ENCO'RE, *ad.* (French) again, once more.

ENCYCLOPE'DIA, *s.* a dictionary; a complete circle of the sciences; a general system of instruction.

ENCYST'ED, *a.* enclosed in a bag or bladder.

ENDEC'AGON, *s.* a figure of eleven sides and angles.

ENDE'MIAL, ENDEM'IC, *a.* peculiar to a country or place, as applied to general diseases.

ENDOR'SE, *v.a.* to superscribe; to accept a bill.

ENDOW'MENT, *s.* wealth given; a natural or acquired accomplishment.

EN'ERGY, *s.* power, force, efficacy.

ENFEOFF', *v.a.* to invest with possessions.

ENFIL'ADE, *s.* a straight passage; *v.a.* to pierce in a straight line.

ENFRAN'CHISE, *v.a.* to make free, to liberate.

ENGINEER'ING, *s.* the art of constructing machinery; also the formation of harbours, docks, bridges, and roads, or similar works.

ENGRA'VE, *v.a.* to cut characters on copper, brass, or other metals.

ENGRO'SS, *v.a.* to copy writing in a large, clear, or law hand.

ENHARMON'IC, *a.* applied to music that proceeds by small intervals.

ENIG'MA, *s.* a riddle, an obscure question.

ENNEA'GON, *s.* a figure of nine angles.

EN'NUI, *s.* (French) lassitude, weari

ENO'DE, *a.* destitute of knots or joint

ENSEM'BLE, *s.* the general effect.

EN'SIFORM, *a.* resembling a sword.

EN'SIGN, *s.* a flag or standard of a r ment; the officer who carries it; a sign

ENTAB'LATURE, *s.* the architrave, fri and cornice of a pillar.

EN'TAIL, *s.* an estate so settled tha subsequent possessor can alienate it; to fix inalienably.

ENTEROL'OGY, *s.* a treatise on the inte parts of the human body.

ENTERPLEA'D, *v.n.* (in law) to discus accidental point arising in dispute be the principal cause can be decided.

ENTER'PRIZE, *s.* an hazardous un taking.

ENTHU'SIASM, *s.* a transport of the mi a state wherein the imagination is gre excited, or powerfully directed to one ject.

EN'TITY, *s.* a real being, a real existe

ENTOMATOG'RAPHY, *s.* a discourse treatise on the nature and habits of inse

ENTOMOL'OGY, *s.* that part of nat history which treats of insects.

ENTREMETS, *s. pl.* (French) small pl set between dishes at table; dainty dish

ENTREPO'T, *s.* (French) a magazin warehouse.

ENUN'CIATE, *v.a.* to declare, to procla

ENVEL'OP, *s.* an outer case, or coveri

ENVI'RON, *v.a.* to surround, to enc pass, to invest, to encircle; to besiege.

EN'VIRONS, *s.* places adjacent, neighb hood.

EN'VOY, *s.* a public minister sent from power to another; in dignity below an bassador; a public messenger.

EO'LIAN, EO'LIC, *a.* denoting one of five dialects of the Greek tongue.

EO'LIAN HARP, *s.* a musical instrum the sounds from which are produced by action of the wind.

EOL'IPILE, *s.* an instrument used in draulic experiments.

E'PACT, *s.* the eleven days by which solar year exceeds the twelve lunar mon

EP'AULET, *s.* a shoulder-knot of lace,

EPAUL'MENT, *s.* in fortification, a s work of earth thrown up, or bags of ea gabions, fascines, &c.

EPENET'IC, *a.* bestowing praise, lau tory.

EPENTHET'IC, *a.* insulated in the mid

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.
[VOL. VII.—No. 87.—SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1851.]

TAXES ON LIFE AND HEALTH.

We have lately directed attention to the wholesale slaughters committed by the agents of war, as well as to the enormous expenditure attendant thereon. But passing over this host of slaughtermen, with the expression of our hope that men may soon cease to "delight in war," we refer briefly to the heroes of the Exchequer.

The lives which have been sacrificed by taxation would fill an incredibly large catalogue. We cannot, of course, here stop to expatiate on every impost which has been fatal to the lives of our countrymen, but we may for one minute glance at the "Window-tax." We once read on a pane of glass—"God gave us light, but Pitt took it away." If this be true, should not he have had a monument as well as our "men of blood?"

It is well known that *light* and *air* are essential to health and life, and to admit to our dwellings these invaluable gifts of heaven, is the chief design of windows. Plants shut up in the dark become sickly, and never put forth all their energy, and the same may be said of animals, and especially of man. It has been found by much observation that those who are confined to dark rooms or dwellings have their strength materially affected and their lives shortened. Who has not felt a thrill of pleasure pervading his body and mind on coming from a dark room or a close chamber into the sunshine? If it were possible under such circumstances to render both body and mind transparent, so that we might see the effect of light on the heart, the lungs, the intestines, the circulation, the stomach, the muscles, the nerves, the brain, and the soul, what an animated scene would present itself! We should find every corporeal and mental energy and faculty quickened into new life. It would seem as if fresh vigour had come to us immediately from heaven. On the contrary, who has not felt the withering influence of a dark November day? Our joints appear to be almost loosened, and our hearts die within us. Indeed, at any time, a few dark days in succession will most seriously depress our minds. It has been said that more persons lay violent hands upon themselves in autumn than at any other season of the year, hence November has been called the "suicidal month." Now, the effect of the window-tax has been to make all the year November to thousands of our countrymen. Many, doubtless, have been driven to despair by this cruelty, many have fled to the pot-house, the gin-palace, or the tavern, and thousands have died long before their time. We believe that Pitt and the other advocates of this life-destroying impost will be able to count a great number of slain, as well as Wellington or Napoleon.

And then the question of *air and ventilation* is a still more serious affair. Without a good supply of fresh air, the blood cannot be purified, the body cannot be nourished, its waste carried off, and the health sustained. But, alas! the same opening that admits the atmosphere admits light; and the "window peepers" have been especially observant of any orifice which might permit the sunbeams to cheer our dwellings. It is amazing how sharp-sighted these men have been, and how well they have aided their brother destroyers in this matter. They have most imperatively demanded that these openings should be paid for or substantially walled up, so that they might be rendered light-proof and air-tight at the same time. The want of light has slain myriads, but the exclusion of air has been far more destruc-

tive, and, consequently, as killing mankind is the sole claim of the warrior to fame and glory, it is a piece of gross neglect to pass over their brother window-peepers, senators, and others, who have originated or maintained a tax which has been more fatal than the sword and the cannon.

While we are on this subject we could show that these taxing heroes have, in other respects, been among the most successful desolators of mankind. Who can calculate the deaths occasioned by the *bread-tax*? The tax on *leather* no doubt kept some thousands shoeless, threw them into a consumption, and sent them prematurely into eternity. The tax on *soap* also, to use a military phrase, is "*a glorious*" tax; for, as our readers know, there is nothing "*glorious*" in war but plenty of deaths! Now we as firmly believe as we do in our own existence, that multitudes die every year for want of cleanliness, and a large portion of this mortality is induced by the tax on soap. Ought not, then, every member of Parliament who supports these life-destroying taxes, to have a crown, a title, and a pension? All these men are the brethren of Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and Napoleon.

Our space will not allow us to expatiate on the taxes on *knowledge*. This we have done at length in former papers, and have shown that ignorance is the destruction of millions both in body and soul. So that the patrons of these imposts are heroes who may boast with Samson that they have slain, and are still slaying, "heaps upon heaps;" but we must leave this topic; and, in conclusion, we wish our readers to observe and write upon their heart of hearts these truths; namely, *first*, that the people are sacrificed by taxation; and, *secondly*, that the money which is raised is spent in destroying mankind. Death, death, is written on the whole system; and as all this is carried on by the Commons, every man who does not labour to obtain the suffrage that he may have a vote and do something to abolish these abominations is a sharer in the guilt which they involve.

Thanks to the pressure from without, *one* of the most odious of these imposts, the WINDOW-TAX, has received a death-blow; though, as if it were a sin to leave poor John Bull free from burden, a portion of the tax has been removed to his dwelling-house. This partial success, however, should encourage to renewed exertion, and a very considerable enlargement of the elective franchise will, no doubt, hasten the desired consummation.

COURAGE.—Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money; he will respect you more than if you tell him you can't.

Have the courage to wear your old garments till you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to make a will, and, what is more, a *just* one.

Have the courage to pass the bottle without filling your glass, and to laugh at those who urge you to the contrary.

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is better that you should be silent.

MORALITY AND RELIGION.—Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who would labour to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the destinies of men and citizens. A volume could not trace all their connexion with private and public felicity. And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion; reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

GOOD LUCK AND BAD LUCK.

"NANCY has succeeded, William; the doctor will exert himself on your behalf. We shall soon be in Manchester, and then we shall have Nancy to live with us; and it will be our own fault if we don't get on."

"That's a piece of good luck, at any rate," replied Nancy's husband, William Drake; "and, for my part, I think it time something of the sort came."

"Nay, love," rejoined Mrs. Drake; "the best piece of good luck I have known since our marriage was your turning teetotaler. Since then, though your wages are small, how well we have got on. Why, besides redeeming the things from the pawn-shop, we have bought this chest of drawers and this clock, as well as two pairs of sheets and your new clothes. Aye, my lad, those clothes were the best of all. I do like to see you in them, Will; and you going regularly to church, too."

"Yes, yes, Fanny; I have always said that you were made for a lady."

"Why, as to that, I've laid out nothing on my own back. My pride is to see you and the bairns neat, though I don't deny I shall be glad when we have money enough to buy me a new gown and bonnet, for I begin to be ashamed of the best I have; and should Dr. Wyse get you a place in Manchester, Will, I never shall have the face to go and thank him unless I am decently dressed. I know he looks at these things; for once, when he came to visit my poor mother in her last sickness, he said to me, as he left the house—'I am glad to see you have got everything neat and clean for your mother, and that sweet child too;' and he took the child out of my arms, Will; it was little Jane. She was only six months old then. Yes, he took Jane, tossed her up and down, and kissed her; and when he gave her back to me he said, 'That's a very pretty cap Jane has on, and her blue spotted frock I like very much.' Oh, I do so like good Doctor Wyse! He has always been very kind to our family. Why, when we first came to Manchester we were very poor. My father had just died; and as mother could get no work or no aid in Ireland, she was compelled to come over into this country; and, now you are sober, Will, I am glad she did come. Oh, sometimes I lie awake for hours at night thinking over what we had to go through at first. There were five of us, besides mother, and when we reached Manchester we had only eighteenpence left. We girls got work, one after the other, and Tom got work too; but, somehow, Tom, you know, never did well."

"Yes, Fanny, Tom had bad luck."

"Well, whether or not it was bad luck, poor lad, he suffered sadly for his goings-on; and I do believe his sickness and death brought poor mother to the grave before her time. However, what I meant was that, all through our trials, it was that good man, Doctor Wyse that kept the family on its legs. I don't refer to the money he gave us, though that was not a little; but all of us were brought up in his Sunday-school; and if we have anything good in us, Will—we girls, I mean—why it's all owing to Doctor and Mrs. Wyse. No, no! they are none of your proud ones. Why, wouldn't they come into our poor cottage, just as if it had been a proper parlour, and sit down and talk over matters like old friends, as, indeed, they were!—and, when mother grew a bit fretful, was it not they that did what they could to cheer her up? Yes; they used to bring her nice little things to eat and drink, just as the gentlefolks have. Don't you remember that Tuesday evening? Oh, how I did blush when the doctor saw you there, Will! I say, that Tuesday before you went to Williams's works, Doctor Wyse came, and brought mother a nice chicken, and said I must broil a bit or two of it for her, and make her some broth with the rest—"

How long Mrs. Drake would have gone on, had she not been interrupted by her husband, we are literally unable to say. Interposing, however, he at length asked his wife for Nancy's letter.

"There, take it, and read every word," she said; "and just mark that part where Nancy told the Doctor that you were a sober man; and remember, Will, that the Doctor declared that he believed her word, and would do all he could to oblige her; but that, from experience, he knew it was useless to try to serve drunkards."

About a month after this conversation took place, Nancy Napier one evening entered her brother's house unexpectedly. After the expressions of surprise and welcome were over, she told her relatives that she had come in order to talk over with them the offer of a situation which Doctor Wyse had procured for William. "Besides," she added, "as the Doctor was very particular about it, I thought I would come and see with my own eyes

whether you had really and wholly given up drinking, Will. And now," she added, "I don't want you or Nancy to say a word about it; for your house is so well furnished, and you all look so happy, that I'm sure it's quite right. And so I'll tell you at once what the place is. I told the Doctor that you'd rather give up the block-printing because the work is so uncertain."

"Uncertain, indeed!" interposed Mr. Drake; "why I've played me nearly half this year."

"The greater your credit that you have kept sober."

"Don't I know that, Nancy; and will I, do you think, ever take to drink again? But what's the place?"

"It's—it's—oh, I forget the name; but you'll have to carry notes and messages for the mayor and corporation."

"And the wages?"

"At first, sixteen shillings a week."

"That's a piece of good luck!" exclaimed Will; "why, taking the year round, I havn't made more than nine shillings a week since I came to Clitheroe. Well, when shall we flit?"

"You're wanted immediately."

"It was very kind of you, Nancy, to come up and bring us news of this good luck."

"I don't know much about that. I wanted Fanny and the children to be near me. I've been very solitary. Besides, your talking of going to America cut me to the heart; and then, you see, I've had a companion."

"Who?" both husband and wife asked at the same time.

"Henry," was Nancy Napier's reply.

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed Mr. Drake; "so then, his father has not been able to break off the connexion?"

"No, William; and I don't think the connexion will ever be broken off. I am very sorry that Mr. and Mrs. Marshall take the matter so ill. Henry, I know, is above me in station; but we have known each other a long time—we seem like one. I think I should not make Henry a bad wife: I am sure he will make me a good husband. Oh, we have had such a delightful journey!"

"Why, how did you come?"

"By the railway to within about four miles of Whalley. Then we walked to Whalley, where, after having taken breakfast, we went to inspect the abbey and the church. I am very fond of old places, William; and I have had to-day a treat which I shall never forget. What beautiful carved screens are those in the church, and under the seats of the stalls they showed us carved figures and words of the most curious description. But I admired the ruins of the abbey most; only I think it is too bad for such places to be private property, and become abodes of rich people, who, with what they call improvements, spoil many a fine relic of antiquity. However, from Whalley we went to Stoneyhurst, which lies on a hill on the other side of the valley—the beautiful Vale of the Ribble. Henry hired a conveyance, and so we had time to look through the house and gardens of the Jesuits' College at Stoneyhurst. And well repaid we were for our trouble. After all, the greatest pleasure was our walk to this place."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Drake, interrupting his sister-in-law; "love makes steps light, and long distances short."

So unexceptionable was William Drake's conduct in his new situation, that within three months he was made an inspector of the Smithy-door Market, with a salary of twenty shillings a week, and a prospect of increase. Unhappily, he took lodgings in a sister's house, who in character was the very reverse of Nancy Napier. Mrs. Brixton—such was her name—had been a light-hearted girl, who never seemed to have a concern for anything, content to get through each succeeding day as easily as possible. Like all her sisters, she worked in a factory. When the day's labour was over she considered her duty done; and, without rendering any aid in household affairs, she would put on her best shawl and bonnet and go out, either for a gossip in a neighbour's house or for a walk, now in the town, now in the country. By degrees she began to frequent a neighbouring music saloon, where she became acquainted with her husband, the son of a master joiner and builder, who was well-to-do in the world. The parents at first set their face against the marriage; but finding opposition useless, they acquiesced, and advanced a sum of money to set their son up in business for himself. Mr. Brixton's education had been neglected. He was fond of gay society. He soon came to find his wife's pretty face very unmeaning, and her society unattractive. A firm believer in good and bad luck, it was, he declared a year after his marriage, the worst luck he ever had, his meeting with his future wife one evening at the Casino in Lower Mosley-street.

"Had you not been there yourself," said Nancy Napier, "you would not have met Eliza."

Soon, however, did Mr. and Mrs. Brixton run through the property which had

een put into their hands. Not but the ife was very desirous of discharging her uty. She was, however, too fond of out-f-door pleasures; nor did she know how to ake her home comfortable. At first she ept a servant, but the servant had her own ay, and did little else than add to the onfusion of the house. It was a piece of ad luck, Mrs. Brixton said, that she had ver taken such a girl into her house. here, however, the girl remained several ionths, for her mistress was too much oc-upied with pleasure-taking to find time nd will for making a change. Mean-hile the affections of her husband were eing estranged. And scarcely can we onder at the fact. A more comfortless ome than his can hardly be conceived. lis breakfast was nearly always half-an-our too late. His dinner was scarcely ver ready; and, when set on the table, he potatoes were boiled to a kind of jelly, nd the meat was for the most part alf-raw. Then the plates were not lean, and the table-cloth, after being wice used, was as rumpled and untidy as f it had served for a week.

"Unluckily," said she to her husband ne day when they were just sitting down o dinner with three guests, to whom Mr. Brixton wished to show marked respect —"unluckily, the girl has forgotten the almon, and the plum-pudding has broken he bag, and is all abroad in the pot."

Equally unlucky was Mrs. Brixton her-elf, who, in uncorking a bottle of wine specially provided for the occasion, had rst let the decanter fall, and then spilled alf of its contents.

Want of housewifery at home, and ex-ravagance abroad, soon brought the Brix-ons into a very low condition, so that vhen Mr. and Mrs. Drake came to Man-hester they were most anxious to have heir relations for lodgers. To such an .rrangement Nancy gave a quiet but lecided opposition. It was in vain.

"Well, here's a piece of good luck, at ny rate," said Mr. Brixton to his wife. 'Drake will pay our rent, so we shall e all right with the landlord; and who nows but after this our luck will change —it's a long lane that has no turning."

Brixton thought it probable that Drake night in some way be of service in aiding im to procure a situation, for his own usiness he was compelled to relinquish. Brixton, therefore, paid court to Drake; nd of course he did it in his own way. Accordingly he took Drake into company, nd made as much as he could of him at is own home.

At this juncture of things Brixton had n a legacy of £50, which he designated as "a rare bit of good luck." With this money he greedily indulged himself in low gratifications, always taking care to have Drake for a companion. In a short time both men had become regular drink-ers. Not a night was there that either went to bed sober, and frequently one-half the week was spent in loose company. As a natural consequence, Drake lost his situation, which was in a measure one of trust.

This event seemed of a sudden to open Brixton's eyes. He now saw that Drake would render him no aid, and, as he was neither able nor willing to support Drake and his family, he ordered him to quit his house.

"Oh! Nancy, this is kind of you; here in your rooms we are well off. Will sees and acknowledges his folly; and, now that Drake has behaved so ill, he will, I do think, become a sober man. He has gone out to look for a job, and said he would be in by breakfast; I wish he would come."

The sisters and the children sat down to a comfortable meal. Nancy had given up her bed-chamber to Drake and his family, intending to sleep in a press-bed in her sitting-room. Neat and well-furnished were the apartments, for to a strong mind Nancy Napier added pure tastes and excellent thrift. Every article of her furniture was good of its kind. The whole was kept in admirable order, though, even to her washing, she did all the household work herself. The longer leisure afforded her on Saturday afternoons when the mills closed early, gave her opportunities for fetching up arrears of work which might have accumulated during the week. No arrears, however, were ever allowed to pass from one week into another. Beautifully clean was every part; how white the little linen she had, and that, too, in so smoky an atmosphere as the atmosphere of Manchester. While flowers could be had, flowers were always on her mantel-piece, and on the little round mahogany table that stood in the middle of her room. Her windows were filled with plants—geraniums, roses, fuchsias, of a very fine kind. With all her work, Nancy had Sunday to spare, and every Sunday she spent at least two hours in the Sunday-school, for, as she said, having been taught there, she ought to teach others the little that she knew. That little, however, was a good deal, if by knowledge is meant our knowledge of duty and the way to a happy life.

Yes, Nancy Napier was a happy girl. This you saw in her glistening eye, the bland expression of her comely features, and her soft, liquid, lively voice. She had

but one source of serious anxiety—Henry Marshall; but things began to look brighter in that quarter.

"Why, what, Fanny, do you think I dreamt about last night? I dreamt that I was a bride. Yes! all the difficulty was over, and I was Henry's wife. Henry had taken the Vine Cottage near the Broughton Priory—you know it's a pretty spot—and furnished it so nicely. And then I was so delighted because he had, of his own accord, allowed me five shillings a week for what he called my "Poor's Purse," and I thought that with such a sum I could do so much good. There's old Kitty Evans, that's 94 years, and her daughter of 71, they were to have a shilling a week, for they don't like going to the workhouse; and Will Eccleston's poor orphan boy, I thought I could get him a home and a little schooling; and"—

"I wish our Will would come," said Fanny, interrupting her sister; "I don't like his being out of my sight long."

"Well, the coffee is cold, and as this is a holiday, I must clear away and get to sewing. When he comes, you must get him something comfortable. O! I tell you what I want you to do; Dr. Wyse and his lady are coming here to take tea this evening; just make us some oven-cakes, your cakes are so nice, particularly since you lived at Clitheroe. And, Fanny, I'll get the Doctor to give Will a word of advice; I am sure that will confirm him in his good resolutions."

Agreeably to their promise, Dr. and Mrs. Wyse came and spent two hours with the sisters. The visitors were preparing to leave, when, of a sudden, a bounce was heard against the street door, as if arising from the fall of a heavy body. Fearing the worst, Fanny opened the door, when her husband fell into the room in a state of beastly intoxication. The dismay of both sisters may be imagined. Quietly the Doctor and his lady bade their entertainers good evening, for they knew that nothing but distress could come from any attempt to soothe Nancy and Fanny.

In the morning it appeared that William Drake had pawned his watch.

"How could you part with it?" asked his wife, bought as it was out of my own savings before we were married; even in your mad fits at Clitheroe, you didn't get rid of the watch."

"It was because you kept it," replied the husband. "I really am sorry," added he; "but yesterday I had such a bit of good luck, that I couldn't help giving him a glass or two."

"Him! whom?"

"Why, Dick Masters, the foreman at Clitheroe, he's come to Manchester to s up on his own account, and he asked n if I would go partners with him; so no Fanny, our fortune is made."

"I fear it's lost, all lost; I never like that man; and you know well how muc he had to do in leading you into evil Clitheroe."

"Aye, but he's all right now; he h had a fine bit of luck—a fortune, my las of £500, and I'm to be his partner."

His companion William Drake di become. And in a few months Drake an Masters spent everything they had could procure. Oh! painful was it to s poor Nancy's furniture go bit by bit, order to aid in procuring food for Drake wife and children. In this crisis Nanc fell ill, and was unable to attend to h work. Depression of mind, acting on somewhat delicate frame, brought diseas in her legs, too much tried and ove wrought in the factory. She became ver ill. Her sole source of income was close Her remaining furniture was her onl means of subsistence. Ere long, her roon were very nearly bare.

Her absence from her class in the scho brought Dr. Wyse to her house. Wh was his amazement, when he entered t lower room! and tears trickled down h cheeks as he saw the poor girl lying, pa and thin, on a bed of straw.

"Yes," said he, in his kindest manne "I see it all; and this has come from yo own good nature; had you not prevaile with me to get Drake a place in this tow you would have been at your ease as usua and probably in good health. Nancy, pity you; from my heart I pity you; b you have done your duty; nay, you hav acted as a Christian ought to act, and Go will give you support and comfort. Her take this, it will help you to get back so of your furniture, and I will allow you t shillings a week until you can return t your employment."

That evening the postman brought th following letter:—

"Dear Nancy,—Your brother-in-la Drake was yesterday committed at th New Bailey on a charge of burglary. M father and mother insist on my giving u our connexion. I feel obliged to compl though I can never cease to love you. hope you are better, and that you will r ceive the inclosed as a parting gift from Yours truly, "HENRY MARSHALL."

"Fanny," said Nancy, after reading th letter; "be so good as to get change this sovereign which Dr. Wyse left, an buy me a sheet of paper, a pen, and son

. With these materials Nancy wrote
is:—

'Dear Henry,—This is a cruel blow,
t I will try to bear it. I am not alto-
her unprepared, for your visits have
n very rare of late. I cannot accept
ten-pound note.—Yours as ever,
"NANCY NAPIER."

The kind attentions of Doctor and Mrs.
yse in time restored Nancy to health
l strength. She returned to the Mill;
arrears of rent were discharged, and
apartments began to smile again. Great,
wever, was her suffering at Drake's
minality. The evidence against him
s clear, and he was transported. His
fe and sister visited him in prison
eatedly. Through the intervention of
. Wyse, they had peculiar facilities
nted them, and they did all that their
nty means allowed to alleviate his lot.

This," said Drake to them, "is the
rst luck I ever had; but I'm cured
w."

'If you are cured, William, it will, I
e it, be good luck, not bad. What
've called good luck has been bad
ugh for me, the children, and dear
ncy who has kept us from perishing;
into the Union I never would have
ie. God grant that your bad luck may
o turn out to the contrary, and prove a
efit to you."

'I believe it will, my poor lass. Why,
o do you think I had here yesterday?
. Wyse; he was here an hour and a
f talking and reading to me. He also
yed for me, and, at parting, gave me
blessing. O! he *is* a good man and a
l Christian, that Dr. Wyse. What a
l I have been; and how kind of him to
ne and see me (he has been three times
s week) after the return I made him.
t I'm now determined. Please God
ive, Fanny, to come back, you shall have
more reason to complain."

Shortly after her return to the factory,
ncy had an offer made to her, through
. Wyse, of becoming a companion to a
ly whose health was very infirm. With
iew to facilitate her acceptance of the
er, Mrs. Wyse procured from friends a
n of money, in order to put Fanny into
mall way of business.

'You can now," said that amiable lady,
eave your sister in comfort—for with
your furniture,—you will not want it, you know, if you accept this offer—and the little subscription, Fanny will, I have no doubt, procure a comfortable living."

Nancy became the companion of Mrs. Lidyard, who was the widow of a physician, and, we scarcely need say, did far more than perform all the duties that were expected of her, for she carried in her own character the elements of usefulness and success. No believer in the silly notions prevalent about "good luck and bad luck," she did her duty as well as she could in all circumstances, and putting her trust in divine Providence, was prepared alike for adversity and prosperity, assured that what men call good and ill, are only different ways in which God chastens and improves those who love him.

Nancy had reached her five-and-twentieth year when, one morning, she received a letter, which ran—

"Dear Nancy,—I have suffered the loss of both my parents. They died nine months ago. I am now at liberty to offer you my hand. Say you will accept it, and I will consent to any conditions you may require. I have never ceased to love you most tenderly.—Your affectionate
"HENRY."

Miss Napier replied that much as she loved Mr. Marshall, she would not leave Mrs. Lidyard; besides, she had fully made up her mind never to marry Henry unless she possessed some small property.—Her's was a becoming pride. Nor was she wholly without a hope. Out of a salary which at first was only £20 a year, she had, in seven years, saved £120, and that sum she felt confident she could double within three years more, for now she received £50 a year.

At this juncture, however, Mrs. Lidyard died. In her will she bequeathed £500 to her "good, kind, self-denying nurse, Nancy Napier."

Miss Napier, a twelvemonth afterwards, became Mrs. Marshall.

Mrs. Drake has joined her husband in New York, and they are now on their way into the interior of the country, with fair prospects of domestic happiness and worldly prosperity; for Drake has ceased to depend on good luck, and learned to depend on good character. His motto now is—"*A good character is the best luck!*"

GOOD IN EVERYTHING.—In the condition of men it frequently happens that grief and xiety lie hid under the golden robes of prosperity, and the gloom of calamity is cheered secret radiations of hope and comfort; as in the works of nature, the bog is some-ies covered with flowers, and the mine concealed in the barren crags.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE STAMP-OFFICE.

"I'LL never believe it," said Mr. Boodle.

"Well, my dear sir," replied his nephew, "I saw it with my own eyes."

"What! saw a piece of paper creased, folded, and gummed, so as to form a perfect envelope, by the aid only of machinery?"

"I did sir, I assure you; and more than that, if you can spare an hour or two to-morrow, I will not only introduce you to Messrs. Delarue, the patentees of the invention, but, if possible, take you over the stamping department of Somerset-house itself."

"You will, Tom? Well, you are a wonderful fellow, you appear to know everything and everybody. How can you possibly gain admission to the *sanctum* of the government offices?"

"Never ask impertinent questions," replied Tom, with a sly laugh.

"All I can say is," replied the uncle, "that I have lived in London these twenty-five years, and never yet got further into the secrets of State than can be discovered by any ordinary person; and, as for knowing about the management of the Stamp-office, I declare, Tom, that knowledge is entirely of an almanack character."

"Well," said Tom, "we shall see what my influence will do; 'There's a good time coming,' and"—

"Hadn't we better 'wait a little longer,' Tom?"

"Only till noon to-morrow," replied the nephew, "and then, as the men at the fair say, we shall see what we shall see."

Punctually as the clock struck twelve, Mr. Boodle entered the outer gates of Somerset-house, accompanied by the indomitable Tom, and, without waiting to make any remarks on the architectural character of the building, or even to notice the watch-face in the wall, or the crowd of well-fed pigeons in the court-yard, grown too familiar with the presence of strangers to exhibit the slightest appearance of fear, they proceeded at once to the door at the south-east corner of the quadrangle, over which was a dull, time-worn inscription, which informed them that within was the office of the stamps and taxes, and, with about a dozen other people, made their way into the presence of a burly attendant in the government red livery—quite a model beadle.

"Now, uncle," said Tom, "there's nothing like beginning at the beginning, and, as we are to have the mysteries of the Stamp-office revealed to us, we may as well go through the regular process."

"I don't understand it at all, Tom, I'm quite in your hands."

"Well, then, if we go through this not overlight passage, we shall come to the office where the money for the stamps is paid; but first, if they were deeds to be stamped, we should have to go up-stairs to the solicitor's-room."

"Up stairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber," suggested Mr. Boodle.

"Just so; and get a clerk there to affix in pencil the proper amount to be paid for the stamp on the instrument."

"Parchment, you mean."

"Yes; and then we should come down, as we see these gentlemen do, to the Receiver-General's Office, where we should pay the proper sum, and receive, in return, a warrant to enable us to get the necessary stamp affixed"—

"To the parchment?"

"Exactly; but in the case of the stamps on newspapers or patent medicines, the blank warrants are, you see, hanging on the walls, and only require proper filling up before paying the money."

"Well, what then, Tom?"

"You shall see presently, uncle. Now, notice that gentleman; he requires so many thousand stamps to be affixed to his paper before it is entitled to be called a *news*-paper. He fills up the form, puts the money down on the high counter to the clerk behind, who, when he has leisure, reads the paper, receives the money, signs the warrant, and puts it in a tin box, where it remains till a messenger takes it away and carries it down to the Stationery-office."

"They don't appear to hurry themselves here," said Mr. Boodle.

"No; and then, when the warrant has been examined by the proper officer below, he passes it to the head stamper, who again examines it, and gives the necessary orders for getting out the paper from the warehouse,—and twelve hours afterwards the stamps are ready for delivery."

"And must the money be paid always, Tom, before any stamps can be delivered?"

"Oh yes; they give no credit here—not even to the *Times*. But let us get on."

"What! down these stairs outside?"

"Yes; we are going now, uncle, to the stamping-room—the *sanctum sanctorum* to which the public are never admitted.

"But you hav'nt told me, Tom, how you got permission to penetrate the veil of the temple."

"Don't be irreverent, uncle, but follow me."

"Well, not so fast, my lad, where do these stone passages lead to?"

"You'll see, presently;" and with that he led Mr. Boodle through a doorway, at the end of which was a half-door, with a bell affixed to the wall, and the word "supervisor" written over it. A stout pull soon brought a civil-looking, elderly man from the inner apartment, who inquired their business; and Mr. Boodle could not help thinking that he looked as if he thought they had no business there at all.

"Is Mr. Hill within?" inquired Tom, taking his card-case out of his pocket.

"Which Mr. Hill, sir?" said the attendant.

"Mr. Hill, senior," replied Tom, presenting his card.

"Public or private business, sir?"

"Private."

The messenger glanced first at Mr. Boodle, and then at the card; then opening the hatchway, "Please to walk this way, gentlemen," said he.

Following the civil attendant, they passed through a series of passages and warehouses, and came quickly to Mr. Hill's own little room, where that gentleman himself soon joined them.

"My uncle, Mr. Hill."

"I'm glad to see you, gentlemen," said the latter, shaking hands.

"We've come, sir," began Tom, "in pursuance of an old threat of mine, to invade the secrets of your stamping department."

"We have no secrets, indeed," answered the old gentleman with a smile; "but what there is to see, I'm sure I shall be glad to show you."

There was so much frank cordiality about the principal manager of the stamping department, that Mr. Boodle was at his ease in a moment.

From the manager's private room they passed at once into the apartment where were stamped all deeds, parchments, and papers connected with the legal profession. Here on both sides of the room they saw men sitting at large square tables, on which were fixed instruments something like copying machines in appearance, but having a small tapering foot instead of a wide platten beneath the motive power.

"I suppose those are the stampers and the machines?" said Mr. Boodle.

"Yes; this instrument is the stamping machine, and in these boxes you perceive the various dies required for the different deeds. The die is fixed in the foot of the machine by means of a screw, and by one turn of the loaded handles we obtain a correct impression. We have twenty-four machines in this room."

"What is the highest stamp you have?" inquired Tom.

"Well, I think fifty-two thousand pounds is the highest; that is the sum paid for legacy duty should a person worth a million of money die intestate."

The manager then showed them the die in question, a venerable-looking piece of steel with a dull face about as large as a crown piece. "This, you see," said he, "is for twenty-six thousand pounds—that is for a legacy of a million; but in the case of such a sum being left without a will, we affix two of these stamps."

"Makes a considerable difference to the heirs, though—twenty-six thousand pounds"—observed Mr. Boodle.

"Yes, indeed," replied Tom. "I suppose, Mr. Hill, you have very little necessity for this twenty-sixer?"

"Why, no; people don't often leave a million."

A workman passed over a paper into the hands of the messenger.

"Ha!" said he, "here we have an appointment on a ten-pound stamp, with the Queen's sign manual."

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Boodle; "well now, really, and is that her Gracious Majesty's own handwriting? Well, to be sure; I never saw it before. She writes a nice hand, Tom; quite bold, is'nt it?"

"It is," said Tom, laughing. "I should reckon the owner of that appointment valued her autograph after paying ten pounds for it."

"Ha!" said Mr. Boodle; "I dare say, now, you wouldn't mind paying the money yourself for its fellow;" and then they smiled in concert.

"This," said Mr. Hill, "is the ordinary receipt-stamp; all the dies are locked up every evening with three keys, one of which is in the possession of the commissioners of stamps and taxes, one in that of the receiver-general, and one in mine. You understand, sir, that though the receiver-general is an officer of the treasury, he has the authority to receive all moneys taken here."

"You mean his clerks have?" suggested Mr. Boodle.

"Exactly; he has a staff of clerks here, into whose hands all payments are made."

"But what do those extra marks on the parchments mean?" inquired Mr. Boodle.

"Oh! those," said Mr. Hill, "are what we call hand-marks. Their purpose is to prevent collusion between the stamp distributors in the country; before they were in use it was possible, by passing the stamps from one place to another, to defraud the revenue; but now, as each distributor has the stamp marked with the name of his

town and the date of the day, week, and month, collusion becomes almost impossible. Step this way, gentlemen, and I will show you one plan of altering the dates and places of the hand-marks."

And then the manager led his visitors to the end of the room, where, on a large table, he showed them the various dies for the hand-marks, arranged in a sort of box like a mineral case. "Formerly," said he, "we used merely to chance the date on the stamp, but now the Government have so multiplied the number of distributors, that it was found necessary to make a new hand-mark. You perceive that this stamp is made of a rim, in which moveable pieces are fitted with such nicety that the whole forms one solid mass. This one, for instance, shows us that it is intended for Bath, and that it was issued on the 20th of the 8th month and the 51st year, while this extra letter is a further precautionary measure against forgery."

"See, uncle," said Tom, "this is a good contrivance for lifting out the separate pieces of the stamp;" at the same moment placing the little brass instrument on a wooden frame, with certain projecting ledges, which pushed up the loosened pieces of which it was formed.

"It's a capital fit," said Mr. Boodle. But what are these people about, sir?"

"They are fastening those little pieces of green paper and tin to the deeds, because parchment will not readily take the impression of the die. And the plan has this further advantage, that, by being pressed beneath the stamping machine, the little piece of tin takes the impression as well as the paper, and thus becomes itself part of the stamp, which renders it extremely difficult of detachment, as it has sometimes happened that stamps have been taken from one deed and placed on another."

"Ah! I don't wonder that people try to cheat the Government," said Mr. Boodle, *sotto voce*.

"And besides," continued Mr. Hill, "the little tin-fastener serves to keep the stamp secured to the parchment, as the heat of tropics is apt to injure the paste with which the paper label is attached."

"But then you know, uncle, that they sometimes relent, and send sums of money to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, which are duly acknowledged in the *Times*," observed Tom.

"We will now pass to the newspaper stamping-room," said their conductor, leading them through a doorway to the apartment in question.

Here a different scene altogether awaited them. Seated at different tables were some forty or fifty men, each with a large heap of printing paper before him, all busily engaged in stamping, as fast as their hands could go, with the ordinary stamp and inking pod.

"So," said Mr. Boodle, "these are the newspapers being stamped."

"The very same, uncle; and, possibly the very paper for the stamps on which we saw the money paid above-stairs may be in hand now."

"What paper was it?" inquired the manager.

"The *Sun*, I think."

"Oh! well, here there is a man engaged in stamping the *Sun*. Observe—he takes a quire, and, what we call, opens it—that is, he finds the centre, and, making a double fold in the corner, which leaves a kind of hill in the paper, you see he lifts up each sheet successively with the fingers of his left hand, and with the right he goes on stamping. In this way he can stamp eight thousand newspapers a day. You will perceive he has a small piece of sponge attached by a ring to the thumb of his left hand, which facilitates his work amazingly."

"Were newspapers always stamped in this way, sir?"

"No; formerly we were in the habit of spreading the ends of the paper and passing them beneath a sort of lithographic press; but, as newspapers increased in size and quantity, the plan was found inoperative, and a machine was invented which was used for some time; but as even that did its work imperfectly, the hand process was again brought into operation. The corners of the paper, too, had to be wetted as they do in letter-press printing; and it was found that when we had perfected the stamps by hand that had been spoiled by the machine, no time had been saved."

"Machinery does not always answer, then;" said Mr. Boodle.

"Why, no, not always; but we still hope to do this work by the aid of steam; and I have a little machine of my own in hand which, I think, will eventually conquer the difficulty."

"Hum!" said Mr. Boodle, in a doubting way.

"I suppose, sir, the *Times* are your best customers?" said Tom.

"Oh yes; they print almost as many as all the other morning papers put together. But there are some weekly papers whose numbers exceed that of the *Times* itself."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Boodle.

They were now shown the combination presses at which stamps on the backs of country bank-notes, and the labels for patent medicines are worked; and Mr. Boodle had it explained to him how, by means of a double set of rollers, and inking-tables, and dupli-

cate plates or surfaces, fitting one into the other with the greatest exactness, two colours could be worked by one machine.

"When you get home, uncle, you can examine the label round your box of universal medicines, and so keep in mind the *modus operandi* of the machine," said Tom.

But being warned that if they were not expeditious they would not be in time to see the postage-envelope stamping machine at work, they speedily followed their polite conductor through various narrow passages, and up and down stairs that were quite a puzzle to Mr. Boodle, till they came into the room where the machines were at work.

"And so," said Mr. Boodle, after carefully examining the operation, "this is the method of stamping the Queen's head on the postage envelopes? But I do not altogether perceive the principle on which the machine works."

"Well sir, said the superintendent politely, it consists of a simple embossing machine, with an inking apparatus attached; but the peculiarity of it is, that by a kind of hammer and hand process, much time is saved."

"And do you never find any loss by abstraction or waste?" inquired Tom.

"Very little," replied his informant; "for such is our exact plan of proceeding that we should immediately discover any loss by fraud. By a very simple set of accounts, we are enabled to take stock daily. Thus you see (opening a large book) that the quantities of envelopes given out to be worked are accounted for day by day. Each machine produces about forty reams, or twenty thousand impressions daily; but the average number is about 19,500."

"But one machine, I perceive," said Mr. Boodle, pointing with his finger to the figures in the book, "worked a larger number than the other yesterday; I suppose it is quicker?"

"O dear, no; that is occasioned by a system of punishment we adopt to prevent waste. You see, by reference to the previous day's work, that there were a large number of envelopes spoiled; well, we have a multiplication table, by which we reckon the number to be worked the next day in addition, by way of punishment."

"A capital plan, I should say," said Tom; "but where are the adhesive postage stamps, the Queen's heads, worked?"

"They are printed by contract by Messrs. Perkins and Bacon, of Fleet-street. There is nothing novel in the process, however. The original die has been multiplied a great number of times, and a copper plate containing two hundred and forty impressions of the Queen's head is worked at an ordinary copper-plate press. The sheets of stamps are sent in from the contractors printed and gummed at the back as you see them in the shops, and the only precaution necessary to be observed is to see that the hands employed by the contractors do not obtain surreptitiously impressions from the plates. But there, as here, the precautions taken against fraud are so many and so exact, that its successful commission is almost impossible. There are daily issued as many stamps as would, if placed end to end, reach from London to Oxford, and about twelve miles beyond."

"But what about the folding machine?" inquired Mr. Boodle.

"Oh that," said the superintendent, "is at work at Messrs. Delarue's, the contractors, in Bunhill-row; and most of the postage envelopes are folded by it now. I think you said you were going to see it in operation?"

"Yes, sir," said Tom; "and now that we have seen nearly all, I don't think we will detain you any longer."

The superintendent then led them through the various warehouses where were stored vast piles of unstamped paper, and pointed out the stamped newspapers in reams ready for delivery. Mr. Boodle recognised the name of his own favourite journal, and watched closely as the bundles were hoisted, with others, from floor to floor, and finally, by means of an endless chain, were dragged up through an aperture in the exterior wall, and deposited in a cart which was waiting to receive it on the outside. Meanwhile, great reams of paper came sliding down through another opening, and were received by porters, who piled them on tram-carts or trucks, and wheeled them away to where they in their turn would be stored; to be again unstored, stamped, and delivered, and so the process is going on continually.

Wishing the superintendent a polite good day, Mr. Boodle and the redoubtable Tom made their way to Bunhill-row as fast as a Hansom cab would carry them. Our friends were there introduced to the heads of the establishment, who accompanied them through their excellently-appointed premises to the room where the envelope-folding machines, nine in number, were at work. And then Mr. Boodle was astonished indeed; for he saw with his own eyes a machine worked by steam no bigger than a kitchen table, with a couple of twisted arms constantly moving up and down, attended only by a single boy, which went on folding, creasing, gumming, and packing the postage envelopes at the rate of forty-five a minute. It is difficult to describe machinery without the aid of diagrams; but the folding machine at work at Messrs. Delarue's,

the joint invention of Mr. Hill and Mr. Walter Delarue, may be understood to consist of a moveable bed or platten, with a pair of boxes the exact size of the envelope desired, working above, and a series of four rollers, with fixed wings or flaps in shape corresponding to the flaps of the paper envelope. A sheet of paper, cut and fashioned like an open envelope, is placed on the platten, when one of the boxes descends and creases it, the other box working inside it immediately following, which leaves the envelope in the condition of a paper box with raised disjointed sides. Concurrently with, or rather immediately following, this action, the rollers make a single revolution, an arm, with a gum-feeder attached, passed over the edges of the paper, and the flaps fold down the whole, and so form a perfect envelope, folded and gummed ready for use.

"But observe, sir," said Tom to Mr. Boodle, "the ingenious manner in which the envelopes, when perfected, are taken from the folder and deposited by two India-rubber fingers in a place by themselves;" and then Mr. Delarue explained how that part of the invention had proved extremely troublesome; and that, though the whole appeared very simple, it had been the work of much thought and labour; so that, at last, Mr. Boodle was compelled to acknowledge that machinery had performed an operation he could never have given it credit for had he not seen it with his own eyes. He saw further that, by the economy of labour, an indefinite number of those useful little articles, envelopes, can be produced at the very cheapest possible rate; the paper, instead of the labour, being the greatest item of the expense.

"Well, Tom," said he, as they walked home. "I am sure I never guessed that there was half so much industry inside Somerset House. Why, what with the stamps on the parchments — the stamps on the newspapers—the stamps on the patent medicines—the stamps on the bank notes, and the stamps on envelopes and letter paper, my mind's in quite a haze."

"Then, sir, I should advise you to go home and study the statistics of the stamp-office, by way of clearing the haze away."

G. F. P.

A DINNER PARTY AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

To those who were never present, and are never likely to be present, at a royal table, to see the Majesty of Great Britain eating, drinking, and moving, the following sketch of life in a palace may not be uninteresting. The details are quite true:—

"Mr. ————, a gentleman of great intelligence, and associated in a work of much interest connected with the ancient Scripture History of India, arrived a short time since in this country, and his arrival, together with some observations on the work in which he was engaged, appeared in the London papers. A few days afterwards he was surprised to receive at his hotel, through the Lord Chamberlain, an invitation, or perhaps we should rather call it a command, to dine at the Palace at Windsor—an honour which somewhat surprised him, as he was only just arrived from India and had never been presented at court. He determined, of course, to comply with the august and agreeable command, and as the invitation intimated he was to come in court dress, or words tantamount to that, he proceeded to his tailor, who dressed him in the usual adornments befitting the high company amongst whom he was about to appear. At the Castle he presented himself on the appointed day, and was received by the tall magnificent footmen in scarlet liveries, one or two of whom stood on each landing, and silent as mutes, but more gorgeous, pointed their fingers in the direction he was to take. Following up the grand staircase the course this line of brilliant finger-posts pointed out, he entered one ante-room, where he was received by some high officer, and mutely directed to another, and at length found himself in one where some gentlemen similarly attired as himself were waiting in a group. He had little trouble, as soon as he composed his senses, after the unusual scene through which he had passed, in perceiving that they, like himself, were invited to dinner; and he presently recognised one of them, an eminent historian with whom he was slightly acquainted. Here they remained conversing for a few minutes, when suddenly the folding-doors at one end of the room were thrown open, and her Majesty, leaning on the arm of Prince Albert, appeared, and, without pausing to take any notice of her guests, passed quite through the room in which they were, and out through corresponding doors which led to the dining or banqueting-room on the other side—the company, amongst whom was Mr. ————, falling in the rear, and silently following. They took their seats, Prince Albert next her Majesty, and the other guests down the table, which was not large, the dinner-party being a limited one. There was no

neral conversation ; the guests spoke in bdued tones to each other, her Majesty oke to none, and the Prince only let fall a v words to some one near him, until at ngth the few words gradually grew fewer. his, however, was not so awkward as a ent dinner-party might seem under other cumstances, as the magnificent band of e Coldstream Guards were playing the est airs in an adjoining apartment, and od music is any day better than indif-rent conversation. Nevertheless, it was ther a chilling scene, and as soup, fish, d flesh, were handed round by the 'tall llows' in crimson, some no doubt thought ey would prefer, as a general rule, less andeur and more cordiality. Dinner ncluded, her Majesty remained a short ne, then arose, and bowing slightly to the rince, again preceded by the officers of ate, returned to the drawing-room, as I ppose we may call it, never having oken all the time to her company. The rince's mood, however, became more arty as soon as her Majesty had left, and e led in a general and lively conversation n antiquarian subjects, in which he dis-layed large reading and great intelligence. While they were thus pleasantly and intel-ctually engaged, it was announced that er Majesty expected their presence to offee, and they proceeded to the drawing-oom, where the Queen, with her ladies-in-aiting, was sitting. Here matters again relapsed into the same splendid state-silence as in the early part of the dinner. Coffee was handed round, and each guest mutely sipped his cup, regarding Majesty, if one might so speak, from a distance. While Mr. ——— was wondering when signal to depart should be given, the grand-chamberlain advanced and quietly informed him that her Majesty had given orders that he should be presented; he therefore came forward to where her Majesty was seated in the same room, and, with as much form as though he had not met her at dinner, he knelt and touched with his lips the hand that was offered, and this ceremony gone through, again retired, fully expecting that this was an end of a stately but somewhat dull day. But it was not so; for a quarter of an hour afterwards he was informed that her Majesty, who had retired to a kind of alcove or recess, about as deep as an embayed window, wished to converse with him; he accordingly presented himself before his sovereign, who, no longer in formal state, immediately entered with vivacity and intelligence into conversation on the particular and interesting, and, in many respects, learned subject in which he had been engaged, showing in all her inquiries and observations, a well-stored, clear, and cultivated mind. When her Majesty had conversed for some time, she rose, and Mr. ——— retired ; and soon after he and the other guests departed."

TRIFLES.

A cloud may intercept the sun,
A web by insect-workers spun,
Preserve the life within the frame,
Or vapours take away the same.
A grain of sand upon the sight
May rob a giant of his might;
Or needle-point let out his breath,
And make a banquet-meal for Death.

How often, by a single word,
The heart with agony is stirred;
And ties, that years could not have riven,
Are scattered to the winds of heaven?
A glance, that looks what lips would speak,
Will speed the pulse and blanch the cheek;
And thoughts, nor looked, nor yet express'd,
Create a chaos in the breast.

A smile of hope from those we love
May be an angel from above;
A whispered welcome in our ears,
Be as the music of the spheres.
The pressure of a gentle hand,
Worth all that glitters in the land.
Oh, trifles are not what they are,
But Fortune's ruling voice and star.

LITERARY GEMS OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

It was well that the trustees of the British Museum should throw open to the inspectio of the people of England and its numerous visitors some of the literary treasure entrusted to their care, and we should recommend all who have the opportunity at onc to improve it.

The art of producing and multiplying impressions by means of lines and figures cu on wood or metal may be traced to a very remote antiquity. In the tombs of ancien Thebes stamps which might have been thus used have been found, and one of them o the date of a Pharoah, who lived at the time when the Israelites resided in Egypt. It i also conjectured that the arrow-headed characters impressed on bricks which have beer brought from the ruins of ancient Babylon, and supposed to be the most ancient specie of inscription now extant, were produced in the same way. A similar process gave rise to the first books, which appeared in the early part of the fifteenth century. They were printed from engraved blocks of wood, on which the first artists represented scriptura subjects, formerly pourtrayed by the limners of the monasteries, in rich colours and gilding, on the walls of their institutions or on the missals and other books which they were in the habit of copying.

Of these *block-books*, the memorials of the first step taken in the art of printing, several specimens may now be seen in this literary treasure-house, and particularly "The Poor Man's Bible," a sort of catechism for the young and the humbler orders of the people. It consisted of about twenty pages, each of which was cut on a separate block of wood, and represented various figures of Christ, angels, and prophets, with texts or sentences in abbreviated Latin, by way of explanation.

The next step taken in this wondrous art was that of using metal types, which is ascribed to John Guttenberg, who, aided by John Fust, produced, to the astonishment of western Europe, the earliest printed book known; and in the Museum the eye may fall upon it. It is "The Mazarine Bible," in which there are no fewer than six hundred and forty-one leaves. With this most precious relic of former times various specimens of the earliest printing in types will be observed—a spectacle of extraordinary interest, and giving rise to the liveliest emotions of admiration and gratitude.

Amidst the deep ignorance that prevailed at the time when this art arose, whatever effect could not readily be accounted for was generally attributed to the exercise of supernatural power. To obtain this it was supposed that persons "sold themselves to Satan;" and accordingly, when the people found that books, having the appearance of being written, were produced with far greater rapidity than human hands could copy them, they ascribed such results to "the black art," and originated the story—reprinted again and again, to a very recent period—of "the Devil and Dr. Faustus." The astonishing in this instance, as well as in many others, was, however, entirely due to the diligent thought and the practical skill which still so frequently amaze and delight us.

Passing onwards from the first products of the printing press, the visitor enters a magnificent room 300 feet long, 41 feet in width, increasing in the middle to nearly 60 feet, and 30 feet in height, entirely filled with the "Royal library," collected during a long course of years by King George III., and presented by his son and successor to the nation. We know not where in this country such another sight can be enjoyed. No fewer than 80,000 volumes are thus presented to the eye, while it is gratifying to know that they are all easily accessible to our literary men and women, who may render them subservient to their personal and public objects. Some of the earliest printed classical and mathematical works may here be noticed, in glass cases, with others in the languages of Continental Europe.

And now a different class of objects will ask for attention—a very valuable collection of autographs; a series of letters written by the sovereigns of Britain, from the days of William the Conqueror; the great seals of our country, from the time of Edward I. to that of Queen Anne; a letter of Oliver Cromwell; others of foreign potentates, the most distinguished statesmen and philosophers of England, and of the great leaders of the Reformation. Thus we may examine the very hands they wrote, and the statements they actually made, while we may indulge in conjectures as to the feelings under which such varied documents were penned.

the middle of the room there is another case, filled with eastern manuscripts, ng the variety of the materials used in writing them, as the leaves of the talipot tree, ivory, silver, and gold. Against the wall stands an upright case, containing a manuscript of the Bible, long supposed to have been preserved by Charlemagne. site to this are two rolls of the Hebrew Scriptures, and close by are other manu- s of inestimable value. One of these is the Alexandrian manuscript, or "Codex ndrinus," consisting of four folio volumes, and written in Uncial, or capital letters. ntains the whole of the Greek Scriptures, of which it is the most ancient copy t. Another attracts the eye by its pre-eminent beauty and richness. Its "illu- ions," as they are called, are exquisitely drawn, and the colouring is exceedingly It is a splendid manuscript of Valerius Maximus.

o objects, not far apart, appear in decided and striking contrast. One is the bull pe Innocent III., before whose legate King John knelt, as he placed the crown in nds, surrendering England and Ireland "to God, St. Peter, St. Paul, and the ff, and his successors," while by this very document the Pope receives the kingdom from the abject and wretched sovereign, and confirms the act by his golden seal. ther is the Great Charter, which Langton, Fitz Walter, and other illustrious men ted from John at Runnymede—the basis of the noble edifice of England's liberty, he germ of all subsequent improvements in its state. Well may the eyes of its nd daughters dwell upon it with unutterable feelings. As Sir James Mackintosh "To all mankind it set the first example of a great people for centuries, in ing their tumultuary democracy and haughty nobility with a fluctuating and vaguely d monarchy, so as at length to form from these discordant materials the only form e government which experience had shown to be reconcilable with widely-extended nions. However any future age or unborn nation may admire the felicity of the lient which converted the power of taxation into the shield of liberty, by which etionary and secret imprisonment were rendered impracticable, and portions of the e were trained to exercise a larger share of judicial power than was ever allotted to in any other civilised state, in such a manner as to secure instead of endangering c tranquillity—whoever exults at the spectacle of enlightened and independent ıblies, who, under the eye of a well-informed nation, discuss and determine the and policy likely to make communities great and happy—whoever is capable of ɔrehending all the effects of such institutions, with all their possible improvements, the mind and genius of a people—is sacredly bound to speak with reverential tude of the authors of the Great Charter. To have produced it, to have preserved ɔ have matured it, constitute the immortal claim of England on the esteem of kind."

ıssing onwards, the library is entered which was bequeathed by Sir Joseph Banks; nsists of 16,000 volumes. The books succeed which were included in the British eum when it was first founded, or have been added since, by gift, purchase, or right. It is one of the privileges of the Institution to demand a copy of every published at Stationers' Hall—a royal grant which makes an addition yearly of t 20,000 volumes. To it are bequeathed from time to time, large and valuable col- ons of books; of this there is an instance in a handsome room, which opens out of all on the right hand side, and which, though 73 feet long by 33 feet wide, is occu- by those which form the bequest of the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville, whose s appended to many of the books are demonstrations of his great and varied intel- ıce, while their possession by the nation is no less so of his most praiseworthy gene- y. According to a recent estimate, the total aggregate in the British Museum, is e than 460,000 volumes.

ad we space, we might particularise many more of the literary gems which are now ented to the popular gaze; but we can only just glance at the volumes which exhibit successive stages of the Book of Common Prayer; at those in which we may trace entire history of the English Bible, from the edition of Tyndale to the authorised ion of James I.; at the varied productions of Caxton, England's first printer; ell as those of Wynkin de Worde, and others of his successors; at the singularly resting products of the foreign press, often presenting to view the earliest of them and now we must pause, however reluctant to do so; only remarking that those

who are able should look on these literary gems *at once;* and that those who are can only judge from so brief a paper of the aggregate they enrich, as they might fr few ears of a large field ready for the harvest.

Ever must such a spectacle be regarded, by the intelligent of every grade, with liveliest interest. As Lord Bacon says:—"The images of men's wits remain maimed in books for ever, exempt from the injuries of time, because capable of petual renovation. Neither can they properly be called images, because they cast seeds in the minds of men, raising and producing infinite actions and opinions in ceeding ages; so that if the invention of a ship was thought so noble and so wonde which transports riches and merchandise from place to place, and consociates the distant regions in participation of their fruits and commodities, how much more letters to be magnified, which, as ships passing through the vast seas of time, con the remotest ages of wits and inventions in mutual traffic and correspondence!"

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

By Parson Frank.

At the name of Shenstone, forthwith one is reminded of "The Leasowes," cannot help thinking what a happy fellow he ought to have been in so pleasa place. The Leasowes is distant some half-dozen miles from Birmingham, on road to Kidderminster, in the parish of Hales Owen, Shropshire. Descendin long and steep hill, a shady lane leads you to the Leasowes, and, as Mr. Howitt scribes it, "in some degree partakes of the character of the place; winding c tinually, yet still presenting a beautiful archway of trees, of nearly all descriptic From this lane you enter the Leasowes; and crossing a bridge, pass on to the la On your left lies a beautiful piece of still water, overshadowed with evergreens, conveying the idea of infinite depth. This is nearly the lowest part of the grou which here begin to ascend towards the house, commanding, not an extensive, bu beautifully condensed prospect. Going round the house to the right, and ascending, you gain another prospect equally fine, yet different, and in both ca must be surprised by the skill which presents to the eye the artificial depth of fo which there strikes it." * This estate Shenstone inherited from his father—a whose death he proceeded, with marvellous zeal, to devote his time, talents, money to its adornments and improvement;† or, as his biographer, Johnson, sa "to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to entangle his walks, and to w his waters; which he did with such judgment and fancy, as made his little dom the envy of the great, and the admiration of the skilful; a place to be visited travellers and copied by designers."‡ What a pity that into this Eden the serp of gloom trailed its baleful path—that this "rural Paradise" was to its disappoin moody denizen no better than a Paradise Lost!

Shenstone was born on the spot he afterwards rendered so celebrated, in the y 1714. The dame-school to which his father, an unlearned "gentleman farme sent him, supplied his Muse with the original of his far-famed and admirably picted Schoolmistress.

> "In every village marked with little spire,
> Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,
> There dwells in lowly shed, and mean attire,
> A matron old, whom we schoolmistress name;
> Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame."

* Homes and Haunts of the British Poets. Vol. I.

† "England has produced many greater poets than Shenstone, but she never produc a greater landscape-gardener." See "First Impressions of England and its Peopl by Hugh Miller; whose detailed description of the past and present Leasowes is s better than Mr. Howitt's.

‡ Lives of the Poets.

xhausting the didactic capabilities of the worthy old lady who taught the
dea of Hales-Owen how to shoot, and gathering fresh instruction from other
re advanced professors of academic lore, Shenstone was entered, in his
nth year, at Pembroke College, Oxford. This was the college at which Samuel
n had been entered as a commoner four years previously (in 1828), and of
ie used with chuckling triumph to say, as he enumerated the poets and
ers who had belonged to its society, "Sir, we are a nest of singing-birds."
is the college of that unenviable historical celebrity, whose name is illumi-
or all time (with lurid colours enough) by the fires of Smithfield, Bishop
;—also, to cite a pleasant contrast, the learned and singularly eloquent Sir
s Browne;—here, too, were educated the notable John Pym, and Blackstone,
at lawyer, and Southerne, the author of "Isabella," and Hawkins, the pro-
of poetry, and Archbishop Newcome, the biblical critic, and George Whit-
ie prince of field-preachers. Here Shenstone joined himself to a literary
of under-graduates, whose practice it was to meet at even-tide in one
r's rooms, and read together the classics of their mother-tongue. As a ne-
consequence, he tried *his* hand at poetry, and in 1737 published anony-
a small volume containing his early efforts in that line, which, however,
st "juvenile poems" was rather cavalierly ignored by a "discerning public."
leaving Oxford, and, by the death of his father and his elder brother, be-
proprietor of the Leasowes estates, he led the life of a lounging *dilettante;*
the spas and wells then in fashionable repute, and sentimentalising about
d poetry to the top of his bent; "composing elegies and celebrating Phyllis,
he liked better to praise than marry; as, Johnson says, he might have ob-
the lady if he had chosen. In this manner life glided away, and satiety and
rept on the solitary poetical dreamer."* His visit to London made him
ated with Dodsley the bookseller (who, like the Edward Moxon of our day,
poet as well as publisher of poets), once a footman, now an influential patron
belles lettres, who printed Shenstone's "Judgment of Hercules," a work de-
to Lord Lyttleton (whose property, Hagley Park, adjoined the Leasowes),
ards "The Schoolmistress," and to Dodsley's friendship our poet was mate-
ndebted in other ways, for the worthy bibliopole indited an elaborate de-
on of the Leasowes—which was paying homage to Shenstone's hobby—and
ains to give the world a complete and well-arranged edition of the Shen-
n *Opera Omnia*, prose and verse. Dodsley's description of the Leasowes,
sterly in its way as one of George Robins's magniloquent advertisements,
rowds of tourists to inspect a scene so picturesque, where the owner had
ttled down, and in the beautifying of which consisted his ruling passion.
nt so much on the grounds, that he could afford nothing to keep the house
ir. "Hence," said Dr. Aikin, "he lay continually under the pressure of
circumstances, which preyed upon his spirits, and rendered him by no means
y inhabitant of the little Eden he had created."† Mr. Chambers remarks
n unfortunate attachment to a young lady, and disappointed political ambi-
onspired, with his passion for gardening and improvement, to fix him in his
y situation:—"he became querulous and dejected, pined at the unequal
f fortune, and even contemplated with a gloomy joy the complaint of Swift,
e would be forced to die in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole."‡ He sor-
lly experienced that to fly the world is not to escape the spirit of worldliness.
n applause was essential to his comfort. "Poor man!" said Gray; "he
lways wishing for money, for fame, and other distinctions; and his whole
ophy consisted in living against his will in retirement, and in a place which
ste had adorned, but which he only enjoyed when people of note came to see
ommend it." This is, perhaps, rather hard upon poor Shenstone, who, *au*

* Johnson's Specimens, p. 305.

† British Poets.

‡ Cyclopædia of English Literature, Vol. II.

fond, was a kindly-hearted and loveable sort of being; but there can be litt that his life* was disquieted by an uneasy and unhealthy craving for renov

"'Tis true 'tis pity; pity 'tis 'tis true."

Many a fine nature has been miserably spoilt by that craving, in its morbi Goldsmith truly says that—

"Praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace
And trims her robe of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause."†

Carlyle‡ admirably describes the man who lives in misery (and it is a c case) because he does not shine above others—who goes about pruriently anx to his gifts and claims—as one of the wretchedest sights seen under th Unless you will look at him, wonder at him, write paragraphs about him, he live. A melancholy example of this we have in the immortal Bacon—for, caulay pungently phrases it, "the difference between the soaring angel a creeping snake, was but the type of Bacon the philosopher and Bacon the Att General—Bacon seeking for Truth and Bacon seeking for the Seals." crowded galleries of Whitehall there was "no man equally qualified to rende and lasting services to mankind. But in all that crowd there was not a hear set on things which no man ought to suffer to be necessary to his happiness.' scientific glory, his grand influence over human progress, all "availed him nc while some quibbling special pleader was promoted before him to the Be while some heavy country gentleman took precedence of him by virtue of a chased coronet—while some pander, happy in a fair wife, could obtain a cordial salute from Buckingham—while some buffoon, versed in all the latest s of the court, could draw a louder laugh from James."§ Goethe observes with that the man who cannot enjoy his own natural gifts in silence, and find h ward in the exercise of them, but must needs wait and pine for their being nised and appreciated by others, will generally find himself but badly off, be men are notoriously niggard of their applause, loving to mingle alloy with pr And even if a man of letters *does* reap a large harvest of renown,—what then he necessarily the better for it, essentially the happier, intrinsically the gr Chateaubriand remarks that there are many dreams which pass before the mi the first intoxication of renown, and the eyes gaze with transport on the which shines around one's path; but should this light *be extinguished*, it leave to grope in more utter darkness; and should it *last*, the habit of seeing it renders you indifferent to its glare.¶ As to its effect on others, what can be

* There seems to be a local tradition that his life was shortened, indeed cut sho the pangs of disappointed love. Mr. Hugh Miller held converse at the Leasow *Lisos* as the natives pronounce it), with a middle-aged female peasant, who assure the "Lisos were much thought of long ago, in Squire Shenstone's days; but they all ruinated now. Squire Shenstone was a poet," she added, "*and died for love.*" as Mr. Miller remarks, "was not quite the case: the Squire, who might have marri Phillis had he not been afraid to incur the expense of a wife, died of a putrid fev the sober age of forty-nine."—*First Impressions of England.*

† Goldsmith's Traveller. ‡ Heroes and Hero-Worship

§ Macaulay's Critical and Historical Essays, Vol. II.

‖ Goethe's Autobiography, Book XV.

¶ Chateaubriand's Memoires d'outre tombe, Book IV.

e, more transitory! Geoffrey Crayon's meditations in a dusty library are too truthful—as where he says, "How much has each of these volumes, now t aside with such indifference, cost some aching head! how many weary days! many sleepless nights! How have their authors buried themselves in the solitude ls and cloisters; shut themselves up from the face of man, and the still more d face of nature; and devoted themselves to painful research and intense tion! And all for what? To occupy an inch of dusty shelf—to have the f their works read now and then in a future age by some drowsy churchman sual straggler like myself; and in another age to be lost even to remem-e."* Well known are Byron's verses on the glory and the nothing of a :—

"I stood beside the grave of him who blazed
The comet of a season, and I saw
The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed
With not the less of sorrow and of awe
On that neglected turf and quiet stone,
With name no clearer than the names unknown
Which lay unread around it."†

we must quote and digress and moralise no longer lest we offend Shenstone's s, and, which is more *material*, our readers' patience. Shenstone's frettings wearyings for very vanity are over now. In his fiftieth year he was cut off by er (1763), "and died in solitude a votary of the world."‡ The Hales-Owen rchyard is his quiet resting-place. Several among those who loved him and his ry—and these were not few—erected tablets to his memory. Ever and anon ne is contributed to the "cairn" by some good-natured critic, or magazine yist; or his tombstone epitaph is just freshened up a bit by some "Old Mor-y" literary vagrant, neither critic nor reviewer, essayist nor biographer, but of anonymous nondescript order, such as "Parson Frank."

ost deservedly is "The Schoolmistress" a general favourite with English readers.§ s written in imitation of Spenser—with a liberal dash of the humorously-quaint mock-heroic. The Spenserian diction, simplicity, and gentle sentiment, are copied; an original sense of the ludicrous, and a Wilkie-like vivacity of detail superadded, and the sum total is a delightful *unique*. Shenstone's school-ie is his own, in more than one sense. Cowper would not have described one so ning, primitive, and artless. Crabbe would have indented her cheeks with idding furrows, and knitted up her brows into a perennial frown. Words-th would have made her a phœnix of self-culture, addicted to dram-drinking netaphysics, and the author of an unpublished tractate on National Education. enstone makes her a good old soul of the very sort Nature had made her before i. We love the portrait of the dame, sitting and eyeing her fairy throng as she es her wheel; with her cap whiter than driven snow, and apron (*not* ckings, look you) blue as the field hare-bell, and that russet kirtle of home nufacture:—

"'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair,
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils ranged around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground."

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* The Sketch Book: Washington Irving.

† Byron's Lines on Churchill's Grave. ‡ R. Chambers.

§ We submit that "The Schoolmistress" deserves exemption from the general iticism of Hugh Miller, where he says, in his "First Impressions of England:"—"There e many poets that require to be known early in life, if one would know them at all to vantage. They give real pleasure, but it is a pleasure which the mind outgrows; they long to the 'comfit and confectionery-plum' class, and Shenstone is decidedly one of the mber." Yes, if the "Pastoral Ballad" is meant, still more if the "Elegies." But if r old gossip the "Schoolmistress" is implicated,—No, no!

The adjuncts of the picture are well filled in. The birchen tree near her shed, which supplies a perpetual *stock in hand* for the venerable proprietres patch of grass on which the younglings gamble out of school-hours ; the imp ing-board at the door, to confine weakly wights of smaller size ; the one a hen which occasionally trespasses within the seminary walls, with her su chickens, much to the delight of yawning scholars ; the little garden—

"Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy streak ;
But herbs for use, and physic, not a few"—

basil and thyme, and cheerful marigold, and lowly gill, and pungent r and sweet marjoram, and trim rosemary, and lavender, to be duly "and crown her kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare perfume." You'll he decent body of a Sunday Evening, "hymning such psalms as Sternhold did mete," on the summer bench of her garden, or see her poring ov favourite Book of Martyrs. At school-time she occupies a worm-eaten e chair, monarch of all she surveys. They call her goody, good-woman, g n'aunt, or dame, and she is tenacious of the respect implied in these titles—

"For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love."

She is a skilful tactician in managing the various dispositions collected under roof ; she knows exactly how to thwart the proud and to prompt the diffident to entice with honied words, and to correct with her birchen sprays—aye, a preserve order during her temporary absence, or interregnum of despotic powe forewarning them that

"——— If little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold."

Equally graphic is the sketch of her scholars, horn-book in hand, and exciting the interest of the urchin's misdoing and summary chastisement subsequent sulkiness, while the others are gladdened with sugared cakes and gingerbread from the dame's well-known chest. The figure of the naughty sorely smitten, scarlet-faced, and deeply blubbering—frowning askant from station in the corner at the mild-visaged preceptor—is a perfect study, such Webster and Mulready love. In the stanza which speculates on the possibilit genius lying latent in some of those curly heads and fair chubby faces, Shens has forestalled Gray's famous verse* about the mute inglorious Miltons village Hampdens of the Country Churchyard. Thus,

"A little bench of heedless bishops here,
Or there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakspere—names that ne'er shall die !
Though now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting how the muse should soar on high,
Wisheth, poor starveling elf ! his paper kite may fly."

The "Pastoral Ballad," depicting the feelings of the amorous swain under f experiences—to wit, Absence, Hope, Solicitude, and Disappointment—is p nounced by reputable judges the finest English poem of its class. Undoubte it contains genuine touches of feeling, which with the musical peculiarity of t versification, appeal to the heart, in spite of objections of the head. The stanza

* "The palm of merit, as well as originality, seems to rest with Shenstone ; for it more natural and just to predict the existence of undeveloped powers and great e nence in the humble child at school, than to conceive they had slumbered through l in the peasant and the grave. Yet the conception of Gray has a sweet and touchi pathos that sinks into the heart and memory."—*Chambers's Cyclopædia of Engli Literature*, Vol. II. p. 36.

"I prized every hour that went by
Beyond all that had pleased me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh,
And I grieve that I prized them no more"—

:her with the two following ones, was highly thought of by Johnson, who ned that any mind incapable of sympathy with them could have no acquain- e with love or nature. Shenstone's pastoral world is, indeed, that of artifi- ty and *Louis Quatorze* Arcadianism; such genteel Corydons and modish nymphs r existed except on paper or chimney ornaments. "Shenstone," observes an ligent critic, "was a *Watteau* pastoral poet; his sheep are bedizened with top- s, and washed every day with scented soap, like duchess's lap-dogs; his ions press their hearts with three finger-tips, and his Daphnes hold ivory ks between two. Still he loves nature, though best when laid out like a scape garden."* In reading the "Pastoral Ballad" we must suppose our- es passing through one of the languid stages of a "Midsummer Night's am," and surrender ourselves to the unreality of the scene,† just as we do in ing allegory or fairy-tale; we must let the well-dressed shepherds and shep- lesses talk, in their own affected dialect, about pipe and crook, flame and n, Paridel and Phyllis, and other rural felicities. We must allow them to use uch antithesis and sententious dialogue as they please. There is some heart nature in them after all, or they could not retain the power they still exercise tender and unsophisticated readers. Critical tastes vary with the age, but tion is one in all ages. Shenstone was thought too simple in his own;‡ ours calls too affected; but both his and ours can be moved by his occasional pathos. f the latter quality a certain degree is observable also in his "Jemmy Dawson" ballad on the unfortunate Jacobite whose tragical story is so well known—and "Elegy," beginning—

"Why mourns my friend? why weeps his downcast eye?"

emory of

"Jessie floating on her watery bier."

lis other elegies are insipid. Nor are his versified comicalities fit to sustain credit for shrewd "pawky" humour which is evidenced in the "Schoolmis- s." *She* is the mainstay of Shenstone's fame. With her he will stand or fall.

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* Athenæum, 1839, p. 826.

The reader who would see a vehement and amusing philippic against the *unreality* his school of poetry should read the first of Mr. de Quincey's reviews of Schlosser's erary History in *Tait's Magazine* for 1847.

Thus, for instance, Gray writes:—"But then there is Mr. Shenstone, *who trusts to ure and simple sentiment*, why does he no better? He goes hopping along his own vel-walks, and never deviates from the beaten paths for fear of being lost."—*son's Memoirs of Gray*, p. 346. Ed. 1821.

MODERATION.—Let your desires and aversions to the common objects and occur- nces in this life be but few and feeble. Make it your daily business to moderate ur aversions and desires, and to govern them by reason. This will guard you ainst many a ruffle of spirit, both of anger and sorrow.

RIDICULE.—Ridicule, which chiefly arises from pride, is but a selfish passion at st, a gross pleasure, and too rough an entertainment for those who are highly lished and refined.

BENEVOLENCE.—There cannot be a more glorious object in creation than a human ing, replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself ost acceptable to his Creator, by doing most good to his creatures.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE IN KENTUCKY.

This cave is, without question, to be ranked among the very first of the world's natural wonders. It is one of the few far-famed sights which immediately fill the anticipations of the beholder. You do not need, as even at Niagara, to wait for appreciation to take the place of extravagant expectation. You will not say when you stand in the vestibule of the Mammoth Cave—a vast apartment 200 feet long, and 150 wide, with a ceiling 60 feet high—that this is less than you anticipated. But you will be overwhelmed with the grandeur and strangeness of the scene, as you gaze in mute admiration on the works of God.

This cave is situated in Edmonson county, Kentucky, half-a-mile from the Green River, and equi-distant from Louisville and Nashville, or about 100 miles from either city. When the contemplated railroad shall have connected these two places, the cave will be much more accessible than at present. I approached it from Nashville. Leaving this city at four o'clock in the morning, I arrived at ten o'clock, p.m., at Bell's Hotel, a very home-like and well-kept house. This is the point at which we diverge from the stage route in order to reach the cave. Resting here over night, the extra was ready for us by half-past eight o'clock the next morning. The party consisted of three gentlemen whose acquaintance proved very agreeable, though formed in the extra. From Bell's to the mouth of the cave, a distance of about eight miles, the road winds over a succession of low and rugged hills, well wooded with oak, hickory, and chesnut. We were upwards of two hours in going this short distance, a rate of travel which ill accorded with the hurrying pace of our excited curiosity.

At length we suddenly emerged from the woods into a pleasant opening of meadow land, in the centre of which appeared the Cave Hotel. It was delightful to know by these indications that we had arrived. The hotel is one of the pleasantest places at which to pass a week that can be found. The landlord behaves as if he sought more the comfort of his guests than their money. The charges are not unreasonable, while the means of enjoyment are abundant. The house is built low, being only two storeys, but stretching along the ground with a rectangular piazza of nearly four hundred feet.

Reaching this place at eleven o'clock, and learning that we were within 200 yards of the mouth of the cave, we were unanimous in our determination to enter immediately, notwithstanding our host's advice that we wait until after dinner. We thought we could not survive a two hours' delay to our already rampant curiosity. A chicken was broiled, and lunch prepared, and soon a guide summoned us to go. Each of the party carried a lamp, and the guide was armed with his lamp, a vessel of oil slung over the back by a strap, a box of matches, and the basket of provisions.

We walked down a lovely ravine which descends gently to the Green River. The path is overhung with a thick shade of forest trees and gigantic wild grapes.

Passing by the ruins of saltpetre furnaces and large mounds of ashes, we soon reached a spot at which our guide suddenly turned to the right, saying, "Here, gentlemen, is the entrance." He had no sooner spoken than a cold blast of air swept by us, from which we recoiled. A deep pit now lay before us, its sides covered with grass and shrubs, while over it a shelving rock projected about half way. A limpid spring dripping from this table rock filled a trough below with a refreshing drink. The appearance of this pit was not at all forbidding, until descending some 30 feet by rude stone steps, we were under the cover of an overhanging rock. We now saw a gloomy cavern, whose portal contrasted strangely with the light and verdure upon which we had turned our backs. Lighting our lamps, we continued to descend gradually until we reached a narrow passage, through which the wind blew a gale. Although we held our lamps as instructed by the guide, some of them were extinguished, and had to be relighted. Continuing our course, the wind soon died away, and we found ourselves in a perfectly uniform temperature of 60 degrees. This is the unvarying state of this subterranean climate. The air is overcharged with oxygen, which makes it exhilarating: so that between the coolness, the purity of the air, and the excitement of curiosity, we walked in this cave *twenty-six miles* with very little fatigue. Ladies can endure without injury the toils of exploration, and persons in delicate health will wonder at their power to walk in these wonderful avenues. The excess of oxygen in the cave is explained by the younger Silliman, by supposing that much of the nitrogen of the atmosphere is consumed in forming the nitrate of lime, thus leaving disengaged free oxygen. The air of the cave is nowhere stagnant or unwholesome. In the deepest pits which have been entered, or into which lamps have been let down, there is found no carbonic acid

us gases, but respiration and com-
on are perfectly free. A smoke made
miles from the mouth of the cave, will,
ere told, find its way to the entrance.
n the outward atmosphere is warmer
that of the cave, there is always a
ent of air rushing out; and when the
is reversed the current is inward. If
thermometer stands at 60 outside, the
ent dies away, and an equilibrium is
olished. Sometimes visitors encounter
gale in their faces on entering, and to
surprise, find on coming out, that the
has changed, and the air as if on a
ing tide, is pouring into the cave. It
ferred from this that the cave has only
entrance, and that the air flows out or
it is forced by the law of liquids to
orm to the varying pressure of the out-
l atmosphere. From the fact that the
osphere of the cave is unaffected by the
uations without, it is believed that the
me of air contained in its galleries
t be immense, and also that the cave
have but one mouth. "For if the cave
two openings at different levels," says
author before named, "the temperature
ld not be uniform, and there would be
currents discernible."

he cave abounds in beds of nitre, from
ch large quantities of saltpetre were
ufactured during the last war. For
ut a mile-and-a-half from the entrance,
e are seen the vats in which the natural
erial was soaked, and the wooden pipes
which the solution was conveyed to the
ith. Vast heaps of stone are also seen,
ch were piled up by the workmen in
ging for the nitre. These works were
ied on from about 1808 to 1814. During
year of the war, the contract for salt-
re from this cave amounted to twenty
usand dollars. It is probably owing to
antiseptic properties of the earth which
unds in this part of the cave, that these
es appear almost as sound and perfect as
y could have been forty years ago.

o attempt a description of this cave, with
many and peculiar wonders, seems so
sumptuous that I have almost regretted
undertaking. Language can convey no
t conception of the strangeness, the
iety, and the grandeur of the objects
e beheld. There seem to be no analogies
comparisons by which these strange
ngs may be described. Here are two
ndred and twenty-six avenues, forty-seven
nes, eight cataracts, twenty-three pits,
l several rivers. Here are vast halls,
ssing, meeting, inosculating in all direc-
ns and at all levels. The intricacy, the
tent, the vastness of these avenues, are
h, that after travelling twenty-six miles
their profound retirements, I felt that I
had seen as little of the Mammoth Cave as I had of the West, after a journey of over three thousand miles beyond the Alleghanies. Here are apartments whose grandeur is utterly beyond description; here are halls whose ceilings are fretted and bespangled with adornments which have no rivals in the palaces of kings; and here are pits, and splashing rills, and awful chasms, which fill the beholder with surprise and dread. What can language do at the task, either of describing these objects or of conveying the impressions which they awaken!

If the reader will follow me in imagination through a hasty survey of my route, he may gain some idea of the effect of these wonders upon the beholder. I have already mentioned the enormous dimensions of the vestibule, in which the visitor at once bows his mind in reverence and awe. The ceiling of this apartment, as of many others, is white and smooth, as if it had been finished with a trowel. Going on, we found ourselves in what they call the Main Cave or Grand Gallery, which stretches on for four miles like one continuous church, having an average height and width of fifty feet.

Here we were shown the cliffs of Kentucky river, which are so called from their resemblance to their namesakes. It is impossible to doubt that the sides of this avenue, as of all, have been formed by running water. The marks are as plain throughout the cave, as are the traces of the chisel on the finished block of granite. Vast volumes of water have gradually worn their way through the solid limestone, corroding away its particles, and searching out invisible lines of structure and strata. Ages and ages ago, a mighty river must have rushed foaming, dashing, gurgling amidst these stupendous solitudes. Everything looks like this. The attrition of the walls, the deposits of sand and pebbles, the regular and vertical sides of every pit, as smooth as if made with the chisel and plummet, all indicate the aqueous formation of these caverns. Moreover, the halls through which rivers now flow resemble in every respect those which are deserted of waters, and dry.

About half-a-mile from the entrance is a hall, somewhat circular in form, one hundred feet in diameter and sixty-three high. This is called *The Church.* Religious services have often been held here. A solid projection of rock, about fifteen feet from the floor, serves as a pulpit; while in the rear of that there is a recess, as if designed for an organ loft.

At the Gothic Gallery, a splendid apartment or section of the main cave, we branched off to the right, and entered *Go-*

thic Avenue by a flight of stairs. This gallery is two miles long, forty feet wide, and fifteen feet high. Two mummies were found here in 1813, in a good state of preservation. One of them was that of a female, with her wardrobe and ornaments lying by her side. It was five feet ten inches long, and weighed only fourteen pounds. It was in an erect sitting posture, perfectly preserved, the hands laid on the bosom and fastened by a cord around the wrists. It was wrapped in two deerskins, dressed in a manner now unknown. The hair of these skins was cut off very near the surface, and ornamented with imprints of vines and leaves, sketched with a substance perfectly white. Outside of this covering was a large square sheet, woven of the inner bark of trees, after the manner of the South Sea Islands cloth. Besides these mummies, the saltpetre manufacturers found many human skeletons in making their excavations in other parts of the cave.

Continuing our walk in Gothic Avenue, we passed a huge stalactite stretching like an icicle from the roof to the floor; the guides have named it Postoak Pillar from its peculiar form. The *First Echo Chamber* next appeared — then another very singular stalactite called Hercules' Pillar— then a sombre apartment, formed of black rocks, which they call the Blacksmith's Shop—next a complete armed-chair, of stalactite formation, in which we all by turns took our seats. After seeing many interesting things which I cannot mention, we ended our ramblings in Gothic Avenue at Napoleon's Dome, a magnificent chamber worthy of the Emperor.

Returning to the main cave we went on to the *Grand Arch*, which is one of many perfect and beautiful arches which the God of Nature has thrown across these avenues. We came next to the *Giant's Coffin* and the *Ant Eater*—a spot of most solemn grandeur. An immense rock, shaped something like a sarcophagus, stands on an elevated ledge in a vast hall. The ceiling is beautifully variegated with black and white; and immediately over the head of the coffin is an image of the Ant Eater, who seems t gazing upon the mighty dead below. A passing this spot four times, I felt an sistible awe coming over me at the s of it.

Diverging into another passage, we c to an excellent spring, of which we dra and here I may remark that the wate the cave are potable and limpid. Even river, which at its lowest stage is thirty deep in places, contains transparent wa in which we were able to see the eye fish for which the cave is celebrated.

Near Mary's Bower is a bitter spr containing the sulphate of magnesia, salt of which is abundant in the cave. guide asked us once to taste of the st which formed a part of the cave, and to surprise we found it to be nothing else t the sulphate of magnesia, or *Epsom Sal*

Passing by Side-Saddle Pit, which made us shudder to look into, and threa our way through the Winding Labyri we came to *Gorin's Dome*, which is perh the most stupendous sight in the cave. ovoidal chamber here rises to the heigh three hundred feet from its base! T domes are formed with a very thin partit of rock between them. A part of this p tition, about two feet square, being remo by natural means, we found a winc looking from the avenue in which we w into this awful chasm. The openin about one hundred feet below the top of dome, and nearly opposite to a vast stalac rock which seems, almost unsupported, overhang the abyss. To add to the grand of the scene, a spring drips from the r and falls in drops and dashing spray i the water below. As I stood look through this natural window, I could detain my thoughts from returning to th remote ages when the mighty rush of wa filled the place we occupied, and car with such exquisite finish this stupend dome. I was overwhelmed at the sight, I called to mind the language of the heave song, "Great and marvellous are thy wor Lord God Almighty!"

(*To be concluded in the Next Number.*

KNOWLEDGE.—Valuable knowledge can be attained only by personal effort. Every must traverse the hills and valleys for himself, and it is only by unremitting applica and perseverance that the attempt will be crowned with success. But to the devo persevering seekers success is certain. The state of mind is such as to insure the b use being made of any accessible helps, and of the exercise of ingenuity and applicat in surmounting difficulties even in the absence of all foreign aid. Whatever may be present deficiencies and disadvantages, the person—especially the young person—w is so sensible of the value of knowledge as to apply his heart to understanding—to s for it as for silver, and search for it as for hid treasures—assuredly shall not seek vain. Knowledge is the prize of application.

SHORT STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

JUST MY LUCK.

, you had better cut up the fire-
the morning," said Mrs. Forsyth
on, who had become deeply inter-
a book he was perusing.
a minute, mother; I want to finish
. I am right in the middle of it

other did wait, and although she
hing, yet she was deeply grieved.
had read that page through, he
should lose the force of it if he
ide *just then*. And what difference
make if the wood *was* brought in
ites later? Mrs. Forsyth allowed
ke his own time for it, so it was
lark before he thought of leaving
. Then he went at it in a great
nd in splitting some kindling he
l his hand very badly; and when
entered the neat little sitting-room
is mother was at work, he was
ıd complaining bitterly.
dear! oh dear! I was splitting
od, and a great stick flew up and
hand so. You know it's just my

e and sit down by me, James; I
talk with you a little. You think
very unlucky, don't you?"
I do, mother. I am always getting
l it isn't my fault either."
it not your fault to-night, my

, no. How should I know the
s going to hit me?"
but if it had not been so dark and
ı would not have been in such a
ıd so careless. I spoke to you in
o do it all by daylight, but I let you
your own way to see what would
result. I have noticed lately that
r anything is given you to do, 'wait
' is your almost constant reply."
l, what difference does a minute
ıy way?"
ıt would your father say, if, because
l to finish anything I was doing, I
ut off breakfast till dinner-time?
ıe like it?"
, I suppose not."
besides, the excuse which is good
minute is equally as good for the
d for many more. And as a conse-
of procrastination is crowding the
of an hour into a moment's space,
ry through with everything, only
ıg it; so you are always complaining
ck. Now this very fault of yours
ause. No doubt it seems hard to
ff from a thing in the midst of it;
but recollect, if you do everything promptly and in its proper place, you will have more time to do with."

"I don't see but that is reasonable, mother," said James, looking earnestly and thoughtfully in her face, "and I will try and do better for the future."

"That is right, my son. You will find it far easier, after a little while, to do things in their order, than to leave all to a leisure moment. And I think you will not have so much ill luck to complain of hereafter."

And now, my dear young friends, I have only to say, in conclusion, that James Forsyth *has* reformed, and is a much happier and much better boy. GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE.

THE GOOD RESOLUTION.

"MARY," said a little boy to his sister, who had been some time sitting at work by his side, while he was very attentively perusing his little "News," "I have often thought, when I have been reading about little boys and girls who are said to be so very good, and who do such extraordinary things, whether it can really be *all true*. We know many boys and girls, and do you think so much could be said of them with truth?"

"My dear William," replied Mary, "I wish you would talk to papa about these things: he could tell you better than I. Many of the little boys and girls we know may possess many amiable qualities, and have delicacy and modesty enough not to display them, which you know papa is continually telling us to avoid. 'Retire and meditate' is always his advice to us. Now, if a lady or gentleman were to discover any one amiable quality in a little boy or girl, which their delicacy and modesty had endeavoured to conceal, could not enough be said about it, without violating truth, to make it interesting and worthy of imitation? But what made you think of such a thing just now?"

"Why," said William, "I have just been reading, in the News, an account of a little boy who resolved to have a money-box, and notwithstanding many temptations—for he seems to have been a very anxious and impatient boy—he resolutely kept his word, and when the time came to break open his box, he found a good deal more money in it than he had ever put in; and of course he was very much pleased, and so should I, and I think anybody else would, if they were in the same situation; but do you think that if I were to have a money-box, and put in it all the money I could get, that when I opened it I should

be so agreeably surprised as this little boy was? For I think, when we all do as well as we can, we should meet with equal encouragement."

"I cannot pretend to say," replied his sister, "what you might find in your box, over and above what you put in it, but you would have the satisfaction of having saved all the money that had been given to you since you resolved to have a money-box, and that in the course of six months is not a trifle, we all know; and I think the amount would very much surprise you if you were to see it altogether, and perhaps you would feel but little occasion to regret that nobody but yourself had put money in your box. We are not to expect, as papa has often told us, that precisely the same train of circumstances will happen to us, as have happened to others who have resolved to do what they felt to be their duty, and who have humbly depended on God's blessing; but that we shall feel a secret pleasure in doing our duty, and avoid many troubles and anxieties, and be ultimately happy, I have not the least doubt."

"Well," said William, "I did not see it in that light before, and I am very much obliged to you. When I read about this little boy I was very much interested, and particularly that part of it in which he speaks of his regret in spending his money in fruit and useless toys. This was just as if some person was relating my own feelings,—but then I used to say to myself, 'O, never mind, I shall soon have some more money given to me;' and when I had more I spent it, and made these regrets come again. I never thought of putting a stop to these regrets by saving my money, and perhaps I never should if I had not read this account."

"And do you really resolve to save your money, William?" inquired his sister, very archly.

"I do, indeed," said William earnestly.

"Then I think we can soon obtain you a money-box, but we have no *old tea-caddy*, remember; and if we had, you know papa would not approve of this kind of imitation. I will mention the subject of our conversation to papa in the evening, who will, I think, give you one, if you satisfy him that you are really in earnest in making proper use of it."

The evening arrived, and Mary very prettily introduced the subject to her papa, with much fairness and candour to her brother, and it soon became evident, by the increased interest her papa took in the affair, that she would be a successful pleader.

As soon as Mary had told her papa what they had been talking about, he called William to him, and asked him how lo he had resolved to commence sav money?

"Why, papa," said William, "often regretted that I have spent my in any trifle that came under my and I read an account of a little boy feelings were much like my own; solved to save his money, and was suc and I hope to do the same."

His papa then said:

"It would give me much pleasure you economical and prudent, and purpose the carpenter shall imm make you a money-box; but, my de what advantages do you expect to from this resolution? A kind Pro has prevented the necessity of your your money to buy clothes, as was of this little boy whose example i respects you very properly deter imitate. You enjoy many superior tages to him, and your duty is incre assist others just in the same propo you possess these advantages. Pr yourself proper objects to accompli by humbly seeking His assistan whom proceedeth the riches both of and knowledge, you will rise sup the little temptations which wil themselves in your way. What ob think are worthy of your regard?"

William modestly replied:

"The little boy of whom we ha speaking, has pointed out several, am not ashamed to acknowledge ar worthy of my attention, and I hope tribute something annually out of which you have been kind enough me, towards some of the benevolent tions of my country. I have long bee ing an electrifying machine, a mic and a case of mathematical instrume perhaps by this resolution I may them; at least I think I shall not no my money in trifles, while these possess in my mind so many attract

His excellent sister, who had bee ing to the whole proceeding with t intense interest, and whose feelin now worked up to the highest emotion, burst into tears in an ec joy, as she witnessed how nobly her had acquitted himself. William's no less affected; he took him by t and, with an encouraging and affe smile, addressed him in these word

"Cherish these noble sentime dear boy, to the latest period of y they will lead you to advantages an ness which you never contemplat you first determined to adopt '*Resolution.*'"

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

ubstantive; *a.* adjective; *ad.* adverb; *v.* verb; *v.a.* verb-active; *v.n.* verb-neuter.

GNE, *s. pl.* (French) an ornamental a large glass dish, with branches,

I'ERAL, *a.* lasting only for a day; ed.

I'ERIS, *s.* an account of the daily and situations of the planets.

, *s.* a short upper garment of en, resembling a gown without worn by the Levitical priests; that gh priest was richly embroidered.

, *s.* one of the five magistrates ed by Lycurgus to balance the er.

. a narrative; heroic; *s.* an epic poem.

DE, *s.* a funeral discourse or song.

NE, *a.* common to both sexes.

E'AN, *a.* luxurious, contributing y; *s.* a follower or disciple of

LE, *s.* a little circle whose centre ircumference of a greater.

'LOID, *s.* a geometrical curve.

I'IC, *s.* a generally prevailing dis-

'MIS, *s.* the outer skin of the body.

'TRIC, *a.* relating to a branch of rtery, or upper part of the abdo-

JM, *s.* that part of the orbit in y planet comes nearest to the

L'TIS, *s.* the thin moveable carti- h covers the aperture of the wind-

AM, *s.* a short pointed poem.

APH, *s.* a title, an inscription.

'SY, *s.* a convulsion of the whole the body, with loss of sense.

UE, *s.* a speech at the end of a

ION, *s.* a song of triumph.

OM'ETRY, *s.* the mensuration of it stand on the same base.

NY, *s.* a festival in commemoration Saviour's being manifested to by a star; the twelfth day after

PAL, *a.* relating to a bishop.

'A'LIAN, *s.* an adherer to the Established Church of England.

E, *s.* a narrative or digression in a poem or other piece, separable from the main plot.

EPIS'TOLARY, *a.* relating to letters; transacted by letters; suitable to letters.

EPIS'TROPHE, *s.* several sentences, each of which concludes with the same words.

EP'ITAPH, *s.* an inscription for a monument or tombstone.

EPITHA'LIUM, *s.* a marriage song or poem.

EP'ITHET, *s.* an adjective denoting a quality.

EPITO'ME, *s.* an abridgment, an abstract.

EPIT'ROPE, *s.* a rhetorical figure of concession, in order to obtain an advantage.

EPIZOOT'IC, *a.* relating to animal remains.

E'POCH, EP'OCHA, *s.* the time from which dates are numbered, or computation begun.

E'PODE, *s.* the third or last part of an ode.

E'QUABLE, *a.* equal to itself, even, uniform.

E QUANIM'ITY, *s.* evenness of mind.

E' QUANT, *s.* an imaginary circle in astronomy used to determine the motions of the planets.

EQU 'A'TION, *s.* bringing things to an equality; the difference between the apparent and mean motion of the sun.

EQUA 'TOR, *s.* an imaginary line round the earth, the circle through which the sun appears to move, and on the arrival of the sun at which the day and night become equal; on which account it is sometimes called the *equinoctial line.*

EQ'UERRY , *s.* one who has the care of the horses belonging to a king or prince.

EQUES'TRIAN, *a.* pertaining to a horseman; belonging to the Roman knights; *s.* a rider on a horse.

EQUILATE'RAL, *a.* having all sides equal.

EQUILIB'RIUM, *s.* equality of weight.

E'QUINE, *a* pertaining to horses.

EQ'UINOX, *s.* the precise time when the sun enters the equinoctial, making equal day and night; equality; even measure.

EQ'UIPAGE, *s.* attendance; horses and carriages; a woman's watch and trinkets.

EQUIP'MENT, *s.* the thing equipped or fitted out; the act of equipping.

EQ'UITY, *s.* justice, right, impartiality; in *law*, the correction of that wherein the law (by reason of its universality) is deficient.

EQUIVOCA'TION, *s.* ambiguity of speech; delusive words; double or doubtful meaning; the using of words of double meaning for the purpose of deception.

EQ'UIVOQUE, *s.* a quibble; equivocation.

E'RA, *s.* an epoch, a point of time.

ERA'DIATE, *v.n.* to shoot like a ray.

ERAD'ICATE, *v.a.* to pull up by the roots.

ER'EMITE, *s.* a hermit, a retired person.

EREP'TION, *s.* taking away by force.

ER'GO, *ad.* consequently; therefore.

ERG'OT, *s.* disease in grain.

ERIOM'ETER, *s.* an instrument for measuring the fibres of wood, &c.

ERIS'TICAL, *a.* controversial; contentious.

EROGA'TION, *s.* a giving or bestowing.

ERO'SION, *s.* the act of eating away.

ERPETOL'OGY, *s.* the natural history of reptiles.

ER'RANTRY, *s.* a roving or rambling about.

ERRA'TA, *s.* (Latin, plural of erratum) errors made in printing, &c.

ERRAT'IC, ERRAT'ICAL, *a.* wanderi g, irregular.

ERSE, *s.* the language of the Highland lers of Scotland.

ERUBES'CENT, *a.* somewhat red; b' lush-ing.

ERUCTA'TION, *s.* a sudden burst of wind.

ERUDI'TION, *s.* profound learning, exten-sive knowledge.

ERU'GINOUS, *s.* copperish, rusty, brassy.

ERUP'TION, *s.* an issuing or breaking forth with violence; a pustule; a humour.

ERYSIP'ELAS, *s.* often called *St. Anthony's fire;* an inflammation of the skin, occasion-ing a spreading redness, which occupies a broad surface, on which are formed small blisters, preceded by, and accompanied with fever.

ESCALA'DE, *s.* (French) the scaling of walls; *v.a.* to mount and enter by means of ladders.

ESCAPA'DE, *s.* (French) the irregular mo-tion of a horse.

ESCA'PEMENT, *s.* that part of a clock or watch that regulates its movements.

ESCARP'MENT, *s.* a slope, or steep de-scent.

ESCHARST'IC, *a.* burning, caustic, searing.

ESCHEA'T, *s.* an obstruction in the course of descent, whereby lands become forfeited.

ES'CORT, *s.* a convoy, a guard to a place.

ESCRITO'IR, *s.* a kind of desk upon drawers.

ESCULA'PIAN, *a.* pertaining to t cal art; from *Esculapius*, the fathe cal science.

ESCUTCH'EON, *s.* a shield with a

ES'CULENT, *a.* eatable; good fo omething fit for food.

ESOTE'RIC, EX'OTERIC, *a.* secre ious; terms applied to secret mong the ancients; *esoteric* ap hose who were admitted into the s *xoteric*, to those who remained in ourt.

ESPAL'IER, *s.* a dwarf tree trai a trellis or rail, instead of nailing walls.

ES'PIONAGE, *s.* (French) the act ing and furnishing intelligence matter by means of spies.

ESPLAN'ADE, *s.* the ground bet fortifications of a citadel and tho town to which it belongs; the given also to a public walk facing

ESQUI'RE, *s.* (from the French or shield-bearer) the next title of that of knight. The title is given tesy, to gentlemen of property, t sional gentlemen, and occasionally who have not in strictness any c as a distinct title or dignity.

ES'SAY, *s.* a trial, an endeavour periment, an attempt.

ES'SENCE, *s.* that which consti nature, substance, or being of a th name is given to certain perfumes because they contain the substanc liar properties of the herbs, &c., fr they are prepared.

ESSENTIA'LITY, *s.* first or co principles.

ESSOIGN'S, *s.* in law, an excuse appearance by a person summon swer an action at law, or to perfor at a court baron.

ESTACA'DE, *s.* (French) a dyke co with piles in the sea, a river, or n oppose the entrance of an enemy.

ESTAFFET'TE, *s.* (French) a courier or messenger.

ESTA'TE, *s.* in law, signifies tha interest which a man has in lan ments, hereditaments, or other fortune; rank, condition in life.

ES'TIMATE, *s.* a calculation; a se value; computation; assignment

ES'TIVAL, *a.* relating to the sum

ESTOP'PEL, *s.* in law; a bar or h to a right of action, caused by a m act.

ESTO'VERS, *s.* in law, supplies ance.

HE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.
[VOL. VII.—No. 83.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1851.]

COMPETITION.

HERE is a world of thought in this one little word, and there are few things to hich we are more indebted than the principle which it expresses. Man is evi-ently a *competing* being. He is naturally disposed not only to imitate his brother, it to surpass him. There is a progressive element within us all, which, when ily cultivated, leads us to seek after something better than we have yet attained. ven Christianity teaches us "to provoke one another to love and to good works," id to be always pressing on towards perfection. Where there is no competition here is no advancement. Savages and barbarians never bring this principle to ear upon anything but mere feats of physical strength and deeds of cruelty; and, a consequence, they remain in the same state from age to age. In China there little competition, and mind is stereotyped. The Japanese are now what they ere a thousand or two thousand years ago, because nothing new or foreign is lmitted among them. In several despotic governments every motive for emula-on is taken away, and there *caste* is perpetual. The nobles are nobles, the riests are priests, and the slaves are slaves, from age to age.

We are sorry to find that some of the professed friends of liberty and of the orking classes in our day are lifting their voices against competition, and con-emning it as a most vicious and destructive principle; and yet these very gentle-en, by their writings, books, and lectures, are trying to compete with the rest of eir countrymen, and are putting forth their utmost efforts to rival every man and oman who differs from them in any particular. Now there seems to us a strange consistency in this; for if it is a crime for one man to endeavour to surpass ano-ier, then it is as wicked for a Liberal to labour to rival a Tory as it is for a Tory seek to rival a Liberal. In fact, everything ought to remain just as it is, because you begin to change you may let loose this horrid spirit of emulation!

The idea of revolution and equality is one of the wildest visions that has ever ntered the mind of any dreaming enthusiast. If all the land and property of the ountry were equally divided to-day, there would be an immense disparity in the rcumstances of the population before to-morrow evening, unless those who un-ertook the matter should also limit the expenditure of every person, by constructing tariff of household economy, by imposing pains and penalties on its non-bservance, and ordaining a number of government officials to detect and punish ffenders. There must be a financier at every house to inquire how much each ndividual spends, or else one will lay out and another will lay up more than his rother or sister, and the grand *beau ideal* of equality will be infringed on and verthrown. But the institution of such a system of espionage and restraint ould overtop any tyranny of which we have ever heard or read. The idea which me entertain of a nation of Communists involves in it the utmost despotism. As on as an industrious man obtains a sixpence more than his lazy neighbour, he ust give it up, or have it taken from him, that the indolent miscreant who does ot like to exert himself may share a part of it. We have been extremely sorry for me years to find how many individuals of apparently philanthropic sentiments ave been led away by the delusion, that by restraining persons from obtaining ealth and independency you would cut up every evil root and branch, and completely

provide for the whole population. With morality, liberty, and wealth in th lips, they strive to render virtue impossible by converting every human being i a machine; to abolish freedom in labour, buying, and selling, by transform every man, woman, and child into a slave; and to banish all prosperity reducing each person into a penniless pauper. The history of the ancient modern kings of France is the record of one continued series of wrongs and oppr sions; but whatever may be said of despotic princes, nobles, and priests, would a thousand-fold outheroded by the establishment of Communism or Socialism.

Our readers know that we are, in the broadest sense of the word, the friends liberty, and therefore the unflinching opponents of every sort of dominati whether exercised by a crowned head, a president, a priest, a master, or a den crat. We have never been blind to the evils that exist among us from Whig a Tory misrule; but, bad as that iron sceptre may have been, it has been mild a gentle compared with a government which would prohibit every man from co peting with his neighbour, which would restrain every effort to rise and advan and which would rob every one of every penny that he may earn more than idlers who prefer being fed at the expense of others, and live upon the fruits the industry of their fellow-countrymen. Paupers are paupers, whether th wear coronets or are dressed in rags and covered with vermin; and we must t care, in striving to correct the vices and destroy the licentiousness of the form that we do not, after all, establish on a large scale the very evil which i limited form has been so pernicious.

It is impossible to raise people, or better their circumstances, by making them i infants or slaves. The oak and the cedar thrive by having liberty to spread abr their roots in the earth, and their branches in the heavens. Each tree, shrub, a flower is an individual, and must do something for itself which no one can do it; and were we to regulate or restrain its roots and branches by Acts of Parliame we should never have the benefits which we now derive from vegetation. M and women also are individuals, and must, to a great extent, be left to themselv There is an amount of voluntary liberty which cannot be infringed on with injury to the people, and without the exercise of tyranny on the part of the rul The most complete and perfect Government is that which does the least for citizens, and leaves all classes to advance their own interests to the utmost of th power; which exhibits no partiality to any rank or sect; which leaves educati commerce, and religion alone; and merely watches over the persons and prope of its subjects, by enacting and enforcing wholesome laws for the preservation both. To make men rich, or restrain them from becoming rich by parliament regulations, is an equal act of despotism. To tell a man he shall only have many shillings in his purse; so many loaves in his cupboard; shall only eat many ounces of meat a day; shall only butter his bread to a certain thickne shall not labour but so many hours; shall not do his work better than his neig bour; nor invent a single thing; nor possess a shirt, or a coat, or a pair of stoc ings more than the lazy, indolent, careless, minion whose highest ambition is live on charity, is a species of despotism which the Pharaohs and Neros of antiqu never dreamt of; and yet this is the new fangled tyranny of which the men dre who would put down competition by legislative enactments!

If we allow men and women to be free, and consequently to be men a women, there will most certainly be competition, inequality, and a thousa

other differences of opinion, pursuits, and circumstances. England owes her greatness in no small degree to competition. We have from a very remote age resolved not only to raise ourselves, and to rise above one another, but also to outdo foreign nations; and here has been one great secret of our progress. The Crystal Palace, with all its prodigies of labour, art, taste, wealth, and splendour, is the result of competition. Here we have a noble rivalry which is healthy and beneficial to all, and which has put forward the world's science, prosperity, happiness, and religion a hundred, or perhaps we should speak more nearly to the truth, if we said a thousand years. We shall all now take a new start in calculating the arts of industry, peace, charity, and universal brotherhood. Competition, as by a miracle, has matured the infant into a giant, and given humanity a stride towards perfection which overwhelms us all with wonder.

Volumes might be filled with the benefits which the world has derived from emulation. Our arts, our sciences, our literature, and even the sacred cause of religion, have been incalculably advanced thereby. How many an idle youth has been quickened into activity by the industry and rivalry of his class-mates; and talents, which would have remained dormant for ever, have been elicited, and in the end have become of infinite advantage to truth, science, liberty, and christianity. If some demon in former years could have quenched the spirit of emulation which the Creator himself has implanted in our bosoms, he would by that one act have destroyed the greater part of the patriots, philosophers, and philanthropists, which have blessed our country, and conferred unutterable benefits on mankind. We cannot open our eyes, move a step, read a book, write a line, enter a field or a room, sit down in a cottage or a palace, put on a garment, eat a meal, or take a journey, without being reminded of the advantages of competition.

But we are told that much evil has resulted from this rivalry; and so we may be reminded that thousand ills have sprung from eating and drinking, and therefore that an appetite is a bad thing; or that human hands have done so much mischief that it would have been good for the world if men had been created without them. Wicked men abuse everything, and would do as much damage to their species under any other system as that of competition. But the *abuse* of a thing is at the very antipodes to its *use*. There may be an honest, a noble, a christian rivalry. There is no reason why a man who competes with another, should be unjust or oppressive. Competition does not necessarily produce low wages or selfishness. Far from this, we are persuaded that the working classes owe innumerable blessings to this very emulation which some are so loudly condemning. Low wages arise not from competition, but from the want of sufficient employment. Remove restriction from commerce, abolish war, open trade with all the world, and let the people practise economy, and it will not be in the power of any man to oppress the hireling in his wages. There will be such a demand for labour as will raise its price to the highest equitable standard.

DIVISIBILITY OF MATTER.—A remarkable instance of the divisibility of matter is seen in the dyeing of silk with cochineal, where a pound of silk, containing eight score threads to the ounce, each thread seventy-two yards long, and the whole reaching about 104 miles, when dyed with scarlet does not receive above a drachm additional weight; so that a drachm of the colouring matter of the cochineal is actually extended through more than 100 miles in length, and yet this minute quantity is sufficient to give an intense colour to silk with which it is combined.

A CUMBERLAND LEGEND.

By Miss H. M. Rathbone.

The turreted castle of Allonby
In the soft red light of the sunset gleamed,
And the night so balmy, so calm the sea,
An Eden, unclouded by care, it seemed:
But grief respecteth not station, I ween,
She invadeth alike both hut and hall,
And hath shrouded many as fair a scene
In sable sorrow's funereal pall.

And the Lord of Allonby's only child,
Young Edith, the heir of that proud domain,
Now passeth her days in moanings wild,
Like a wounded deer in its hour of pain:
The skill of the wise man in vain is tried,
And overwhelmed by the desolate blow,
The lone parents, alas! have both defied
Those comforting thoughts which could aid bestow.

Grave look the serving maids, pages and all,
As awestruck they murmur beneath their breath,
And foretell the fate of the ancient hall,
Should its young heir meet with an early death.
"On!" hoarsely then mutters an aged crone
Who hath witnessed a hundred springs or more;
While so well her magical powers are known,
That her words the sweet light of hope restore:—

"Procure me a purse full of gold," she said,
"With a sturdy nag; and in six days hence,
The lovely lady shall lift up her head,
And with doctor and nurse's help dispense."
Over hill and o'er dale she rideth fast,
The charm to discover of troth preserved
By one who through manifold trials hath passed,
Yet ne'er from the vow of constancy swerved.

Her talisman first she essays to seek
In a frail girl's small dainty chamber neat;
But vile rouge adorneth the damsel's cheek,
And sighing, the crone is forced to retreat;
For *too many* tokens she sees around,
From fond hearts encouraged and then betrayed;
While one hath even been dropt on the ground
By the beautiful yet deceiving maid.

In a large sea-girt town she searcheth next,—
Where Mammon amidst his worshippers dwells,—
Then tries she her soul-searching scales, perplex'd
While probing in turn the heart's secret cells;
For their love-gifts, so called, weigh light as air,
And soon these gold-craving wooers reveal
The unworldly spell must be sought elsewhere,
Which erst can accomplish young Edith's weal.

O'er hill and o'er dale the crone rideth fast,
And sorely her poor withered bones are aching;
For a second brief day hath well nigh past,
Yet ne'er dreameth she of her task forsaking.
The tall spires of London at length appear,
Hope kindles afresh on seeing the throng,—
Whose thousands, uncounted, forbid the fear
That *no* faithful lovers to them belong.

The golden purse proves a quick sesame,
It openeth the dwellings of rich and poor;
But no pledges of charmed fidelity
Here belong to hearts from selfishness pure:
Some tokens are tainted by pique and pride,
And some by the mania for pomp and show;
While others, who once temptation defied,
Are defaced by vanity mean and low.

From London, the aged crone wends her way,
Her ill-luck causing her many a sigh,
Until at the close of this troubled day,
When pausing beneath the unclouded sky,
The dear thought of her childhood's home comes back;
And, as a young bird returns to its nest,
When wounded the hunter pursues its track,
Of her native village she starts in quest.

Over hill and o'er dale she rideth fast,
And soon greets the scene of her early years,
When the gates of "merry Carlisle" once passed,
Her youth's calm haven her sad spirit cheers.
The howling blast roars, she heedeth it not,
As a child's her slumber that night is sweet;
And the terrible storm is all forgot,
Whilst raging billows 'gainst the wild cliffs beat.

But above the thunder loud shrieks arise,
And in trembling haste is a life-boat launched,
On vainly to reach the vessel it tries;
And every spectator's lips are blanched,
As the noble ship strikes the rock-bound shore,
And her brave crew sink in the dark-blue main;
Their dying groans lost in the tempest's roar,
For only one lives dry land to regain.

But kind hands are waiting aid to afford,—
Ropes are flung out to the poor struggling boy;
And the breathless victim is soon restored
To his good preservers' unbounded joy.
Once more the tired villagers seek their rest,
Save the crone, who the suffering youth attends;
Whose hand, firmly clasp'd, ne'er moves from his breast,
And his nurse o'er his sick couch anxiously bends.

Then gently unloosing his feeble grasp,
Her old heart beats high with the welcome sight
Of a withered flower in the youth's fond clasp,
By a soft ribbon bound of blue and white.

Through manifold dangers thus safely brought,
This long-treasured gift, when truly weighed,
She knows is the charm she so long hath sought,
And her glad success hath all toils repaid.

Over hill and o'er dale she rideth fast,
And veiled in the mist of the rose-mantled dawn,
The lodge gates of Allonby chase are passed,
And her speed disturbs every sleeping fawn.
Soon is she standing in Edith's dark room,
Where the delicate mother her watch still keeps,
All day and all night in its quiet gloom,
While the gray-headed father exhausted sleeps.

The old crone approacheth the maiden's bed,
And places the flower on her young warm heart;
Then stealthily moving with noiseless tread,
She mutters the spells of her magic art,
And lays the small hands o'er the precious charm,
While smiling she sees a bright flush arise;
And raising herself on one fragile arm,
The sick girl opens her swol'n heavy eyes.

Ah! well doth fair Edith the token know,—
For that faded flower in Allonby grew;
She gave it in troth in the parting hour
To one who swore unto death to be true.
She hears the good news that St. Clair is near,
And the tidings bring back that waning life,
Which, sinking beneath the pressure of fear,
Had well nigh expired in long hopeless strife.

Oh, ne'er shall you gaze on a finer pair,
When in Allonby's chapel, side by side,
There stood the true lover—the brave St. Clair—
With Edith, the fair-haired and long-loved bride;
Her loveliness deepening each happy hour,
As a rose-bud unfolds in the sun's warm rays;
Her innocent beauty, her richest dower,
Thus fed by the dews of love's sweetest praise

TRUE KNOWLEDGE.

WHAT is *true knowledge?*—Is it with keen eye
Of lucre's sons to thread the mazy way?
Is it of civic rights and royal sway,
And wealth political, the depths to try?
Is it to delve the earth or soar the sky—
To marshal nature's tribes in just array—
To mix and analyse and mete and weigh
Her elements, and all her powers descry?
These things who will may know them, if to know
Breed not vain glory; but, o'er all, to scan
God in his works and word shown forth below—
Creation's wonders, and Redemption's plan—
Whence came we—what to do—and whither go:
This is *true knowledge*, and the "whole of man."

THE MAMMOTH CAVE IN KENTUCKY.

(*Concluded from Page* 248.)

EAVING Gorin's Dome, we retraced our eps until we came to a vast hall, which called the Deserted Chamber. Here e crossed the Bottomless Pit by a nar- w bridge of plank. It is impossible for ie who has not visited the spot, to con- ive of the awful effect produced by the enery of this part of the cave. The path s along the brink of a precipice which ems to extend in almost every direction. 'e kindled a fire of paper, and threw it 'er; down, down, down it settled, until lighted up the deep abyss, and made us coil from the brink. When first disco- red, it was supposed that this pit had no ttom which could be found; but it is w ascertained to be about one hundred d fifty feet deep. Passing several mag- ficent chambers, we came to the Acute ngle, a point at which the cavern makes sudden turn, leaving a sharp point of tting rock. The Cottages of Invalids xt attracted our attention. We had now turned to within about a mile of the outh. Here are the remains of a num- r of houses which were built in the cave r the residences of consumptive patients. he air being uniform, elastic, and dry, it as supposed that the consumption might e cured by living here. A temperature f 60 degrees in the winter season, and at perfectly secure from change, was ore inviting to the invalid than the dark- ess and solitude were repelling. It was und, however, that cures were not ffected. One or more patients died here, nd the houses were abandoned. I could ot but wonder at this token of our tena- ity of life—that persons should be willing entomb themselves alive, and not to see ray of daylight through the long winter, their desire to resist disease and live.

We next visited the Star Chamber and he Hall of Floating Clouds. The ceiling f these apartments has a groundwork oloured dark, like an evening sky. On his there are formed small crystals of ypsum, which, by a certain arrangement f the lamps, are seen like so many stars pangling the heavens. At first but few tars appeared; but soon one after another eemed to pierce the ether, until it was lifficult to realise that we were not looking pon the open sky. Among the stars there s a well-defined comet, with a long tail. The appearance of clouds is formed in the ame way, and the illusion quite as com- lete. You seem to look upon a sky half overed with floating clouds, which are perfectly white. From this delightful illusion we returned to the mouth of the cave, and ended our first day's journey. We walked about eight miles, and felt no fatigue. As we ascended the rude steps by which we entered, and passed from the air of the cave into the hot atmosphere of a June afternoon, we experienced a change which astonished us as much as anything we had seen. The change so suddenly made from a temperature of 60 to one of 90, was oppressive beyond endurance. We could not stand in it. It was like the hot breath of a Sirocco. We feared to leave the cave until we had gradually accustomed ourselves to the air, which before entering the cave we thought quite tolerable. The sense of smell was very acute under the influence of this sudden change; it seemed as if we could almost analyse the odour of every flower.

Our second day's exploration was more extensive than that of the first. We started, after an early breakfast, with a journey on foot before us of eighteen miles! The longest route leading to what is called the end of the cave is nine miles in length. This was our day's work. We were favoured in having the services of the guide Stephen, who is himself quite a character. He is a slave belonging to the estate on, or rather under which, the cave is situated. He is a smart, intelligent fellow, interesting and instructive in conversation, and quite a singer. He has himself made most of the recent discoveries. He first crossed the river of the cave. From the conversation of scientific tourists he has gathered a good fund of information, which the visitor finds very serviceable. He reads and writes, forms theories on geological subjects, makes sketches of cavern scenery, and proposes to make a book!

Passing over a part of the same route which we had taken before, we went through an avenue having a very low ceiling, which obliged us to stoop, hence it is called the Valley of Humility. Then we had to thread our way through the serpentine channel of an extinct stream—a most singular and ludicrous operation. The path was a continuous letter S; the rocks on either side came about up to our waists, while the low ceiling required us to stoop. This is called the Winding Way, or Fat Man's Misery. Immediately after this we came to a wider and higher passage, called Great Relief—an appropriate

name, for even men of slender proportions are glad to emerge from this tortuous path into a comfortable room. We soon found ourselves in River Hall, a grand gallery, wide and lofty. In a sort of recess we were shown a cluster of singular stalactites, which a Cincinnati pork merchant would have taken for a fac simile of his hams and shoulders hanging up for cure. They call this Bacon Chamber, and the resemblance is surprisingly strong.

Our path now led by the side of an awful chasm, partly filled with water—the Dead Sea—whose solemn stillness was only broken by the pattering of some dripping spring.

We next crossed the River Styx, by a natural bridge. The river seemed to flow in a lower gallery, which crossed diagonally the one in which we were walking. The guide hurled a stone into the water, which, after a descent of several seconds, returned a deep sound of splashing water.

A little further on, we came to another portion of water, called Lake Lethe. Crossing this by a boat, we traversed the Great Walk, and soon reached the Echo River, on which we travelled in a boat about three-quarters of a mile. Coming to a sand bar, we had to get out and walk across to another boat. We now floated on a river 30 feet deep, through a gallery, at one time so low, that we had to bend our heads forwards, and even then we caught a few bumps against the roof. Then the avenue would change to a vast gallery 150 feet high, whose lofty arch, and deep-worn sides, inspired emotions of the sublime. I shall not attempt to describe the feelings with which I was borne along upon this subterranean river. We were more than 300 feet below the surface of the earth. The scene exceeded in strangeness, grandeur, and awfulness, anything which I remember to have witnessed. The effect of our lamps as they lighted up this profound abyss, the reflection from the limpid waters and the walls, the echo which came back, as if from remote caverns, in answer to the songs which Stephen sang, the thought that we were so hidden from the eye of men, and the deep and unusually powerful conviction, that God was here—these all, with other reflections which crowded themselves upon the mind, produced an overwhelming impression. I was never so transported with emotions of awe and wonder, nor did I ever behold the works of God when they seemed to convey so emphatic a lesson of the power of their Original.

This river is connected by some hidden passage with the Green River, which is on the same level. A rise in the Green River produces a corresponding rise in this. The Echo River has other resources. sometimes rises very suddenly after ra Visitors have been prevented from retu ing the way they went. Boats are kep certain places with a view to facilit escape in such a case. There is, moreov a passage running along the side of River Avenue, which they call Purgato because it affords an escape when the ot passage is closed. I am told that to through this place, you have at one spot lie down and creep through with son thing of a squeeze, from which I imag the name is not badly chosen. This ri rises to an immense height. I saw a b lodged on a ledge of rocks 50 or 60 f above the level of the water, as it sto when I was there. Other boats l wrecked on lower rocks. At these tim of freshet, they are not able to visit th parts of the Cave which lie beyond t river. This was the case when Jenny Li was at the Cave last spring. We saw ey less fish in the river, and caught some wi a net. They are nearly white, and ve small. I saw none as large as my lit finger. One variety of these fishes resemb the lobster in form, though not in size; th call it the crawfish. Sometimes fish a caught in these subterranean waters whi have eyes. These are supposed to ha found their way from the Green River in this gloomy prison.

Having landed beyond the river, walked about seven miles before we we at the end of the Cave. Silliman's Av nue, one mile and a-half long, a statel well-arched hall, led us to Cascade-ha and Dripping Spring. We next pass through an awful section of the Avenu where darkness seemed doubly visible, a the path appeared to terminate in a da abyss, although it went on by a gradu descent. This place they call the Infern Regions.

The Great Western Steam-ship is a hu mass of rocks strikingly similar to t stern of a steamer. Passing through O Bull's Concert-hall, to which the gre violinist gave name by playing here, w entered the Pass El Ghor, a wild passag of several miles, through a lofty but na row avenue. We noticed sometimes sort of second story, of which the floo had not all been worn away, or, rather on avenue running exactly above another sometimes lying open, and at other time separated by a horizontal floor of rock We could here see how the river had se tled down from higher to lower beds, as i gradually searched out avenues, and wor a new passage for itself. It would the fall into its lower bed, leaving the hall i

ich it flowed for ages, a spacious cave. other evidence of the same process we nd in the cavernous sound which our t produced, showing that there were rer apartments to which we had no access. assing the Black Hole of Calcutta, ich lies so near the walk that we were tioned not to step into it, and drinking Hebe's Spring, we ascended a perpen- ular hole some twenty feet, and found selves in Martha's Vineyard. The ks were hung low, almost reaching our ds, and they were covered with sta- tite formations of the shape and colour grapes. A most singular place.

The Snowball Room is one of the st gorgeous apartments. The ceiling is very high, but it is covered with mations of white gypsum on a ground- rk of dark limestone, so that there is t the appearance of a roof which has n pelted with snowballs. It is an ex- dingly beautiful spot.

Cleaveland's Avenue, which we next sed through, is three miles long, and gem of the whole Cave. The roof is rned with the most exquisite coronets, wers, and gems, composed of gypsum, the sulphate of lime, combined with ter. One part of the roof is called mmary Ceiling, from the peculiar shape its decorations. As we held up our ps to the low ceiling, we were amazed the gorgeous beauty which God has den in these caverns. It is impossible describe them, or even to conceive their auty, when language has done its ut- st. Vast quantities of these decora- ns have fallen off, and lie in heaps upon e floor. We tarried as long as we could, rning over these beautiful things, and ing our pockets with them. Many ich we should have been happy to take ay were so frail that they would hardly ar handling. You cannot imagine with at eager curiosity we searched for ange and beautiful things. Stephen, o, who has almost lived in the Cave for any years, was as eager as any of us, d left the place as reluctantly as we, to hom it was all new. One of the most autiful things we found, though not in is apartment, was a sort of fibrous gyp- m, resembling asbestos, or spun glass, aring an exquisite gloss of a pure white lour, and composed of the most delicate reads.

Near the end of the Cave we had to oss the Rocky Mountains, an ambitious me at which we smiled, until we ached the place, and found that it was orthy of its name. A vast vault 200 et across, and perhaps 150 feet high, con- ins a heap of rugged rocks, some 30 feet high. The ascent is difficult, and the path the roughest I ever trod, excepting only my ascent of Mount Vesuvius, over its lava rocks. We could not doubt that these masses of stone had fallen from the roof, as appears to have been the case in many apartments. Nor could we help remark- ing what a grand dome would be there, if these rocks could be removed, and the magnitude of the rotund chamber well displayed.

Descending the steep sides of these rocks, we saw beyond them, at the foot of a deep and difficult declivity, the last, and perhaps the best, thing in the Cave. It is the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, a re- cess about 12 feet square, though of no regular form. Over the front of it there has been let fall an exquisite stalactite drapery, folded in the most regular plaits. Water is still trickling over the walls and drapery of this apartment, and as the light of our lamps fell upon it, the whole place seemed to glisten with a most fasci- nating silvery brilliancy. We were unanimous in the opinion that this alone was worth the nine-miles' walk which we had taken, and were now to retrace.

We were three hours in making the journey out of the Cave, walking rapidly all the time when the path would permit. It was difficult to pass the places at which we had felt so much wonder and delight, without pausing for another view. But we had engaged our passage in the next stage, and we had no time for delay. When we first saw daylight, after a day in the Cave, the effect was indescribably beautiful. The light was so softened by distance as to appear exactly like moon- light.

Although the reader has followed me through this narration, he will be able to form but a very inadequate idea of the Cave and its wonders from what I have said. My two days, and my twenty-six miles, have not shown me the Cave. Some of its most spacious apartments were off from our route, and passed by.

We did not go within several miles of the Temple, or Chief City, where is a dome which rivals St. Sophia's and St. Peter's. It is 120 feet high, and covers an area of two acres. Our guide told us that we might spend a month in the Cave, and be seeing new things all the time, and that he believed we might travel 150 miles in a thorough exploration.

Notwithstanding all the pits and rivers, and other awe-inspiring things in the Cave, it is not known that a life was ever sacrificed in visiting it. The guide who has been familiar with the Cave for many years, never knew a rock to fall, or

any disaster to occur, except that one man strayed from his party on the 4th of July, 1838, and was lost for forty-two hours. When found, he was nearly deranged from alarm. But with ordinary precaution, there is no danger in visiting the Cave.

GLEANINGS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

No. XI.—EASTERN ALLEGORIES AND HEBREW TALES.

The Eastern writers delight in parables. Some years ago I remember quoting from a popular work the following beautiful fable, extracted from a work entitled "The Wonders of Nature," and which is preserved in the Royal Library at Paris. It is given as the narrative of Khidhz, an allegorical personage:—

"I passed one day by a wondrously populous city, and asked one of the inhabitants how long it had been founded? 'It is indeed a mighty city,' replied he. 'We know not how long it has been founded, and our ancestors were as ignorant on this subject as ourselves.'

"Five centuries afterwards, as I passed, I could not perceive the slightest vestige of the city. I demanded of a peasant who was gathering herbs upon its former site how long it had been destroyed? 'In sooth, a strange question!' replied he. 'The ground here has never been different from what you behold it.' 'Was there not, of old,' I said, 'a splendid city here?' 'Never,' answered the man, 'so far as we have seen, and never did our fathers speak to us of such.'

"On my return there 500 years afterwards, I found the sea in the same place, and on the shores were a party of fishermen, of whom I inquired how long the land had been covered with water? 'Is this a question,' said they, 'for a man like you? This spot has always been what it is now.'

"I again returned, 500 years afterwards, and the sea had disappeared. I inquired of a man who stood alone upon the spot how long this change had taken place, and he gave me the same answer as I had received before.

"Lastly, on coming back again after an equal lapse of time, I found there a flourishing city, more populous and more rich in beautiful buildings than the city I had seen the first time; and when I would fain have informed myself concerning its origin, the inhabitants answered me, 'Its rise is lost in remote antiquity. We are ignorant how long it has existed, and our fathers were as ignorant on the subject as ourselves.'"

This is an admirable lesson on the mutations of human affairs. The following is taken from Hurwitz's "Hebrew Tales":—

"Compelled by violent persecution to quit his native land, Rabbi Akiba wandered over barren wastes and dreary deserts. His whole equipage consisted of a lamp, which he used to light at night, in order to study the law; a cock, which served him instead of a watch, to announce to him the rising dawn; and an ass, on which he rode.

"The sun was gradually sinking beneath the horizon, night was fast approaching, and the poor wanderer knew not where to shelter his head, or where to rest his weary limbs. Fatigued, and almost exhausted, he came at last near a village. He was glad to find it inhabited, thinking where human beings dwelt, there dwelt also humanity and compassion; but he was mistaken. He asked for a night's lodging—it was refused. Not one of the inhospitable inhabitants would accommodate him. He was therefore obliged to seek shelter in a neighbouring wood. 'It is hard, very hard,' said he, 'not to find a hospitable roof to protect me against the inclemency of the weather; *but God is just, and whatever he does is for the best.* He seated himself beneath a tree, lighted his lamp, and began to read the law. He had scarcely read a chapter, when a violent storm extinguished the light. 'What,' exclaimed he, 'must I not be permitted even to pursue my favourite study? *But God is just, and whatever he does is for the best.*'

"He stretched himself on the bare earth, willing, if possible, to have a few hours' sleep. He had hardly closed his eyes, when a fierce wolf came and killed the cock. 'What new misfortune is this?' ejaculated the astonished Akiba. 'My vigilant com-

ion is gone. Who, then, will henceforth awaken me to the study of the law?' But d is just; he knows best what is good for us poor mortals.' Scarcely had he finished sentence, when a terrible lion came and devoured the ass. 'What is to be done w?' exclaimed the lonely wanderer. 'My lamp and my cock are gone—my poor ass, , is gone—all is gone! *But, praised be the Lord, whatever he does is for the best!*' passed a sleepless night, and early in the morning went to the village, to see whether could procure a horse, or any other beast of burden, to enable him to pursue his rney. But what was his surprise not to find a single individual alive!

"It appears that a band of robbers had entered the village during the night, killed its abitants, and plundered their houses. As soon as Akiba had sufficiently recovered m the amazement into which this wonderful occurrence had thrown him, he lifted up voice and exclaimed, 'Thou Great God, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, now know by experience that poor mortal men are short-sighted and blind; often con- ering as evils what is intended for their preservation! But thou alone art just, and d, and merciful! Had not the hard-hearted people driven me, by their inhos- ality, from the village, I should assuredly have shared their fate. Had not the wind tinguished my lamp, the robbers would have been drawn to the spot, and have rdered me. I perceive also that it was thy mercy which deprived me of my two npanions, that they might not by their noise give notice to the banditti were I was. aised, then, be thy name, for ever and ever!'"

The following I have taken from the same work. It professes to relate the ventures of Alexander the Great:—

"Pursuing his journey through dreary deserts and uncultivated ground, Alexander me at last to a small rivulet, whose waters glided peaceably along their shelving banks. s smooth unruffled surface was the image of contentment, and seemed in its silence to y—this is the abode of tranquillity and peace. All was still; not a sound was heard ve those soft murmuring tones which seemed to whisper into the ear of the weary veller, 'Come, and partake of nature's bounty!' and to complain that such offers ould be made in vain. To a contemplative mind, such a scene might have suggested thousand delightful reflections. But what charms could it have for the soul of an lexander, whose breast was filled with schemes of ambition and conquest—whose eye as familiarised with rapine and slaughter—and whose ears were accustomed to the clash arms—to the groans of the wounded and the dying? Onward, therefore, he marched. et, overcome by fatigue and hunger, he was soon obliged to stop. He seated himself one of the banks of the river, took a draught of water, which he found of a very fine vour, and very refreshing. He then ordered some salt fish, with which he was well ovided, to be brought to him. These he dipped in the stream, in order to take off the iny taste, and was very much surprised to find them emit a very fine fragrance. Surely,' said he, 'this river, which possesses such uncommon qualities, must flow from me very rich and happy country. Let us march thither.' Following the course of the ver, he at length arrived at the gates of Paradise. The gates were shut. He knocked, d, with his usual impetuosity, demanded admittance. 'Thou canst not be admitted ere,' exclaimed a voice from within, 'this gate is the Lord's.' 'I am the Lord—the ord of the earth,' rejoined the impatient chief—'I am Alexander the Conqueror. Will ou not admit me?' 'No,' was the answer. 'Here we know of no conquerors, save ich as conquer their passions; none but the just can enter here.' Alexander endea- oured in vain to enter the abode of the blessed; neither entreaties nor menaces availed. eeing all his attempts fruitless, he addressed himself to the guardian of Paradise, and aid, 'You know I am a great king—a person who received the homage of nations. ince you will not admit me, give me at least something, that I may show an astonished nd admiring world that I have been where no mortal has ever been before me.' 'Here, adman!' said the guardian of Paradise, 'here is something for thee. It may cure the aladies of thy distempered soul. One glance at it may teach thee more wisdom than hou hast hitherto derived from all thy former instructors. Now go thy ways.' Alex- nder took it with avidity, and repaired to his tent; but what was his confusion and urprise to find, on examining the received present, that it was nothing but the fragment f a human skull! 'And is this,' exclaimed Alexander, 'the mighty gift that they

bestow on kings and heroes? Is this the fruit of so much toil, danger, and care? Enraged and disappointed, he threw it on the ground. 'Great king,' said a learned man who happened to be present, 'do not despise this gift. Despicable as it appears in thine eyes, it yet possesses some extraordinary qualities, of which thou mayst soon be convinced, if thou wilt order it to be weighed against gold or silver.' Alexander ordered it to be done. A pair of scales was brought. The skull was placed in one, a quantity of gold in the other; when, to the astonishment of the beholders, the skull overbalanced the gold. More gold was added, still the skull preponderated. In short, the more gold there was put in the one scale, the lower sunk that which contained the skull. 'Strange!' exclaimed Alexander, 'that so small a portion of matter should outweigh so large a mass of gold! Is there nothing that will counterpoise it?' 'Yes,' answered the philosophers, 'a very little matter will do it.' They then took some earth, covered the skull with it, when immediately down went the gold, and the opposite scale ascended. 'This is very extraordinary!' said Alexander, astonished. 'Can you explain this strange phenomenon?' 'Great king,' said the sages, 'this fragment is the socket of a human eye, which, though small in its compass, is yet unbounded in its desire. The more it has, the more it craves. Neither gold nor silver, nor any other earthly possession, can ever satisfy it. But when it once is laid in the grave and covered with a little earth, there is an end to its lust and ambition.'"

DERIVATION OF NAMES OF PLACES, &c.

CHELSEA.—In a Saxon charter of Edward the Confessor, it is written "*Cealchylle.*" In the reign of Henry VIII. Sir Thomas More lived on his manor and village on the banks of the Thames, and dated his letters from *Chelcith.* "It is so called," says Lysons, "from the nature of the place, whose strand is like the *chesel* (*cevsel*, or *cesol*) which the sea casteth up of sand and pebble-stones, thereof called *Cheselsey*, briefly *Chelsey*, as is *Chelsey* (*Selsey*) in Sussex."

PORRIDGE ISLAND was a paved footway, strange to tell, near the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, filled with cooks' shops. It was evidently a cant name. In the *World*, towards the close of 1753, we read of "the fine gentleman whose dinner is served up under cover of a pewter plate, from the cook's shop in Porridge Island." It was destroyed when the great improvements were effected in the neighbourhood in 1829.

PICCADILLY.—This part of London was named after a hall, called Piccadilla Hall, a place of sale for *piccardillies*, or *turnovers*, a part of the fashionable dress which appeared about the year 1614. It has, unlike many other places, preserved its name uncorrupted. *Gracechurch-street*, sometimes called *Gracious-street*, was originally *Grass-street*, from a herb market there. *Billiter-lane* is a corruption of Bellzetter's-lane, from the first builder or owner. *Garlick-hill* was *Garlicke-hithe*, or *hive*, where garlic was sold. *Newington* was *New Town*. *Mincing-lane* was *Mincheon-lane*, from tenements belonging to the Mincheons, or nuns of St. Helen's, in Bishopsgate-street. But Barnabe Rice, in his "Honestie of the Age," speaks of "the body-makers that do swarm through all parts, both of London and about London. The body is still pampered up in the very dropsy of excess. He that some fortie year sithens should have asked after a *Pickadilly*, I wonder who would have understood him, or could have told what a *Pickadilly* had been, either fish or flesh!"

CHARING CROSS is one of the crosses raised to the memory of Eleanora of Castile, by her sorrowing widower. Every time Charing Cross is mentioned, a tribute is paid unconsciously to the virtues of Edward the First's beloved queen, for the appellation is derived from the King's own lips, who always spoke of her in his French dialect as the *chère reine*, the dear queen. Thus the words Charing Cross signify the "dear queen's cross," an object which was always seen by Edward in his egress and regress from his Palace of Westminster. Although Edward and his father spoke English readily, yet their conversation in domestic life was chiefly carried on in French.

CRANBOURNE-ALLEY took its name from the Cecils, Earls of Salisbury, and Viscounts Cranbourne, of Cranbourne, in the county of Dorset. The paved thoroughfare for foot passengers, so called, was begun in 1678. At the Golden Angel, in Cran-

urne-alley, lived Ellis Gamble, the goldsmith, to whom Hogarth was apprenticed, to rn the art of silver-plate engraving. Cranbourne-alley was long a resort for cheap aw-bonnets and millinery, to the purchase of which the passers-by were invited by endants called "barkers." The whole south side has been taken down nearly twenty ars, and the alley has been thrown into a new carriage-way.

COPENHAGEN HOUSE.—The name of this house is said to be derived from a Danish ince, or a Danish ambassador, having resided in it during a great plague in London; other representation is, that in the beginning of the seventeenth century it was opened a Dane as a place of resort for his countrymen. "Copenhagen" is the name given it in the map in Camden's "Britannia," published 1693.

LUDGATE-HILL—This name is supposed to be derived from King Lud, who lived and urished before the first invasion of the Romans into Britain. King Lud was the other of Cassivellanus.

GILT-SPUR-STREET and KNIGHT-RIDER-STREET derived their names from the prac- e of the knights, who wore golden spurs, riding by that way to the joustings, or urnaments, which were formerly held in Smithfield.

SMITHFIELD.—*Smith* signifies *smooth* in the Saxon; the first name of this place, herefore, of which ours is a corruption, was *Smoothfield*. It may consequently be aced to a very early date. In Fitz-Stephen's account of London, written before the welfth century, it is described as a plain field, both in name and reality, where "every riday there is a celebrated rendezvous of fine horses, brought hither to be sold. Thither ome, to look or buy, a great number of earls, barons, knights, and a swarm of itizens. It is a pleasant sight to behold the ambling nags and generous colts proudly rancing." It is not a little remarkable that *Smithfield* should have continued a market or cattle for more than six centuries, with only the change in its vowels.

LOMBARD-STREET derived its name from its being the residence of the merchants om Lombardy, who dealt in gold, silver, jewellery, &c. One chief source of their rofit, however, arose from money which they were in the habit of lending upon pawns r pledges. The Lombardy arms, or three balls, is still retained by our pawnbrokers.

BUCKLERSBURY, according to Stowe, was a manor and tenements pertaining to one Buckle, who there dwelt and kept his courts!

CURIOUS SIGNS.—To what can the sign of the Goat and Compasses be traced? To corruption of the motto, "God encompasseth us." Other corruptions are worthy of otice, as the *Boulogne Mouth* into the *Bull and Mouth*; the *Bacchanals* into the *Bag ' Nails*, the *Swan with Two Nicks* into the *Swan with Two Necks*; the *Mercurius s der Goden Boode* of a Dutch legend, into the *Goat and Boots*; and *Bottoms Inn* into *Blossoms Inn*.

AN APPEAL ON BEHALF OF A SLAVE.—The following eloquent appeal was delivered during one of the trials for the Shadrach rescue at Boston. Mr. Hale, the pleader, had read from the English reports, from the civil law, and from the Massachusetts reports numerous decisions to the effect that slavery is against the law of God, the law of nature, and the laws of England and Massachusetts. He also read from the laws of Virginia and other southern States, to show that a person of Shadrach's colour (not a Negro) is, even there, presumed to be free, and cannot be proved a slave except by evidence of descent from an African slave-mother, and that possession and holding as a slave did not afford a presumption of slavery. Mr. Hale proceeded:—"Now, gentlemen, it appears that there is no slavery by the law of England, by the law of Massachusetts, by the law of nature, and *these old judges say*—mind, your Excellency, *I* do not say this, it would be treason, so unequivocal a recognition of the Higher Law would be treason in me,—but *these old judges say*, that it is against the law of God! Against all these laws, against all this evidence, against all these presumptions, comes one John de Bree from Norfolk, Virginia, and says that he OWNS HIM! This is all the evidence! The mere breath of the slave-catcher's mouth turns a man into another man's chattel! Suppose John de Bree had said that he owned the moon, or the stars, or had an exclusive right to the sunshine; would you find it so by your verdict? But, gentlemen, the stars shall fade and fall from heaven; the moon shall grow old and decay; the heavens themselves shall pass away as a scroll; but the soul of the despised and hunted Shadrach shall live on with the life of God himself! I wonder if John de Bree will say that he owns him *then!*" The outbreak of applause was hardly checked by the efforts of the Court and marshals.—*Commonwealth.*

THE ARABS IN SPAIN.—No. VI.

ALMANASOR was succeeded in the regency of the Cordovan kingdom by his son Abdelmelic. This minister promised to tread in the steps of his illustrious father; his administration, both in Africa and Spain, was characterised by great spirit and valour, but he obtained no signal victory over the Asturians during the seven years of his regency. He died suddenly, not without suspicion of poison, on his return from a predatory excursion into Estramadura, in the year 1009. On the death of Abdelmelic, his second brother, Abderahman, took up the reins of power; but, less prudent than his illustrious predecessors, on his return from his first expedition against the Christians, he prevailed upon the childless Hixam to adopt him for his successor. This rash act hastened his ruin, and helped to ripen those germs of civil dissension which were soon to prove fatal, not only to the Ommeyadan dynasty, but eventually to the Mohammedan power in Spain. The race of the Ommeyas, however, was not extinct, and Mohammed, a prince of that house, resolved to punish the invader of his family rights. He hastened to the frontier, collected partisans, and returned to Andalusia, where his army was reinforced by considerable numbers. Abderahman, who was not deficient in courage, and whose pretensions had gained him many adherents, left Cordova to crush the dangerous rebellion. Avoiding a battle with the royal forces, Mohammed rapidly marched on the undefended city, forcibly seized upon the palace and the king, and proclaimed the deposition of the regent. The latter furiously returned, and attempted to enter the city. A severe struggle took place in the streets; he was dangerously wounded, made prisoner, and crucified by the barbarous victor. "This," says the Moorish historian, "was the fate of Abderahman, the son of the great Almanasor, the brother of the illustrious Abdelmelic; and yet there are those who trust in the ungrateful and inconstant people."

On the death of his minister, Hixem was privately removed to an obscure fortress; an individual somewhat resembling him in person was conveyed to the palace by night, suffocated, and placed in the royal couch. Rumours of Hixem's increasing illness were spread abroad; and when the chief officers of state, in compliance with the pretended will of the dying Caliph, had acknowledged Mohammed as his heir, the death of the monarch was publicly announced. But the usurpation was of short continuance. Incensed against the African guard, which had supported the cause of Abderahm: he dissolved that formidable body; l though banished from the city, they k together, and proclaimed Suleyman, of royal blood of the Ommeyas, the succes of Hixem. But we need not dwell upon details of the civil wars which follow Mohammed was at last forced to ta refuge in Cordova, and trust his crown a life to the successful resistance of a sie At this juncture Wadha, the chamberl of Hixem, drew his master from his co cealment, and exhibited in the royal seat the chief mosque a prince whom his as nished subjects had long numbered wi the dead. Astonishment gave way transport, and transport, as usual, to e cesses. The caliph, recalled to new exis ence, was borne on the shoulders of t enthusiastic citizens to his palace, a seated once more upon his throne; Mohar med was dragged to its steps from a hidin place where he had sought protection, w beheaded, and his head thrown over t walls into the camp of Suleyman. Th latter prince next turned his arms again the restored Caliph. He besieged and to Cordova, and Hixem, whose exact fate unknown, disappeared for ever from t stage of royalty.

These revolutions shook the Caliphate Spain to its foundations. Cordova no long maintained her supremacy. Suleyman r warded the chiefs of his adherents by th gift of hereditary fiefs, thus laying th foundation of the numerous independe petty sovereignties whose mutual quarre eventuated in the ruin of Mohammeda Spain. Almost constantly in the fiel Suleyman maintained himself during fou years on his ill-established throne, an perished in the end, after a hard-fough battle near Seville, by the sword of th executioner.

Ali, the leader of the victorious party was raised to the throne, after an ineffec tual search for Hixem, in whose being aliv many still believed. The crown, however was not destined to sit more lightly on the head of Ali than on that of his predecessors. The governors of Seville, Mesida, Toledo, and Saragossa, refused to acknowledge him, and united their forces to place upon the throne some one of the immediate descendants of the great Abderahman. The fickle multitude began to feel some affection for their ancient kings; or rather, to contrast the advantages once enjoyed under their rule with the anarchy, the desolation, and the misery of the present condition of the kingdom. Abderahman Almortadi, the

vernor of Jaen, was proclaimed king in at city, and measures taken to depose the igning usurper. For a time, however, e arms of Suleyman were triumphant; it he found an enemy where he least pected one. While taking a bath in the lace at Cordova, he was stifled by his lavonic attendants, and the report cir- lated that his death was natural. But e gladly hasten over the obscure, unin- resting, and sanguinary annals of the few llowing years, all stained alike with blood d treachery, in quarrels between chiefs ho coveted a diadem whose possession as enjoyed for a time at the ultimate pense of its wearer's life. Five years ter the death of Suleyman, we find the ordovan throne occupied by Abderah- an V., the first of the many aspirants ter power in those turbulent times whose rtues made him worthy of the transient gnity he enjoyed. His first object was to form his guards, whose disorders had been ng unrepressed, and whose worst atrocities one of his immediate predecessors had ired to punish. They became discon- nted, and, instigated by Mohammed Ben bderahman, cousin of the king, mutinied. the silence of the night the palace was rced, and the soldiers on guard put to the vord. The king awoke, but before he ad time to escape, his bedchamber was ntered, and he was pierced with a thou- nd wounds, after a reign of only forty- even days. The conspirators, displaying eir poinards, red with the blood of the urdered king, ran tumultuously through e streets of Cordova, and proclaimed their mployer as Mohammed II.

While Mohammed was thus successful, ahia, nephew of Suleyman, was preparing assert his own right to the throne. aving received large aid from Africa, he id siege to Xeres, where an uncle of his wn, who was likewise an aspirant to the oyal dignity, had fortified himself. His ause was soon espoused by several of the rovincial governors. Mohammed's exac- ions had already excited an insurrection gainst him in Cordova, and in a panic of ear he fled from the capital to Ucles, in he province of Toledo, where, in a few ays, poison ended his guilty life, after a espicable reign of seventeen months. ahia, of course, mounted the vacant hrone, but only to meet with a fate no etter than that of those who had immedi- tely gone before him. Mohammed, the owerful and ambitious governor of Seville, efused to do him homage, and persuaded everal of the other governors to imitate his xample. Yahia marched on Seville to unish the rebellious wali, but fell into an mbuscade in the vicinity of Ronda, where, after a desperate struggle, he perished, "on the seventh day of the moon Moharram, A.H. 417" (Feb. 28, A.D. 1026).

Hixem III., whom the next turn of the wheel of fortune placed upon the Cordovan throne, was the brother of Abderahman Almortadi. This prince, warned by the fate of his immediate predecessors, most unwillingly accepted the offer of a crown which had destroyed so many of its wearers. The earnest persuasions of the citizens of Cordova at length induced him to abandon the retirement which he loved, and take upon himself the duties of government. But knowing well the inconstancy of the very people who called him to the throne, he proceeded, not to Cordova, but to the frontiers, to repel an invasion of the Christians. It was indeed time to repel an enemy which, during the recent troubles, had reduced a large part of Lusitania, and much even of New Castile. The kings of Leon and Navarre, and the Count of Barcelona, seemed by tacit agreement to have suspended their own animosities, and resolved to share the spoils of their falling rival. For three years, however, Hixem remained on the frontier without obtaining any decided success. A few predatory excursions into the territories of the allied Christian sovereigns were nearly all that he accomplished. At the end of that period the murmurs of his subjects, who insisted on seeing their king, compelled him to return to Cordova, where he was received by the ever-changing populace with rapturous rejoicings. He applied himself to everything that could benefit his subjects, redressed their wrongs, encouraged industry, administered justice with impartiality, relieved the poor, and repressed the exactions of the local magistrates. But all his virtues were not sufficient to procure him a peaceful reign. The provincial governors, impatient of a central ruler, resisted his authority. To reduce them to obedience he reluctantly took the field; but though at first victorious, he soon found that the insurgent walis were too powerful for him, and he was forced to treat with open rebels. His failure excited first the murmurs, and then the open insurrection, of the crowd which had lately extolled him as the best of sovereigns. His friends advised him to retire for a time to his fortified palace of Azhara, but he refused to believe that danger was to be apprehended from a people whose happiness he had laboured so zealously to promote. Unhappily, his confidence was misplaced. During the night of the 29th of November, 1031, a licentious mob paraded the streets of Cordova, and loudly demanded the deposition of their late favourite and true benefactor. Hixem did not wait the effects of

their violence; with unfeigned satisfaction he went back into the retirement from which he had unwillingly come forth to govern a people who were unworthy of his rule. In private life he passed, undisturbed, the remainder of his days.

With Hixem III. ended the Caliphate of the West, and that illustrious race which for nearly three centuries had swayed the sceptre of Moorish Spain. It is true that one Ommeyadon more was still found who expressed wishes for a crown, long placed upon the brows of its possessor but as the symbol of approaching death. "Crown me to-day, and kill me to-morrow, if my stars will have it so!" was his desperate exclamation to those who would have dissuaded him from an ambitious course, which could end in nothing but his speedy destruction. But thus he replied to their advice, and after that day he was heard of no more.

Thus the dominion and the fortunes of the Ommeyades passed away. "Happy are they," says the Arabian historian, "who have done righteously, and praise be to Him whose kingdom hath no end!" From this period (A.D. 1031) to the establishment of the kingdom of Granada, in A.D. 1238, there was no supreme chief of Mohammedan Spain, if we except the fleeting conquerors who passed over from Africa, and the fabric of whose dominion was as suddenly destroyed as it was erected. The grand Caliphate of the West was never re-established; and henceforth, till the feeble remains of Mohammedan power took their last stand in Granada, the portion of the country free from the progressive approaches of the Christian sovereignty was governed by petty kings, whose mutu jealousies and wars rendered easy the su sequent subjugation of the entire peninsu by the Christian arms.

Having brought the reader thus through the annals of THE ARABS SPAIN, we cannot do better than close th period of their eventful history with t words of the best modern English histori of Spain: "Vicious as is the constitutio of all Mohammedan governments, and d structible as are the bases on which th are founded, the reader cannot fail to ha been struck with the fate of this gre kingdom. It can scarcely be said to ha declined; it fell at once. Not thirty yea have elapsed since the great Almanas wielded the resources of Africa and Spai and threatened the entire destruction the Christians, whom he had driven into a obscure corner of this vast peninsul Now Africa is lost; the Christians hol two-thirds of the country; the petty b independent governors, the boldest of whor trembled at the name of Almanasor, openl insult the ruler of Cordova, whose authorit extends little further than the walls of h capital. Assuredly so astounding a cata trophe has no parallel in all history. Othe kingdoms, indeed, as powerful as Cordov have been as speedily, perhaps, deprived their independence; but if they have bee subdued by invading enemies, their re sources, their vigour, and to a certain exten their greatness, has long survived the los of that blessing. Cordova, in the very full ness of her strength, was torn to pieces b her turbulent children."

CURIOSITIES OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

MR. AND MRS. DOUBLEDAY.

I HAVE been frequently reminded of one of Johnson's humorous sketches:—A man returning a broken wheelbarrow to a Quaker, with, 'Here I've broken your rotten wheelbarrow, usin' on't. I wish you'd get it mended right off, 'cause I want to borrow it again this afternoon." The Quaker is made to reply, "Friend it shall be done;" and I wish I possessed more of his spirit.

But I did not intend to write a chapter on involuntary loans; I have a story to tell.

One of my best neighbours is Mr. Philo Doubleday, a long, awkward, honest, hard-working Maineman, or Mainiote, I suppose one might say; so good-natured that he might be mistaken for a simpleton: but that must be by those that do not know him. He is quite an old settler, came in four years ago, bringing with him a wife who is to him as vinegar-bottle to oil-cruet, or as mustard to the sugar, which is used to soften its biting qualities. Mrs. Doubleday has the sharpest eyes, the sharpest nose, the sharpest tongue, the sharpest elbows, and, above all, the sharpest voice, that ever "penetrated the interior" of Michigan. She has a tall, straight, bony figure, in contour somewhat resembling two hard-oak planks fastened together and stood on end; and, strange to say! she was full five-and-thirty when her mature graces attracted the eye and won the affections of the worthy Philo. What eclipse had come over Mr. Doubleday's usual sagacity, when he made choice of his Polly, I am sure I never could guess; but he is

tainly the only man in the wide world
o could possibly have lived with her;
l he makes her a most excellent hus-
id.

ne is possessed with a neat devil; I have
own many such cases; her floor is
ured every night, after all are in bed but
unlucky scrubber, Betsey, the maid of
work; and woe to the unfortunate "in-
e," as neighbour Jenkins says, who first
s dirty boot on it in the morning. If
n come in to talk over road business, for
ilo is much sought when "the public"
s any work to do, or school business, for
t, being very troublesome, and quite
oid of profit, is often conferred upon
ilo, Mrs. Doubleday makes twenty er-
ds into the room, expressing in her
age all the force of Mrs. Raddle's in-
iry, "Is them wretches going?" And
en, at length, their backs are turned, out
nes the bottled vengeance. The sharp
s, tongue, elbow, and voice, are all in
stant requisition.

'Fetch the broom, Betsey! and the
ub-broom, Betsey! and the mop, and
t 'ere dish of soap, Betsey! And why
earth didn't you bring some ashes?
u didn't expect to clean such a floor as
s without ashes, did you?"—"What time
you going to have dinner, my dear?"
s the imperturbable Philo, who is getting
ady to go out.

"Dinner! I'm sure I don't know! there's
time to cook dinner in this house!
thing but slave, slave, slave, from morn-
g till night, cleaning up after a set of
sty, dirty," &c. &c.

"Phew!" says Mr. Doubleday, looking
his fuming help-mate with a calm smile,
t'll all rub out when it's dry, if you'll
ly let it alone."

"Yes, yes; and it would be plenty clean
ough for you if there had been forty
rses in here."

Philo, on some such occasion, waited
l his Polly had stepped out of the room,
d then, with a bit of chalk, wrote, on the
oad black walnut mantel-piece:—

"Bolt and bar hold gate of wood,
Gate of iron springs made good;
Bolt nor spring can bind the flame,
Woman's tongue can no man tame;"

d then took his hat and walked off.

This is his favourite mode of vengeance,
"poetical justice," as he calls it; and,
he is never at a loss for a rhyme of his
n or other people's, Mrs. Doubleday
ands in no small dread of these efforts of
nius. Once, when Philo's crony, James
orter, the blacksmith, had left the print
his blackened knuckles on the outside of
e oft-scrubbed door, and was the subject
some rather severe remarks from the
gentle Polly, Philo, as he left the house with his friend, turned and wrote, over the offended spot:—

"Knock not here!
Or dread my dear.—P. D."

and the very next person that came was Mrs. Skinner, the merchant's wife, all dressed in her red merino, to make a visit. Mrs. Skinner who did not possess an unusual share of tact, walked gravely round to the back door, and there was Mrs. Doubleday up to the eyes in soap making. Dire was the mortification, and point blank were the questions, as to how the visitor came to go round that way; and when the warning couplet was produced in justification, we must draw a veil over what followed, as the novelists say.

Sometimes these poeticals came in aid of poor Betsey; as once, when hearing a crash in the little shanty-kitchen, Mrs. Doubleday called, in her shrillest tones, "Betsey! what on earth's the matter?" Poor Betsey, knowing what was coming, answered, in a deprecatory whine, "The cow's kicked over the buckwheat batter!"

When the clear, hilarous voice of Philo, from the yard where he was chopping, instantly completed the triplet;—

"Take up the pieces and throw'm at her!" for once the grim features of his spouse relaxed into a smile, and Betsey escaped her scolding.

Yet Mrs. Doubleday is not without her excellent qualities as a wife, a friend, and a neighbour. She keeps her husband's house and stockings in unexceptionable trim. Her *emptins* are the envy of the neighbourhood. Her vinegar is,—as how could it fail?—the *ne plus ultra* of sharpness; and her pickles are greener than the grass of the field. She will watch night after night with the sick, perform the last sad office for the dead, or take to her home and heart the little ones whose mother is removed for ever from her place at the fire-side. All this she can do cheerfully, and she will not repay herself, as many good people do, by recounting every word of the querulous sick man, or the desolate mourner, with added hints of tumbled drawers, closets all in heaps, or *awful* dirty kitchens.

I was sitting one morning with my neighbour, Mrs. Jenkins, who is a sister of Mr. Doubleday, when Betsey, Mrs. Doubleday's "hired girl," came in with one of the shingles of Philo's handiwork in her hand, which bore, in Mr. Doubleday's well-known chalk marks,—

"Come quick, Fanny!
And bring the granny;
For Mrs. Double-
day's in trouble."

And the next intelligence was of a fine, new pair of lungs, at that hitherto silent mansion. I called very soon after to take a peep at the "latest found;" and if the suppressed delight of the new papa was a treat, how much more was the softened aspect, the womanised tone of the proud and happy mother. I never saw a being so completely transformed. She would almost forget to answer me, in her absorbed watching of the breath of the little sleeper. Even when trying to be polite, and to say what the occasion demanded, her eyes would not be withdrawn from her tiny face. Conversation on any subject but the ever-new theme of "babies," was out of the question. Whatever we began upon, whirled round sooner or later to the one point. The needle may tremble, but it turns not with the less constancy to the pole.

As I pass for an oracle in the matter of paps and possets, I had frequent communication with my now happy neighbour, who had forgotten to scold her husband, learned to let Betsey have time to eat, and omitted the nightly scouring of the floor, lest so much dampness might be bad for the bab We were in deep consultation, one mornin on some important point touching the we being of this sole object of Mrs. Doubl day's thoughts and dreams, when the ve same little Ianthe Howard, dirty as eve presented herself. She sat down and stare awhile without speaking, *a l'ordinaire*, an then informed us, that her mother "wante Mrs. Doubleday to let her have her baby f a little while, 'caus Benny's"....—but sh had no time to finish the sentence.

"Lend my baby!!!"—and her utteranc failed. The new mother's feelings were fo tunately too big for speech, and Ianth wisely disappeared before Mrs. Doubleda found her tongue. Philo, who entered o the instant, burst into one of his electrify ing laughs, with—

"Ask my Polly,
To lend her Dolly!—"

and I could not help thinking, that ou must come "West," in order to learn little of everything.—*Caroline M. Kirkland.*

DEATH OF THE BIG BEAR.

I TOLD my neighbours, that on Monday morning—naming the day—I would start that BAR, and bring him home with me, or they might divide my settlement among them, the owner having disappeared. Well, stranger, on the morning previous to the great day of my hunting expedition, I went into the woods near my house, taking my gun and Bowie-knife along, just *from habit*, and there sitting down also from habit, what should I see getting over my fence, but *the bar*! Yes, the old varmint was within a hundred yards of me, and the way he walked *over that fence*—stranger, he loomed up like a *black mist*, he seemed so large, and he walked right towards me. I raised myself, took deliberate aim, and fired. Instantly the varmint wheeled, gave a yell, and *walked through the fence* like a falling tree would through a cobweb. I started after, but was tripped up by my inexpressibles; and before I had really gathered myself up, I heard the old varmint groaning in a thicket near by, like a thousand sinners, and by the time I reached him he was a corpse. Stranger, it took five niggers and myself to put that carcase on a mule's back and old long-ears waddled under his load as if he was foundered in every leg of hi body; and with a common whopper of a bar he would have trotted off, and enjoye himself. 'Twould astonish you to kno how big he was; I made a *bed-spread of hi skin*, and the way it used to cover my bar mattress and leave several feet on each sid to tuck up, would have delighted you. I was in fact a creation bar, and if it ha lived in Samson's time, and had met him in a fair fight, it would have licked him i the twinkling of a dice-box. But, stranger I never liked the way I hunted him, an *missed him*. There is something curiou about it I could never understand,—and I never was satisfied at his giving in so *easy at last*. Perhaps, he had heard of my preparations to hunt him the next day, so he just come in, like Capt. Scott's coon, to save his wind to grunt with in dying; but that ain't likely. My private opinion is, that that bar was an *unhuntable bar, and died when his time come.*—*T. B. Thorpe.*

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

"Then man no longer plied with timid oar
And failing heart along the windward shore;
Broad to the sky he turned his fearless sail—
Defied the adverse, woo'd the favouring gale;
Bared to the storm his adamantine breast,
Or soft on ocean's lap lay down to rest;
While free as clouds the liquid ether sweep,
His white-winged vessels coursed th' unbounded deep;
From clime to clime the wanderer loved to roam—
The waves his heritage, the world his home."

E the originators of many other use-
inventions, the inventor of the mari-
's compass is unknown. Some writers
e named Flavio Gioja, who lived in
thirteenth century; yet Guyot de Pro-
ce, a troubadour, or Provençal poet,
o lived a hundred years before, speaks
the loadstone as useful to navigation,
as called the *Mariner's Stone*. Others
ribe the invention to the French, others,
in, to the English, while the Chinese
said to have been acquainted with it
ch earlier than any other people in
world.

Ir. T. S. Davis has elaborately investi-
ed the history of the compass, and he
erts that it was *used* by the Chinese, under
name of the *Tche-chy* (directing stone),
ut 2604 years B.C. It passed from
m through the Arabs, and was first
d in Europe after the crusades. The
wer of the loadstone to act on iron, not
polarity, was known to the Greeks.
nchoniatho ascribes to Chronus the in
ntion of "Batulia, or stones that moved
having life." Chronus lived about 2800,
d, if so, the discovery passed from
estern Asia into China.

The mariner's compass is an object not
ly of great curiosity, but also of great
portance, when considered with regard
the interests, the security, and the
nts of mankind. In the old time the
reeks would not venture out into the
en sea; the ships coasted along the
ore, it being necessary to remain in
ght of land. Some island or some
ountain height served them as guides in
e day-time, and when the night came on,
e position, rising, and setting of the
ars answered the same purpose. But
y the aid of the compass the navigator
n now range the most distant and un-
equented seas with perfect security as
his course, and with certainty that he
all in due time arrive at the place of his
estination.

Before describing the mariner's compass
is necessary to explain a few of the
henomena of magnetism, from which
s power and usefulness are derived.

The only natural magnet with which we are acquainted is the loadstone, a mineral of a dark iron-grey colour, approaching to black, found in great abundance in the iron-mines of Sweden, in some parts of the East, in America, and sometimes, though rarely, among the iron-ores of England. There is a property peculiar to this substance—namely, that of attracting iron, which it draws into contact with its own mass, and holds firmly attached by its own power of attraction.

A piece of loadstone drawn several times along a needle or small piece of iron converts it into an artificial magnet. If this magnetised needle be then carefully balanced, so as to move easily on its centre, it will voluntarily turn round, until one of its ends points towards the north; and, if removed from this direction, will, when left at liberty, invariably turn to the same point. The magnetised needle also possesses the power of attracting iron, and of communicating this power to another piece of iron or steel similar to that of the loadstone itself, in proportion to the intensity of the magnetic property which has been imparted to it.

The magnetic power can also be imparted to iron or steel, without the intervention of either a natural or artificial magnet. If a bar of steel or iron is held in a slanting direction, thus

the upper end of the bar S leaning to the south, and the other end N to the north, and while in this position it is struck smartly at the lower end with a hammer, the bar itself resting against an anvil or other piece of iron, it will be found to possess the properties of a magnet, and if nicely balanced upon its centre the end N will swing round until it points to the north.

Another very curious property is this. If the end of a needle pointed to the north be brought near to the end of a second needle pointing in the same direc-

tion, they will move away from each other; but if the north end of one is brought near to the south end of the other they will be mutually attracted and approach each other. That end of the magnet which points to the north is said to be its *north-pole*, and the opposite is called its *south-pole*.

The magnetic power can be given to either iron or steel: iron receives it more readily, but very soon parts with it; steel, on the contrary, is not so easily magnetised, but when once that end is gained it becomes a permanent magnet. The powers of either a natural or artificial magnet may be destroyed in several ways —by a red heat, by a stroke of lightning, or even by being laid in an injudicious position.

These are a few of the principal laws of the power called magnetism, but the cause of this power we may never be able to discover. The most plausible theory is that the earth itself contains, or is in fact, an enormous magnet; that one of its magnetic poles is situated somewhere in the north, and the other in the south. The principle on which the mariner's compass is formed may from a knowledge of the above facts be easily understood.

A magnet made like the hand of a clock, with that end which points to the north shaped like the head of an arrow, is carefully balanced on a steel point, and placed inside a circular box, and to this is attached a card on which the divisions of north, south, east, and west (or, as they are called, the *points of the compass*) are printed, and which is made to go round along with the needle. By simply looking at the position of the needle, the mariner can see the direction in which the vessel is sailing, and regulate his steering accordingly.

About the middle of the sixteenth century it was discovered that the needle not point directly to the north, but its direction was somewhat to the ea that point, and this has since been ca the *variation* of the compass. To acc for this it was supposed that the magn pole of the earth did not coincide v that of the axis on which the globe it turned. Subsequent observations ap to have confirmed this theory, and northern magnetic pole is supposed to situated in the north-west extremity Baffin's Bay.

Captain Parry, in his voyage of discov to the North Seas, discovered that wl he had passed to the north of a cert spot, to the westward of Hudson's Str the needle, which had previously be varying to an extreme degree, absolut went half round the compass away fr its proper direction towards the nort that is, the north pole pointed due sou and this continued to be the case until had sailed considerably further nor Whether this powerful local attracti had any reference to the real magne pole, further observations will perha determine.

A very remarkable circumstance atten the variation of the compass, and the cau of it has hitherto eluded the research of philosophers.

When it was first noticed, the magnet needle in London pointed some degrees the east of the true north. This variatic gradually became less, till at length, i the year 1660, it agreed with the nort pole of the earth; it then gradually bega to vary to the west, till in the year 182 the variation amounted to nearly twenty five degrees. Since that time it has de creased, being at present about twenty four degrees of a circle of three hundre and sixty.

COAL A GEOLOGICAL PROOF OF THE DIVINE BENEVOLENCE

If a created and intelligent being from some other sphere had alighted on this globe during that remote period when the vegetation now dug out of the coal formation covered the surface with its gigantic growth, he might have felt as if here was a waste of creative power. Vast forests of sigillaria, lepidodendra, coniferæ, cycadæ and tree ferns would have waved over his head with their imposing though sombre foliage, while the lesser tribes of calamities and equisetaceæ would have filled the intervening spaces; but no vertebral animal would have been there to enjoy and enliven the almost universal solitude. Why then he must have inquired, is there such a profusion of vegetable forms and such a colossal development of individual plants? To what use can such vast forests be applied? But let ages roll by, and that same being revisit our world at the present time. Let him traverse the little island of Britain, and see there fifteen thousand steam-engines moved by coal dug out of the earth, and produced by these same ancient forests. Let him see these engines performing the work of

millions of men, and moving machi- which accomplishes what would ire the unaided labours of three or r hundred millions of men, and he ld not doubt but such a result was one the objects of that rank vegetation ich covered the earth ere it was fit for residence of such natures as now dwell n it. Let him go to the coal-fields of er countries, and especially those of United States, stretching over one ndred and fifty thousand square miles, taining a quantity absolutely inex- stible, and already imparting comfort millions of the inhabitants, and giving and energy to every variety of manu- ture through the almost entire length his country, and destined to pour out ir wealth through all coming time, long er the forests shall all have been level- —and irresistible must be the convic- n upon his mind, that here is a beauti- example of prospective benevolence on the part of the Deity. In those remote ages, while yet the earth was unfitted for the higher races of animals that now dwell upon it, it was eminently adapted to nourish that gigantic flora which would produce the future fuel of the human race, when that crown of all God's works should be placed upon the earth. Ere that time those forests must sink beneath the ocean, be buried beneath deposits of rock thousands of feet thick. But during all that period all those chemical changes which are essential to convert them into coal would be accomplished, and at last man would find access, by his ingenuity and industry, to the deep-seated beds whence his fuel might be drawn. Nor would these vast repositories fail him till the consummation of all things. Surely there was no waste, but there was a far-reaching plan of benevolence, in the profusion of vegetable life in the earlier periods of our planet.—*Hitchcock.*

ALMANACKS IN OLDEN TIMES.

E almanack of our ancestors was completely *sui generis;* it was not sufficient for e to know the seasons, weathers, and predilections of man and beast, but dive must into the coming political events. It was necessary that the whole chain events should be laid before him, as far as the combined systems of prophecy uld accomplish the work. Since, therefore, modern prophecy is so closely nnected with the *et cetera* of almanacks, it may not be irrelevant to make a few bservations on this curious and interesting branch of inquiry.

The pretended source of foreknowledge was generally through the agency of njured spirits. The following is translated from the *Clavicula Solomonis*, of hich there is a manuscript in the Sloanian collection in the British Museum.

"The first spirit is Bael, ruling in the East over sixty-six legions of angels; his incipal power is to make mortals invisible. The *lamen*, when known, is a sufficient eservative against his influence. The Solomonic spirits are seventy-two in number. he chief kings may be bound between nine and twelve o'clock in the morning, and om three o'clock till sunset; marquises, from three o'clock till nine in the evening, om nine o'clock at night till sunrise; dukes, from sunrise till noon, in fine weather *ily*; prelates, any hour of the day; and knights, from the dawn of day till sunrise, nd from four o'clock p.m. till sunset."

This is circumstantial enough. We take an example, in pure jargon, from nother MS. in the British Museum:—

"O you great, mighty, and powerful King Amaimon, who bears rule by the power of he supreme God Elover, all spirits, both superior and inferior, of the infernal order, n the dominion of the East, I invocate and command you, by the especial and true ame of God, and by God that you worship, and by the seal of your creation, and y the most mighty and powerful name of God Jehovah Tetragrammaton, who ast you out of heaven, with all other infernal spirits, and by all the most powerful and great names of God, who created heaven, and earth, and hell, and all things contained n them, and by their powers and virtues, and by the name Primeumaton, who ommandeth the whole host of heaven, that you cause, enforce, and compel the spirit N o come unto me here before this circle, in a fair and comely shape, without doing any harm unto me, or any other creature, to answer truly and faithfully to all my requests, hat I may accomplish my will and desires in knowing or obtaining any matter or thing

which by office you know is proper for him to perform or accomplish, through the po of GOD ELOVER, who createth and disposeth both celestial, aerial, terrestrial, infernal!"

The prophecies of Ambrose Merlin were those which obtained the grea celebrity in the middle ages, and were interpreted by different writers with vari degrees of ingenuity, but with equal satisfaction and agreement. The follow prophecies cannot, however, but be regarded as most remarkable coincidences :-

"But a young lion he at length shall tame,
And send her empty back from whence she came.
Much trouble shall be made about the crown,
And kings soon raised, and as soon put down :"

which is said to refer to the contest of the rival roses at the commencement of fifteenth century. The next one is a most singular account of the murder of princes by Richard :—

"From the Herculean lion lately sphered,
And in his orb Jove himself endeared,
Shall shine two stars, without eclipse or cloud ;
But they, as to some sacred offering vowed,
Shall perish on the altar ere they grow
To that full splendour which the world they owe.
A hunch-back'd monster, who with teeth is born,
The mockery of art, and nature's scorn—
Who from the womb preposterously is hurl'd,
And with feet forward thrust into the world—
Shall, from the lower earth on which he stood,
Wade every step he mounts here deep in blood.
He shall to the height of all his hopes aspire,
And, cloth'd in state, his ugly shape admire.
But when he thinks himself most safe to stand,
From foreign parts a native whelp shall land,
Who shall the long divided blood unite,
By joining of the Red Lion with the White."

But this is not much more remarkable than the following, from the propheci of Michael Nostradamus :—

"The blood of the innocent shall cause want and misery at London,
Burnt down to the ground in the year which is sixth after sixty ;
Such a fall will the old matron have from her high seat.
Then shall a great many of one and the same sect be killed :"

or than the following, which also relates to the Great Fire of London, and whic was written in 1652 :—

"Shall London, after this, be burnt, sir? Where
Will the fire first begin? At Westminster,
Or at *Pye Corner*, sir, among the cookes?
If starres can't tell you, pray, what say your bookes?"

As, however, Westminster and Pye Corner were the two extremities of th Metropolis, this is not so marvellous.

The following prophecy is stated to have been found in *an old almanack* :—

"By the power to see through the ways of heaven,
In one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven
Will the year pass away without any spring,
And on England's throne shall not sit a king."

The following are amongst some of the most curious early printed almanacks :—

"1. Pronostycacyon of Mayster John Thybault, Medycyner and Astronomer of the Emperyall Majestie, of the year of our Lorde God, MCCCCCXXXIIJ., comprehending the iiij. partes of this yere, and of the influence of the mone, of peas and warre, and of the skynesses of this yere, with the constellacions of them that be under the vij. planettes, and the revolucions of kynges and princes, and of the eclipses and comets. 4to."

2. An Alminacke and prodigious premonstration, made for the yeare of grace, 5. By Michael Nostradamus. 12mo. H. Denham."

3. A Prognostication made for the yere of our Lorde God, 1579; wherein the ige of the weather is briefly set foorth, and the rysyng of certayne notable starres, , referred to the meridian of the citie of Chester. By Alexander Mounslowe. 12mo. hard Watkins."

4. The Kalender of Shepardes, fol. Richard Pynson."

he following hints to husbandmen are sensible :—

"Peers, go thou to the plough, and take with thee thy wife,
Delve and drawe, sowe barly, whete, and rye;
Of one make ten—this is a parfyte lyfe,
As sayth Aristotyle, in his philosophy.
Thou nede not studye to know astrology,
For if the wether be not to thy plesaunce,
Thank ever God, of his devyne ordenaunce."

'5. A Prognostication everlasting of right good effect. By Leonard Digges. 4to."

he editions of this work are very numerous, and are scarcely worth par-ularising.

he following extract is given in explanation of their methods of judging the ather :—

"*Now ensue extraordinary tokens for the knowledge of the weather.*

'Some have observed evil weather to follow when water-fowls leave the sea, desiring d; when the fowls of the land fly high; the crying of fowls about waters, and making eat noises with their wings; also the seas swelling with unusual waves. If beasts eat edily, if they lick their hoofs, if they suddenly move to and fro making a noise, eathing up the air with open nostrils, rain will follow. And the busy heaving of moles, e appearance of worms, hens resorting to the roost covered with dust, declare rain. ie ample working of the spinner in the air, the ant busied with her eggs, the bees in r weather not farre wandering, the continual prating of the crow, show tempest. hen the crow or raven gape against the sun in summer, heat followeth. If they busy emselves in washing, look for rain."

T. Raynold printed the prognostication of Jasper Laet, "Doctor in Medycyne," r the year 1524. In this we have specimens of weather predictions :—

"*The Disposition of the Summer.*

"The summer of this year shall be dark at first, and sometimes fair weather, with uch rain, tempest, thunder, and hail; the mists that will certainly fall will be very angerous for man's body. Moreover, the unhappy fire shall be marvelous dangerous, hereof every man make take heed. Many thieves shall reign this year, the which shall o great mischief."

"*The Disposition of the Harvest.*

"The harvest of this year shall be good in the beginning, and temperate, with thunder nd tempests of wind, after that changing with wind and rain, and much perilous for the nds and towns lying near the seaside, and especially Holland and Zealand."

Of the nonsense with which almanacks of a somewhat later period were filled, we nay instance the following couple of stanzas, from one of the year 1739 :—

"A lawyer once thought surely he should die,
And order'd for a will immediately.
Quoth he—'My wealth, e'en all I have to leave,
I unto Bedlam freely do bequeathe.'

"His friends, uneasy, ask'd why so he did?
'Perhaps,' said he, 'the reason's from you hid.
I got it of madmen; the case is plain:
Then 'tis but just I leave 't to them again.'"

Or the following, in MS. Harl. 5937, where we find the following singular address :—

"*To all that buy Almanacks.*

"Gentlemen: A good new year to ye! and I believe you wish the like to us too, that is but manners. But this is not all I have to say to ye. Do you think these sh were printed for nothing? No; the bookseller swears, that if he thought you wo not have bought um, he would never have published um; and he swears further, if don't buy um now, he will never print um again. Thus you see it is in your po either to vex or please him. Do which you will, and so farewell."

Thus were the various tastes of almanack-buyers attempted to be satisfied.

WHAT IS POETRY?

MANY definitions have been attempted, and perhaps none is quite successful. "It is says Aristotle, "imitation. "It is," says Johnson, "the art of pleasing." "It is says Elliott, "impassioned truth." Were we asked the question, we should reply (r as a definition, but a description), it is love—pure, refined, insatiable affection—for t beautiful forms of this material universe, for the beautiful affections of the human so for the beautiful passages of the history of the past, for the beautiful prospects whi expand before us in the future: such love burning to passion, attired in imagery a speaking in music, is the essence and the soul of poetry. It is this which mak personification the life of poetry. The poet looks upon nature, not with the philosophe as composed of certain abstractions, certain "cold material laws;" but he breathes up them, and they quicken into personal life, and become objects, as it were, of person attachment. The winds, with him, are not cold currents of air, they are messenge they are couriers—the messengers of destiny, the couriers of God; the rainbow is not mere prismatic effect of light, but to the poet, in the language of the son of Sirach, " encompasseth the heavens with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Most High ha bended it;" the lightning is not simply an electric discharge, it is a barbed arrow vengeance, it is winged with death; the thunder is not so much an elemental uproar, it is the voice of God; the stars are not so much distant worlds, as they are eyes lookir down on men with intelligence, sympathy, and love; the ocean is not a dead mass waters, it is "a glorious mirror to the Almighty's form;" the sky is not, to the poe a "foul and pestilent congregation of vapours," it is a magnificent canopy, "frette with golden fire;" nay, to his anointed eye every blade of grass lives, every flower h its sentiment, every tree its moral, and

> "Visions, as poetic eyes avow,
> Hang in each leaf, and cling to every bough."

This perpetual personification springs from that principle of love which teaches th poet not only to regard all men as his brethren, the whole earth as his home, but t throw his own excess of soul into the dumb, deaf, and dead things, and to find even i them subjects of his sympathy and candidates for his regard. It was in this spirit th Sterne said, that were he in a desert he would love some cypress. It was in this spir that poor Burns did not disdain to address the mouse running from his ploughshare a his "fellow-mortal," and bespeak even the ill-fated daisy, which the same ploughshar destroyed—say rather, transplanted into the garden of never-dying song:—

> "Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
> Thou'st met me in an evil hour,
> And I maun crush below the stoure
> Thy feeble stem;
> To spare thee now is past my power,
> Thou bonnie gem.
>
> "Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
> The blythesome lark, companion meet,
> Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
> Wi' speckled breast,
> While upward springing, blythe to greet
> The purpling east."

So long as love and the personifying principle springing from it exist, we are no afraid for the decline or fall of poetry.—*Eclectic Review.*

COLUMNS FOR THE YOUNG.

"WHEN I AM A MAN."

tle boy sat on a rounded stone,
i the eve of an April day,
hat by his side he had carelessly thrown,
hile he wiped the sweat away.

soft hair floated in glossy curls,
id his eye was an eye of blue,
his voice was that of a merry girl's,
; he spoke of the days in view.

ooked at the sky, and he fondly thought
iat life was as pure and bright,
the golden flush that his vision caught
lled his mind with a child's delight.

rich array of the countless flowers
e saw with a brightening eye, [hours
he wondered how soon his boyhood's
'ould be over, and manhood nigh.

saw a fine house with its spreading lawn,
nd the coach as it rolled to the gate,
which the old squire on his visits was
drawn,
'ith the footman to listen and wait.

t he saw a gay throng as it passed along,
nd he thought of some boyish plan,
t he cried in a voice that was ringing and
strong,
I will have one, too, when I am a man!"

"I'll have a fine house,
And I'll have a fine coach, [man;
I'll have all fine things, when I am a
I'll ride all the day,
And have money to pay,
I'll do what I like, when I am a man!

"I'll go round the world,
And I'll see all the things
be seen in the world, when I am a man!
Oh, I wish time would go,
For to me it's so slow—
I want to know when I am a man!"

e blue-eyed boy wished, as he caught up
his hoop,
Which had fallen right down by his side,
d he hurried to look at a marching troop,
That trod with a martial pride.

d he went to his home, a cottage near by,
Where his mother was watching the door,
id she looked with delight at his beaming
eye,
As he told her his plans o'er and o'er.

it she told him of things that were better
Than the world and its seeming joy, [far
id pointing his eye to the Evening Star,
Spoke sweetly of Heav'n to her boy.

id when he laid down in the arms of sleep,
She knelt by his side in prayer, [to keep
id she thought that the angels came down
Her boy as he slumbered there.

WANTED. AN HONEST, INDUSTRIOUS BOY.

WE lately saw an advertisement, headed as above. It conveys to every boy an impressive moral lesson.

"An honest, industrious boy" is always wanted. He will be sought for; his services will be in demand, he will be respected and loved; he will be spoken of in terms of high commendation; he will always have a home; he will grow up to be a man of known worth and established character.

He will be *wanted*. The merchant will want him for a salesman or a clerk; the master mechanic will want him for an apprentice or journeyman; those with a job to let will want him for a contractor; clients will want him for a lawyer; patients for a physician; religious congregations for a pastor; parents for a teacher of their children, and the people for an officer.

He will be *wanted*. Townsmen will want him as a citizen; acquaintances as a neighbour; neighbours as a friend; families as a visitor; the world as an acquaintance; nay, girls will want him as a beau, and finally as a husband.

An *honest, industrious* boy! Just think of it, boys! will you answer this description? Can you apply for this situation? Are you sure that *you* will be wanted? You may be smart and active, but that does not fill the requisition—are you *honest?* You may be capable—are you *industrious?* You may be well dressed, and create a favourable impression at first sight—are you both "honest and industrious?" You may apply for a good situation—are you sure that your friends, teachers, acquaintances can recommend you for these qualities? No readiness or aptness for business will do it. You must be honest and industrious—must work and labour; then will your application for places of profit and trust be almost certain to succeed.

WORK! WORK!

I HAVE seen and heard of people who thought it beneath them to work—to employ themselves industriously in some useful labour. Beneath them to work! Why, work is the great motto of life; and he who accomplishes the most by his industry is the most truly great man; aye, and is the most distinguished man among his fellows, too. And the man who so far forgets his duty to himself, his fellow-creatures, and his God—who so far forgets the great business of life as to allow his energies to stagnate in inactivity and uselessness, had better die; for, says holy writ, "He that

will not work, neither shall he eat." An idler is a cumberer of the ground; a weariness and curse to himself, as well as to those around him.

Beneath human beings to work! Why, what but the continued industry that brings forth the improvement that never allows man to be contented with any attainment he may have made, or any work he may have effected--what but this raises man above the brute creation, and, under Providence, surrounds him with comforts, luxuries, refinements, and physical, moral, and intellectual blessings? The great orator, the great poet, and the great scholar, are great working men. Their vocation is infinitely more laborious than that of any handicraftsman. And the student's life has more anxiety than that of any other man; and without the perseverance, the attention of real industry, he never can succeed. Hence the number of mere pretenders to scholarship, of those who have not the strength and industry to be real scholars, but stop half way, and are mere smatt a shame to the profession.

Beneath human beings to work! Loo the artist's studio, the poet's garret, the genius of immortality stands rea seal his works with her ineffaceable si and then you will see industry standi her side.

Beneath human beings to work! W had rather a child of mine should l regularly at the lowest and meanest em ment than waste its time, its body, r and soul in folly, idleness, and useless Better to wear out in a year than to out in a century.

Beneath human beings to work! but work has tilled our fields, clothed bodies, built our houses, raised churches, printed our books, cultivated minds?—and, without work—work of right sort and persevered in,—how man obtain a fitness for a better stat existence?

TO OUR "FRENCH" CORRESPONDENTS.

The terms of satisfaction and gratitude in which our Correspondents express th selves as to the practical "Lessons" we have furnished, and the rewards we h bestowed on their laudable industry, amply repay us for the pains we have tak and the unusual methods to which we have resorted for their benefit and couragement. Many of the prizes have by this time reached their destination, a others are waiting for more definite directions. We feel proud of our pupils; a they will, no doubt, feel an honest pride while reading the important Volume have presented to them, or while exhibiting it to their friends. Let them per vere in the study of the language and in the study of that Volume, and they, well as ourselves, will have every day additional reason to rejoice that "Easy L sons in French" ever appeared in the Working Man's Friend.

One correspondent, however, who signs himself "Guillaume," ventures to e press doubt as to the integrity of the transaction in reference to the prizes, and ev goes so far as to insinuate that the names we furnished at the close of our 25 Lesson, or at least a portion of them, are fictitious. The terms in which he h addressed us are uncourteous in the extreme; we will, however, assure him th if he had happened to have called in at our office a few days since, he wou have seen two long rows of very neatly-bound French Bibles, duly pack and labelled with the names and addresses of the successful competitors. Whi "Guillaume" *doubts*, some score or more of these competitors are rejoicing *absolute certainty*.

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

noun-substantive; *a.* adjective; *ad.* adverb; *v.* verb; *v.a.* verb-active; *v.n.* verb-neuter.

ESTRAPA'DE, *s.* the rearing and kicking an ungovernable horse.

ESTRAY', *s.* any valuable tame animals nd wandering at large within any manor lordship, and whose owner is unknown.

ESTREA'T, *s.* a true copy of an original iting; *v.a.* to take from by way of fine.

ES'TUARY, *s.* an arm of the sea; a frith.

ESTUA'TION, *s.* a boiling, an agitation, a mmotion.

ES'URINE, *a.* corroding, eating, conming.

ETA'T-MAJOR, *s.* (French) a specific mber of officers belonging to the same rps.

ETCH'ING, *s.* a species of engraving. The pper-plate is coated with a peculiar varsh; the design is next scratched or etched the metal by means of a species of needle, pointed tool of steel; a border of wax is en placed round the plate, and the work "bitten in" the required depth with uafortis.

ET'ESIAN, *a.* relating to such winds as ow at stated times of the year.

E'THER, *s.* pure air; a pure element; in *emistry*, ether is a volatile, fragrant, inammable, and intoxicating liquid, obtained distilling a mixture of sulphuric acid and cohol.

ETHE'REAL, *a.* heavenly, refined, pure.

ETH'ICS, *s. pl.* the science which relates our mental affections, especially as they e virtuous or vicious, right or wrong; orals.

ETH'NIC, *a.* heathenish; *s.* a heathen; ne who has no faith in revealed religion.

ETHNOL'OGY, *s.* a treatise on nations.

ETHOL'OGY, *s.* a treatise on morals, or the ience of ethics.

ETIOLA'TION, *s.* the operation of whitening plants by excluding the sun from them.

ETIOL'OGY, *s.* an account of the causes of nything; an account of the causes of a isease.

ETIQUETT'E, *s.* ceremonious form.

ETUI', ETWEE', *s.* a case for pocket inruments, as scissors, knife, &c.

ETYMOL'OGY, *s.* the original, or derivaion of words; the science which explains he nature and meaning of words by pointng out how they have been formed.

ET'YMON, *s.* an original, a primitive word.

EU'CHARIST, *s.* the act of thanksgiving; the sacramental act called "the Communion," or the "Lord's Supper."

EUCHOL'OGY, *s.* a formulary of prayers.

EU'CHYMY, *s.* a good state of the blood.

EU'CRASY, *s.* a good habit of the body.

EUDIOM'ETER, *s.* an instrument to determine the salubrity of the air.

EU'GENY, *s.* nobleness of birth.

EULO'GIUM, EU'LOGY, *s.* praise, encomium.

EU'NOMY, *s.* a constitution of good laws.

EUPEP'SY, *s.* good and perfect digestion.

EUPHO'NIOUS, *a.* sweetly sounding; musical; agreeable.

EUROC'LYDON, *s.* a tempestuous north-east wind.

EU'RYTHMY, *s.* harmony, symmetrical measure.

EU'THANASY, *s.* an easy death.

EVANES'CENT, *a.* imperceptible, vanishing.

EVANGEL'ICAL, *a.* agreeable to the Gospel of Christ.

EVAN'GELISM, *s.* the propagation of the Gospel.

EVAN'GELIST, *s.* a messenger of good news; a writer or preacher of the Gospel, the good news of salvation.

EVAN'ISH, *v.* to escape from perception.

EVAPORA'TION, *s.* the process by which a body is converted into vapour, and so carried off.

EVAPOROM'ETER, *s.* an instrument for ascertaining the evaporation of fluids.

EVEC'TION, *s.* exaltation; a carrying out.

EVENTILA'TION, *s.* a fanning or winnowing; a sifting out; an examination.

EVER'SION, *s.* the act of overthrowing.

EVIC'TION, *s.* a proof, evidence, conviction; the act of dispossessing or turning out.

EVIN'CIBLE, *a.* capable of proof or demonstration.

EVO'KE, *v. a.* to call out, summon, invoke.

EVOLA'TION, *s.* the act of flying away.

EVOL'VE, *v.a.* to unfold; to disentangle; to throw off in vapour.

EV'OLUTE, *s.* an original curve.

EVOLU'TION, *s.* the act of unfolding; manœuvring of troops, &c.

EW'ER, *s.* a vessel in which water is

brought for washing the hands; a water-jug.

EXA'CERBATE, *v.a.* to embitter; to exasperate.

EXAG'GERATE, *v.a.* to heighten, to aggravate; to enlarge or amplify; to heap up.

EXA'MEN, *s.* the needle of a balance.

EXANTHEM'ATA, *s.* eruptions, pustules.

EX'ARCH, *s.* a dignitary of the Greek Church; the title of the governor of Italy under the Byzantine emperors.

EXCANDES'CENCE, EXCANDES'CENCY, *s.* the state of growing hot; *figuratively*, the state of growing angry.

EXCAVA'TION, *s.* a hollow formed; a cavity.

EX'CERPTS, *s.* a passage selected; an extract.

EXCHA'NGE, *s.* the act of bartering; the place where merchants meet; the balance of money of different nations. A *Bill of Exchange* is a note ordering the payment of money at a certain time. *Exchange brokers* are those who negotiate the purchase or sale of foreign bills of exchange.

EXCHEQ'UER, *s.* the public treasury. The *Exchequer Court* consists of two divisions: one exercises jurisdiction in all cases relating to the customs and excise, and over revenue matters generally. The other division is subdivided into a court of common law, in which all personal actions may be brought, and a court of equity, where suits in equity may be commenced and prosecuted. *Exchequer Bills* form the principal part of the unfunded debt of this country. These bills are issued, under the authority of Parliament, for sums varying from £100 to £1,000, and bear interest.

EXCI'SE, *s.* a tax levied upon commodities. *Excise duties*, is the name given to taxes or duties levied upon articles of consumption which are produced within the kingdom.

EXCIS'ION, *s.* cutting off; extirpation; destruction.

EXCI'TANT, *s.* a stimulant; something which rouses, excites, or stirs up.

EXCOCT', *v.a.* to make by boiling.

EXCOMMUNICA'TION, *s.* exclusion from the communion of the Church; the highest ecclesiastical censure which can be pronounced by a spiritual judge.

EXCO'RIATE, *v.a.* to strip off the skin.

EXCORTICA'TION, *s.* a pulling the bark off anything.

EXCRES'CENCE, *s.* a tumour; superfluous flesh, &c., growing out of any part of the body.

EXCRE'TION, *s.* the ejection, or casting out, of any animal substance.

EXCRU'CIATE, *v.a.* to torture, to torn

EXCUBA'TION, *s.* the act of watchin night.

EXCULPA'TION, *s.* the act of clearing alleged blame.

EXCUR'SIVE, *a.* rambling, digres wandering.

EXECRA'TION, *s.* a curse; an imprecat

EXECU'TION, *s.* a performance; in la seizure; death inflicted according to fo of law; capital punishment; slaughter.

EXEC'UTIVE, *s.* bodies not legislative, having power to act, as committees, &c

EXEC'UTOR, *s.* one entrusted to perf the will of a person deceased.

EXEGE'SIS, *s.* an explanatory discours

EXEM'PLAR, *s.* a pattern, a copy, an ample.

EXEN'TERATE, *v.a.* to take out bowels.

EX'EQUIES, *s. pl.* funeral rites; the ce mony of burial.

EXERCITA'TION, *s.* exercise, practice, u

EXER'GUE, *s.* the plain circular space j within the edge of a medal.

EXE'SION, *v.n.* eating through.

EXFOLIA'TION, *s.* a process by which corrupted part of a bone separates fr the sound part.

EXHALA'TION, *s.* evaporation, fun vapour.

EXHAUS'TION, *s.* the act of drawing or draining.

EXHUMA'TION, *s.* the act of unburyin or removing out of the grave.

EXIG'UOUS, *a.* small, diminutive, slend

EX'ILE, *s.* banishment; a person ba ished.

EX'IT, *s.* a departure; a going out of a place; death.

EX'MINISTER, *s.* a late minister; e president, *ex*-treasurer, *ex*-secretary, &c is used to denote one who has filled the offi of president, &c., but who has resigned i or been removed from it.

EX'ODUS, *s.* a going forth, or journeyin from a place; this name is given to th second book of Moses, in the Bible, becaus it contains the narrative of the journey the Israelites from Egypt.

EX'OGENS, *s. pl.* the largest primary cla in the vegetable kingdom; so named i consequence of their woody matter bein augmented by additions to the outside that which is first formed near the centre.

EXON'ERATE, *v.a.* to unload; to ur burden; to free from any charge or respon sibility.

HE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.
[VOL. VII.—No. 89.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1851.]

THE SESSION OF PARLIAMENT AND THE RECESS.

NGLAND stands at the head of the nations: not that she is free from abuses, but iat her citizens have the power of redressing them all, and preventing their ecurrence. In other countries the people groan under all sorts of corruptions and ppressions without the means of exerting themselves, except at the risk of life, r their overthrow. On the contrary, we, with very little effort, and with arcely a single loss, can correct, if not everything, yet much that is wrong in the tate or the Church. In this work we need no other weapons than our tongues nd our pens. This fact is well known to the patrons of arbitrary power, and ierefore they occasionally employ agents to advocate violence, or resort to arms, iat they may create an uproar, and frighten the wealthy portion of the community gainst any concession to the working classes. We are thankful to know that, n England at least, the masses are beginning to see that the best sword is the ngue, and that when this is tempered, sharpened with truth and equity and eace, there is nothing can stand before it.

In this country we do everything that is done well and effectually by *talking*; nd perhaps it was out of deference to this truly English and Christian mode of roceeding that our houses of legislation were called Parliament Houses, that is *talking* houses;" for we need scarcely tell our readers that the word "*Parliament*" omes from the French "*parler*, to *speak*, or *talk*." Some smile at the appro-riateness of the name, because they say that too many of our senators are mere alking machines, a "*vox et præterea nihil*;" "a voice, and nothing else;" and hat in them is fulfilled the old saying, "*Multum eloquentiæ, sapientiæ parum*;" plenty of words, little wisdom;" but still though these men often talk much and o little purpose, yet we must not condemn a good thing because it is abused or ot used at all. The idea is good; tyranny, injustice, slavery, vice, and irreligion re to be talked out of the world; and the reign of liberty, virtue, and happiness is o be talked in. Wickedness, whether in the court, the senate, the mart, or the vorkshop, is of such an ethereal character, that swords, bayonets, cannon-balls, and ucifer matches can never reach it. The tongue and the pen are the only things hat can grapple with it. You must talk or write it down, or it will live in spite f all fines, gaols, and tortures.

Well, our Parliament men have had another session of *talking*, and, unless the ewspapers are very great calumniators, have talked a great deal of small talk ndeed. They have sat *one hundred and sixteen days*, and have continued talking for *ight hundred and eighty-six hours*, being at the rate of *seven hours* a day; the umber of words they have used during that time would be a curious calculation, and particularly so if we went from addition to the second rule of arithmetic, and sub-tracted the useful from those which were of no use at all. However, they have worked sometimes long after midnight, and have *two hundred and twenty-six times* been so divided in opinion as to come to a "division." It must, therefore, be con-fessed that there has been a good deal of work, of some sort or other, done, for there have been no fewer than *one hundred and six bills* which have received the royal assent. But after so many hours occupied and labour bestowed, our working friends may ask how much they or the country have gained from all this toil? and if we omit the abolition of the Window-tax, we fear that they might consume a

period equal to the whole session without finding anything that can advance the happiness or prosperity of the nation. Still we have the assessed taxes in various forms injuring the country, and interfering with the comfort of the people. The taxes on knowledge still remain to prevent the people from having cheap books. The duty on *paper*, on advertisements, and the *stamp* duty, are a burden which lies heavily on the operative by robbing him of labour; which prevents the sale of property to the amount of some millions annually; and which also excludes thousands from the acquisition of useful knowledge in every department of information and learning. Still church-rates remain, and the great military and naval expenditure continues with little reduction; enormous pensions for the rich, who have no claim to them, are still wrung from the hard earnings of the poor; the Income-tax, with its inequalities and enormities, is saddled on us for another year, and the franchise, with a large number of other rights, are still withheld from a large portion of the working classes. In political affairs there is an Augean stable to be cleansed, and we have scarcely a dozen men out of six hundred who are willing to do justice to the whole population, by ridding the country of the abuses that to this moment thrive under the sanction of the laws.

Such then has been *the* SESSION and its fruits, if *fruits* we can call them, when there is hardly any worthy of notice. We are now come to *the* RECESS, and the question is—What can be done? Our rulers have left Parliamentary and Financial Reform just where they were when they commenced their first sitting; and as no constitutional change can take place without the consent of the Lords and the Commons, what must now be adopted to produce the necessary reforms? Our reply is easy. There is an influence outside the walls of St. Stephen's which has again and again made its senators submit. And, perhaps, we may say that, generally speaking, every measure has to be discussed and carried in our public meetings, workshops and families, before it becomes the law of the land. The people in this country are a Parliament to which all Parliaments are compelled to bow. The questions of Slavery and of the Corn-laws were thus settled by the public long before there was a majority in their favour in either of our houses of legislation. And should the present recess be employed as it ought to be, 1852 would be as profitable as 1851 has been useless. All we have to do is to begin to sit now the Parliament has risen. We must all, both men and women, belong to *the People's Parliament*. There must be incessant talking about these matters. By our firesides, with our husbands and wives, and with our sons and daughters; in the fields and the workshops, with every mechanic, operative, and labourer; and in public meetings there must be plenty of outspeaking, though no treasonable language.

It must be borne in mind that it is not the Constitution which is to blame, and therefore we need not breathe a word in favour of revolution. The Monarch, also, is not to be condemned, and must not be assailed. England never had a more patriotic Sovereign, or one more disposed to subject herself to the laws, and rule according to their letter and spirit, than Queen VICTORIA. There is not only disloyalty and treason, but injustice and cruelty, in attacking a Monarch for governing according to the statutes which have been enacted, or are upheld, by the men whom we have sent to Parliament to legislate in our name and stead. Nor is it fair to lay all the guilt at the door of the nobility, because without the Commons they are powerless. And, finally, we need not condemn *all*, because some things are wrong. A man would be worse than a common simpleton who should empty his

whole purse into the street and make an hour's speech against all sorts of money, because he has been duped with a few bad sixpences or sovereigns. And the counterpart of this is the proposition of some of our would-be reformers; for, because we have many corruptions among us, they would fain destroy everything, and sweep all that is good away. They are like the man who cut off his hand because he had two sore fingers; or like the Goths and Vandals of the dark ages, who spared nothing that came in their way. Not only the people who withstood them, but the innocents who were ready to serve them, and the statuary and architecture which would have adorned their churches and palaces, they devoted to destruction.

The age for Gothic reforms and barbarian revolutions is gone. We are beginning to discern between "good and evil," and thus are proving that we are growing out of the dotage of childhood. Hereafter, we intend to act like the fishermen, who placed the wholesome fish in their vessels and cast the unwholesome away. We have ten thousand valuable liberties and privileges as Britons, which it would be sacrilege to touch. These we must rally round and preserve as our dearest birthright; and hand them down as heirlooms to the remotest posterity; but then we must beware that we are not dazzled with our greatness and advantages so as to overlook the political and ecclesiastical corruptions that still pollute the land. On these let our wrath and vengeance centre. Let us resolve to spare nothing that is wrong or unjust. It is one of our highest national privileges that we may speak out and condemn abuses; and it is a glorious consideration that we can talk, and argue, and shame them down. As we have said above, we want no other weapons than our tongues. With these we can conquer and regenerate the land. All other kind of arms have been tried, but they have failed, because swords cannot reason, cannon-balls cannot legislate. They may chastise, but they cannot correct tyrants and despots. Were the next six months to be employed aright, and all the injustice of our laws and taxes to be properly exposed, and the people to make a reasonable, a bold, a firm, a united demand for their rights, the Parliament of 1852 would not assemble as mere idle, childish, twaddling talkers, but would apply themselves vigorously to abolish the monster abuses under which we still groan.

THE ARABS IN SPAIN.—No. VII.

In our last paper we brought the history of the Arabs in Spain down to the end of the Ommeyan dynasty. With it ended the glory of their power in the Peninsula. It only remains to trace their decline, and chronicle the closing scenes in their romantic history. To narrate many of these in detail, would neither interest nor instruct the reader; we shall therefore only dwell upon such as occupy a somewhat prominent place in their eventful annals.

After the dissolution of the Cordovan Caliphate, most of the local governors asserted their independence, and assumed the title of kings. The chiefs, however, who exercised the shattered relics of authority in the capital were unwilling thus suddenly to permit this piecemeal severance of the empire; and resolved to elect a sovereign who should subdue the rebel walis, and restore the ancient splendour of the Cordovan kingdom. Their choice fell upon Gehwar ben Mohammed, a chief of great prudence, and of considerable enterprise. Aware of the arduous nature of the government to which he was called, he surrounded himself by a council chosen from amongst the most distinguished citizens, and without the advice of which he did nothing. Cordova thus resembled rather a republic than a monarchy. By wise and judicious measures he reformed long-continued abuses, and introduced a degree of tranquillity and of commercial activity un-

known since the days of the great Almanasor. But the same success did not attend his efforts to restore the supremacy of Cordova. The insurgent governors maintained their independence, and established their usurped authority upon a firm basis.* To recount the perpetually-recurring struggles for ascendancy between these self-made kings, their alliances, their transient successes, or hopeless failures, would unprofitably occupy more space than can be given to these papers. All the purposes of interest and instruction, however, will be answered by our noticing such events as were either signal in themselves, or exercised more than a passing influence on the condition of the Mohammedan portion of the Peninsula.

The encroachments of Alphonso VI., King of Leon, and at last his capture of Toledo, in the year 1085, induced the Mohammedan princes to lay aside their mutual jealousies, and unite in the adoption of measures for the protection of their threatened independence. Mohammed invited the other princes of his faith to send their representatives to Seville, to deliberate upon the best means for warding off so imminent a danger. The invitation was readily accepted, and the chief cadis and other officers of the different states assembled in Seville. The suicidal character of the dissensions in which the Mussulman chiefs had indulged, then became evident; the inability of their united strength to resist the arms of Alphonso was seen, and foreign aid was acknowledged to be their only hope. With this conviction in their hearts, two of the most influential cadis proposed an appeal to Yussef ben Taxin, the celebrated African conqueror, whose arm alone seemed able to preserve the faith of Islam in the Peninsula. Abdalla ben Zagut, the Governor of Malaga, alone perceived the danger of such a course, and had courage to oppose the embassy to which the rest of his colleagues agreed.

"You mean to call in the aid of the Almoravides!" protested Abdalla. "Are you ignorant that these fierce inhabitants of the deserts resemble their own native tigers? Suffer them not, I beseech you, to enter the fertile plains of Andalusia and Granada! Doubtless, they would break the iron sceptre which Alfonso intends for us; but you would still be doomed to wear the chains of slavery. Do you not know that Yussef has taken all the cities of Almagreb —that he has subdued the powerful tribes of the east and west,—that he has everywhere substituted despotism for liberty and independence?"

The aged and patriotic son of Zagut warned in vain. He was even accused of being a secret partisan of the Christian king; and the embassy was decreed. His voice, however, was not the only one which was raised against it. Al Raxid, the son of Mohammed, shared the same prophetic feeling, and, after the assembly had broken up, warned his father of the catastrophe to which the invitation would inevitably lead.

"Anything," answered Mohammed, "rather than Andalusia should become the prey of the Christians! Dost thou wish the Mussulmans to curse me? I would rather become an humble shepherd—a driver of Yussef's camels than reign dependent on these Christian dogs! But my trust is in Allah."

"May Allah protect both thee and thy people," replied Al Raxid mournfully, who saw that the die of fate was cast.

Yussef, the celebrated and dreaded warrior to whom application for aid had been decreed, was the successor of Abu Bekir, the founder of the new African Empire of Morocco. Shortly before the letters of Mohammed reached him, he had completed the subjugation of Fez, and made himself master of all the wide-spread regions of north-eastern Africa. Omar, the King of Badajoz, had previously sought his help against the Spanish Christians, but he refused to interfere in the affairs of the Peninsula, as he had not then sufficiently consolidated his newly-formed empire at home. When the embassy, however, from Mohammed reached Morocco, he was in the possession of a peaceful and extended empire, and readily acceded to undertake an expedition, from which he resolved to obtain greater benefits than the friendship and gratitude of the Peninsular princes of his faith. The unsuspecting Mohammed readily consented to entrust him with the fortress of Algeziras, and the artful Moor soon after crossed the Straits of Gibraltar at the head of a mighty armament. When he landed in Andalusia, Alfonso was besieging Saragossa. At the head of all the

* Mohammedan Spain was thus divided:—Gehwar reigned in Cordova; Mohammed ben Ismail ben Abid, who was the first to assume the powers of royalty, swayed the sceptre of Seville; Edris ben Ali governed Malaga with equal independence; Algeziras also had its king; Habus ben Maksan ruled over Elvira and Granada; Valencia, which soon included Almeria and Denia, was governed by Abdelasis Abul Hassan; Abdalla Muslema ben Alaftas was sovereign of Badajoz, and acknowledged head of all the confederated governors of Algarve and Lusitania; Toledo was subject to the powerful Ismail ben Dyluun, who, like the King of Seville, secretly aspired to the government of all Mohammedan Spain; Huesca and Saragossa were likewise subject to rulers of their own.

forces he could muster, the Christian prince advanced to meet the African, whom he encountered on the plains of Zalaca, between Merida and Badajoz. Victory at first seemed to incline towards the Christian arms; but the advance of Yussef, at the head of a large reserve, turned the fortune of the day, and gained him the battle, at the cost, however, of 24,000 men. After a few unimportant victories, gained for the Arab princes, he openly threw off the mask, and commenced his career of subjugating the Peninsula for himself.

Abdalla ben Balkin, the King of Granada, was the first victim of African perfidy. His brother Timur ben Balkin, the sovereign of Malaga, was in the same manner despoiled of his territory. The too-trustful Mohammed was the next who fell. Though advised by his son to form an alliance with the King of Leon, he refused to do so until that alliance could no longer avail him. His mind became filled with gloomy presentiments of his approaching downfall, which he is said to have foreseen in his dreams.

"One night," says an Arabic historian, "he heard in a dream his ruin predicted by one of his sons: he awoke, and the same verses were repeated:—

"Once, Fortune carried thee in her car of triumph, and thy name was by renown spread to the ends of the earth. Now, the same renown conveys only thy sighs. Days and nights pass away, and like them the enjoyments of the world: thy greatness has vanished like a dream!"

But, though superstitious, he did not submit without resistance. It was in vain, however, to oppose the fierce and countless myriads of the perfidious Yussef. City after city fell into his hands; Seville itself was forced to open its gates. The unfortunate monarch was loaded with chains; and with his family was conveyed to Agmat, in Africa, to be confined in a fortress. There he survived the loss of his crown and liberty for four years, which he passed in the utmost penury—his daughters being compelled to earn his subsistence and their own by the labour of their hands. After the fall of Mohammed, the remaining princes of Andalusia were, with little difficulty, brought under the yoke of the African conqueror. The King of Saragossa succeeded in obtaining an alliance, on conditions of vassalage; the others were stripped of their dominions, and were either imprisoned or banished to Africa.

"Thus," says the historian, "ended the petty kingdoms of Andalusia, after a stormy existence of about sixty years, and thus commenced the *Dynasty of the Almoravides*."*

For some years after the establishment of the Moorish dynasty in 1094, peace appears to have subsisted between the Mohammedans and the Christians in Spain. Yussef was unwilling to renew the war with those whose prowess he had so fatally experienced in the subjugation of his new kingdom; whilst thousands of the best warriors in Christian Spain were yearly setting out for the Holy Land, to engage in the crusades which were then draining Europe of her bravest inhabitants. Yussef died at Morocco in the year 1106; and was succeeded by his son Ali in the government of his African and Spanish dominions. To trace the decline of the latter, however, would uselessly occupy space, and help to extend these historical sketches beyond their intended limits. The dominion of the Almoravides was never agreeable to the Spanish Mohammedans, whose internal peace required the constant and active presence of a large army; this, added to continued contests with the Christian princes, rendered the tenure of the Moorish conquests a matter of no small difficulty, and tended to accelerate the fall of the new dynasty. The cause, however, which more than any other menaced its existence, and which was destined to change the whole face of Western Africa and Mohammedan Spain, originated, like the power of Yussef ben Taxin, in the deserts bordering on Mount Atlas. Mohammed ben Abdalla, the son of a lamp-lighter in the Grand Mosque of Cordova, was distinguished for great curiosity and an insatiable thirst for knowledge. He had journeyed to Bagdad, and there studied under the famous Abu Hamid Algazali, one of the most celebrated doctors of that capital of the Mohammedan world. On his return from Bagdad to Mauritania, he wandered from place to place jealously teaching the doctrines which he had embraced. At Tremecen, he allied with him a youth named Abdelmumen, whom he persuaded to share his chequered fortunes. At Morocco the two friends succeeded in gaining so many converts to their opinions from amongst the ignorant populace, as encouraged the fanatic Mohammed to excite an insurrection which caused their expulsion from the city. Outside the walls, in a public cemetery, they built a hut amongst the graves, to which vast crowds daily flocked to hear the pretended revelations which Mahommed de-

* Or "persons devoted to the service of God," a title assumed by the Moorish tribe Lamtuna, from which Yussef was descended.

clared himself commissioned to make. Ali at that time occupied the throne. Becoming justly alarmed by the bolder tone and increasing success of the fanatics, whose denunciations were chiefly directed against himself, he resolved to rid himself of their presence by the summary means usual with Mussulman princes. Before he had time, however, to carry his intention into execution, Mohammed openly declared himself the great *mehedi*,* and the founder of a new people. He instituted a regular government, appointing Abdelmumen his hagib, or prime minister, with nine associates, but reserving the supreme authority to himself. He soon found himself at the head of an army of 10,000 horse, and a far greater number of foot, with which he marched upon the city of Agmat just as Ali returned to Morocco from Spain. The African monarch now found that his formidable rival—for Mohammed was nothing less—meditated battle. The two armies met near Agmat; and, in the battle which followed, the Almohades, or party of Mohammed, were completely victorious. In a second engagement, the imperial forces were again defeated; but in a third, in which Ali personally commanded, the rebels were completely routed, and Mohammed betook himself with the shattered remains of his army to the desert, to await a favourable opportunity for again trying the fortune of war.

In the meantime the Moorish power in the Peninsula was fast tottering to its fall. Alfonso of Aragon had seized upon some of the most important cities on the borders of Andalusia, and from thence carried on a system of petty warfare which gradually lessened the territories of Ali, and correspondingly increased the power of his enemies. Such was the state of things in Spain when Mohammed again appeared in the field at the head of an army of 30,000 cavalry, and more than double that number of foot. A battle fought under the walls of the African capital ended in the entire destruction of the imperial forces, and the vast augmentation of the Mehedi's power. But four days afterwards he died, having previously nominated Abdelmumen as his successor. The new general was soon after raised, by the chiefs of his party, to the imperial dignity. The whole country, from the mountains of Darah to Sale, all Fez and Feza, submitted to his spiritual and temporal yoke; and the authority of the once mighty and dreaded Almoravides was acknowledged only in a few of the principal cities of the African empire. The death of Ali, and the accession of his son Taxfin to the vacant and tottering throne in the year 1142, hastened the final downfal of the house of Yussef. Tremecen opened her ports to the forces of the new Caliph, and her example was speedily followed by Timmal, Oran, Fez, and all the other unsurrendered cities of the African empire, except the capital, Morocco. This city the vigorous Abdelmumen speedily invested; sending, at the same time, his general, Abu Amrain, to invade Audalusia. The African capital was soon taken, and the power of the Almoravides in Africa was extinct: in the Peninsula its end was speedily to follow. When Abu Amrain landed in Spain, he found the greater part of the Moorish governors there already favourable to the cause of the Almohades. Cordova and the other principal cities, submitted without a blow, and Abdelmumen was proclaimed sovereign of all Mohammedan Spain.

Thus was set up the third, and, properly speaking, the last Mussulman dynasty in the Peninsula.

* This title was applied to the Mohammedan *Messias*, whom they expected as confidently as the Jews did theirs.

LETTERS FROM CALCUTTA.—No. III.

HOUSEKEEPING in London is very unlike housekeeping in Calcutta; and though the accomplished housewife will not find her education entirely thrown away, yet she will have so many habits to unlearn and customs to lay aside, that she will for a great length of time despair of ever turning her lessons of thrift and good management to any profitable account. Of course she has been accustomed to make her own purchases, and prides herself on her knowledge of the best and cheapest shops where all the wants of her family can be supplied; nor (notwithstanding a little sighing over fatigue, distance, crowded streets, &c.) is she insensible to the pleasure of selecting her own stores, and of exchanging civilities with her tradesman, who comes smiling from his desk to express his hope that she meets with perfect satisfaction. Nay, she even finds pleasure in an occasional interview with the butcher, rosy and rejoicing amid the show of Christmas beef or Easter lamb. But *here* she must forego such delights. The bazaars, as the markets are

called, are far too filthy, and the dealers too expert in roguery, to render her personal visits to them desirable, even if she were not deterred by the enervating effect of the climate, and the custom which forbids an European female to be seen walking in the streets. Necessity, therefore, as much as the usage of the country, compels her to delegate the purchase of all provisions to her chief domestic, who dignifies himself by the title of *khansaman*, or steward, and whose chief business appears to be to fill his own purse at the expense of his master. This man, who considers himself the head of the establishment, claims "the power of the keys," and generally carries them at his girdle as a mark of his condition and office. He has an important air when moving among his fellow-servants, or arranging his own affairs, but he is a very different being when he comes before the "mem sahib," with folded hands and gentle voice assuring her that his bills are very moderate, and that no other family is so well and so cheaply served. After which, being a good Mussulman, he prostrates himself before the setting sun, and probably returns thanks to Allah for the amount of that day's pilferings.

Another point of difference arises from the existence of *caste*, which is in reality a kind of universal trades' union. There are no maids of all work in Calcutta; no active and smart little errand-boys, who, having cleaned the boots and knives, are ready for any odd job that the mistress or the kitchen-maid may require; no good-natured cook, who, in addition to keeping her own department in order, will attend to the doorsteps and the bell-handles; and no smiling housemaid, who will occasionally dress her mistress's hair, and employ a leisure-hour in plain sewing. All labour is here kept distinct. Certain families, arrogating to themselves the name of castes, will do certain things, but on no account will one do the work of another; and thus small families who in England would be well served by two, or, at the most, three servants, are compelled to keep a staff that would suffice for a millionaire. Perhaps I cannot better explain this to you than by relating the manner in which my household was first gathered round me.

Being entirely ignorant of the language spoken by the servants, and of the customs of a place where, of all others, it is most necessary to follow the adage, "Do at Rome as Romans do," a kind friend transferred to me his *khidmatgar*, which is the name given to that class who attend to all matters connected with the table. This man could speak very tolerable English, was quick and clever, and undertook to discharge the duties of the khansaman, in addition to his own, and also to instruct me in mine. He commenced by assuring me that I might trust him in all things, as his master would be very angry if he deceived me.

"You my father and my mother! I not bad mans. You not know anything—I teach you."

So saying, he bowed his turbaned head to the ground, and proceeded to set dinner on the table.

I saw no one else that night. My bedroom was prepared, by whom I knew not. No female appeared—in fact, I had not seen one since my landing in Calcutta. But in the morning a series of most singular introductions began. A strange-looking being with flowing beard, and a red cloth round his waist, and bending beneath the weight of a large sheep's skin, which was strapped across his back, was led into my dressing-room. I was informed that this was the *bheestie*, whose business it would be to supply me with water, at the rate of four rupees per month.* He was followed by a tall, handsome fellow, with sparkling eyes and well-trimmed moustache, whose dress also consisted of a single cloth round the waist, bearing in his hand a large birch broom. This was the *mehtur*, a name which literally means prince, but is here used to designate the sweeper, whose office it is to cleanse the floors and walls of the house, to remove all impurities from the outhouses and gutters, and, in short, being of the lowest caste, to do what no other servant will do. His wages are generally five rupees per month. In the course of the morning I was informed by my headman that he had hired a cook for me at eight rupees per month: also a *mussalchee*, or scullion, at five, observing, with an important air—

"I not wash plates—this man do that business."

But these were not all. I was required to hire a *beazor* to make the beds, dust the furniture, trim the lamps, and, if required, to act the part of valet to the master; a mate-bearer to pull the punkah, and be, in fact, the other's slave; and an *ayah*, or waiting-woman, who will do nothing but at end at her mistress's toilet, of the duties of which she is generally profoundly ignorant. She is idle, too often dishonest, totally uneducated, and almost useless, so great is the degradation of the lower class of women in India, yet, being the only female in the establishment, she is a ne-

* A rupee is worth about two shillings.

cessary appendage to a lady. Then came the *dirzee*, or tailor, an equally indispensable appendage; and a *dirwan*, or doorkeeper, closed the list.

You will perceive that I had no choice in the matter. The division of labour according to caste makes the number necessary. The rate of wages is fixed among themselves, and they will not serve you for less; and, as their characters are all more or less indifferent, it was quite as well to take the first that offered on the responsibility of the individual who brought him. They generally possess certificates, but these are scarcely to be trusted, as they can for a very small sum induce a native writer to give them any statement they desire; besides that, there exists here a pernicious habit of giving written certificates to your servants when they leave, which are, to say the least, too lenient towards the bearers of them to be very trustworthy.

Here, then, were ten servants—exclusive of the washerman, coachman, syces or grooms, and out-door dependances—to wait on two persons, and to do the ordinary business of a small establishment; and, with your knowledge of the capabilities and willingness of most English domestics, you will imagine me leading a life of ease, having assistance always within the call, and never needing to rise even to fetch a book from a distant part of the room. Not so. In their estimation their service is a bargain by which they give a portion of their time to do certain things, and attend at certain hours, between which periods you may in vain look for them; and, as one man will not touch the work of another, if you require anything at an unseasonable moment you must do it yourself. For instance, I one day spilled some ink on the floor. It was the duty of the mehtur to remove it, but it was not the proper hour for his attendance; and, as no one else would do it, I, rather than allow the stains to remain, wiped it up myself. Again I had occasion to send to the washerman, but was puzzled for a messenger. The bearer would not take a table-cloth, though perfectly willing to carry his master's linen, the khidmatgar was too great a gentleman, and the plate-washer was the only person who would consent to take the parcel.

Of course I am writing of a moderate household. In the large establishments, where several of each class are kept, there will always be a sufficiency of attendance constantly at hand, although I have heard ladies who keep at least twenty servants complain of the same thing. The more they are in number, the greater is their idleness and their love of congregating together for smoking and gossip, and they spend half their time squatted on the ground in groups, or stretched at full length before the door of the cook-room, looking, in the almost nudity of their undress, more like black animals than human beings. The length of time required for their meals is another nuisance. As the Hindo must cook his own food, scour his own utensils, wash a part of his own clothes, and perform certain ceremonial ablutions, he requires from two to three hours for his principal meal, which he calls his "khana." This is apparently the great event of the daily life, as nothing will willingly be done till after *khana*, and it is considered quite a sufficient answer for delay, absence, or neglect of orders, that such a one is gone to *khana*. All these habits are so different from those of our English servants, that at first the inconvenience is almost unbearable.

There are many other points of difference which are at first hard to endure, but which are incurable while their present system is unchanged. Economy is unknown to the poorest of them, and the coolness with which they will throw away food sufficient to sustain a poor labouring family for a week, is startling and more than vexatious; for, however great the profusion, they act according to the rule, "Let nothing remain till the morning." I believe the greater wisdom consists in interfering as little as possible, giving reasonable orders and always enforcing obedience. An occasional visit to the kitchen may be desirable, but I doubt if it is productive of any good effects; and the habits of the natives are so opposed to our ideas, that "ignorance is bliss."

The kindness and consideration with which we are accustomed to treat our servants is thrown away on the Hindoo. Injustice will of course be avoided; but compulsion and some degree of severity must be employed, or his natural slothfulness and want of principle will triumph, and you will be deceived by the very man to whom you have shown the most indulgence, and of whom you thought most highly. It is therefore necessary to give the control of the household to the head-servant, who is responsible for the conduct of the rest, and who, though generally a rogue himself, will not if possible allow the others to rob you. It seems to be a received axiom here that, as you must suffer yourself to be a little cheated, it is better to allow one rather than all to do it. Thus a lady-housekeeper's principal busi-

ness is with the khansaman or head khidmatgar. To him she gives her orders, and over him she exercises as strict a surveillance as circumstances and the amount of her knowledge will permit. At first she will be sadly cheated. Not contented with the profit of two pice in the rupee always allowed him, and which is called *custom*, he takes advantage of her ignorance, charges treble the true price for every article, uses unheard-of quantities of such materials as can be consumed by the natives, and assures her that a variety of things are done by the "*Sahib logue—i.e*, the Europeans—which are entirely false, but tend to his own profit.

Very soon hearing that the common articles of daily consumption are cheap in Calcutta, and that truth is a virtue unknown to the Hindoo, she begins to inquire among her more experienced acquaintances, learns facts and prices, takes a new man, who at once perceives that "the mem" is growing wise, and by dint of perseverance she will in a few weeks reduce her bills at least one-third. This has been my case, and is, I believe, the experience of every new-comer. The great obstacle in the attainment of this desirable end is ignorance of the language spoken by the servants, and the fact that those who speak a little English are generally the greatest rogues. There is no difficulty in learning how to express your daily wants, and they are clever at interpreting signs; but it is long ere one can comprehend the torrents of words they pour forth in answer to a question, and ere one can obtain the power of sustaining a lengthened conversation, and of calling them to account in a manner satisfactory to oneself. I have more to say on the peculiarities of these singular people, but must reserve it for another letter.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

By Parson Frank.

Mat Prior ranks with those select gentlemen of the lyre whose experience it was to combine the sweets of pudding and praise. By a collected edition of his poems, published by subscription, he realised the sum of four thousand pounds. For an edition of 1,300 copies of "Paradise Lost" Milton received from Simmonds the sublime aggregate of—five pounds! If he had been speculating on material recompence for his seven years' labour, or pecuniary consolations—such as they could be to one of his mould—here was a cheap refutation of his error—here was his Paradise *lost* with a vengeance! But Prior belonged to a class of poets who, by their personal position in society, as well as the style of their verse, enjoyed, almost as a matter of course, the smiles of fortune. Pope was Master of the Ceremonies, and whoso threaded the mazes of the dance after the fashion he approved, and with the *distingué* air and polished demeanour of the *maestro*, was recognised by "the town," presented with "its freedom," and could laugh with pursy *hauteur* at the distresses of Grub-street and the "Dunciad."

Speaking generally of that generation of authors, an Edinburgh reviewer says that, as poets, they had no force or greatness of fancy—no pathos, and no enthusiasm; and, as philosophers, no comprehensiveness, depth, or originality: sagacious they were, no doubt, neat, clear, and reasonable; but, for the most part, cold, timid, and superficial. Adopting, as they did, "a tone that was peculiar to the upper ranks of society, and writing upon subjects that were almost exclusively interesting to them, they naturally figured as the most accomplished, fashionable, and perfect writers that the world had ever seen, and made the wild, luxuriant, and humble sweetness of our earlier authors appear rude and untutored in the comparison." They wrote for the upper circles, and by the upper circles they were read, applauded, and—paid. They selected and succeeded in themes suitable for boudoir dilettanti—dear to fine gentlemen and ladies—appreciable by Belindas at their elegant toilet, amid "puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billets-doux;" and by Sir Plumes

"———— Of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane."

Thus Pope, *facile princeps*, sang the "Rape of the Lock"—a poem so perfect and

unique in its dainty way, that one may apply thereto (a little distorted) one of his own couplets :—

"If to its share some Pope-ish errors fall,
Look on its style and you'll forget them all."

Thus Swift versified "The Journal of a Modern Lady: in a Letter to a Person of Quality," and Gay "The Art of Walking the Streets of London." The muse had taken to living within doors—was afraid of the mud that might adhere to her glass slippers if she walked in the country, and of the cold she might catch (especially in her then consumptive state) if she ventured out except in a plethora of drapery. Pope, indeed, it has been remarked, had access to the haunted ground of imagination, but then it was not his favourite or ordinary walk; and others were content with humbler worship, with propitiating a minister or a mistress, reviving the conceits of classic mythology, or satirising, without seeking to reform, the fashionable follies of the day.* A French taste had set in, which taught the streets to scowl defiance at the old green lanes, and, as it were, abetted the "manufacturing interest" against the "agricultural."

France is perhaps incomparable in the delicacies, and refinements, and ingenuities, of art and artificial life; but France is certainly deficient in that appreciation of Nature and natural beauty upon which we "Britishers" have some little cause to plume ourselves—and this it was which French influence was tending to suppress and discourage amongst us in the eighteenth century. There are those who contend that nations of Teutonic origin alone seem fitted to understand and love Nature. Molière, Pascal, La Bruyère, Boileau, Bossuet, and Racine, appear completely, says a writer in "Fraser's Magazine," to have overlooked the picturesque in their works; and we must come down to the days of Bernardin de St. Pierre and Rousseau for the first traces of that love of nature which we find more or less in every German and English work.† One anti-Gallic critic we remember, who maintains that Frenchmen are seldom good poets, because seldom lovers of nature.‡ They prefer he says, a floor in town to a castle in the country, *vaudevilles* delight them more than sylvan pastimes, the chattering of pet parrots than wood-notes wild; and a Boulevard set with half-naked poplars is the *ne plus ultra* of their rural excursions. They have a passion for flowers, but made up into bouquets; they dote upon the sequestered scenes of Père la Chaise, amidst which they can at once hold converse with the mighty dead, and the petty, and each other." Hence, according to this point of view, *artificial* existence furnishes almost all the *matériel* of composition to French verse-writers; hence they become satirists, ethicists, like our *Annian* authors, but still less than these—poets.

The present generation demurs to the justice of calling the "Annian" reign the Augustan age of our literature, if by that epithet is meant its most advanced, vigorous, and palmy age. If, however, a consummate degree of art is meant—such a classical refinement as distinguished the Latin poets who were contemporary with, and were fostered by, Mæcenas—the style and polish, for instance, which may distinguish Virgil in epic verse from Homer, and Horace in lyrical verse from Pindar—then there is some truth in the application of the epithet. For, however we may hold that the Pope fraternity were wanting in that susceptibility to natural impulses which marked the Shaksperean era, and which has revivified in our own, yet must we acknowledge in them an amount of talent, finish, and skill, in their own line of things, such as neither a preceding or later age can equal. Because they were deficient in one faculty, we must not deny their excellence in another. If they were poor in depicting fine scenery, and cold in impersonating human passion, on the other hand they were tasteful in design, careful in filling up, and complete in effect. If they could not have written so much that is deep in emotion, and daring (not to,

* Chambers.

† See Fraser's Magazine, May, 1851.

‡ See Athenæum, November, 1839, p. 827.

say flighty) in imagination, as interests us in the "Festus" of Mr. P. J. Bailey, neither could they have been guilty of the errors in judgment, and "splendid sins" of diction, and defiance of artistic harmony, which characterise that singular poem. Few indeed, in any stage of literature, are they who combine the elements of natural genius and disciplined taste—who are at once, like Campbell, true poets and great artists, warm and correct, not only a power but a law unto themselves, not only exercising what is dynamically creative, but what is mechanically critical—the one being inborn and the other inbred, and both requisite to the making up a real poet; so that the one cannot say to the other, I have no need of thee, but must rather confess saying, I without thee cannot be made perfect.

The great forte of Pope and his school lay, according to the late Dr. Moir,* in their acquaintance with, and skilful depicturing of the fashions, follies and frivolities of polished life, wherein art is made in a great measure to supersede nature in subject, style, and expression; whereas in the first great era of our national literature —that of Shakspere, and Spenser, and Milton, and Taylor, and Browne—we discover that their materials were found in great first principles, in the grand and overboiling emotions of the heart, in the passions whose display stamp character, in the heroic as to action, and the tender as to feeling. Matthew Prior is a notable member of the Pope-ish hierarchy. He illustrated its principles and practice by inditing ballads, epistles, odes, moral and metaphysical poems, epigrams, and epitaphs, after the manner of his order. His life was of that public and social kind which provided him with abundant means of observation of men and manners, and threw him amongst coteries whose courtly associations permanently affected his career as a man of letters. Educated at Westminster School, he was thence removed to an inn at Charing-cross, to assist his uncle, the landlord, in the department of "licensed victualling"—the labours of which Mat was wont to lighten by dipping into the pages of his old friend Horace, whom he would reverently consult on the qualities of well-seasoned Massic wine *(veteris pocula Massici)*, or the several kinds whereof he pressed Mæcenas to partake, Sabine and Cœcubian, Falernian and Formian—contrasting probably in his own mind the dust and din of a London tavern in the days of Charles II. with the Roman poet's carousals, myrtle-crowned, in some viny arbour of the Sabine farm, the air rich with perfumes and blythe with music—and greatly admiring Horace's epicurean philosophy of life, and his advice to pensive friends to cease fretting about possible mishaps, and to join him under plane or pine tree, to deck themselves like him with rose garlands, to anoint their grey hairs with Indian ointments *(Assyrâque nardo)*, and to quaff beaker after beaker of Falernian wine duly cooled in the rivulet whose ripple murmured serenely close by them. In this study of the pleasure-loving, wine-inspired lyrist, Prior was one day discovered by the popular and liberal Earl of Dorset (Charles Sackville), a cordial patron of literature—witness his adulation by contemporary writers, who vied with each other in panegyrising † his graceful but frivolous verses. The Earl redeemed Matthew from vintners' daily work, and sent him to St. John's College, Cambridge; subsequently procuring for him the post of secretary to our ambassador at the Hague—a post which Prior discharged with such merit that the King (William III.) made him one of his own "Gentlemen of the Bedchamber," and afterwards appointed him Ambassador to the French Court, and one of the Commissioners of the Board of Trade. His apprenticeship to politics had been favoured by serving in four secretaryships successively—to the commissioners for the Treaty of Ryswick, to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, to the Earl of Portland, and to the Earl of Jersey. In 1701 he "took the oaths and his seat in the House," as M.P. for the borough of East Grinstead; soon after which he turned tail on his patrons the Whigs, and ratted to the rising Tory interest, joining in the impeachment of Lord Somers (for counselling a treaty in which Prior himself had been employed as agent), and in

* Sketches of Poetical Literature, p. 7.

† Prior himself went so far as to protest that there was a lustre in the Earl's verses "like that of the sun in Claude Lorraine's landscapes."

the systematic attack upon the Duke of Marlborough. With Bolingbroke he went to Paris in 1711 to settle articles of peace, and there continued some years enjoying the dignity and emoluments of an ambassador,* and the personal favour of the Grand Monarque. But his return in 1715 was the signal for an impeachment on a charge of high treason, as having intrigued with the French Government—the impeachment being made by Walpole, the chairman of a committee for examining into the late negotiations for peace, who also included Bolingbroke in the charge.†

Prior was imprisoned for the space of two years—after which he was liberated, without a trial, and ended his days (1721) in retirement. The Earl of Oxford had added to the four thousand pounds realised by a subscription edition of Prior's verses an equal sum—which, together with his income as a Fellow of St. John's, secured him from penury in the decline of life. It was at the Earl's seat at Wimpole that he breathed his last.

Prior's more ambitious performances in verse—as "The Nut-Brown Maid" and "Solomon"—are those in which he is least striking. He is not distinguished by imaginative power, by descriptive pathos, by fertile invention, by noble enthusiasm, or other such qualities as are essential to the felicitous treatment of such themes. His versification is fluent and correct, his diction that of a masterly and experienced writer, his imagery classical but not pedantic, his style animated and pleasing, often graphic and pointed; but he seldom touches the heart, nor ever "opes the sacred source of sympathetic tears." He carries us smoothly, glidingly, pleasantly along, but startles us by no grand thought, thrills us with no divine apocalypse, moves us by no deep sentiment. The covenant between him and us is superficial in character and temporary in duration. He is amusing and witty, and we are forced to be complaisant; and so the *entretien* ends. His "Nut-Brown Maid" is a far less attractive damsel than the simpler one of the fifteenth century, of whose rustic features she was meant by Prior to represent an amended copy, a new edition, enlarged, revised, and every way improved. The He and She of the old version are a more genuine, if they are a ruder, couple than the Henry and Emma of the modern. "Bright Cloe's" desire to renew acquaintance with the "Nut-Brown Maid" was, it seems, the occasion of Prior's *réchauffé*:—

> "Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains,
> And with one heavenly smile repay his pains?
> No longer shall the Nut-Brown Maid be old;
> Though since her youth three hundred years have roll'd.
> At thy desire she shall again be rais'd,
> And her reviving charms in lasting verse be prais'd."

How lasting? Not so lasting, Matthew, as the original which you considered too homely for Chloe. Pity 'tis that you expended so much "pains" on decking out the ancient beauty in modern weeds—laying the scene

> "Where beauteous Isis *and her husband Tame*,
> With mingled waves, for ever flow the same"—

and telling us such a deal about "Great Venus," and "Hymen's choicest gifts," and "smiling Cupid," and "Henry's pain," and Emma's reception of "his present flame," and the "nymph's obliging care" in leaving upon a spreading beech-tree a "frequent wreath for Henry's hair," who shows to "each swain the mystic honour," and writes back billets-doux "which Venus dictates," and discourses to the Nut-Brown Maid about Cynthia and her train, and appeals to solemn Jove and

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* Though without the title; the proud Duke of Shrewsbury, says Aikin, having refused to be joined in commission with a man so meanly born.

† It was when Walpole sat down, amid general excitement at his bold stroke, that Lord Coningsby redoubled the sensation by rising and exclaiming: "The worthy Chairman has impeached the hand, but I impeach the head; he has impeached the scholar, but I the master; I impeach Robert Earl of Oxford of high treason, and other crimes and misdemeanours."—See Smollett's History of England. Book II. Chap. 1, § 16.

conscious Venus* ; and we are informed that during the midnight interview between the devoted nymph and the anxious youth, beneath the spreading beech-tree—

> "While thus the constant pair alternate said,
> Joyful above them and around them play'd
> Angels and sportive loves, a numerous crowd;
> Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they bow'd:
> They tumbled all their little quivers o'er
> To choose propitious darts, a precious store;"

and did sundry other propitious and precious things, quite in character with angels and sportive loves, according to the traditionary habits of such little personalities. We value their evolutions, however, neither as a Midsummer Night's Dream, nor as a Winter's Tale; and wish that Mat had left the *rechauffe* to some cook and confectioner of inferior pretensions—as Mat serves it up with little of that "charming ease" which, according to Cowper, adorned all his poems.

More to our mind, however, is "Solomon on the Vanity of the World." As "Henry and Emma" suggests unfavourable comparison with the artless version of the old English "Nut-Brown Maid," so, to some extent, does "Solomon" with the Book of Ecclesiastes in holy writ. But Prior is here less trammelled by the pseudo-pastoral affectations and artificial conceits which spoil his love-story. "Solomon" contains many passages of sustained beauty, and is pervaded by a dignified moral tone appropriate to the subject. We observe the royal preacher in his series of experiences in science and philosophy, in wealth and greatness, in libertinism and idolatry, in moral reflection and religious speculation. At each stage of his life-history we have the renewal of the mournful conviction, "All is vanity, vanity and vexation of spirit;" and at the close, we have a paraphrase of that grand ethical epitome which concludes the sayings of the preacher in the Hebrew of three thousand years since. The most admired portion of this poem is the episode of Abra, the beloved of Solomon, who

> "Before the rest affected still to stand,
> And watch'd his eye, preventing his command."

There is real beauty and power in the monarch's description of his hand-maid (quite in Dryden's manner):—

> "Abra, she so was called, did soonest haste
> To grace my presence; Abra went the last;
> Abra was ready ere I call'd her name;
> And, though I call'd another, Abra came."

And, again, in Abra's avowal of attachment, where she sighs that the prince was not born some simple shepherd's heir, or that *she* was not of royal parentage. The success and fatal close of this attachment are narrated with considerable effect, marred at intervals by the mannerisms, not so much of the poet, as of the poetical school in which he shared the first form. Book III. is somewhat tedious—particularly by contrast with the terse and tragic emphasis of the actual eastern Solomon, which conveys twenty times the meaning in a twentieth part of the space.

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* There is much in "Henry and Emma" to bear out Mr. De Quincey's wrathful strictures on the state of society in Anne's days—its extreme artificiality, its sheepish reserve upon all the impassioned grandeur of human nature. "In their odious verses," he says, in his humorous, sweeping fashion, "the creatures of that age talk of love as something that *burns* them. You suppose at first that they are discoursing of tallow-candles, though you cannot imagine by what impertinence they address *you*, that are no tallow-chandler, upon such painful subjects. And, when they apostrophise the woman of their heart (for you are to understand that they pretend to such an organ), they beseech her to *ease their pain*. Can human meanness descend lower? As if the man, being ill from pleurisy, therefore, had a right to take a lady for one of the dressers in an hospital, whose duty it would be to fix a burgundy-pitch plaster between his shoulders." See De Quincey's review of "Schlossen's Literary History of the Eighteenth Century."—(Tait, 1847).

The serious is not Prior's forte. He *can* be serious, and for a long period moreover—for there are, we suppose, between seven and eight hundred lines in "Henry and Emma," and between two and three thousand in "Solomon." But these productions are heavy in more senses than one, and Prior's talent lies in what is sportive, light, and airy; in a wittily-told tale, a colloquial satire, a lively *piece de circonstance*, a fragment of sprightly badinage. His "Alma, or the Progress of the Mind," written during his two years' imprisonment, which extends to three long cantos, and is properly if not profoundly metaphysical, is more readable notwithstanding its subject, than either of the preceding poems, from the buoyant sallies and illustrative pleasantries which relieve it. We are entertained with a treatise on psychology and mental philosophy, conducted throughout in a vein as little as possible akin to that of Kant and Fichte, Hegel and Schelling. We study the various theories of the sages concerning the mutual relations of mind and matter, expressed gaily but faithfully in Hudibrastic verse; we are introduced to

> "The commentators on old Ari-
> Stotle, who in judgment vary;"

to Gassendus and Lucretius,—to the advocates of materialism, and of spiritualism,—to

> "Simplicius, Theophrast, Durand,
> Great names, but hard in verse to stand,
> Theodoret and Origen,
> And fifty other learned men,"

whose systems and doctrines touching ideas, forms, substance, and accidents, have set philosophic Europe by the ears. And quite consistently with its philosophical character, "Alma" ends in a very undecided and unpractical way—a conclusion wherein nothing is concluded, unless it be that of "Solomon," that all these things are but vanity and vexation of spirit. Prior's friend and auditor, Dick Shelton, who winds up the inquiry in so Horatian a temper, is as little favourable to the progress of metaphysical speculation as Auguste Comte, or Mr. G. H. Lewes, or any other living disciple of the "Positive" philosophy. Clever and characteristic, however, as "Alma" is, and well-adapted as it is to illustrate its author's powers in thought and fancy and lively diction, the nature of the topic repels ordinary readers. It is by such pieces as the epitaph on "Jack and Joan," "The Cameleon," the "Thief and the Cordelier," the "Female Phaeton" and other of his songs, ballads and tales, that Prior is best known and esteemed. He almost (though far from always) rivals Swift in dashing off a story with ease and point; and he is superior to Swift in good humour, in charity, and in agreeable archness. His satire is not scolding or saturnine;* his irony is not scowling and misanthropic. When he laughs, it is not on the wrong side of his mouth—as with the moody Dean of St. Patrick's. One grave fault there is in Prior's "Tales," that of an indecent tone—a fault denied indeed by so correct a moralist as Johnson, who, in contradiction to Boswell, called Prior "a lady's book," but one which may and ought to make husbands and fathers pause before they commit some of these "Tales" to the hands of their wives or children. Not at all a lady's book, Doctor.

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* Dr. Moir draws a parallel between his satirical genius and that of Thomas Moore. The resemblance in thought, style, and manner, is asserted by this critic to be sometimes so strong, that whole pieces from either writer might be transposed, without much chance of the barter being detected.

EIGHT DAYS' RAMBLE IN NORTH WALES.

By John Alfred Langford, Birmingham.

Everyone whose heart is susceptible of the grand, the picturesque, and the beautiful, must have felt the desire to visit scenes which partake of either of the characters named above. In some minds this desire will brood until it almost becomes a necessity of their being to do so. Under such influences many of the finest spots of our lovely land have I visited. To a working man this is possible, industry and economy being the necessary preparatives; the cheapness and speed of transit, with good pedestrian powers, the means by which such a desire may be realised. Long had I wished to visit North Wales: its mountains, lakes, rivers, and waterfalls, had for years wooed my thoughts and filled my fancy. At length a opportunity occurred; and, having laid up the little store necessary for such a *aid*, I resolved to embrace it. The following will record the result.

On Saturday, July 19, 1851, accompanied by two friends, I left Birmingham for *Chirk*. We had resolved that this should be the starting point of our tour, which was to be pedestrian. We arrived at Chirk about six o'clock in the evening, thence we walked to Llangollen, a distance of about eight miles. We took as little luggage as possible with us, and with this strapped on our shoulders we walked merrily along. The road from Chirk to Llangollen is extremely beautiful, and we were very fortunate in not having to go by the turnpike-road all the way. Scarcely had we left Chirk before we met a Welshman, of whom we asked the way. He said he was going to Llangollen, so we followed in his track. He went a shorter road than the usual one, passing over what are called here Craig Wen, that is, the White Rocks. It was a rare beginning to our journey. The day was showery, and our walk was in and above the clouds. Below us were deep ravines of iron-stone rocks, along which the rainy clouds passed—black, dense, and wildly beautiful. The river Dee was rolling its bright waters along, some hundreds of feet below our path, and as the sun occasionally shone dimly forth, we had views of surpassing loveliness. There were the mighty hills, some of them bare, some of them thickly foliaged even to their summits; there were the clouds above and below and round about us; the river, singing in its course, bounding like a heart that has no thought of sadness to temper its keen enjoyment; the lovely wild flowers blooming under our very feet; and the birds chirping and hopping around us as tame as robins in winter. Thousands of scenes are grander, but few can be sweeter, than the walk from Chirk to Llangollen.

We reached Llangollen about half-past eight o'clock. We left all examination of the place till the morrow, when we were sufficiently rewarded for any expense and toil we had incurred. The vale richly deserves all the fame it has acquired. It is a sweet place. You enter it over the old bridge of four arches, from which, both up and down the Dee, the view is very picturesque; the clear waters dashing over the rocks which fill the river's bed, and the view being bounded both ways by gently-ascending hills, on the summit of the loftiest of which stands the ruin of Castell Dinas Brân. We paid a visit to this ancient place. The ascent towards the top is very steep; and we were overtaken by a heavy shower of rain, which wetted us through in a few minutes. The sun and the wind on these heights, however, dried us almost as rapidly. As we neared the top the rain beat against us fearfully; so making a furious charge we soon reached the summit, where we found a rough but welcome shelter. The Castell is in a most ruinous condition; but in its days of splendour it must have been a magnificent place. Nothing is known for certain either of its erection or destruction; so that its antiquity must be very great. We climbed the highest point of its ruins accessible, and the view of Llangollen and the Dee beneath was very fine. We remained some time at the top, when, turning from this dwelling-place of some great unknown, we proceeded to *Valle Crucis Abbey*, also a ruin. But, oh, what a contrast! As its name imports, it is situated in a valley, and is a "gem of purest ray serene." The guide-book tells

us "it is situated at the foot of a hill called Bronfawr, two miles north-west Llangollen. This abbey was a house of the Cistercians, dedicated to the Virg Mary, founded about the year 1200, by Madoc ap Gryffydd Madoc, Lord of Dir Brân and Bloomfield, grandson of Owen Gweynedd, Prince of Wales. It was d nolished in 1535." The ruins are beyond imagination delicately sweet. At the fro a "beautifully ornamented arched doorway, with three lancet-shaped windov and a small wheel-window piercing the gable." Miss Costello well describes th lovely ruin. "This exquisite relic of a past age is finely situated in a seclud spot, surrounded with hills, and embowered in trees. Its east and west ends, a the south transept are tolerably perfect, and numerous delicate pillars, with grac fully ornamented capitals, are scattered in beautiful irregularity over the groun The branches of several fine ash trees bend over the ruined arches, and ivy, not t luxuriant to conceal the beauties it adorns, climbs amongst the clustered column making them still more charming to look on. One fine circular arch is filled with thr delicate lancet windows, each surmounted with a rose, the tracery of which is sti preserved. So frail appears the wall which supports them, that one fears the gal of winter will not spare them long, even in the sheltered position which the occupy. There is still a great deal left of the abbey, and some parts are singularl strong and firm, defying time and the elements."

Standing in these ruins, the mind could easily recall the past, filling thes more deserted cells with their ancient possessors. Again we may see th monks moving in procession with crozier and mitre and cassock, singing thei grand old hymns, and chaunting the fine liturgy. All the paraphernalia of tha gorgeous ceremonialism which marks the Roman Catholic worship is before us, an we bow in silent reverence to that Power, which then, as now, "searcheth the heart of men and knoweth us altogether." That past, though beautiful and picturesqu in its outward forms of piety, though sincere and earnest in the practice of it faith, we cannot regret, but rather thank God that we live in other days an worship under other forms. For us the monks and their ceremonies are gone fo ever. We mourn not their loss, but greet their memories with a heartfelt *requi escat in pace!*

In a field a few minutes walk from Valle Crucis, stands a single stone colum called Eliseg's Pillar. It is about seven feet high, but was originally twelve. I stands on a plinth, about five feet square, and was erected to the memory of Eliseg father of Brockmail, Prince of Powys, by Corcen, or Corgen, his great grandson It is curious and unique. It stands alone in the midst of a field, which, when we visited it, was filled with hay-cocks. Thus modern life and ancient memorials blend together. On the pillar is an almost entirely effaced inscription, a puzzle to antiquarians, for they have just deciphered enough to make the remainder more mysterious. The pillar was thrown down and broken during the civil wars. A gentleman named Lloyd has caused its re-erection, and has proclaimed the fact in tolerable latin, which may be read, though the ancient inscription be illegible. Eliseg fell at the battle of Chester in the year 607. No one who visits Llangollen should forget his pillar. In the parish churchyard is a triangular shaped tomb-stone sacred to the memories of the eccentric ladies, Elinor Butter, Miss Ponsonby (whose unattractive charms may be seen in every print-shop window throughout Wales), and their faithful domestic. Their charities are still remembered with gratitude, and we forgive people retiring from the world to "swear eternal friendship," when they heighten up their solitude by deeds of kindness and beneficence. As one of their own sex has said, they seemed vain and prosperous, but accomplished and intellectual, and were a strange compound of wisdom and folly, pride and condescension.

The visitor will not be content to visit only the lions of Llangollen, for the valley abounds in sweet walks, of which none can surpass those along the banks of its canal. It is the prince of canals. It runs through a lovely country; its banks are lined with trees, and on its off-side bare rocks in some places descend perpendicularly to its waters; in others, the low-bending trees awake gentle ripples as the breezes play among their branches. Altogether the valley is a delightful place;

ıe beauty of the surroundings making ample recompense for the miserable village ʼhich they enclose.

Fourteen miles lay between us and *Corwen*, our next resting place. The morning ʼas glorious when we left, with fond regret but heartful hope, the lovely valley of ılangollen. The sun shone in its brightest July splendour. Nature put on her ayest dress to receive and welcome her lord. All creation was full of joy. The ʼver flowed more musically between its rocky channel. The trees wore a deeper, brighter, green, and sung a sweeter lullaby to the passing breeze. The birds woke a jubilant hymn of praise to the Most High. Insects of every form and hue itted before us; while on every mossy bank thousands of ants were pursuing their ıbours, drinking in the glory of the sun, whose rays, reflected from their mail-overed bodies, revealed the finest metallic hues. Flowers were blooming on every edge-side, in every nook or cranny. It was a beautiful walk. Our thirst was uenched and our hunger appeased by a luscious feast of wild strawberries, and ur bodies refreshed by a bathe in the sacred waters of the Dee. This life pleased ıe. It was natural, primitive, and joyous. The soul was in harmony with her urroundings; and only those who have lived in large towns, who have struggled in amongst the throngs of men," and participated in the turmoil and strife of the ıighty contests of humanity, can feel how sweet it is for some little time to be way from all, and lie in the ever-open bosom of Nature, receiving her benediction nd peace!

After a few miles' walking we left the turnpike road and descended to the banks f the river, along which we rambled for some hours. This is the great advantage f pedestrianism. You are unfettered. Besides its health-giving power, you have s pure freedom. You can walk or rest; clamber up a hill, or circuit round its ase; seize every point of view, and exhaust its beauties; shout with joy, and leap ʼith exultation; or quietly yield to the influence of the senses, and silently praise ıe Maker of silence, or sing in thanksgiving to Him who gave the tongue its ʼondrous power of utterance. We availed ourselves of all the advantages our ıode of travelling offered; and stepping from stone to stone in the bed of the river, ʼe chose a large one in the midst of the stream on which we sat, and, Quaker-ke, let the spirit of the place descend into our hearts. It was a delightful hour, his river's reverie—one never to be forgotton. Its results will endure through life.

The country through which we were now rambling is famous as having been the eat of the notable deeds of the Welsh chief, Owen Glendower, who united his orces with Percy, the celebrated Hotspur, and gave our Henry IV. so much rouble. The country is still rich in traditions connected with his name, and his welling places are still pointed out by the guide books. The people themselves eem to know little and care less about their traditions, and from all that I could ee there is little to preserve their memory. On one only subject could we raise he enthusiasm of the Welsh, and that was their language. Of this they are pas-ionately fond. All to whom we spoke, children and old people, were equally ʼarm in its beauty and its strength. Perhaps they concealed their feelings in espect to their traditions; for we could elicit nothing from them concerning the xistence of legend or tale. What is more, most of them were surprised when told hat such an event had occurred at such a place, and that that was one of the reasons ʼhy we paid it a visit. But of this enough for the present.

We reached *Corwen* about four o'clock p.m. The name means the "white hoir," and the town is situated at the foot of the Penwin hills. It is a neat place, ut small. The Dee flows in front of the town, on the western bank of which is fine hill called Caer Drewyn. On the summit of this hill exist the ruins of a ortification erected by the famous Gwynedd when resisting Henry II. Owen Glendower also retreated here before the forces of the fourth Henry. It is a high ill, but not of very difficult access. We climbed it, and had a fine view from the op, commanding a large extent of country, and including the magnificent Cader dris, and the cloud-piercing Snowdon. The fortification, which consists of a belt of stones encircling the whole cone of the hill, is still very perfect. In places most open to attack the wall is about twelve feet in thickness, and encloses a space

of about 300 yards in diameter. It must have been a formidable place in the c days of war and rapine. Here Owen and his followers encamped, and it w curious to take a retrospective glance at that past, and to think that now thr strangers, unopposed, unquestioned, were treading the same ground, and beari away, as a memorial of their visit to Owen Glendower's camp, a spray of mo gathered from its topmost stone! Verily, times are changed, and man *is* pr gressing! From the summit of the camp is to be seen, on the opposite cliff, a ru heap of stones called Glendower's Seat. The walks round Corwen are ve beautiful. Here we have

> "Hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows—little lines
> Of sportive wood run wild; and pastoral farms,
> Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
> Sent up in silence from among the trees"—

making a poetic whole of sweet and picturesque beauty that will haunt the min long after its visible presence becomes a thing of memory.

Who has not heard of *Bala Lake?* Much has been written and sung in prais of its silver waters. It is in truth a sweet place. The road from Corwen to Bal is rather uninteresting, though we took the best, passing through the little villag of Llandrillo, by which we obtain a view of the fine vale of Edeyrnion, whos fame "equalleth any in the land." The scenery round Bala is also flat and tame until we reach the lake itself. At that sight all the weariness occasioned by walk of thirteen miles, immediately vanishes. The loveliness of the lake, th music of its waters, the gentle breeze sweeping over its surface, the "grand ol hills" in the distance, fill the soul with gladness, and renew the fading strength o the limbs. On the north-west of the lake the gracefully shaped hills of Ara Fowddry and Arreneg Vawr reflect themselves in the pellucid waters, and throw a charm over them of surpassing beauty. The town itself is of little attraction and few travellers would be induced to stay there but for its lake, which will eve be a rich source of attraction.

(*To be continued.*)

WE ALL MIGHT DO GOOD.

We all might do good
  Where we often do ill—
There is always the way
  If there is but the will;
Though it be but a word
  Kindly breathed or suppressed,
It may guard off some pain
  Or give peace to some breast.

We all might do good
  In a thousand small ways—
In forbearing to flatter,
  Yet yielding due praise;
In spurning ill rumour,
  Reproving wrong done,
And treating but kindly
  The heart we have won.

We all might do good,
  Whether lowly or great,
For the deed is not gauged
  By the purse or estate.
If it be but a cup
  Of cold water that's given,
Like the widow's two mites
  It is something for heaven.—A. H. r.

A LETTER FROM A SCOTCHMAN.

Editor,—On Monday, the fourth day of August, I left the railway station in burgh along with some friends, in an "excursion" train, for London. The ngements made by the "philosophic spirits" of venerable Reikie for securing comfort of the passengers were excellent. Every ticket had a certain letter of alphabet printed on it, and this letter corresponded with ditto painted on a iage—it being an understood thing when the tickets were taken that each ursionist should seek out the carriage lettered the same as his ticket. Thus es were taken comfortably and noiselessly, and everything got pleasantly into er trim ere the engine, puffing and screaming, whirled us away. In respect to ease with which we secured our places, Edinburgh presented a great contrast ondon on the night of our return—two weeks after. The platform at Euston-are was all bustle and confusion—every one had to get a seat where and how he could—the railway people could give no information—porters kept hurling ks here and there to the infinite danger of toes and limbs, and the shouting, ling, and running about were truly terrific. I thought it the happiest moment ny life when, an hour and a half after the advertised time of starting, the shrill stle gave the signal to be off, and the huge Metropolis began to disappear in ance and the darkness of the night. But I did not intend to find fault with the way folks for bad arrangements or being behind time, although, truly, they uld be none the worse for having this ever-recurring fact not only placed before ir eyes, but punched into their heads, for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth e!

We, Mr. Editor, were a party of five, two gents and three ladies—all genuine ts—everyone of us possessed of the solemn phiz and indomitable will of the s of the afore-named Auld Reikie. We also fancied that we had, each of us, t peculiarly Scotch quality that defies the artifices of every swindler—and yet were *done!* done as brown as ever poor sinners were, in that dreadful London yours.

Unfortunately for us, a friend of ours—at whose house we located—who is up to the rigs of London life, was in the midst of a hurry of business, and could pay no attention whatever. We had calculated, do you see, on having him in our tropolitan perigrinations, and had actually brought the additional lady with us order to provide our London friend with a beautiful Scotch belle—and she in r turn with a handsome Cockney beau. The unfortunate circumstance alluded though it did not diminish the warmness of our London cousin's reception, ide sour, during the whole of our stay in the Metropolis, the at any time not over-reeable temper of the lady above referred to. She could see nothing in London. ie Great Exhibition—whose marvels have brought admiring philosophers, peace-ring philanthropists, and even the horny-handed sons of toil, from nearly every ngdom on nature's convexity—she pronounced unworthy of a visit—all the and stone buildings and brick houses, unsightly and unseemly. What does it atter to ill-nature that admiring generations—those who have gone before, as well the present—have accorded to Sir C. Wren and the other immortals in archi-cture, unbounded praise and deeply-cut niches in "the temple of fame" for the during monuments they have raised of their own and their nation's grandeur? must have something to vent its spleen on! and why not these? But more than is, the people were light-headed and stupid, too much given to gay sports; there as no solemnity in the churches or chapels (the London folks having no reverence r the Gospel)—the water was filthy—the butcher-meat putrid—in fact, London as a great nothing. Nowhere that one wanted to walk to, but was such a dis-nce off that one was tired to death in going—or else charged five times more an the legal fare for riding in a cab. I don't chronicle these things *because* I am bachelor. Indeed, to tell you the truth, Sir, I am on the look-out for a kind-earted wife. But who, think you, would take to his home and his bosom, a lady hom so slight a disappointment made the torment of herself and our party

during a fortnight's residence in the greatest city in the world? If your s
Mr. Editor, would allow, I should like to preach a homily on ill-nature as
trasted with evenness of temper and loveliness of soul.

But I have wandered a little. I was just saying we were *done*. It was the
time in my life, and I shall take care it will be the last, at least so far as I am
sonally concerned. Just the day after our arrival in "town," as we were-
whole five of us—marching along the Strand between St. Clement's and Cha
cross, we observed a cabman making friendly signs to us. I looked rather ki
ingly at him; and, to tell you the truth, he had the appearance of a cab-dri
have seen in the streets of Edinburgh. I said to our male friend, "Georg
you know this cabman?" "I dinna ken," answered he. We had not much
for parley, however, as Jehu was at our side in a moment, cab and all. "W
are you going, gents?" said he. "O," I replied, "we are just having a look abo
"You had better get into my cab." I looked at George, and George looked at
and then we both looked at the ladies; and without more ado we all got in. W
we were as comfortably seated as five could be in one of these London cabs,
were driving along at a pretty pace, George looked at me, and says, "Rawl
(such is the vile pronunciation he gives the respectable name of Robert), I th
that chap maun ken us, an' am share auv' seen him in Edinburgh; but thi
better than walkin' at ony rate." I kept my own counsel, still trying to recol
where I had seen our very obliging cabman. We had been driving about, I d
know where to, for nearly half an hour, when the horse and cab came to a sta
still, and the driver appeared at the door, with "Where do you want to go
gents? for," said he, "it's no use a-drivin' the oss an' goin' nowhere." "Th
true," I said; "and I think we'll walk the rest of the way." And so out we all
I was a little astonished to find ourselves at exactly the same place where we got i
the cab. We had been taken to Trafalgar-square and back again. I made no rema
however; but was just on the point of tendering my thanks to Mr. Cabman for
drive, when he bawls out—"Four-and-six." I recovered my senses just in ti
to pull out my purse and pay. I saw we had been victimised. As the cabm
mounted his box, there was a chuckle playing about his mouth, but I'll forg
him if he ever takes me in again. The girls laughed at us for a pair of boobi
declaring they knew all the time what the end would be. I couldn't bear to thi
of this affair again while I remained in London. I enjoined the strictest secre
on all our party, and wouldn't let it out now, only for a warning to others. The
is an old proverb that says something about being once bit; I'll keep that fo
motto.

It would perhaps be too much like "a thrice told tale" to go circumstantial
over or through all the sights of London. These must be familiar to the readers
The Working Man's Friend,—as excellent descriptions of London and Lond
manners and amusements have appeared from time to time in its pages. And as
the Exhibition, every one is acquainted with that. I'll be bound for it, the mo
of people who have not paid a visit to that Crystal Monitor of international civil
sation are as familiar with what is there to be seen as those who have paid
weekly visits with their season tickets. If they are not, they have reason to b
ashamed; for England, Scotland, Ireland—nay, the whole world is filled with it
history, and teeming with descriptions of its contents. Mr. Editor, this gene
ration—with the wars of sects for domination, and the struggles of the people i
every land for freedom—and generations yet unborn, shall pass from this scene o
commotion and toil—the actions of men and their influence shall disappear wit
the actors; but as long as time shall last—from the memorable 1851 down to th
latest ages of posterity—the benignant influence of the World's Temple of Peac
will be felt and seen in the heart and soul of immortal men. Old systems of ex
clusiveness and pride have already received through it their death-blow; and er
many years be gone by, the beauty of that universal peace of which it is the inaugu
ration and type shall shine resplendent o'er the world.

London is not to be seen in a fortnight; I therefore intend to have another week
or two. Why, to see the Museum would take a week; and the Nineveh sculptures

ıe are worth three days of it. Besides the Museum, there are St. Paul's, West-ıster Abbey, and crowds of other historic buildings, in which are to be read h more truth than in a book the history of men who have lived and died—with deeds of kings, the feats of warriors, the writings of historians and poets. Every n can supply a little of these; but London is, *par excellence*, *the* city which tains most of intrigue, romance, and history. It is without doubt the greatest in the world. When I visit it again, I may perhaps give you another letter.

A Scot.

CURIOSITIES OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE PRAIRIES.

E smaller prairies, or those in which the n and woodland alternate frequently, the most beautiful. The points of odland which make into them like so ıy capes or promontories, and the ves which are interspersed like islands, in these lesser prairies always suffi-ıtly near to be clearly defined to the , and to give the scene an interesting iety. We see plains, varying from a hundred acres to several miles in ex-t, not perfectly level, but gently rolling undulating, like the swelling of the an when nearly calm. The graceful ve of the surface is seldom broken, ept when here and there the eye rests ın one of those huge mounds which so pleasing to the poet and so per-xing to the antiquarian. The whole is erspread with grass and flowers, consti-ing a rich and varied carpet, in which ground of lively green is ornamented th a profusion of the gaudiest hues, and nged with a rich border of forest and cket. Deep recesses in the edge of the ıber resemble the bays and inlets of a e; while occasionally a long vista, ening far back into the forest, invites eye to roam off and refresh itself with calm beauty of a distant perspective. The traveller, as he rides along over ese smaller prairies, finds his eye con-ıually attracted to the edges of the forest, d his imagination employed in tracing beautiful outline, and in finding out semblances between these wild scenes d the most tastefully embellished pro-ctions of art. The fairest pleasure-ounds, the noblest parks of European blemen and princes, where millions have en expended to captivate the senses th Elysian scenes, are but mimic repre-ıtations, on a reduced scale, of the auties which are here spread by nature; here are clumps and lawns, groves and enues, the tangled thicket, and the soli-ry tree, the lengthened vista, and the cluded nook, and all the varieties of scenic attraction, but on a plan so extensive as to offer a wide scope and an endless succession of changes to the eye.

There is an air of refinement here that wins the heart,—even here, where no human residence is seen, where no foot of man intrudes, and where not an axe has ever trespassed on the beautiful domain. It is a wilderness shorn of every savage association, a desert that "blossoms as the rose." So different is the feeling awakened from anything inspired by mountain or woodland scenery, that the instant the traveller emerges from the forest into the prairie, he feels no longer solitary. The consciousness that he is travelling alone, and in a wilderness, escapes him; and he indulges in the same pleasing sensations which are enjoyed by one who, having lost his way, and wandered bewildered among the labyrinths of a savage mountain, suddenly descends into rich and highly cultivated plains, and sees around him the delightful indications of taste and comfort. The gay landscape charms him. He is encompassed by the refreshing sweetness and graceful beauty of the rural scene; and recognises at every step some well-remembered spot, or some ideal paradise in which the fancy had loved to wander, enlarged and beautified, and as it were retouched by nature's hand. The clusters of trees so fancifully arranged, the forest outline so gracefully curved, seem to have been disposed by the hand of taste for the enjoyment of intelligent beings; and so complete is the illusion, that it is difficult to dispel the belief that each avenue leads to a village, and each grove conceals a splendid mansion.

Widely different was the prospect exhibited by the more northern and central districts of the state. Vast in extent, the distant forest was either beyond the reach of the eye, or was barely discernible in the shapeless outline of blue faintly impressed on the horizon. As the smaller prairies resembled a series of larger and

lesser lakes, so these boundless plains remind one of the ocean waste. Here and there a solitary tree, torn by the wind, stood alone like a dismantled mast in the ocean. As I followed my guide through this lonely region, my sensations were similar to those of the voyager when his bark is launched upon the sea. Alone, in a wide waste, with my faithful pilot only, I was dependent on him for support, guidance, and protection. With little to diversify the path, and nothing to please the eye but the carpet of verdure, which began to pall upon the sense, a feeling of dreariness crept over me—a desolation of the spirit, such as one feels when crossed in love, or when very drowsy on a hot afternoon after a full dinner. But these are feelings which, like the sea-sickness of the young mariner, are soon dispelled. I began to find a pleasure in gazing over this immense, unbroken waste, in watching horizon under the vague hope of mee a traveller, and in following the deer my eyes as they galloped off—their forms growing smaller and smaller as receded, until they shrunk into notl Sometimes I descried a dark spot a immense distance, and pointed it out to companion with a joy like that of the man who discovers a sail in the dis speck which floats on the ocean. W such an object happened to be in the di tion of our path, I watched it with i rest as it rose and enlarged upon vision—supposing it at one moment to a solitary horseman, and wondering w manner of man he would turn out to b at another supposing it to be a w animal, or a wagon, or a pedestrian; un after it had seemed to approach for hou I found it to be a tree.—JAMES HALL.

PIERRE BLONDO'S FIRST SIGHT OF A PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

THE shades of night had begun to close, when they again ascended one of those elevations which swell so gradually that the traveller scarcely remarks them until he reaches the summit, and beholds, from a commanding eminence, a boundless landscape spread before him. The veil of night, without concealing the scene, rendered it indistinct; the undulations of the surface were no longer perceptible; and the prairie seemed a perfect plain. One phenomenon astonished and perplexed him: before him the prairie was lighted up with a dim but supernatural brilliancy, like that of a distant fire, while behind was the blackness of darkness. An air of solitude reigned over that wild plain, and not a sound relieved the desolation of the scene. A chill crept over him as he gazed around, and not an object met his eyes but that dark maid, who stood in mute patience by his side as waiting his pleasure; but on whose features, as displayed by the uncertain light that glimmered on them, a smile of triumph seemed to play. He looked again, and the horizon gleamed brighter and brighter, until a fiery redness rose above its dark outline, while heavy, slow-moving masses of cloud curled upward above it. It was evidently the intense reflection and the voluminous smoke of a vast fire. In another moment the blaze itself appeared, first shooting up at one spot, and then at another, and advancing until the whole line of horizon was clothed with flames that rolled around, and curled, and dashed upward like the angry waves of a burning ocean. The simple Frenchman had never heard of the fires that sweep over our wide prairies in the autumn, nor did it en into his head that a natural cause co produce an effect so terrific. The wh western horizon was clad in fire, and, as as the eye could see, to the right and le was one vast conflagration, having the pearance of angry billows of a fiery liq dashing against each other, and foamin and throwing flakes of burning spray in the air. There was a roaring sound li that caused by the conflict of the waves. more terrific sight could scarcely be co ceived; nor was it singular that an unpra tised eye should behold in that scene a wi scene of flame, lashed into fury by some i ternal commotion.

Pierre could gaze no longer. A sudd horror thrilled his soul. His worst fea were realised in the tremendous landscap He saw before him the lake of fire prepare for the devil and his angels. The existen of such a place of punishment he had nev doubted; but, heretofore, it had been mere dogma of faith, while now it appeare before him in its terrible reality. H thought he could plainly distinguish g gantic black forms dancing in the flame throwing up their long mis-shapen arm and writhing their bodies into fantas shapes. Uttering a piercing shriek, h turned and fled with the swiftness of a arrow. Fear gave new vigour to the mus cles which had before been relaxed wit fatigue, and his feet, so lately heavy, no touched the ground with the light an springy tread of the antelope. Yet, to him self, his steps seemed to linger as if hi heels were lead.—*James Hall.*

GLEANINGS FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

NO. XII.—CIRCUMSTANTIAL PROOF.

former numbers I have given some extraordinary cases of conviction upon cir-astantial proof. The following are two very remarkable cases quoted from il's Sixty Curious Narratives :—

onathan Bradford kept an inn in Oxfordshire, on the London-road to Oxford, he year 1736. He bore an unexceptionable character. Mr. Hayes, a gentleman fortune, being on his way to Oxford, on a visit to a relation, put up at Brad-d's ; he there joined company with two gentlemen, with whom he supped, and, conversation, unguardedly mentioned that he had then about him a large sum money. In due time they retired to their respective chambers—the gentlemen a two-bedded room, leaving, as is customary with many, a candle burning in the mney corner. Some hours after they were in bed, one of the gentlemen, being ake, thought he heard a deep groan in the adjoining chamber, and this being eated, he softly awaked his friend. They listened together; and the groans in-asing, as of one dying, they both instantly arose, and proceeded silently to the or of the next chamber, from whence they heard the groans ; and, the door ing ajar, saw a light in the room ; they entered, but it is impossible to paint eir consternation, on perceiving a person weltering in his blood in the bed, and a n standing over him, with a dark lanthorn in one hand and a knife in the other. e man seemed as petrified as themselves, but his terror carried with it all the ror of guilt! The gentlemen soon discovered that the person was the stranger with om they had that night supped, and that the man who was standing over him s their host. They seized Bradford directly, disarmed him of his knife, and arged him with being the murderer : he assumed by this time the air of inno-nce, positively denied the crime, and asserted that he came there with the same manе intentions as themselves ; for that, hearing a noise, which was succeeded a groaning, he got out of bed, struck a light, armed himself with a knife for his fence, and had but that minute entered the room before them.

These assertions were of little avail; he was kept in close custody till the orning, and then taken before a neighbouring justice of the peace. Bradford ill denied the murder, but, nevertheless, with such an apparent indication of uilt, that the justice hesitated not to make use of this extraordinary expression, n writing out his mittimus: "Mr. Bradford, either you or myself committed this urder."

This extraordinary affair was the conversation of the whole county. Bradford as tried and condemned over and over again, in every company. In the midst of ll this predetermination came on the assizes at Oxford; Bradford was brought to ial: he pleaded not guilty. Nothing could be more strong than the evidence of e two gentlemen ; they testified to the finding Mr. Hayes murdered in his bed ; radford at the side of the body with a light and a knife: that knife, and the hand hich held it, bloody ; that, on their entering the room, he betrayed all the signs of guilty man, and that, a few moments preceding, they had heard the groans of the eceased.

Bradford's defence on his trial was the same as before the gentlemen: he had eard a noise; he suspected some villany transacting—he struck a light—he natched a knife (the only weapon near him) to defend himself; and the terrors he iscovered were merely the terrors of humanity, the natural effects of innocence as vell as guilt, on beholding such a horrid scene.

This defence, however, could be considered but as weak, contrasted with several owerful circumstances against him. Never was circumstantial evidence more trong. There was little need left of comment, from the judge, in summing up the vidence. No room appeared for extenuation, and the jury brought in the risoner guilty, even without going out of the box. Bradford was executed shortly fter, still declaring he was not the murderer, nor privy to the murder of Mr. Hayes; but he died disbelieved by all.

Yet were those assertions not untrue! The murder was actually committed Mr. Hayes' footman; who, immediately on stabbing his master, rifled his breec of his money, gold watch, and snuff-box, and escaped to his own room; wh could have been, from the very circumstances, scarcely two seconds before Br ford's entering the unfortunate gentleman's chamber. The world owes this kn ledge to a remorse of conscience in the footman (eighteen months after the exe tion of Bradford) on a bed of sickness; it was a death-bed repentance, and by t death the law lost its victim.

It is much to be wished that this account could close here; but it cannot. Br ford, though innocent, and not privy to the murder, was, nevertheless, the m derer in design. He had heard, as well as the footman, what Mr. Hayes had clared at supper, as to his having a large sum of money about him, and he went the chamber with the same diabolical intentions as the servant. He was stru with amazement!—he could not believe his senses!—and in turning back the b clothes, to assure himself of the fact, he, in his agitation, dropped his knife on t bleeding body, by which both his hand and the knife became bloody. These c cumstances Bradford acknowledged to the clergyman who attended him after h sentence.

The next case, taken from the same Narratives, is as follows:—

William Shaw (says our authority) was an upholsterer at Edinburgh, in t year 1721. He had a daughter, Catherine Shaw, who lived with him. She e couraged the addresses of John Lawson, a jeweller, to whom William Sha declared the most insuperable objections, alleging him to be a profligate you man, addicted to every kind of dissipation. He was forbidden the house; but t daughter continuing to see him clandestinely, the father, on the discovery, ke her strictly confined.

William Shaw had, for some time, pressed his daughter to receive the addresse of a son of Alexander Robertson, a friend and neighbour; and one evening bein very urgent with her thereon, she peremptorily refused, declaring she preferre death to being young Robertson's wife. The father grew enraged, and the daugh ter more positive; so that the most passionate expressions arose on both sides, an the words, *barbarity*, *cruelty*, and *death*, were frequently pronounced by th daughter! At length he left her, locking the door after him.

The greatest part of the buildings at Edinburgh are formed on the plan of th chambers in our inns of court; so that many families inhabit rooms on the sam floor, having all one common staircase. William Shaw dwelt in one of these, an a single partition only divided his apartment from that of James Morrison, a watch case maker. This man had indistinctly overheard the conversation and quarre between Catherine Shaw and her father, but was particularly struck with the repetition of the above words, she having pronounced them loudly and emphatically! For some little time after the father was gone out, all was silent, but presently Morrison heard several groans from the daughter. Alarmed, he ran to some of his neighbours under the same roof. These, entering Morrison's room, and listening attentively, not only heard the groans, but distinctly heard Catherine Shaw, two or three times, faintly exclaim—"Cruel father, thou art the cause of my *death!*" Struck with this, they flew to the door of Shaw's apartment; they knocked—no answer was given. The knocking was still repeated—still no answer. Suspicions had before arisen against the father; they were now confirmed: a constable was procured, an entrance forced; Catherine was found weltering in her blood, and the fatal knife by her side! She was alive, but speechless; but, on questioning her as to owing her death to her father, she was just able to make a motion with her head, apparently in the affirmative, and expired.

Just at the critical moment, William Shaw returns and enters the room. All eyes are on him! He sees his neighbours and a constable in his apartment, and seems much disordered thereat; but, at the sight of his daughter he turns pale, trembles, and is ready to sink. The first surprise, and the succeeding horror, leave little doubt of his guilt in the breasts of the beholders; and even that little is done away on the constable discovering that the shirt of William Shaw is bloody.

e was instantly hurried before a magistrate, and, upon the depositions of all ies, committed to prison on suspicion. He was shortly after brought to trial, n, in his defence, he acknowledged the having confined his daughter to prevent intercourse with Lawson; that he had frequently insisted on her marrying ertson; and that he had quarrelled with her on the subject the evening she found murdered, as the witness Morrison had deposed: but he averred, that eft his daughter unharmed and untouched; and that the blood found upon his t was there in consequence of his having bled himself some days before, and bandage becoming untied. These assertions did not weigh a feather with the , when opposed to the strong circumstantial evidence of the daughter's ex- sions, of "barbarity, cruelty, and death," and of "Cruel father, thou art the e of my death;"—together with the apparently affirmative motion with her l, and the blood so seemingly providentially discovered on the father's shirt. these several concurring circumstances, was William Shaw found guilty, was cuted, and was hanged in chains, at Leith Walk, in November 1721.

Was there a person in Edinburgh who believed the father guiltless? No, not ! notwithstanding his latest words at the gallows were, "I am innocent of my ghter's murder." But in August 1722, as a man, who had become the pos- or of the late William Shaw's apartments, was rummaging by chance in the mber where Catherine Shaw died, he accidentally perceived a paper fallen into a ity on one side of the chimney. It was folded as a letter, which, on opening, tained the following:—"Barbarous Father, your cruelty in having put it out of power ever to join my fate to that of the only man I could love, and tyrannically sting upon my marrying one whom I always hated, has made me form a reso- on to put an end to an existence which is become a burthen to me. I doubt I shall find mercy in another world; for sure no benevolent being can require t I should any longer live in torment to myself in this! My death I lay to r charge: when you read this consider yourself as the inhuman wretch that nged the murderous knife into the bosom of the unhappy—CATHERINE SHAW." his letter being shown, the hand-writing was recognised and avowed to be herine Shaw's by many of her relations and friends. It became the public ; and the magistracy of Edinburgh, on a scrutiny, being convinced of its henticity, ordered the body of William Shaw to be taken from the gibbet l given to his family for interment; and, as the only reparation to his memory, l the honour of his surviving relations, they caused a pair of colours to be waved r his grave, in token of his innocence.

FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY

FOR THE YOUNG.

CEYLON LEECHES.—There is a species leech which infests in immense numbers e woods and swampy grounds of Ceylon, rticularly in the rainy season, to the eat annoyance of every one who passes rough them. The leeches of this species e very small, not much larger than a pin, d are of a dark-red speckled colour. In eir motions they do not crawl like a worm, like the leeches we are accustomed to e in Europe, but keep constantly spring- g, by first fixing their head on a place, d then bringing their tail up to it with a dden jerk, while at the same time their ad is thrown forward for another hold. this manner they move so exceedingly ick, that before they are perceived they ntrive to get upon one's clothes, when they immediately endeavour by some aper- ture to find an entrance to the skin. As soon as they reach it they begin to draw blood; and, as they can effect this even through the light clothing worn in this climate, it is almost impossible to pass through the woods and swamps in rainy weather without being covered with blood. On our way to Candy, in marching through the narrow paths among the woods, we were terribly annoyed by these vermin, for when- ever any of us sat down, or even halted for a moment, we were sure to be immediately attacked by multitudes of them; and be- fore we could get rid of them our gloves and boots were filled with blood. This was attended with no small danger; for if a soldier were, from drunkenness or fatigue,

to fall asleep on the ground, he must have perished by bleeding to death. On rising in the morning I have often found my bed-clothes and skin covered with blood in an alarming manner. The Dutch, in their marches into the interior at different times, lost several of their men; and on our setting out they told us that we should hardly be able to make our way for them. But, though we were terribly annoyed, we all escaped without any serious accident. Other animals, as well as man, are subject to the attack of these leeches. Horses in particular, from their excessive plunging and kicking to get rid of these creatures when they fasten upon them, render it very unsafe for any one to ride through the woods of the interior.

THE SHREW MOUSE.—The shrew mouse seems to form a shade in the order of diminutive animals, and to fill up the interval between the mole and the rat, which though they resemble each other in size, differ materially in form, and are a totally distinct species. This animal is smaller than the common mouse, and in its snout, which is much longer than the jaw-bone, it resembles the mole; its eyes are black and larger than those of the latter animal, but they are in like manner concealed, and much smaller than those of the mouse. It has a short bare tail, small rounded ears, two upper fore teeth of a singular construction, having a small barb on each side, almost imperceptible, and five claws on each foot. The colour of the shrew mouse is, in general, of a reddish brown, but some are of an ash colour, and all of them are white under the belly. The shrew mouse does not seem to exist in America, but is a native of most parts of Europe. In Great Britain it generally resides in barns, stables, hay-lofts, and on dunghills; sometimes it is found in the woods and fields, beneath the roots of trees, or under heaps of fagots or leaves, where it frequently forms a little burrow. The female produces as many young at a time as the common mouse, but not so frequently. This little animal does not ramble far from home, its sight being very imperfect, and its pace slow; so that it may be caught with very little difficulty. It feeds on grain, insects, and roots, and, when it can be found, on putrescent flesh. When chased or ensnared, it utters a cry more sharp and piercing than that of the mouse. It has also a strong and offensive smell, owing to which most cats reject the flesh, or, if they eat any part of it, are subject to sickness afterwards. They will, however, pursue and kill it whenever they have an opportunity. It is a remarkable but well-authenticated circumstance, that there is an annual mortality among t little animals about the month of Aug during which they are found dead in g numbers in the roads, woods, and fi without any appearance of violence on t bodies.

CARRIER PIGEONS. — The practice conveying intelligence between distant tions by means of tame doves has been l used in the East. When, during the C sades, Acre was besieged by the Chris forces, Saladin kept open a corresponde for some time with the besieged by me of these winged messengers; but one hav been accidentally brought to the ground an arrow before it reached the city, stratagem was discovered, and the co munication which would have animated courage of the besieged by the announ ment of speedy succour being thus betra to the Christians, such measures were tak as compelled the surrender of the pl before Saladin could arrive to relieve According to Sandys this custom is of s earlier antiquity, for he records that Th mostones, by a pigeon stained with purp gave notice of his victory at the Olympi Games the same day to his father in Ægir Russell, in his "History of Aleppo," say "The pigeon in former times was employ in the English Factory, to convey inte ligence from Scanderoon to Aleppo, of th arrival of the Company's ships in that por The name of the ship, the hour of her a rival, and whatever else could be comprise in a small compass, were written on a sli of paper, and secured under the pigeon wing so as not to impede her flight—he feet were bathed in vinegar to keep the cool, and prevent her being tempted by th sight of water to alight, whereby dela might be occasioned or the billet lost. Th pigeons have been known to perform th journey in two hours and a half, the dis tance being between sixty and seven miles in a straight line. The messenger bird had a young brood at Aleppo, and wa sent in an uncovered cage to Scanderoon from whence, as soon as set at liberty, she returned with all speed to her nest. It was then usual, at the season of the arrival o the ships, to send pigeons to be ready at the port; but if the bird remained more than a fortnight, she would forget her young, and could not safely be trusted. The pigeons, when let fly from Scanderoon, instead of bending their course towards the high mountains surrounding the plain, mounted at once directly up, soaring almost perpendicularly till out of sight, as if to surmount at once all obstacles intercepting their view of the place of their destination."

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

)un-substantive; *a.* adjective; *ad.* adverb; *v.* verb; *v. a.* verb-active; *v. n.* verb-neuter.

XOR'BITANT, *a.* excessive, extravagant.

XO'RCISE, *v.* to divine; to practise ic; to use forms by which, it is pre- led, evil and malignant spirits may be en away.

XOR'DIUM, *s.* a preface, or introduction discourse.

XOTER'IC, *a.* public, open, external.

XOT'IC, *a.* foreign; *s.* a foreign plant; lant reared in an atmosphere made, by ficial means, to resemble that in which plant originally grew.

XPAN'SIVE, *a.* extensive, spreading.

XPA'TRIATE, *v.a.* to banish from the ive country, or to leave it voluntarily.

XPEC'TORANTS, *s.* (from *ex*, out of, and *tus*, the chest), medicinal agents which der the act of coughing more easy, and ch cause matter to be more easily thrown from the breast.

X'PEDITE, *v.a.* to facilitate, hasten, patch.

X'PIATE, *v.a.* to atone for.

X'PLETIVE, *s.* a word or syllable used rely to fill up a vacancy; a supplemental rd.

XPLO'DE, *v.a.* to reject or cast out with lence and noise.

XPLOR'E, *v.a.* to search into; to ex- ine.

XPO'NENT, *s.* the number that points t the ratio of any two or more quantities.

EX'PORTS, *s. pl.* goods sent to a foreign rket.

EXPOSI'TION, *s.* an explanation; situ- on.

EXPRESS', *s.* a courier, or special mes- nger, or mode of conveyance; a message nt.

EXPUL'SIVE, *a.* having power to expel.

EXPUR'GATE, *v. a.* to expunge; to purge ay.

EX'SCRIPT, *s.* a copy, an extract.

EXSIC'CATE, *v.a.* to dry, to dry up.

EXSUDA'TION, *s.* a sweating, falling in ops, as in distilling.

EXSUS'CITATE, *v. a.* to rouse up; to ir up.

EXTEM'PORE, *ad.* without previous study.

EXTEN'SOR, *s.* a kind of muscle of the man body.

EXTEN'T, *s.* (in law) a writ of execution gainst the property of a debtor; also, the t of a sheriff or officer upon the writ itself.

EXTEN'UATE, *v.a.* to lessen, to palliate, to diminish, to soften.

EXTER'MINATE, *v.a.* to root out; to drive away.

EXTER'SION, *s.* the act of rubbing off.

EXTILLA'TION, *s.* the act of falling in drops.

EXTINC'TION, *s.* the act of quenching or extinguishing; suppression; destruction.

EXTOR'TION, *s.* unlawful exaction; oppression.

EX'TRA, (Latin) a word often used, meaning over and above, extraordinary; as *extra*-labour, &c.; or, beyond, as *extra*-judicial, &c.

EX'TRACTS, *s.* (in medicine) preparations of vegetable principles, obtained in various ways.

EXTRA'NEOUS, *a.* foreign; not exactly to the purpose.

EXTRAVASA'TION, *s.* the forcing of any of the fluids of the human body out of their natural vessels, in consequence of weakness, or a blow.

EX'TRICATE, *v. a.* to disentangle; to disembarrass; to clear away; to bring out of a difficult position.

EXTRIN'SIC, *a.* external, outward, not intimately belonging to.

EXU'BERANT, *a.* overabundant; luxuriant.

EXUDA'TION, *s.* a sweating out; perspiration.

EX'UVIÆ, *s. pl.* skin or shells cast off by animals; also the scum, the refuse.

EYRE, *s.* (from the French *eyre*, a journey) the court of itinerant or travelling justices; so called from their going the circuits, and holding assizes.

EY'RY, EY'RIE, *s.* a place where birds of prey build; the nest of an eagle or hawk.

F

FA', *s.* the fourth sound in the scale of music.

FABA'CEOUS, *a.* having the nature of a bean.

FA'BLE, *s.* a feigned story, intended, generally, to illustrate and enforce some moral precept; the series of events which constitute a poem.

FAB'RIC, *s.* a building, an edifice; a system.

FAC'ADE, *s.* (French) the front of a large building.

FA'CET, *s.* a small irregular surface.

FACE'TE, *a.* gay, cheerful, witty.

FACE'TIÆ, *s. pl.* (Latin) humorous compositions.

FA'CIAL, *a.* pertaining to the face—as the *facial* artery, vein, &c. *Facial angle*, in anatomy, is the angle contained in a line drawn horizontally from the middle of the external entrance of the ear to the edge of the nostrils; and another from the nostrils to the ridge of the frontal bone on which the eyebrows are placed, serving to measure the elevation of the forehead.

FA'CILE, *a.* easy, pliant, flexible.

FAC-SIIM'ILE, *s.* an exact copy or likeness.

FACTI'TIOUS, *a.* made by art, in opposition to what is made by nature.

FAC'TOR, *s.* an agent for another; a deputy.

FACTO'TUM, *s.* an agent or servant employed alike in all kinds of business.

FAC'ULTY, *s.* the power of doing anything; power of the mind—as imagination, reason, memory; in *physics*, faculty means a power or ability to perform any action, natural, vital, and animal; faculty in an *university* denotes the masters and professors of the several sciences.

FAC'UND, *a.* eloquent; of ready speech.

FÆ'CES, *s. pl.* excrements, dregs, dross.

FÆ'CULA, *s.* the dregs, settlement.

FAINTS, *s. pl.* the gross fetid oil remaining after distillation; or a weak spirituous liquor that runs from the still in rectifying low wines after the proof spirit is drawn off.

FAIR'Y, *s.* a kind of imaginary being.

FA'KIR, or FA'QUIR, *s.* a Mohammedan religious itinerant; a sort of hermit.

FAL'CATED, *a.* hooked, bent like a scythe.

FAL'CHION, *s.* a short-crooked sword; a scymetar.

FAL'CONRY, *s.* the art of breeding and training hawks and falcons.

FALD'ISDORY, *s.* the throne, &c., of a bishop.

FALD'STOOL, *s.* a stool placed at the south side of the altar, at which the Kings of England kneel at their coronation; the chair of a bishop, enclosed within the rails of the altar; a folding-chair.

FALER'NIAN, *a.* the wine made at Falernus, a fertile mountain and plain of Campania.

FAL'LACY, *s.* a sophism; a deceitful argument.

FALL'ING-STAR, *s.* a luminous meteor, suddenly appearing and darting throu the air.

FAL'LOW, *a.* unsowed; ploughed, but sowed; unploughed; ground left to r after the years of tillage.

FALSET'TO (Italian) *s.* in music, a feig voice.

FAL'SIFICATION, *s.* the art of counterf ing anything, so as to make it appear w it is not.

FAM'ILISM, *s.* the tenets of a sect call *the family of love*, formed in the reign Queen Elizabeth.

FANAT'IC, *s.* an enthusiast; one w entertains wild religious notions.

FAN'CY, *s.* imagination; the power which the mind forms to itself images a representations of things or persons; tas caprice, humour, inclination.

FANDAN'GO, *s.* a lively Spanish dance.

FANE, *s.* a temple; a place consecrat to religion; a weathercock.

FAN'FARON, *s.* a bully, a hector, a blu terer.

FAN'LIGHT, *s.* a window in the form an open fan, generally placed over a doo

FANTA SIA, *s.* a kind of air in music, which all the freedom of fancy may allowed.

FANTAS'TIC, FANTAS'TICAL, *a.* irrationa imaginary; humorous; unsteady.

FANTOCCI'NI (Italian) *s.* an exhibition puppets.

FARCE, *s.* a comic or ludicrous dramat exhibition.

FAR'CIN, or FAR'CY, *s.* a disease of horse and sometimes of oxen.

FAR'DEL, *s.* a bundle, a little pack *v.a.* to make up in bundles.

FARI'NA, *s.* the fine dust found in flowers starch; meal or flour.

FARINA'CEOUS, *a.* resembling meal flour.

FARRA'GINOUS, *a.* made of different in gredients.

FARRA'GO, *s.* a medley of several thing ideas, &c.

FAR'RIERY, *s.* the practice of trimmin the feet of horses; also, the art of healin horses when sick.

FAR'ROW, *s.* a litter of pigs; *v.a.* t bring forth pigs.

FAS'CES, *s.* an axe tied up in a bundle wit rods and staves, and which was borne be fore the Roman magistrates as a badge authority.

FA'SCIA, *s.* a fillet, a bandage; a range stone-work to divide a building.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.
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ENGLAND AT THE HEAD OF THE NATIONS.

We have been extremely sorry of late to hear many persons speak of Old England as the most enslaved of all nations; and some are so disgusted with their fatherland that they are about to emigrate, and desert it for ever. Now, without being blind to our faults, abuses, oppressions, and corruptions, we have, nevertheless, a strong conviction that there is not a country under heaven where there is so large an amount of liberty, where art, science, and religion so triumphantly abound, or where so great a degree of independence and happiness can be enjoyed. Some persons have an idea that a republican government is essential to freedom and prosperity; but this great delusion, of late years, has been to some extent exposed. There were Grecian and Roman republics, and yet the masses were slaves. In America a large number of questions are burked; and there are some parts of the country where if you condemned slavery you would be executed without judge or jury. And those who have been fascinated with the French republicanism would hardly like to exchange the English sceptre for that of the French President. We shall devote this paper to the consideration of a few of the advantages which we especially enjoy.

I. Liberty.—Under this head we are not going to assert that we are perfectly free. There are many rights of which we are deprived; but still we possess more liberty than any nation under the sun; and, what is more, we have full power to obtain our full share of social, civil, and religious freedom, and perhaps are better off than if we had all that is due to us; for the activity that is called forth in seeking our constitutional rights is of immense advantage in awakening the minds of the people, and preparing them to enjoy and properly use what they gain by their own efforts. Political or religious stagnation is as unfavourable to national growth as the stopping of the circulation of the body would be to its health. In the liberty to denounce what is wrong, and demand what is just and equitable, we possess all that we can desire.

We were amused the other day in listening to the conversation of a gentleman, and a barber who was cutting his hair:—

"Your whiskers, sir," said the latter, "grow faster, in proportion, than your other hair."

Gentleman. "Yes; they grow very fast, indeed."

Hairdresser. "The reason is, sir, they have more freedom, because they are not confined under your hat."

Gentleman. "Freedom is necessary for other things as well as the hair."

Hairdresser. "Nothing, sir, can grow without liberty."

Here the conversation stopped; but in these few words there was a volume of political and moral philosophy. "*Nothing can grow without liberty*"—why, the sentence is a truism; and yet it contains a profound truth which our statesmen and sectarian doctors in divinity have too often forgotten, and therefore they have been bitterly disappointed. Were a young cedar planted under a diving-bell, and this iron cover made so fast to the earth that the energy of the tree could not lift it up, no one would feel surprised that it did not vie with those trees which for ages have been the glory of Lebanon. We none of us wonder at the smallness of the feet of

Chinese women, seeing everything is done to prevent them from growing to the proper dimensions. The fact is, growth is increase, and requires room. Every thing, therefore, which makes any progress must have liberty. And in this respect the soul or the mind requires even more latitude than the body. It must have freedom, or it will be a dwarf. Hence, in other countries you cannot have full-grown men and women. The soul cannot *ripen*, if we may use such a term, in Italy, Egypt, Turkey, and many of the continental states. The governors sometimes wonder that their subjects are so stupid, false, and immoral, forgetting that under their iron sceptre true mental and moral greatness is impossible. Every bud of promise is destroyed at once. Every branch that shows the least luxuriance is lopped. They employ thousands of spies and other functionaries to give notice of the least appearance of growth, that it may be instantly checked.

The same thing is true in *religion* as well as in *politics*. The design of all sectarians is to entrammel the soul by creeds, rites, and formularies, and thus entirely hinder its moral and spiritual development. It is the wish of many modern sects that, instead of arriving at the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ, we should arrive at the intellectual and religious dimensions of Knox, Luther, Calvin, Fox, Wesley, &c. &c. We grant that all these worthies were eminent in their day, and, for moral courage, deep and fervent piety, and indomitable labour, throw most of the present professors of Christianity into the shade; but then these facts by no means imply that we are to allow them to be our spiritual lords, and supersede the headship and example of Christ. To make every Christian a John Knox or a Martin Luther, would be to put religion back for nearly three hundred years. On the Continent men are still fettered, both politically and religiously; and therefore their energies are not permitted to reach maturity; but in England the social, the political, or the religious man, is placed in such circumstances, that if he choeses he can burst every bond, and in the freedom which he enjoys he may attain to his true and legitimate moral stature. Liberty to write, to talk, to agitate, to call public meetings, to pray, to preach, to travel, &c. &c., is the glory of England; and in it we have promise of the perfect emancipation of our country, and the power to accomplish it as soon as we please.

II. Freedom of the Tongue and Pen.—These are advantages which it is impossible to overrate. We may boldly assert that the arms of the warrior have never, even indirectly, effected any good which might not have been done a thousand times better by the employment of reason and argument; and we may now predict with unerring certainty that among us the deeds of the sword and of physical force are come to an end. Henceforth the Tongue and the Pen are to sway the sceptre and settle the destiny of the nation; and therefore to be able to use these weapons freely is one of the greatest privileges we can enjoy. One reason why foreigners are so mute, or spend their time in almost incessant smoking, is that they dare not speak out. They are surrounded with spies. They must not tell their minds. To complain of the injustice under which they groan would expose them to imprisonment, or, perhaps, death. They are afraid of one another. You cannot travel over France or the Continent without perceiving that both the men and women are sullen, and have grievances within their bosoms which they must not reveal. In America we are assured that the idea of the respect due to the sovereignty of the people, and of the States having arrived at perfection, is carried so far that the severe criticism which in England

assails everybody and everything would be by no means allowed, nor would any one be considered safe who should indulge in it.

But with us in England the *tongue* and the *pen* are free. Everything is sifted, examined, and brought to the bar of public opinion, or rather to the tribunal of truth and rectitude. Where men cannot speak because they are fools, or must not speak because they are slaves, or will not speak because they are too proud to look at their own defects, their progress will be slow, or entirely impeded; but where every word and deed has to undergo an almost fiery ordeal, there improvement must succeed and prosper. One glory of England is that we are not ashamed to confess our faults, nor too ignorant, idle, or haughty to stoop to redress them. Reform for ages has been our motto, and is our watchword still; and with a free press and freedom of speech we can go on to perfection.

III. Popular Knowledge.—There never has been an age so rich in knowledge as ours; nor is there a country in which you have such a store of all kinds of information as in England. Here the poorest boy can, if he likes, make himself acquainted with every topic interesting to man, or in any way connected with his physical, domestic, social, scientific, political, or religious advancement. We flatter ourselves that the volumes of The Working Man's Friend already completed contain, in an abridged form, an encyclopædia of information such as can scarcely be found anywhere else. And we may add that the press teems with productions adapted to all ranks and circumstances; so that among us the mind may feed and grow until it has arrived at its perfect stature and energy. We never think of our stores of knowledge without pitying the emigrant, and longing for the time when colonisation shall be conducted on a more rational plan, and when railroads and steampackets shall secure to our brethren abroad all the advantages of English literature in all its forms and varieties.

IV. Peace.—In this one word we have volumes. War interferes with everything. When the sword overhangs a people, despair sits on every countenance; and is even felt by the mattock, the plough, the loom, and all kinds of machinery. What use is it to cultivate the ground, if the warrior is to trample on our toil? Why drive the shuttle, or prepare goods for market, when hordes of men, trained only to earn laurels from the desolation of their fellows, threaten us with destruction? England is at peace. She has no fear from internal strife or foreign aggression; and the Crystal Palace is her monument, and one of her most glorious temples. The Exhibition is the offspring of peace, and tells us that under the olive branch of peace mankind can advance not only hopefully and successfully, but that there is no limit to their progress. 1851 will hereafter be celebrated as the jubilee of the arts, of science, of industry, of universal brotherhood; for while the dogs of war are howling at a distance, we have made ready a world's festival; so that we may, in an accommodated sense, adopt the language of the Psalmist—"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil, and my cup runneth over." We owe all these blessings to peace; and woe to the man who shall breathe a sentence or shall perform an act that shall disturb this domestic and foreign amity and concord.

V. Religion.—Among us religion is free, or rather we may say, that every one is free to be of what religion he pleases. In England, too, religion can be viewed under every phase. We have all sorts of systems, from Atheism and Deism up to

that purest of all creeds which teaches us that Deity is perfection itself, and that real godliness consists in avoiding everything that is wrong, and in doing everything that is right. We have Christianity mixed and unmixed; trammelled and untrammelled; working in chains, and moving at liberty in her own nature, majesty, and energy; yoked to the state as a political slave, and, on the other hand, sitting on her own throne of truth and equity, and speaking to tyrants and oppressors with a voice which makes every modern Felix tremble, while she "reasons of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." Now, man is a religious being, he must have a religion, and he must be free to choose what religion he pleases; and in England he has full liberty to refuse the evil and select the good, and consequently has ample scope for the full development and growth of his moral nature. Here men may be men, and women may be women.

Lastly.—Among us ALL WHO WISH MAY RISE. We never yet saw a being in England sunk so low that he could not better his condition. All may elevate themselves physically, socially, intellectually, and morally, if they please. This is the case with the poorest and the lowest. Moral power is next to omnipotent; indeed, as it has GOD on its side, we may say that it *is* omnipotent. Faith can remove mountains. The worm Jacob can thresh the mountains, and reduce them to powder, and drive them away like chaff. *To the* YOUNG of both sexes, England holds out a glorious prospect, such as no other country ever exhibited, nor as any other nation can at present exhibit.

But to enjoy these advantages, all must resolve *to help themselves*, and to work out their own salvation; otherwise they may be born, live and die in a land at the head of all peoples, and yet be little the better for their privileges.

THE ARABS IN SPAIN.—No. VIII.

IN the annals of the few stormy years during which the dynasty of the Almohades held the reins of Mohammedan power in the Peninsula, the reader of Spanish history meets with but little that is interesting or instructive. The chronicles of that tumultuous period are filled with the harsh records of internal wars, and furnish to the lover of romance but little to repay the trouble of their perusal. We shall, therefore, best consult the pleasure, without lessening the profit of our readers, by passing over the history of the Almohades in Spain, and of the short period which immediately followed the extinction of the dynasty they founded; giving merely a brief catalogue of the successive sovereigns, for the sake of continuity in our narrative.

Abdelmumen, the first of the Almohades, shortly after the death of Alfonso of Arragon, in the year 1161, proclaimed the *alhiged*, or holy war, against the Spanish Christians; but after levying troops in all the provinces of his African empire, from Tunis to the ocean, and from the Great Desert to Ceuta, died before he could carry his projects of conquest into execution. Yussef Abu Yacub, his son, succeeded, and dismissed the vast armament which his father had assembled at Sulé. He was slain, A.D., 1187, at the siege of Santarem, and his son, Yacub ben Yussef, from his victories afterwards surnamed Almansor, was declared his successor. The greater part of the reign of this prince, who was, beyond doubt, the greatest and best of the Almohades, was spent in successful struggles against his Christian neighbours, which resulted, however, in but little permanent benefit to the cause of Islam in the Peninsula. His effeminate son and successor, Mohammed Abu Abdalla, after losing a splendid army of 150,000 men in one campaign against the kings of Leon, Arragon, and Navarre, fled to Morocco, and spent the remainder of his inglorious life in the enjoyment of the licentious pleasures of his harem. The reign of his son, Yussef Abu Yacub, was a scene of continued troubles, which his death, in A.D. 1223, rather increased than diminished. Abul Melic Abdelwahid, succeeded to the unquiet inheritance, and after a stormy reign of eight months, was assassinated by

the friends of Abdalla Abu Mohammed, whom an equally violent death hurried from the stage of royalty, in favour of his brother, Almanum Abu Ali, the governor of Bæza and Jaen. The chief event which occurred in the reign of this prince, in addition to the uninterrupted civil commotions which had marked his reign in common with those of his predecessors, was his destruction of the two councils instituted by the *mehedi*, and mentioned in the last paper. Having summoned the sheiks of whom they were composed, to the court-yard of his palace in Morocco, like an Egyptian prince and his Mamelukes of later times, he ordered them to be massacred in a body, and their heads to be hung around the ramparts. These bloody executions were followed by the abrogation of the laws of the *mehedi*, whose very name was expunged from the public prayers, and even from the coins and monuments. During these events in Africa, the Spanish possessions of Almanum were the scene of ruinous hostilities between his own partisans and those of two rival competitors for power. Their names were Yahia ben Alnasir, and Aben Hud. In the midst of the disasters resulting from the civil wars occasioned by the claims of these aspirants to the regal dignity, Almanum died, in the year 1231. With him expired the dynasty of the Almohades. By the sanguinary wars of the few succeeding years, during which three rival sovereigns contemporaneously governed the Moorish provinces in the Peninsula, the final extinction of the African power was accomplished. In this deplorable situation of Mohammedan Spain, when the various states were all but disorganised by their own contentions, and when help could no longer be hoped for from Africa, against the Christian princes, the followers of the prophet cast their eyes upon Mohammedan Aben Alhamar, whose benignity and justice, as governor of Arjona and Jaen, had gained him great popularity. To him all looked as the only hope of Islam in the Peninsula.

From the uninteresting history of the troubled times which have occupied the present paper up to this point, we gladly pass to the more peaceful and romantic annals of the only Mohammedan State—that of Granada—which survived the wreck of the African empire; which, in a degree, restored the palmy days of the great Almansor, and, for more than two centuries and a half, successfully resisted the hostile attacks of its Christian neighbours. With the history, legendary and authentic, of the celebrated kingdom of Granada, and of its magnificent princes, the remainder of these papers will be occupied.

Mohammed Aben Alhamar, the first sovereign of the new kingdom of Granada, had qualities of a high order. "Intrepid in war," says an historian of his reign, "yet averse to engage in it unless necessity demanded; vigorous in his internal administration, yet mild and conciliating; possessed of great foresight, and therefore seldom surprised by the ordinary chances of human affairs; prudent in his measures, comprehensive in his views, and magnificent in his habits, fond of power, but still fonder of popularity; he was excellently adapted to rule over a people like the Andalusians."

He entered Granada, in the year 1238, amidst the enthusiastic welcomes of the multitude, and was immediately proclaimed king with every demonstration of joy. His reign was such as to render him a blessing to his subjects. A vigilant police was organised, and rigid and impartial rules for the administration of justice established. He erected hospitals for the blind, the aged, and the infirm, and visited them in person frequently, to inform himself, by actual observation, of the treatment of the inmates, and the conduct of those appointed to administer to their relief. In like manner he founded schools and colleges for the instruction of youth. He constructed aqueducts and canals which brought abundant streams of water from the Sierra Nevada to irrigate the plains, and supply the magnificent baths and fountains which he erected within the city. By these and similar means, prosperity and abundance prevailed in Granada; its gates were thronged with commerce, and its warehouses filled with the luxuries and merchandise of every clime and country. But, not long after his accession, while ruling his fair domains in prosperity and peace, Aben Alhamar was suddenly threatened with the horrors of war. Profiting by the dismemberment of the Moslem power, the Christians were rapidly regaining their ancient territories. The marriage of Ferdinand the Saint with a French princess had for a whole year suspended the hostilities of the Castilians; but now, when the marriage fêtes were concluded, the saintly monarch appeared once more in the field. Conscious of his own inability to carry on a war with the potent Ferdinand, Mohammed adopted a resolution, extraordinary indeed, but conformable with the chivalry of his character. Repairing privately to the Christian camp, he made his unexpected appearance in the presence of King Ferdinand, announced his name, offered to become the vassal of the Castilian crown, and kissed the king's hand in token of homage. Ferdinand determined

not to be outdone in generosity. He raised Mohammed from the earth, and treated him as a friend. Nor would he accept the wealth which he offered, but received him as a vassal, leaving him sovereign of his dominions, on condition of paying a yearly tribute, attending the Christian Cortes or parliament as one of the nobles of the empire, and serving him in war with a certain number of horsemen.

Not many months elapsed before Mohammed was summoned to march to the camp of Ferdinand, with a body of five hundred horse, to aid in the famous siege of Seville. In melancholy mood the Moorish king engaged in the humiliating service which compelled him to draw his sword against his brethren of the faith. After the capture of that city, in 1248, Mohammed returned, sad and full of care, to his dominions. He saw the gathering ills which menaced the Moslem cause, and uttered an ejaculation often used by him in moments of anxiety and trouble—

"How straitened and wretched would be our life if our hope were not so capacious and extensive!"

When the melancholy conqueror approached Granada, the people thronged forth with impatient joy to greet their favourite. Arches of triumph had been erected in honour of his martial exploits, and wherever he passed he was hailed with acclamations of "El Ghalib!" or the conqueror. Mohammed shook his head when he heard the acclamation, and exclaimed, "Wa la ghalib iia Allah!" ("There is no conqueror but God!") From that time he adopted this exclamation for his motto. He inscribed it on an oblique band across his escutcheon, and it continued to be the motto of his descendants.

Soon after his return from the siege of Seville, Mohammed Aben Alhamar commenced the splendid palace of the Alhambra, whose mouldering towers are even yet an eloquent memorial of their founder's magnificence and glory.

So long as Ferdinand lived, a good understanding subsisted between him and Mohammed. When the renowned sovereign of Castile died in Seville, in 1252, the Moorish king sent ambassadors to condole with his successor, Alfonso el Sabio, and with them a gallant train of a hundred Moslem cavaliers of distinguished rank, to attend, during the funeral ceremonies, each with a lighted taper, the royal bier. This grand testimonial of respect was repeated by Mohammed, during the remainder of his life, on each anniversary of the death of his feudal superior, when the hundred Moorish knights repaired from Granada to Seville, and took their station, with lighted tapers, in the centre of th sumptuous cathedral round the cenotapl of the illustrious dead.

The peace which had subsisted betwee Ferdinand and his vassal was disturbe after the accession of Alfonso. In 1262 th Castilian and Moorish forces met nea Alcala Real, when the latter were signall defeated. A brief peace followed, but i was soon interrupted by a renewal of hos tilities. This time, however, the opponent of Mohammed were three rebel walis. Though in the seventy-ninth year of hi age, the vigorous king took the field, ac companied by the flower of his chivalry. As the army sallied forth from Granada, one of the principal guides, who rode in the vanguard, in passing under the archway, neglected to lower his lance, which was shivered in his hands. Alarmed at the ominous accident, the king's counsellors urged him to return, but in vain, He proceeded on the expedition, and at noontide the omen, say Moorish chroniclers, was fatally fulfilled. Mohammed was struck with so sudden and severe an illness that he nearly fell from his horse. He was placed on a litter, and borne back towards Granada, but that fair and beloved city he was fated never to reenter. So rapidly did the violence of his disorder increase, that they were obliged to pitch his tent upon the plain, where in a few hours he expired. Don Philip, the brother of Alfonso, and the Castilian nobles, surrounded his dying couch, and showed him proofs of sincere regard. His body was embalmed, enclosed in a silver coffin, and buried in the Alhambra, in a sepulchre of precious marble, amidst the unfeigned lamentations of his subjects, who bewailed him as a parent. Such was the first of a long line of kings who exemplified in their characters and actions the highest phases of the romantic chivalry of the East, and reproduced in their reigns the brightest glories which shed their lustre upon the palmiest days of the Arab domination in Spain.

Mohammed II. followed worthily in the steps of his able father. His first object, after ascending the throne, was the reduction of the rebels of Malaga, who had occasioned so much trouble to his father. This he speedily accomplished with the aid of his Christian friends, Don Philip and the Castilian nobles, who had fled with him from the presence of Alfonso. The nominal peace which Mohammed I. had entered into with the King of Castile was again broken, and vast preparation was made on both sides for a renewal of hostilities. Mohammed entered into alliance with Aben Yussef, the sovereign of Morocco, from whom he obtained a force of 17,000 Afri-

ans, which enabled him to combat the Castilian monarch with considerable success. These wars, however, between Moors and Christians, resulted in no permanent benefit to either party. As if wearied of a struggle which injured both sides, and profited neither, the hostile sovereigns, in the year 1277, mutually suspended operations. In the short interval of tranquillity which followed, the King of Granada greatly augmented and beautified the palace of the Alhambra, which his father had commenced, and which, by the labour of succeeding kings, was destined to become the wonder of Spain. He encouraged literature and the arts, and, by his magnificent taste and profuse liberality, rendered Granada the favourite abode of science and the muses, and by far the most cultivated city of its time, not in Spain only, but in Europe. From these peaceful and enlightened pursuits, however, he was soon summoned to the scarcely less congenial ones of war. Hostilities were renewed and carried on with greater vigour than before. The death of Alfonso, however, and the accession of his son Sancho to the Castilian throne, in A.D. 1284, once more established peace between the followers of the Crescent and the Cross. The remaining portion of Mohammed's reign presents little worthy of being mentioned in this brief epitome of the history of Moslem Spain. He died in A.D. 1302, and was succeeded by his son, Abu Abdalla, as Mohammed III.

This prince had many of the talents, without the good fortune of his father. In his reign began those intestine disorders which were destined to effect the ruin of Granada, and transfer the sceptre of this last stronghold of the Mohammedan power in Spain from the dynasty of Beni Nasir to the sovereigns of Aragon and Castile. Encouraged by the mildness of his sway, several of his provincial governors refused to do homage, and endeavoured to establish their own independence in the states which they governed. The Aragonese and Castilian kings gladly took advantage of these occurrences, and compelled Abu Abdalla to purchase their forbearance by the restoration of several important towns, and large pecuniary bribes. He then pursued the reduction of the rebel walis, but was recalled to his capital by a still heavier misfortune—a conspiracy to dethrone him. On reaching Granada, he was greeted by the mob with shouts of "Long live Nassir Abul Geiox!"—the name of his rival brother. The excited populace broke into the palace and murdered the Prime Minister in presence of his sovereign, whom they compelled, by threats of a similar fate, to resign his throne. The weak monarch obeyed, and, after making a solemn act of renunciation, retired to Almunecar, where he ended his days.

The usurper found his new dignity a "bed of thorns." Ismail ben Ferag, surnamed Abul Walid, a prince of the same family, had long aspired to the Crown, and now resolved to gratify his ambition. Possessed of immense wealth—a power seldom ineffective upon a mob—he soon managed to place himself at the head of a numerous party. The vigorous government of Nassir helped to render him unpopular, and added to the partisans of his secret rival. The arbitrary and capricious conduct of his Minister increased the public discontent to such a degree, that the party of Ismail become more and more strengthened. Seizing on a suitable opportunity, the latter prince advanced, at the head of a considerable force, upon Granada; the gates were opened by the mob, and Nassir was compelled to resign the throne to his victorious kinsman, after a stormy reign of four years.

The reign of Ismail ben Ferag, like those of his immediate predecessors, was disturbed throughout by conspiracies and civil broils. Like them, too, it was marked by frequent collisions with the sovereigns of Aragon and Castile. From the latter prince the King of Granada took Baza and Martos. The capture of this last-mentioned town proved the ruin of its conqueror. Amongst the captives taken at its surrender was a Christian maid, of surpassing beauty. The Mussulmans, into whose hands she first fell, disputed who should possess her, and, to end the quarrel, were preparing to cut her to pieces, when Mohammed, a prince of the royal house of Granada, flew to her rescue. "Love at first sight" took possession of him on beholding the fair object of dispute, but the king, coming up at the time, was not less violently enamoured. In spite of the entreaties of Mohammed, the fair Christian was immediately consigned to the royal harem. The disappointed lover secretly swore to be revenged. On the return of the king to Granada, Mohammed assembled his friends, and the death of Ismail was resolved upon. The following day the conspirators took up their station at the entrance of the Alhambra, to await the egress of the king for his daily ride on the Vega. Ismail soon appeared, attended only by one of his officers. Mohammed approached, as if to salute him, and stabbed the unsuspecting monarch to the heart. The other conspirators despatched the officers, and then all fled from the city. A few were taken in the pursuit, and were torn to pieces by the enraged mob. Mohammed, the son of the murdered king, was proclaimed his successor.

With but few variations in detail, the reign of this prince was the counterpart of his father's. Internal dissensions, alternated by Christian invasions, filled up the eight stormy years of his reign, which came to a bloody termination in A.D. 1333. He was waylaid and killed, while hunting near Gibraltar, by some of the chiefs of that fortress, whom he had reproached for inadequately defending the place during a late siege by the sovereign of Morocco. Yussef Abul Hegiag, the brother of Mohammed, was raised to the perilous throne.

The personal appearance and mental qualities of the new sovereign were such as to win all hearts, and to awaken confident anticipations of a beneficent and prosperous reign. Nor were these hopes disappointed. During the interval of hostilities which occurred soon after his accession to the throne, Yussef employed himself in reforming the administration of justice, in promoting the interests of religion and morals, and in finishing the great architectural works commenced by his predecessors, and erecting others, of almost equal magnificence, on his own plans. The Alhambra, which had been founded by the good Aben Alhamar, was now completed. Such was the refined and delicate taste in architecture which he encouraged amongst his people that the nobles of Granada, imitating the elegant and graceful taste of their sovereign, soon filled the city with magnificent palaces, the halls of which were paved with mosaic, the walls and ceilings wrought in fretwork, and delicately gilded and painted with brilliant and enduring colours, specimens of which even yet excite the admiration of the traveller as he gazes upon them after the lapse of several centuries. Such was the splendour of the Moorish capital that, to use the beautiful simile of an Arabian writer, "Granada, in the days of Yussef, was as a silver vase filled with emeralds and hyacinths."

When the long truce which had succeeded the battle of Salado expired, the irruptions of his hereditary foes recommenced. In the battle of Tarifa, according to the extravagant hyperbole of the Spanish Christian writers, the loss of the Moslem forces amounted to 200,000 men; but, notwithstanding the grossness of this exaggeration, the number of Mohammedans left upon the field was admittedly great. The consequences of this battle would have been even more disastrous to the interests of Islam in Spain, had not Alfonso, when preparing to profit by his successes, fallen a victim to a contagious disease which broke out amongst his troops while laying siege to Gibraltar. The conduct of Yussef, on hearing of the death of Alfonso, was another illustration of his generous magnanimity. Instead of manifesting exultation he called to mind the great qualities of the deceased, and was touched with a noble sorrow. "Alas!" cried he, "the world has lost one of its most excellent princes—a sovereign who knew how to honour merit whether in friend or foe!"

Yussef did not long survive the formidable rival whom he had so generously deplored. In the year 1353, as he was one day engaged at prayers in the royal mosque of the Alhambra, a maniac rushed in and stabbed him in the back; he was carried out alive but expired in the arms of his attendants before reaching the royal apartments. The murderer was cut to pieces, and his limbs burnt in public to gratify the enraged populace. The body of the king was interred in a superb sepulchre of white marble, and his virtues were recorded in a long epitaph, in letters of gold, upon an azure ground. To use the words of his elegant historian, the mosque still remains which once resounded with the dying cries of Yussef, but the monument which recorded his virtues has long since disappeared. His name, however, remains inscribed among the ornaments of the Alhambra, and will be perpetuated in connexion with this renowned pile, which it was his pride and delight to beautify.

Mohammed V., the eldest son of Yussef, succeeded his father. A few months after his accession to the regal dignity, a conspiracy, of which his mother was at the head, was formed to place his brother Ismail upon the throne. On an appointed night the palace of Mohammed was scaled, but in the *melée* the king managed to escape. He fled to Guadix, and the imbecile Ismail was placed upon the throne. In less than a year this phantom of a king was himself dethroned to make way for Abu Said, the instrument of his elevation. Ismail was assassinated, and his head dragged through the mire by the applauding populace. Abu Said soon after shared a similar fate at the hands of King Pedro the Cruel, of Castile. He had accepted an invitation to a banquet at Seville, and, during the entertainment, at a given sign from the king, he and his attendant nobles were butchered on the spot. His head was sent to Mohammed, who had hastened to Granada as soon as the news had reached him at Guadix, and in return he sent twenty-five of his best horses, richly caparisoned, as many scymitars adorned with precious stones, and all the Christian prisoners in his possession. He was restored to his unstable throne, which he occupied till his death, in A.D. 1391.

For the next six years the Moorish sceptre

was swayed by Yussef II., the son of the last sovereign. Similar conspiracies and internal disorders to those which had embroiled the kingdom during the reign of his father, disturbed the peace of his own. He died young,* and was succeeded by his second son, Mohammed VI. This prince began his reign by renewing the peace which his father had contracted with the Christians. It was not destined, however, to remain long unbroken. Hostilities were recommenced, and equally suicidal scenes to those which had just been enacted were again repeated in Granada. Foreign invasion and domestic plots were fast hastening the ruin of Granada, and rendering easy its final overthrow, ninety years later, by the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella. The closing scenes in Mohammed's history corresponded with the rest of his stormy and unprincipled life. With the view of securing the crown to his son, he wrote to the governor of Salobrena, ordering him to send the head of his brother Yussef by the officer who carried the letter. When the messenger arrived at Salobrena, the prince was engaged at a game of chess with the governor. The dreadful intelligence was broken to the intended victim, who merely begged for a few hours' respite to bid farewell to his family. This the officer was compelled to refuse, as his orders obliged him to have the head of the prince in Granada at a certain hour. Yussef then begged that he and the governor might be permitted to finish their game. Before it was concluded, two horsemen arrived at full speed from Granada, entered the apartment, announced the death of Mohammed, and saluted the doomed prince as the new sovereign.

During the first four of the fourteen years which he reigned, Yussef III. unwillingly continued the hostilities which his brother had carried on with the Christian sovereigns. At the end of that period, however, peace was established and remained undisturbed till his death, in A.D. 1424.

The accession of Mohammed VII., surnamed *El Hayzari*, or the "Left-handed," was the signal for fresh commotions, foreign and domestic. During the course of his chequered and turbulent reign, this unpopular prince was thrice driven from his throne. On the first of these occasions he with difficulty effected his escape from Granada in the garb of a fisherman, and reached the court of his kinsman, the sovereign of Tunis. The enraged populace, whom even less than his oppressive government would have roused to rebellion, placed his cousin Mohammed El Zaquir on the vacated throne by the title of Mohammed VIII.; but the deposed sovereign returned soon after at the head of an African army, stormed the Alhambra, in which his cousin had taken refuge, and put the usurper to death. Not so easily, however, was Yussef ben Alhamar, the second disturber of Mohammed's peace, overcome. This aspirant to the regal power was a descendant of the first kings of Granada. Having obtained the aid of Juan of Castile, he encamped at the foot of the mountain of Elvira with eight thousand men, within sight of Granada. Aben Zeragh, the general of Mohammed, offered battle and was signally defeated. The victor marched upon the capital, and was joined on his way by multitudes of adherents. Seeing that resistance was hopeless, Mohammed collected his treasures and his women, and fled to Malaga. Yussef entered Granada, and was received by the populace with every demonstration of joy. He died, however, after six months' reign, and the fickle mob recalled the exiled monarch to occupy the throne. But it was written in the book of destiny, as an orthodox Mussulman would say, that the sceptre was to be torn a third time from his unworthy hands. A respite of some years, however, was allowed him before his final degradation. Untaught by experience, he continued during that period the same oppressive administration, and rendered his last dethronement by his nephew, Mohammed ben Osmin, even easier than his former ones. The unfortunate *El Hayzari* was consigned to one of the dungeons of the Alhambra, and thus, in A.D. 1445, disappeared for ever from the stage of history.

* His death, like that of Hercules of old, was said to have been occasioned by a poisoned shirt, sent him by the King of Fez.

AFRICAN ACCOUNTANTS.—There are kings in the Camaroons and Bonny rivers whose ledgers, kept by themselves, would grace any counting-house in this country; and whose minds, expanded by education, have made them bold enough to declare that the old superstition of the Eboe should no longer exist, setting the example of becoming Christians.—*Forbes's Dahomey.*

EIGHT DAYS' RAMBLE IN NORTH WALES.

By John Alfred Langford, Birmingham.

(*Continued from page* 298.)

On leaving Bala we bade adieu to the Dee, a river along whose banks we had had such exquisite strolls, and from whose beauty we had derived such intense delight. We will not bid it farewell without a few words at parting. The river was sacred to the ancient Britons. Its name is derived from *Duw*, "divine." We are told that when "drawn up along its banks, prepared to engage in deadly conflict with their Saxon foes, every soldier bowed down, first kissing the earth, and then devoutly drinking a small portion of its sacred waters." What a change! The Saxon and the Cimbri now meet in amity and peace upon its banks, and the waters flow through fertile valleys, bringing fertility and gladness in their course. The Cimbrian spear, and the Saxon battle-axe are now preserved in museums of antiquity; where, let us hope that, ere long, the yet remaining instruments of death will take their abiding place for ever.

The stream has been a favourite with our poets. Spenser says of it in his "Marriage of the Thames"—

> "And following Dee, which Britons long ygone
> Did call divine, that doth by Chester tend."

He likewise makes it the residence of the sage Timon: he says—

> "His dwelling is full low in valley green,
> Under the foot of Rawraw's mossy hore,
> From whence the river Dee, as silver clean,
> His tumbling billows roll with gentle rore."

Milton says:—

> "Where Deva spreads his wizard stream."

It is worthy of all the poets have sung in its praise; and one is loth to part with so sweet a companion. But "to fresh fields and pastures new" must be our motto here. So, having exhausted Bala, we set out for our next ramble, which was to take us through the famous mountain pass of Bwlch-y-groes, or Pass of the Cross, to Dinas Mowddwy, a distance of eighteen miles. We walked along the banks of the beautiful lake, which is said to be four miles and a half in length. We passed through the little village of Llannwch. At this place we obtained the only good direction which we could obtain throughout our rambles. I cannot say whether the people intentionally deceive, or whether they are ignorant of the places by which they are surrounded. We have asked, experimentally, the way to a place from which we were not distant more than a mile, and people who had lived within that distance the whole of their lives could give us no information whatever. We were four miles and a half from Maenturog, and inquired of a Welshman, coming thence, how far we had to go; he answered, Six miles. We smiled, and walked on for about a mile and a half farther, repeated the question to another native, who, after counting his fingers, replied between six and seven miles! So regularly was this the case, that we always felt the nearer we were to a place, the farther we were off—a thing rather paradoxical to an Englishman, but, seemingly, perfectly natural in Wales. Miss Costello accuses them with intentional deception, but let us rather hope that they are really ignorant of distances, or have no true conception of the nature of a mile. However this may be, such is the fact. We could obtain no direction from the Welsh, and had we not had the Ordnance maps, without which let no one travel in Wales, we should often have been reduced to strange extremities. At Llannwch, however, we had the village schoolmaster—a fine, genial, mellow-faced man, who came out with spectacle on brow, and gave us a real, direct, and understandable direction, easy to follow, and worth the following. This was

almost the only one we got in Wales.* Seven miles from Bala, on the road to Dinas Mowddwy, is the beautiful river Twrch, a mountain stream that comes bounding, foaming, dashing, and laughing over its rocky bed, forming the most exquisite cascades in its course. Trees grow to the water's edge, and their foliage hangs over the river in beautiful variety. We turned from our path, and leaping from stone to stone ascended a considerable distance up the stream. Such digressions are one of the peculiar advantages of foot-travelling, and we always availed ourselves of them. A mile further on is another mountain stream almost equal to the Twrch. We rambled up this also, and

> "Drank of its waters so cool and clear,
> For thirsty and hot were we;"

and resting on its banks a little time, enjoyed the *dolce far niente* on a couch of Nature's own providing. Having eaten our biscuit and drank of the spring water, we resumed our journey, and in a little time entered the celebrated pass. Here commenced the grandest scenery we had yet had. It is a perfect mountain pass. Pennant describes it as the most terrible in North Wales. For miles you walk on a narrow path, with rocks, rough, jagged, and precipitous, above you; and rocks, almost equally rough, jagged, and precipitous, below. On the highest part of this road, about 2,000 feet, we saw enormous stacks of peat, which is used in these parts for coal. Some of the stacks are in the form of hay-ricks, others of hay-cocks. It seems very rich in this fuel. The descent is, if anything, finer than the ascent. From one spot we counted ten mountain peaks. Few things can be grander, and the effect it produces on the mind is astonishing. At a small cottage here we got some good buttermilk—the best we had in Wales—the people in general making it excessively salt. We had some difficulty in making ourselves understood, the man—by far the finest specimen of a mountaineer we had yet seen—exclaiming, with sparkling eyes, and in tones of great satisfaction, to all our interrogatories, "No English—plenty Welsh!" We had scarcely left the cottage before it began to rain, as it only can rain in hilly countries; and long ere we reached *Dinas Mowddwy* we were completely saturated. Emerson somewhere remarks that Nature is beautiful in all her moods, and walking over a common covered with pools of water on a dark rainy night, he almost felt afraid to say how glad he was. So with us. The rain had no power over our minds. In the midst of the thickest showers we would pause and look at the majestic scenes around. It was glorious. Down the sides of hills which we had just passed, and which were then quite dry, unnumbered little channels of water were now flowing in unimaginable beauty. Nature must be seen under all circumstances to be rightly appreciated; and to open hearts she is, as the philosopher says, always beautiful.

The guide-book says that *Dinas Mowddwy*, though formerly a market town, is now a dirty miserable village, composed of a few wretched dirty cottages. From such a description we had anticipated a further journey of ten miles to *Dolgelly*, a prospect by no means pleasant, considering that, besides turnings off and rambles up rivers, we had eighteen miles of hard walking, and that it rained in torrents. Put not your trust in guide-books. We found here, for its size, as clean and neat a place as any we had seen in Wales, and were lodged at as neat and clean an inn, at which we changed our garments, gave ourselves a good rubbing, had a first-rate tea, and felt fit for another twenty miles' march, had it been necessary. We were, however, very willing to rest here for the night. Though the village be nothing of itself, and have no lions to boast, the scenery around it is very fine. Opposite the inn window is the fine hill *Arran*, and everywhere around us are hills and mountain streams of the loveliest kind. We had much talk with some Welshmen here, but could not make them understand how it was that, for the sake of the scenery, we left our own homes, strapped our luggage on our backs, and performed the arduous task of

* From this charge I must except the Bala postman, who was our village schoolmaster, more largely developed. To him we were indebted for much good advice in respect to our route, and the things noticeable therein. May his shadow never grow less!

walking over the most difficult mountain passes their land has to boast. But so it is. The delight of one mind is the wonder of another; and where one finds food for his most anxious cravings, another sees nothing but barrenness and desert land. After which bit of philosophy we will resume our journey.

From Dinas Mowddwy to Dolgelly the distance is ten miles. The road is somewhat similar to that we traversed the day before from Bala to Dinas Mowddwy. The great difference is that it can scarcely be called a pass. The hills are further off us, and we have thus a broader view, a more extensive landscape. They are spread out before us in the form of an amphitheatre. On the hills we saw a little of primitive life. A shepherd-boy with his dogs was collecting the scattered sheep together. His voice sounded strangely on our ears, as he uttered his words of command, encouragement, or deprecation, to his dogs. His voice rung such clear wild notes through the hills as one but rarely hears. It was a rare sight to see the instinct of the dogs. At the slightest word they paused in their swiftest speed, took a fresh course, left one sheep and pursued another, returned to the boy, and ran to the very summit of the hill. The labour and fatigue that these invaluable creatures save the shepherds must be wonderful. We paused for some time watching this bit of mountain life. I should not like it. Toilsome, lonely, and arduous, it must be. I felt then that we town people have much to be thankful for, though we have cause at times to grumble. To make a *raid* like ours into these out-of-the-way places is very beautiful; but to live here must be fearfully monotonous, and, with my intense love of mingling with men, maddening.

The last three miles before reaching Dolgelley is more lovely than grand. The road lies through a very fine wood, on the banks of which we gathered some fine wild strawberries. Dolgelley itself is a mean and shabby place. In nearly all cases one is perfectly astonished at Welsh towns. The people seem perfectly apathetic. In this place where assizes are held, and where on the day we entered the high-sheriff was processioning, to the awe and wonder of the gaping populace, whom the magnates of the staff were pushing rudely away from coming "between the wind and *their* nobility," the streets are rugged, narrow, and dirty; the houses ditto; the people rude, inquisitive, and, alas! drunken. In this town, whose name is so poetical, meaning the vale of the hazel, the first thing we saw on entering it was two drunken men fighting on one of the loveliest greens in the world, and in scenery the most beautiful in England. The women were setting them on—a thing you seldom see in the worst towns of England. I may say, and I say it with sorrow, that in comparison to the size of the places, I saw more drunkenness than in any place in England. In the town of Llangollen we counted on Saturday night before ten o'clock seven or eight men quite drunk. This is very lamentable, and will go far to explain the cause of the poverty of the Welsh, of which we heard a small farmer at Dinas Mowddwy complain.

A minute's walk from the town affords you a splendid view of the glorious fine-peaked *Cader Idris;* next to Snowdon, the finest mountain in the country. It overlooks Dolgelley from a height of 2,914 feet. There is a legend in connexion with its name. *Cader*, or *Cadair*, means a seat or chair, and *Idris* is the name of a reputed giant, whom the old bards represent as a poet, astronomer, and philosopher, great in mind as enormous in stature. Cader Idris is, therefore, the chair of this renowned giant, who is said to have made the mountain summit his observatory. We did not climb it, as we reserved ourselves for Snowdon. A tourist who did so thus speaks of the view thence obtained:—"To the north, Snowdon with its dependencies shut up the scene; on the west, we saw the whole course of the Bay of Cardigan, bounded at a vast distance by the Caernarvon mountains, and nearer the ocean dashing its white breakers against the rocky coast of Merioneth. The southern horizon was bounded by Plinlimmon, and on the east the eye glanced over the Lake of Bala, the two Arrenig mountains, the two Arrans, the long chain of the Fermyn mountains, to the Bredden hills, on the confines of Shropshire, and dimly in the distant horizon was beheld the Wrekin rising alone from the plain of Salop." Such a view would be worth the climbing, and but for Snowdon we should have made it.

From Dolgelley to *Maentwrog* we had to walk another eighteen miles, the most wearisome and least rewarding we walked in all Wales. Up and down, in short ascents and descents for almost the whole way, is this toilsome path. Some of the distant hills are very fine, and the day being clear we had a good view of them; otherwise, there is no change, no variety. You can see the terrible road for long distances before you, pursuing its ceaseless undulations, making the legs ache at the very sight. Notwithstanding all this monotony of the road, the entrance to Maentwrog is very beautiful. The place itself is not seen until you are close upon it; and the descent which leads thereto is very steep, and very fine. The village itself is small, and nothing superior to any we had seen in Wales. It is situated in the vale of *Ffestiniog*, equal to, if not surpassing, Llangollen. The beautiful river Dwynyd winds its silver course through the richest meadows we had yet seen. The inn is a pretty place, and the hostess gave us tickets to visit Tan-y-Bwlch, the seat of Mrs. Oakley, who thus liberally throws open her grounds to the public; an example we are happy to say being now somewhat numerously followed. The name signifies Below the Pass; and no residence could be in a more charming spot, or command finer views. Miss Costello says of it:—"The space is wide and open, and the mountain range of Merionethshire does not close in too suddenly; woods rise above woods; the whole glen seems a garden, and, far as the eye can reach, the sparkling sea is seen, with Harlech Castle on its rock, as a guard to the far-spreading Fraeth, whose fairest features alone are distinguished." The trees here seemed higher and more luxuriant than is usual in Wales, and the whole aspect of the country gave an idea of greater richness and a more flourishing growth. Tired as we were we visited this sweet place on the same evening, and enjoyed the view which it commands during a most beautiful sunset, whose mellow tints thrown over the scene added an indescribable charm. Lord Lyttleton says that in such a spot, with books at command, and the woman you love near, a man might spend a happy life at Tan-y-Bwlch.

Before breakfast on the following morning, we sallied out to visit the two fine waterfalls which are near to Maentwrog. Our "boots" stared when we announced our intention of going without a guide, and stared more when, notwithstanding his eloquent representation of the impossibility of our finding them alone, we carried our resolution out by departing and leaving his narrative for some other more leisure hour. He told us the owner of the lands in which the waterfalls are situated was rather savage, and might resist our unaccompanied ramble over his grounds. We silenced this by showing him our three goodly sticks, and stout arms to wield them. He then told us that the gate was locked, and that the guide kept the key. We removed this objection by telling him we would climb over. He was seeking for another difficulty, when we cut him short by a "Good morning, we shall be back to breakfast about ten," and so set out.

The falls are about two miles from Maentwrog, on the Harlech road. We had no difficulty in reaching them. The first, which is named *Rhaiadr Ddu* (the Black Torrent), from the black rocks over which the water falls, is of surpassing beauty. The river which forms them runs through a wood, and is so hidden by the trees that until you are close at its side you cannot see the fall. There are three falls, and the whole descent is about forty feet. In order to see the two lower falls, which are on a level with each other, we had to descend a difficult, and somewhat dangerous, path, and to clamber over some far-apart and slippery rocks in the bed of the stream. The reward was a sufficient recompense for the labour and peril. We sat on a large stone right in front of the two lower falls, and felt the spray dash in our faces. We sat here for some time, drinking in, as one of my friends observed, the beauty of the scene. The other fall is a quarter of a mile below the Black Torrent, but is not quite so fine; the waters fall over six shelving rocks, and form a succession of sweet cascades. The bed of the river is very rocky, and when full of water, must be a fine sight.

(*To be concluded in the next Number.*)

JEALOUSY REFUTED.

By Miss H. M. Rathbone.

William Compton and his pretty wife lived in a small cottage at Hampstead, whose numerous coaches enabled the former to attend to his daily business in London without difficulty. He was a draper, and earned sufficient to support his family in simple comfort, besides laying by a certain sum every year to form a reserved fund for unforeseen emergencies. Young and healthy, intelligent and well-principled, and possessing a devoted wife, he surely would have been singularly happy, had not his strong constitutional tendency to jealousy interfered with his daily enjoyment, until he often fancied himself the peculiar victim of adverse fortune. When only a girl of sixteen, Fanny Norton had been much attached to a cousin with whom she had been brought up; and, although this early expansion of two very youthful hearts was soon afterwards entirely overcome—at least on the lady's side, where the softer sentiment had taken no deep root—Compton had never been able to surmount his jealous dislike to the idea of his wife ever having loved anyone but himself. So happy as she was in all other respects, and though naturally gay and sprightly in manner—while her behaviour after her marriage was ever scrupulously modest, and her best powers ever put forth solely for her husband's entertainment—she yet frequently suffered severely from William's foolish fancies respecting herself, and the numerous unpleasant conversations which were the inevitable result.

One fine May morning they had taken their usual early walk before breakfast, and every mutual feeling seemed in harmony with the sweet influences around them. Fanny returned to the house with a light heart, and then sat down to breakfast. The post-bag was brought in at that moment, and she asked her husband if the daily paper was come, to which he replied in the affirmative, by handing it to her in its customary envelope; and, opening it, as he thought, somewhat eagerly, she glanced down the first page, and then, taking her scissors, cut out one of the advertisements, whilst he was reading his letters. It was one of Compton's chief annoyances if on any occasion his wife seemed to be much interested in the public papers, though why it was so she never knew; and putting the paper down as soon as she had found what she wanted, he appeared relieved, and the talk went on merrily until he took it up in his turn. She saw his colour rise as he read something in it; and when he perceived the blank space left by the scissors, he hastily looked at her with an expression of fear and distrust only too familiar, but which she returned with a glance so open and affectionate, that the suspicious inquiry hovering on his lips died away in shame at himself. But the feeling was not therefore eradicated, and his manner wholly changed. He became reserved, gloomy, and silent, and his parting embrace was so cold that blinding tears filled Fanny's eyes as she watched him get into the coach.

To her surprise, when she was sitting down to her usual solitary one o'clock dinner—for the little baby on her knees could hardly be called society—Compton came in, which he seldom did at that time of day, and said he had returned to dine with her. She warmly expressed her pleasure, and went into the kitchen, with willing alacrity, to procure some addition to the small repast. But, in spite of her gaiety, her affectionate welcome, and thoughtful care for his comfort, Compton's brow remained clouded, and he soon forced poor Fanny to engage in one of their painful conversations upon the past, which she disliked particularly because of their effects upon her husband, for she had no other cause to dread them. After upbraiding her in no measured terms for ever having liked her cousin, and accused her of wishing that she had married Mr. Damer instead of himself, now that the former had gained a rich office under government, but of which she had, in truth, never heard until Compton himself mentioned the fact, he again went off to town, leaving her more miserable than in the morning.

At seven o'clock Compton came back, and their evening meal passed over in gloomy silence, which continued unbroken until after sunset, when a ring at the bell told of a visitor, and Compton again glared upon his wife, as if he thought she knew that some one whom he disapproved was at the door.

But Harry Dawson, an intimate friend of both parties was announced, and Fanny breathed more freely, for she hoped that he might set matters to right, as he had done more than once before, by his hearty laugh and well-timed ridicule at such times, which her husband could not bear

when directed against himself, and which had often had the effect of quenching many of his absurd fancies.

Dawson perceived directly that his friends were out of spirits and out of tune; and when Fanny happened to leave the room, he asked Compton what was the matter.

Half reluctant, and yet half glad to give vent to his vexation, Compton, in glowing terms, related all his causes of suspicion against his wife, dwelling most urgently on her unaccountable eagerness to obtain the newspaper, and her having cut out a piece from it before he had even seen it.

"Have you asked her why she did so?" Dawson inquired.

"No," his friend replied; "I was ashamed to show what I feared at the time, and since then I am afraid of some terrible disclosure, which might ruin my peace for ever."

"Have you any doubt of her truthfulness?" asked Dawson.

"None whatever," was the emphatic reply. "Whatever her faults may be, she never conceals or equivocates; and, therefore, feeling as I do so certain of her having some secret, I cannot bear to question her, for fear of what she might then communicate."

"But you will allow me to ask her why she abstracted this piece of newspaper without telling you her reasons at the time?"

"Oh, by all means; the truth must be known sooner or later," said Compton gloomily; and he would have continued the conversation, only Fanny re-entered the apartment; and in a few moments afterwards Dawson said to her:

"My dear Mrs. Compton, your husband, I have no doubt, is making himself very unnecessarily uneasy respecting a simple circumstance which took place this morning, and which, I dare say, you will easily clear up. May I ask you for what purpose you cut out a piece of Compton's daily paper at breakfast time?"

"My dear William!" Fanny exclaimed, in unfeigned amazement; and, turning towards him her clear, confiding gaze, she said to Dawson: "We have long been desirous of giving our two excellent, hardworking servants a holiday treat, and last night William and I fixed that they should go this evening to the exhibition of fireworks in the Zoological Gardens; but, not knowing what time they should set off, or the price of admission to the fete, I cut out the advertisement of the proprietor from our morning paper to-day, as soon as it came in; and I did not mention my motive at the moment simply because we had together agreed that we should take this step the previous evening; and as William was busy reading his letters, I did not speak to him until he had begun to eat his breakfast."

Dawson could not help laughing long and heartily, while Compton looked dreadfully confused and vexed at himself, colouring deeply, and wished he had not made such a fool of himself, although evidently relieved; and then, determined to satisfy himself fully, he asked his wife if she really had not read the news of her cousin's appointment on the same page?

"No, indeed, I did not, dear William, and was much surprised when you afterwards mentioned it. Oh, my dear husband, I trust you will never so needlessly make yourself unhappy again."

"Perhaps there are hopes that he will not," said Lawson, "when I tell him that your cousin, who despises you both as his inferiors, is on the point of marriage with a wealthy heiress, which piece of information I came here to-night for the purpose of communicating to you by his desire."

"I should be glad, only that it will prevent my proving to Fanny that such a step was unnecessary to produce my reformation," Compton remarked, as he put his arm round his wife's waist, and took his seat beside her on the sofa.

"You forget that you have been jealous of others as well as Mr. Damer," returned his friend.

"I did; but am fully resolved to conquer these foolish feelings; and so, if I find myself again indulging in them, I shall inflict the worst penalty upon myself that is in my power, by absenting myself for a day and a night from my home upon each occasion."

"Oh, William, but that will punish me as well," said Fanny, "which I protest against."

"That, my love, will be only an additional incentive to me to avoid incurring and inflicting such pain on us both, and I trust it will never be necessary. When I am tempted I shall remember the Zoological Gardens, and this unfortunate day."

"Fortunate rather, I should call it," replied his wife, while tears stood in her eyes, which Compton silently kissed away.

Such, however, is mortal frailty, that Compton, though he wished, could not all at once overcome his besetting sin; but too conscientiously inflicted separations from his wife of four-and-twenty hours each, and Fanny's extreme distress each time finally cured this mental disease, and domestic peace thenceforth presided over the Hampstead Cottage.

THE KOH-I-NOOR, OR "MOUNTAIN OF LIGHT."

A VAST number of those who have visited the Crystal Palace have directed their steps to the "Mountain of Light" as the first object of attraction, and in nearly every case have been greatly disappointed. A great deal of this has been owing to the exaggerated reports which were circulated regarding its value, size, brilliancy, &c., since it was brought over from India. Many believed it was worth one, and some even *two millions* of money, and we ourselves heard a Yorkshireman pointing out the large piece of rock crystal which is placed on a pedestal near the portrait of Prince Albert, to his friend, as the veritable diamond about which there has been so much talk. Its real value according to one calculation is £468,959, and according to another, the highest that can be made, £622,000. Besides this, no contrivance that has as yet been suggested can make it dazzle any one, or even sparkle as well as many other diamonds in the Exhibition of half the value. At one time it was placed in the sunshine, enclosed in a glass case, and surrounded by a gilt cage, and it is now removed inside a hoarding covered with crimson cloth, the daylight being excluded from the interior, and its want supplied by a row of gas jets standing over the gem, and around it are placed a range of metal reflectors. We may add, that the effect is very little better than ever. The consequence of all this has been that all the sightseers have been railing against the Koh-i-Noor for the last four months and deriding its pretensions to either beauty or value. But a romantic history has often made up for the want of both one and the other of these, and we venture to say, it will go far to do so in the present instance also. Before entering upon it, however, it may interest some of our readers to know that the Koh-i-Noor, and every other diamond is but carbon or charcoal, after all, and that chemists find nothing easier than to reduce them to their elements. To make diamonds out of charcoal was a problem which the ingenuity of chemists was long unable to solve; but a paper was recently read at the Royal Institution, on the artificial production of the ruby and other precious stones, when M. Ebelmen, of the Sevres Works, near Paris, was present, with various specimens of the mineral which he has produced artificially. Mr. Faraday stated the process and results generally. The process consists in employing a solvent which shall first dissolve the mineral or its constituents, and shall further, either on its removal or on a diminution of its dissolving powers, permit the mineral to aggregate in a crystaline condition. Such solvents are boracic acid, borax, phosphate of soda, phosphoric acid, &c. The one chiefly employed by M. Ebelmen is boracic acid. By putting together certain proportions of alumina and magnesia with a little oxide of chrome or other colouring matter, and fused boracic acid into a fit vessel, and enclosing that in another, so that the whole could be exposed to the high heat of a porcelain or other furnace, the materials became dissolved in the boracic acid; and then as the heat was continued the boracic acid evaporated, and the fixed materials were found combined and crystalised, and presenting true specimens of spinel. In this way crystals having the same form, hardness, colour, specific gravity, composition, and effect on light as the true ruby, the cymophane, and other mineral bodies were prepared, and were, in fact, identical with them. Chromates were made, the emerald and corundum crystalised, the peridot formed, and many combinations as yet unknown to mineralogists produced. Some of the crystals of spinel of recent production which M. Ebelmen exhibited had facets the eighth of an inch or more on the sides.

But to return to the Koh-i-Noor. This diamond was found in 1550 in the mines of Golconda. The kingdom of this name constituted one of the five Mohammedan States which, towards the close of the fifteenth century, had been formed in the Deccan. The diamond mines which have rendered it so famous in story, were situated at some distance to the east of the capital city, near the present station of Condapilly, and are now in our possession, though they have long ceased to reward or invite the labours of treasure-seekers. When the Mogul princes extended their pretensions to the sovereignty of the Deccan, Kootub Shah, then King of Golconda, was brought into collision with Shah Jehunn, the reigning Emperor, and father of the great Aurungzebe. Kootub Shah's prime minister at this period was the famous Meer Jumla, a statesman who, to political abilities of unusual excellence, added a singular knowledge of precious stones. He had, in fact, been at one time a diamond merchant, and was therefore peculiarly competent to appreciate the treasure of Golconda. It happened, too, that Shah Jehunn himself was a connoisseur of scarcely less skill, insomuch that when, at a later period, he had been dethroned and imprisoned by his father, and a doubt had been created re-

specting the value of a certain ruby in the imperial treasury, the gem was actually transmitted to the deposed prince for his inspection and decision. Two such characters were well fitted for the transaction which ensued. Shah Jehunn took up the cause of Meer Jumla against his Sovereign, and the Koh-i-Noor passed from Golconda to Delhi.

While in the possession of the Moguls it was first seen by the French traveller, Tavanier, in 1665. Tavanier, as an act of indulgence on the part of Aurungzebe, was allowed to examine it minutely; and from the account which he gave of it, it has since been known as the Diamond of the Great Mogul. The Great Mogul sat on his throne of state, while the chief keeper of jewels produced his jewels for inspection on two golden dishes. The magnificence of the collection was indescribable, but conspicuous in lustre, esteem, and value, was the Koh-i-Noor. Sometimes worn on the persons of the Moguls, sometimes adorning the famous peacock throne, this inestimable gem was safely preserved at Delhi, until, in 1793, the empire received its fatal blow from the invasion of Nadir Shah. Among the spoils of conquest which the Persian warrior carried back with him in triumph to Khorassan, and which have been variously estimated as worth from thirty to ninety millions sterling, the Koh-i-Noor was the most precious trophy.

It did not long, however, remain the spoil of the victors. Nadir Shah was assassinated by his subjects, and the diamond was borne away by a party of Affghan soldiers, under Ahmed Shah, to their own country. It seems as if the Koh-i-Noor carried with it the sovereignity of India, for the conquests and power of Ahmed soon became as extensive as that of his predecessors, and gave to him the control of Hindostan.

At the beginning of the present century, the treasures and power of Ahmed were vested in the person of Zemaun Shah, subject to the incessant assaults of the kinsmen. One of these at length proved successful, and in the year 1800, Zemaun Shah found himself a prisoner at the disposal of his brother Shah Shuja, the identical puppet, forty years later, of our famous Cabul expedition, so that we are now brought down to modern times and characters. Shah Shuja presently ascended the throne of his brother, but the treasury of Cabul was wanting in its most precious ornament, till at length, ingeniously secreted in the wall of Zemaun Shah's prison, was discovered the Koh-i-Noor. It was eight years after this, while the Doorannee monarchy was still formidable enough to inspire the powers of the East with uneasiness, that Mr. Elphinstone, accredited by Lord Minto to the Affghan Prince, betook himself to what was then the remote and unknown town of Peshawur, where, at his state reception, the Koh-i Noor again flashed, after an interval of so many years, upon the dazzled eyes of a European. Shah Shuja, afterwards the client and pensioner of the East India Company, was dressed on this occasion in a green velvet tunic, fitting closely to his body, and seamed with gold and precious stones. On his breast was a cuirass of diamonds, shaped like two flattened *fleurs-de-lis*, and in a bracelet on his right arm blazed the priceless jewel of Golconda. The Prince gave a gracious audience to the Ambassador, and Mr. Elphinstone retired; but the Koh-i-Noor was not fated long to continue in the divided and tottering family of the once powerful Abdallees.

Hardly, however, had Mr. Elphinstone left the court, when the Shah was expelled from Cabul, carrying away the far-famed diamond concealed about his person. After many vicissitudes of exile and contest, he at length found a temporary refuge among the Sikhs.

The embassy had scarcely recrossed the Indus, when Shah Shuja was expelled from Cabul, though he contrived to make this far-famed diamond the companion of his flight. After many vicissitudes of exile and contest, he at length found an equivocal refuge under the protection of that powerful chieftain who had now consolidated the dominions of the Sikhs into a royal inheritance for his own family. Runjeet Singh was fully competent either to the defence or the restoration of the fugitive, but he knew and suspected the treasure in his possession, and his mind was bent upon acquiring it. He put the Shah under strict surveillance, and made a formal demand for the jewel. The Doorannee Prince hesitated, prevaricated, temporised, and employed all the artifices of Oriental diplomacy, but in vain. Runjeet redoubled the stringency of his measures, and at length the 1st of June, 1813, was fixed as the day when the Moguls should be surrendered by the Abdalee Chief to the ascendant dynasty of the Singhs. The two princes met in a room appointed for the purpose, and took their seats on the ground. A solemn silence then ensued, which continued unbroken for an hour. At length Runjeet's patience overcame the suggestions of Asiatic decorum, and he whispered to an attendant to quicken the memory of the Shah. The exiled prince spoke not a word in reply, but gave a signal with his eyes to an eunuch in attendance, who, retiring for a moment, returned with a small roll, which he set down upon the carpet midway between the two chiefs. Again a pause fol-

lowed, when, at a sign from Runjeet, the roll was unfolded, and there, in its matchless and unspeakable brilliancy, glittered the Koh-i-Noor.

After this time it remained with the Sikhs, until the late insurrection, when it was seized by the English Government. In this way did the "mountain of light" pass in the train of conquest,—the emblem of dominion,—from Golconda to Deltis, from Deltis to Mushed, from Mushed to Cabul, from Cabul to Lahore, from Lahore to England. When first given to Shah Jehaun it was still uncut, weighing nearly 800 carets, which were reduced by the unskilfulness of the artist to 279, its present weight. It was cut by Hortensio Borgio, a Venetian, who instead of receiving a remuneration for his labour, was fined 10,000 rupees, for his wastefulness by the enraged Mogul.

Such is the history of the extraordinary jewel, which, according to one description of it, "scatters its beauty in dazzling showers of prismatic glory into the very eyes of the beholders." In virtue of conquest and sovereignty, it has passed into the possession of England. It was prudently secured among the few remaining valuables of the Lahore treasury at the commencement of the last insurrection, and although even its nominal value would be an inadequate compensation for the cost of the Sikh wars, we may look upon its acquisition as a fitting symbol of that supremacy which by those wars we have won.

THE PEOPLE AND THE PARLIAMENT.

"The People and the Parliament!" we think some of our readers will say. "Pray, have they not, nearly ever since Parliament was a Parliament, been fighting against each other?" We answer in the affirmative; and say more than that. The Parliament has always had the wealthy squirelings of the country on its side—has managed to create and monopolise for its own use a huge army of fighting soldiers and sailors with which it has always kept the people at bay, and moulded them to its will. But this should not be. The people had their status in the island long before parliaments were thought of. The English Parliament commenced its career in 1256. Members of Parliament in the "good old times" were selected by the townspeople out of doors, in public meeting assembled. Polls were counted then—*every* man had a voice in the matter. And it was not till the reign of Henry VI. that this righteous mode of electing representatives to look after the national weal was abolished. The reason given for its abolition was, that "poor people" generally managed to return those men as representatives who were obnoxious to the King and his lordling sycophants—that is to say, men who insisted on passing measures that would benefit equally the king and the people. These men, of course, could not be tolerated. The king and the aristocracy were linked together for the purpose of enchaining freedom, for the purpose of enriching themselves and impoverishing the people. As showing what our "glorious constitution" is, Sir Richard Phillips remarks:—"It cannot be denied that the English constitution is one of property and money; and hence power is too much enjoyed by hereditary imbecility, avaricious accumulations, and grinders of the middle and poor classes. The main scheme and design is good; but in practice, industry, virtue, and genius are obliged to yield to avarice and the factitious possession of wealth." Had the people retained in their hands the right of returning members this could hardly have been the case. As it is, the effects of that iniquitous enactment are visible in the present day.

But for that, every man would now have had his own house over his head, and his own garden to cultivate. But for that, the law for restricting the people's food would not have steeped the country in starvation and crime, and have received its death-blow only in the present day. But for that, the game laws, with all their attendant evils—their midnight poachings and their daylight murders, their imprisonments, convictions, and hangings—would not now be a blot on our national escutcheon, and a curse to the land of our birth. But for that, priestcraft and its overflowing purse would not be seen—and the results of that priestcraft would be unknown—England would be, what it has been unthinkingly named, "the pride of

the world." But for that, the duty on paper, and its hindrance to the diffusion of knowledge, would long ago have been only remembered as a thing of the past. Paper and printing together are two of the greatest civilisers we possess. The aim and end of printing, in our day, as it has been, with few exceptions, since its discovery, are to sow the seeds of peace, inculcate the moral precepts of Christianity, and scatter its beauties over the world. Yet the tax on paper was inflicted on England in the days of Queen Anne, in order that men might be hired and paid the handsome sum of sixpence per day, to accompany the Duke of Marlborough in his mission of slaughter and murder. The tax on newspapers was also imposed during the same reign for the same benevolent purpose: thus making the chief civiliser in the world a means of destroying its own labours. We cannot think on these things without indignation. How often is the question to be put to the people—How long will you endure such abuses? The Universal Press—from the thundering voice of the "leading journal" to the squeak of the smallest halfpenny pamphlet—tell us the people have the government in their own hands. Why, then, do the people not insist on the abolition of some of these vile laws?

"Let our voice but be heard in the legislative chamber," they say, "and we will soon work out our own redemption." Well, then, there is promise of hope. Lord John Russell announced last session that he intended bringing before the notice of the Commons a bill for giving the franchise to "large numbers" of the people. What could be plainer than his promise? Can we depend upon its performance? Even were Lord John willing, it would be too much to expect the House of Commons, as at present constituted, to sanction it. It is too corrupt. Were a *complete* measure of reform carried, more than half of the sitting members would be unseated. Unless the people bestir themselves betimes, and insist on having their way for once, it is very likely the reform of the Reform Bill will be forgotten next session, or a measure passed that will probably add to the number of the electors only one in five hundred or a thousand.

We must, then, have meetings of the unenfranchised in, and petitions from, every part of the country. And in order that some deference be paid them by the powers that be, the meetings should be as enthusiastic, and the petitions as emphatic, as possible. There is time enough to do all that requires to be done; but in order that it be done well, it should be commenced at once—and agitation carried on until the parliament meets.

We venture proposing a small form of petition—which can be altered to suit circumstances or places—to be numerously signed, and got ready for presentation to the House of Commons soon after the opening of the session:—

To the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled,

The petition of the undersigned, unrepresented inhabitants of [*name of place*] whose names and occupations are hereunto appended,

Humbly Showeth,

That it has been announced by the First Lord of the Treasury, that it is the intention of the Government, this session, to bring in a bill for the Extension of the Franchise;

That your Petitioners trust your Honourable House, in the extension of the privilege which is the right of every man who has to uphold, by means of abstractions from his income—however indirectly taken—the Crown and the Government, will not fail to remember that the great mass of the people in the Kingdom have no voice in the national councils, although, as your Honourable House must be aware, the unrepresented have to bear the most onerous burdens of the State;

That in the opinion of your Petitioners—after the high hopes excited in the breast of the nation—anything short of [*household suffrage, universal suffrage, or just as the case may be*] will greatly disappoint the majority of non-electors, and beget feelings of distrust and discontent, which might be dangerous to the safety of society;

That your Petitioners trust that this, their claim for justice, will receive that due consideration which the fairness of the demand, and the promise of Her Majesty's Prime Minister lead them to expect;

And your Petitioners will ever pray.

THERE'S WORK ENOUGH FOR ALL.

THERE'S work enough for all indeed,
If each performed his part;
There's moral work, and social work,
There's work for mind and heart;
There's work for sage philosophers,
With their huge fund of lore;
There's even work for simpletons,
For rich as well as poor—
There's work enough for all.

There's work for men of intellect,
Fair knowledge to diffuse;
If Providence hath given power,
It is for us to use;
The light beneath a bushel hid,
Is burnt in waste, I say;
So move the bushel, that mankind
More clearly see their way.—
There's work enough for all.

The senator hath work to do,
And if his soul be right
He'll work to crush the knowledge-tax,
The tax on heaven's light;
He'll spurn the bribe with honest scorn,
On honour's service bent;
He'll never sell his influence,
But fairly represent.—
There's work enough for all.

The preacher following the course
His LORD and Master gave,
Despising wealth as filthy dross,
Should work men's souls to save;
Nor count with keen expectant eye,
O'er livings bought and sold:
Religion is not merchandise
To chop and change for gold.—
There's work enough for all.

There's work enough for all, indeed,
For small as well as great;
And if we only work aright,
We must improve our state.
There's work for sage philosophers,
With their huge funds of lore;
There's even work for simpletons,
For rich as well as poor,—
THERE'S WORK ENOUGH FOR ALL.

[The above lines are taken from a little work recently published, entitled, "Echoes of the Heart," by John G. Watts, who, in his preface, says, the poems were written in moments which might have been employed in much less honourable pursuits—the greater part of them having been penned after his return from daily toil—from a consciousness that "There's work enough for all," no matter how humble or exalted.]

MISCELLANEOUS INFORMATION.

WHAT IS THE ORIGIN OF PLEDGING A PERSON'S HEALTH?

This practice is traced by some to the time of the Anglo-Saxons. It is said that the Danes, being addicted to treachery, were accustomed to invite the Saxons to their feasts, and stab them while in the act of lifting the vessel to drink. At last the Saxons would never drink in company unless some one present pledged them that they would receive no hurt. Strutt says that the old manner of pledging each other was for the person who was going to drink to ask one of the company near him whether he would pledge his safety. If the person so appealed to answered in the affirmative, he held up his sword or knife as a guard to his friend while in the exposed posture employed in drinking. To *pledge* signifies in old French to promise or guarantee; and it has been suggested that the original signification of the term employed in this sense was, that persons, who at the banquets did not feel themselves able to reply to numerous challenges addressed to them, might choose some one as a pledge or promise for them to drink in their place.

WHO ARE THE INMATES OF THE CHARTER HOUSE?

The pensioners of the Charter House, in the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell, is limited to eighty. They are nominated by individual governors. They are fed and lodged, and have a cloak towards their clothing, with an allowance of £20 a year for pocket-money. The class in society from which they are taken depends entirely on the discretion of the governor who gives his nomination. They must be, however, of decayed fortunes, because they are to declare their poverty on admission, and also that they have been housekeepers. "It is a grand and affecting sight," says Malcolm, "to see the majestic hall, decorated even for royalty, with tables arrayed with shining metal, supported by a large loaf to each plate, and covered by dishes smoking with excellent viands excellently cooked, and 80 ancient, respectable, venerable men, seated, partaking of the bounties of the immortal Sutton—a bounty of nearly two hundred years' standing. If we follow these men to their apartments, we find them furnished with every necessary to make them comfortable. Their age is such as to preclude a wish for excesses, nor are such permitted." The yearly expense of the house in 1815 was about £18,000, including all outgoings. A school is also connected with this institution, of which the number is forty-two. The scholars wear the academic cap, with a black gown, jacket, and breeches. They are generally the sons of gentlemen who have large families and moderate fortunes.

WHO WAS THE INVENTOR OF THE STOMACH-PUMP?

Mr. Read, the son of a Kentish farmer, and brought up to the same employment. Led to consider the best means of distributing water for agricultural purposes, he soon effected an improvement in the small engine that is usually employed for watering plants. But now the question arose,—If water could so easily be removed from one vessel to another by a common syringe, why not liquid poisons from the stomach? By modifying the syringe then in use, and attaching to it a long elastic tube intended to be passed into the stomach, Mr. Read successfully answered this important question. The death of the Bishop of Armagh, which occurred in 1822, from taking laudanum by mistake, had stimulated Mr. Read in carrying out his experiments, and Sir Astley Cooper, on being shown the instrument in its perfect state, exclaimed, "Had you brought me this three weeks ago, I could have saved the life of a young lady, who died from taking laudanum. I sat hour after hour by her side, watching her progress to dissolution, without being in the least able to avert her fate!"

WHY IS A SMOKEY ROOM UNHEALTHY?

The act of breathing is to inspire atmospheric air. Oxygen gas, of which this air is in part composed, is essential to the purification of the blood from carbon.

But if we confine a few cubic feet of air in a sitting-room, and by means of an ill-constructed chimney diffuse smoke, which is a form of carbon, throughout the apartment, we compel the lungs to breathe more of the very substance with which the blood is already saturated, and which it is the function of the lungs to remove.

HOW IS IT THAT THE WATERS OF THE THAMES ARE DRANK WITH COMPARATIVE IMPUNITY?

Used as they are for domestic purposes in London, they are not so injurious as they might be supposed to be, as it has been calculated that the volume of the Thames exceeds by 10,100 times that of the streams of impurities which are daily discharged into its bed. But during the warmer months the water dissolves a much larger proportion of its putrid contents, and is therefore more unwholesome.

WHAT IS MAUNDAY THURSDAY?

It is the day preceding that called Good Friday. It was a custom both in this and other countries, for the kings and queens, persons of high estate, and abbots of religious houses to perform their *Maunday*; that is, to wash the feet of a certain number of poor people, frequently *twelve*, in superstitious imitation of our Saviour's washing the feet of his disciples. The kings and queens of England, indeed, increased the numbers and usually washed the feet of as many persons either as they themselves were years old, or had reigned. They afterwards gave them meat, clothing, and a little bag of small money. After Cardinal Wolsey had washed and kissed the feet of fifty-nine poor men, he gave each one twelve pence in money, three ells of good canvass to make them shirts, a pair of new shoes, a cask of red herrings, and three white herrings; and one of these had two shillings. Royal gifts are still made on this day; but, happily, the superstitious practice has long been terminated.

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF DINING WITH DUKE HUMPHREY?

This phrase is said to have arisen from part of the public walks in Old St. Paul's called Duke Humphrey's-walk, where those who were unable to defray their expenses at a tavern were accustomed to walk, in the hope of obtaining an invitation. It means, therefore, to go without dinner.

WHAT IS PUDDING-TIME?

Just in time, or, as we say, "in the nick of time," at the beginning of dinner. It was formerly usual to begin with pudding, as it is still in humble life.

WHAT IS A POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION?

The word "polytechnic" is formed from two Greek words—*polus* and *technè*, and means "many arts." A Polytechnic School was founded at Paris in 1794, by a decree of the National Convention. Its object is to instruct young persons in the mathematical, physical, and chemical sciences. The lists of its professors have included the illustrious names of Lagrange, La Place, Berthodet, &c, and from the ranks of its pupils have proceeded, almost without exception, all the mathematicians and philosophers of France who have attained to eminence during the last half-century. Our own institution in Regent-street, where so many arts are exhibited, is therefore properly named.

HOW DOES A CANAL LOCK ACT?

A single lock is generally an oblong chamber, about seventy or eighty feet long, seven or eight feet wide, and lined with brick. It has a gate at each end, which, when open, connects it with the upper and lower "pounds," or perfectly level portions of the canal; but when closed, cuts off this communication. Let it be supposed that a barge is about to pass upwards through the lock. In order that the barge may enter the lock, the following conditions must be observed:—1st. That the *upper* gate is shut; 2nd. That the *lower* gate is open; and 3rd, as a necessary consequence of the second, That the water in the lock is on the

same level as that in the lower pound. These being the conditions, the barge is floated into the lock, and the lower gate closed; water is then admitted through a valve from the upper pound, till the lock is filled to the level of the upper pound. As the water rises so does the barge also; and when the lock is filled, the upper gate is opened, and the barge emerges from the lock, thence to pursue her journey along the upper pound of the canal. If, on the contrary, the barge is about to descend, the conditions must be thus:—1st. The lower gate must be closed; 2nd. The upper gate opened; and 3rd. The water in the lock must be on the same level as that in the upper pound. The barge enters the lock, and the gate is closed behind it; then a valve is opened by which the water flows out of the lock into the lower pound, until both are at the same level. The lower gate then opens, and the barge is floated out. This operation is called "*locking-down* the canal;" whereas the reverse is that of "*locking-up.*"

CURIOSITIES OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

SCENE WITH A PANTHER.

[The following is from a novel entitled "Edgar Huntley." One of the characters in the novel, Clithero, the sleepwalker, has become insane, and has fled into one of the wild mountain fastnesses of Norwalk. Edgar Huntley endeavours to discover his retreat:—]

I PASSED through the cave. . . . At that moment torrents of rain poured from above, and stronger blasts thundered amidst these desolate recesses and profound chasms. Instead of lamenting the prevalence of the tempest, I now began to regard it with pleasure. It conferred new forms of sublimity and grandeur on the scene. As I crept with hands and feet along my imperfect bridge, a sudden gust had nearly whirled me into the frightful abyss. To preserve myself, I was obliged to loose my hold of my burden, and it fell into the gulf. This incident disconcerted and distressed me. As soon as I had effected my dangerous passage, I screened myself behind a cliff, and gave myself up to reflection.

. . . .

While thus occupied, my eyes were fixed upon the opposite steeps. The tops of the trees, waving to and fro in the wildest commotion, and their trunks, occasionally bending to the blast, which in these lofty regions blew with a violence unknown in the tracts below, exhibited an awful spectacle. At length my attention was attracted by the trunk which lay across the gulf, and which I had converted into a bridge. I perceived that it had already somewhat swerved from its original position, that every blast broke or loosened some of the fibres by which its roots were connected with the opposite bank, and that, if the storm did not speedily abate, there was imminent danger of its being torn from the rock, and precipitated into the chasm. Thus my retreat would be cut off, and the evils from which I was endeavouring to rescue another, would be experienced by myself.

. . . .

I believed my destiny to hang upon the expedition with which I should recross this gulf. The moments that were spent in these deliberations were critical, and I shuddered to observe that the trunk was held in its place by one or two fibres, which were already stretched almost to breaking.

To pass along the trunk, rendered slippery by the wet and unsteadfast by the wind, was eminently dangerous. To maintain my hold in passing, in defiance of the whirlwind, required the most vigorous exertions. For this end it was necessary to discommode myself of my cloak and of the volume.

. . . .

Just as I had disposed of these encumbrances, and had risen from my seat, my attention was called to the opposite steep, by the most unwelcome object that at this time could possibly present itself. Something was perceived moving among the bushes and rocks, which, for a time, I hoped was no more than a raccoon or opossum, but which presently appeared to be a panther. His grey coat, extended claws, fiery eyes, and a cry which he at that moment uttered, and which, by its resemblance to the human voice, is peculiarly terrific, denoted him to be the most ferocious and untameable of that detested race. The industry of our hunters has nearly banished animals of prey from these precincts. The fastnesses of Norwalk, however, could not

but afford refuge to some of them. Of late I had met them so rarely that my fears were seldom alive, and I trod without caution the most rugged and solitary haunts. Still, however, I had seldom been unfurnished in my rambles with the means of defence.

. . . .

The unfrequency with which I had lately encountered this foe, and the encumbrance of provisions, made me neglect on this occasion to bring with me my usual arms. The beast that was now before me, when stimulated by hunger, was accustomed to assail whatever could provide him with a banquet of blood. He would set upon the man and the deer with equal and irresistible ferocity. His sagacity was equal to his strength, and he seemed able to discover when his antagonist was armed. . . .

My past experience enabled me to estimate the full extent of my danger. He sat on the brow of the steep, eyeing the bridge, and apparently deliberating whether he should cross it. It was probable that he had scented my footsteps thus far; and should he pass over his vigilance could scarcely fail of detecting my asylum. . . .

Should he retain his present situation, my danger was scarcely lessened. To pass over in the face of a famished tiger was only to rush upon my fate. The falling of the trunk, which had lately been so anxiously deprecated, was now with no less solicitude desired. Every new gust I hoped would tear asunder its remaining bands, and, by cutting off all communication between the opposite steeps, place me in security. My hopes, however, were destined to be frustrated. The fibres of the prostrate tree were obstinately tenacious of their hold, and presently the animal scrambled down the rock and proceeded to cross it.

Of all kinds of death, that which now menaced me was the most abhorred. To die by disease, or by the hand of a fellow-creature, was lenient in comparison with being rent to pieces by the fangs of this savage. To perish in this obscure retreat, by means so impervious to the anxious curiosity of my friends, to lose my portion of existence by so untoward and ignoble a destiny, was insupportable. I bitterly deplored my rashness in coming hither unprovided for an encounter like this.

The evil of my present circumstances consisted chiefly in suspense. My death was unavoidable, but my imagination had leisure to torment itself by anticipations. One foot of the savage was slowly and cautiously moved after the other. He struck his claws so deeply into the bark, that they were with difficulty withdrawn. At length he leaped upon the ground. We were now separated by an interval of scarcely eight feet. To leave the spot where I crouched was impossible. Behind and beside me the cliff rose perpendicularly, and before me was this grim and terrific visage. I shrunk still closer to the ground, and closed my eyes.

From this pause of horror I was aroused by the noise occasioned by a second spring of the animal. He leaped into the pit in which I had so deeply regretted that I had not taken refuge, and disappeared. My rescue was so sudden, and so much beyond my belief or my hope, that I doubted for a moment whether my senses did not deceive me. This opportunity of escape was not to be neglected. I left my place and scrambled over the trunk with a precipitation which had liked to have proved fatal. The tree groaned and shook under me, the wind blew with unexampled violence, and I had scarcely reached the opposite steep when the roots were severed from the rock, and the whole fell thundering to the bottom of the chasm.

My trepidations were not speedily quieted. I looked back with wonder on my hair-breadth escape, and on that singular concurrence of events which had placed me in so short a period in absolute security. Had the trunk fallen a moment earlier, I should have been imprisoned on the hill or thrown headlong. Had its fall been delayed another moment, I should have been pursued; for the beast now issued from its den, and testified his surprise and disappointment by tokens the sight of which made my blood run cold.

He saw me, and hastened to the verge of the chasm. He squatted on his hind-legs, and assumed the attitude of one preparing to leap. My consternation was excited afresh by these appearances. It seemed at first as if the rift was too wide for any power of muscles to carry him in safety over; but I knew the unparalleled agility of this animal, and that his experience had made him a better judge of the practicability of this exploit than I was.

Still there was hope that he would relinquish this design as desperate. This hope was quickly at an end. He sprung, and his fore legs touched the verge of the rock on which I stood. In spite of vehement exertions, however, the surface was too smooth and too hard to allow him to make good his hold. He fell, and a piercing cry, uttered below, showed that nothing had obstructed his descent to the bottom.—*Charles B. Brown.*

FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY

FOR THE YOUNG.

STRUCTURE OF ANIMALS. — When we stoop forward, as in reading a book which lies on the table, we may feel a ligament extending from the projecting part of the spine, between the shoulders, to the back part of the head. It suspends the head, and relieves the muscles. But as man generally carries his head erect, this ligament is not to be compared in strength to the corresponding part in quadrupeds, where, from the horizontal position of the spine, the head always hangs. It is long and strong in the horse; and the admirable thing is, the accurate adjustment of the elasticity of this ligament to the weight and position of the head, which is balanced by it as on a steel-yard. With this circumstance in our mind, let us observe the peculiar form of the elephant. One of the grinders of the elephant weighs seventeen pounds, and of these there are four; the jaws must be provided to give socketing to such teeth, and must have space and strength to give lodgment and attachment to muscles sufficient for moving this grinding machine: the animal must have its defence too. Now, each of the tusks sometimes weighs as much as 113 pounds. To support this enormous and heavy head, the seven vertebræ of the neck of this animal (the same number that we find in the giraffe) are compressed in so remarkable a manner as to bring the head close upon the body, making it, as it were, a part of the body without the interposition of a neck. But the animal must feed, and, as its head cannot reach the ground, it must possess an instrument like a hand to minister to the mouth, to grasp the herbage, and lift it to its lips. This instrument we see in the proboscis or trunk. Let us now see how the neck and head are accommodated for feeding, when there is no proboscis, and when the animal has a short neck. The elk is a strange uncouth animal, from the setting on of its head. The weight of the horns is enormous; and, if the head and horns were extended forwards from the body on an elongated neck, they would overbalance the body. When we observe also the want of relation between the length of the fore-legs and that of the neck, it becomes an interesting circumstance to find that the animal feeds off the sides of rocks, and does not browse upon the herbage at its feet. A remarkable proof how unable this animal is to feed in the common way was afforded by an accident which befel a fine specimen in the Zoological Gardens. His food having been unintentionally scattered upon the ground he was obliged, in order to reach it, to extend his fore-legs laterally; in this position his foot slipped, he dislocated his shoulder, and died of the accident.

QUANTITY OF BLOOD IN ANIMALS.— Those who have not considered the subject must be surprised at the quantity of blood which is propelled through the heart of any moderately-sized animal in the course of twenty-four hours. In man the quantity of blood existing in the body at any given moment is probably from 30 to 40 pints. Of these an ounce and a half, or about three table-spoonfuls, are sent out at every stroke, which multiplied into 75 (the average rate of the pulse) give 1,125 ounces, or 7 pints in a minute—*i. e.*, 420 pints, or 255 gallons in an hour; and 1,260 gallons, or nearly 24 hogsheads, in a day. Now, if we recollect that the whale is said to send out from his heart, at each stroke, 15 gallons, the imagination is overwhelmed with the aggregate of the quantity that must pass through the heart of that leviathan of the deep in twenty-four hours. It is a general law that the pulse of the larger animals is slower than that of the smaller; but even if we put the pulse of the whale as low as 20 in a minute, the quantity circulated through the heart, calculated at 15 gallons for each pulsation, will be 432,000 gallons, equal to 8,000 hogsheads, in twenty-four hours. The consideration of this amazing quantity is, however, a subject of mere empty wonder if not accompanied with the reflection, that, in order to produce the aggregate amount, the heart is kept in constant motion, and that, in fact, it is incessantly beating, as it is termed, or throwing out the blood in the arteries, from the first period of our existence to the moment of our death, without any sensation of fatigue, or even without our being conscious of the process, except it be interrupted by corporal or mental agitation.

THE BUSH-ROPE VINE.—A vine called the bush-rope by the woodcutters, on account of its use in hauling out the heaviest timber, has a singular appearance in the forests of Demerara, in South America. Sometimes you see it nearly as thick as a man's body, twisted like a corkscrew round the tallest trees, and rearing its head high above their tops. At other times, three or four of them, like strands in a cable, join tree to tree, and branch to branch, together. Others, descending from on high, take root as soon as their extremity touches the ground, and

appear like shrouds and stays supporting the mainmast of a ship; while others, sending out shoots in all directions, remind you of what travellers call a matted forest. Oftentimes a tree, above a hundred feet high, uprooted by the whirlwind, is stopped in its fall by these amazing cables of nature; hence you see trees with their trunks inclined very far from the perpendicular, not only vegetating, but sending forth vigorous shoots, their heads remaining firmly supported by the bush-rope; many of their roots soon refix themselves in the earth and frequently a strong shoot will sprout out perpendicularly from near the root of the reclining trunk, and in time become a fine tree.

GIGANTIC TREES IN VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.—We have been to-day to see the *Giants* on the bank of the Emu River, below the confluence of the Loud Water, and on the Hampshire Hills side. Though we did not find a tree of 70 feet actual girth, there was one of 55 feet at four feet from the ground, carrying up its magnitude to a surprising height. Others, within a few hundred yards, measured 48, 43, 40½, 38, 37, 32, and 28 feet, all of them fine trees of about 200 feet in height. None of them were much decayed at the bottom, though in general a little broken at the top. On the base of one of them was a tumour, or carbuncle, measuring 12 feet across and 6 feet high. Amongst them was a fallen tree 22 feet at the base, and 19 at 110 feet up: a limb of 13½ feet sprung from it at 90 feet of elevation, and at 120 feet two other large limbs; at 150 feet the general head commenced; its total height, as measured, was 213 feet. By its fall it had uprooted another 168 feet long, which had brought up a ball of earth 20 feet across. These trees were all Stringy Barks. When we returned from Emu Bay, four miles up the road, I measured a Stringy Bark in a state of decay, 196 feet to the branches; and near to it a White Gum 30 feet round; and on the Lopham road, two of 35 and 33 feet, their height probably 180 feet. The loftiest Tree Ferns were 30 feet in the trunk, 12 feet fronds; the largest circumference 8½ feet. I have also measured, at the Hampshire Hills, a broad-leaved Swamp Tea Tree (*Leptospermum Lanigerum*) 70 feet by 7; a Silver Wattle, 60 feet by 11 feet 2 inches, spreading 60 feet; and a Sassifras, 140 feet by 6 feet. The largest Myrtle I have measured was 28 feet, but I think they may be found exceeding 30 feet.—*Extract of a Letter from the Hampshire Hills, Van Dieman's Land.*

KING COAL AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

They drew me forth from my darksome den,
Where for ages I dwelt with night:
They bore me up, and with shouts of men,
They welcomed me into the light.
O'er hill and o'er vale, by steam and by rail,
They conveyed me safe and whole;
They placed me in state at the Palace gate,
And there I reign, King Coal.

For 'twas mine these walls, with their silvery sheen,
To prepare in their crystal sea;
And the forest of pillars that tower within,
Were molten and shaped by me.
Yon engine that proudly lifts his beam,
The spindles that merrily roll,
The circling wheel and the moving steam,
Are all set to work by King Coal.

The rulers have kept King Coal without—
Within it is Gold that reigns;
But with me there is peace and labour stout,
Whilst Gold gathers care with his gains.
In the Palace are beauties to charm the eye,
And riches to tempt the soul,
And canopied couches where kings may lie;
But their costliest bed of state cannot vie
With a bed of the dark King Coal.

J.

TECHNICAL EXPOSITOR.

s. noun-substantive; *a.* adjective; *ad.* adverb; *v.* verb; *v.a.* verb-active; *v.n.* verb-neuter.

FASCIC'ULAR, *a.* united in a bundle; resembling a bundle of rods; in *botany*, the term is used to describe those roots of the tuberous kind in which the knobs are collected in bundles, as the peony, &c.

FAS'CINE, *s.* (in fortification) fagots, or small branches of trees, mixed with earth to fill up trenches, or to make up a parapet for protection.

FAST'NESS, *s.* a strong place; strength; security.

FA'TA-MORGA'NA, *s.* a name given to a very striking optical delusion which has been noticed, chiefly in the Strait of Messina, between the coasts of Sicily and Calabria. The images of men, of houses, &c., are occasionally seen from the coast, sometimes in the water, and sometimes in the air, or at the surface of the water.

FA'TALISM, *s.* the doctrine that all things happen by inevitable necessity.

FATES, *s. pl.* (in mythology) the Destinies; goddesses supposed to preside over the birth and life of man. They were three in number, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos. The first was supposed to hold the distaff, the second to draw the thread of human life, and the third to cut it off.

FA'THERLAND, *s.* the land of our ancestors.

FATH'OM, *s.* a measure containing six feet, being taken from the space a man can reach with both his arms extended; *v.a.* to penetrate into, to sound, to ascertain the depth of anything.

FATID'ICAL, *a.* having the power to foretell events, &c.

FATU'ITY, *s.* foolishness, weakness of mind, idiocy

FAU'CET, *s.* the pipe inserted into a vessel to give vent to the liquor, and stopped up by a vent or spigot.

FAUN, *s.* a sort of inferior heathen deity, pretended to inhabit the woods; thence called sylvan deities.

FAV'ILLOUS, *a.* consisting of ashes.

FAV'OSITE, *s.* a genus of fossil zoophytes.

FE'ALTY, *s.* homage, loyalty, submission; duty due to a superior.

FEAS'IBLE, *a.* practicable; that may be done.

FEAT, *s.* an act, a deed; trick or sleight; *a.* neat, quick, ready.

FEATH'ER-EDGE, *s.* the name given to boards or planks that have one edge thinner than another.

FEAT'LY, *ad.* neatly, nimbly, readily.

FEA'TURE, *s.* the cast or make of the face; any lineament or single part of the face; the chief point in any plan, object, or undertaking.

FEB'RIFUGE, *s.* any medicine serviceable in a fever.

FE'BRILE, *a.* relating or belonging to a fever.

FE'CIT (Latin) *s.* a word used by artists to indicate the designer, sculptor, or engraver of any piece of art.

FEC'ULA, *s.* the green matter of plants; the extract of vegetables; starch.

FEC'ULENCE, *s.* muddiness, lees, dregs.

FE'CUND, *a.* fruitful, prolific, rich.

FED'ERAL, *a.* relating to a league or confederation.

FEE, *s.* a reward; wages; payment claimed by persons in office; reward to physicians or lawyers; in *law*, all lands and tenements that are held by any acknowledgment of superiority to a higher lord, called *fee simple* when unconditional.

FE'LINE, *a.* belonging to or resembling a cat; the name given to a class of animals of the cat kind, which, though differing in size and colour, are nearly allied to each other.

FELL'MONGER, *s.* a dealer in hides or skins of beasts.

FE'LO-DE-SE (French) *s.* one who commits self-murder; a suicide.

FEL'LOE, *s.* the circumference of a wheel.

FEL'LOW, *s.* a companion, an associate, an equal; a mean person; a member of a college; *fellow* is also used as a compound word in many cases—as *fellow-citizen*, *fellow-servant*, *fellow-commoner*, &c.

FEL'LOWSHIP, *s.* companionship; partnership; an establishment in a college, with share in its revenue; in *arithmetic*, that rule of plural proportion whereby accounts are balanced depending between divers persons who have put together a general stock.

FEL'ON, *s.* a criminal; one who has committed a capital offence or crime.

FEL'SPAR, *s.* a crystalised mineral compound of silica, alumina, and potash, one of the constituents of granite, softer than quartz, and harder than glass—generally

white, greyish, or reddish, and convertible into clay.

FELT, *s.* a kind of cloth, the particles of which are united without weaving; used in making hats, &c.

FELUC'CA, *s.* a small open boat with six oars.

FEM'ME COUVE'RTE (French) *s.* a married woman protected from personal liabilities. *Fem'me sol'e*, an unmarried woman.

FEM'ININE, *a.* belonging to a female; soft, tender, womanish.

FEM'ORAL, *a.* belonging to the thigh.

FEN, *s.* a marsh, a moor, a bog; soft moist ground.

FENCE, *s.* a guard, enclosure, mound, hedge.

FEN'CING, *s.* the art of defence by weapons.

FENES'TRAL, *a.* belonging to windows.

FE'ODATARY, *s.* one who holds an estate under tenure of service, &c., to a superior lord.

FEOFF'MENT, *s.* (in law) the act of granting possession.

FERMENTA'TION, *s.* an internal and spontaneous motion of the small particles of a mixed body, caused by the operation of some active acid matter. Chemists have distinguished fermentation into five kinds:—1. The *saccharine* fermentation, by which starch and gum are converted into *sugar*. 2. The alcoholic, or *vinous* fermentation, by which sugar is converted into *alcohol*. 3. The viscous, or *mucilaginous* fermentation, which converts sugar into slime or *mucilage* instead of alcohol. 4. The *acetous* fermentation, by which alcohol is converted into *vinegar*. 5. The *putrid* fermentation, or *putrefaction*, which is exhibited in its most marked form in the putrefaction of animal substances.

FERN, *s.* a plant growing on heaths, &c.

FER'REOUS, *a.* made of iron, or containing iron.

FERRICAL'CITE, *s.* a species of calcareous earth, or limestone, combined with about 15 per cent. of iron.

FERRIG'INOUS, *a.* partaking of iron.

FER'RULE, *s.* an iron ring put round anything to keep it from cracking; an instrument of chastisement used in some schools.

FER'RY, FER'RYBOAT, *s.* a boat for conveying passengers across rivers, creeks, &c.

FER'VID, *a.* vehement, zealous, burning.

FESS'E-POINT, *s.* the centre of an escutcheon.

FES'TER, *v.n.* to rankle, to corrupt.

FESTOON', *s.* an ornament of carved work in the form of a wreath or garland of flowers or leaves twisted together, thickest at the middle, and suspended by the two extremes, whence it hangs down perpendicularly.

FES'TUCOUS, *a.* formed of straw.

FET'ICH, FET'ISH, *s.* an idol worshipped by certain of the African negroes.

FET'ID, *a.* stinking; having an offensive smell; rancid.

FET'LOCK, *s.* a tuft of hair that grows behind a horse's leg, in the space between the joint next to the foot and the hoof.

FEU'DAL, *a.* dependant; held by tenure of a superior lord.

FEU-DE-JOIE (French) a bonfire; firing of guns on any joyful occasion.

FEU'ILLAGE, *s.* a bunch or row of leaves.

FE'VER, *s.* a disease in which the body is violently heated, and the pulse quickened, or in which heat and cold prevail by turns.

FI'BRE, *s.* a small thread or string; the first constituent parts of bodies.

FIB'ULA, *s.* the outer and lesser bone of the leg.

FIC'TILE, *a.* moulded into form; manufactured by the potter.

FIC'TION, *s.* a story or thing feigned or invented; a falsehood.

FICTI'TIOUS, *a.* imaginary, false, not real, allegorical.

FID, *s.* a pointed iron with which seamen entwist cords.

FIDU'CIAL, *a.* confident, undoubting.

FIEF, *s.* a fee; a manor; possession held by tenure of a superior.

FIELD'-MARSHAL, *s.* the officer of highest military rank in England.

FIEND, *s.* an infernal being; an enemy.

FIE'RI FA'CIAS (in law), *s.* a judicial writ for him that has recovered in an action of debt or damages, to the sheriff, to command him to levy the debt or the damages.

FIG'MENT, *s.* a fiction; an invention.

FIG'URATIVE, *a.* not literal; representative; metaphorical.

FIG'URE, *s.* shape; external form; resemblance; a statue, an image; a representation in painting; in *arithmetic*, a character denoting some number; in *theology*, a type; in *rhetoric*, the change of a word is a *trope*, and any affection of a sentence a *figure*.

FIL'AMENT, *s.* a slender thread, a fibre.

FILE, *s.* a steel tool to rub down prominences; a wire for papers; a line of soldiers; a catalogue; a roll; a series.

FIL'IAL, *a.* pertaining to or becoming a son.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND AND FAMILY INSTRUCTOR
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GRUMBLING, OR FREE CRITICISM, THE GLORY OF OLD ENGLAND.

It is said that English is a mongrel tongue, made up of one can hardly tell what. So it may be; but still we would not change it for any modern or ancient language of which we have ever heard or read. We have the advantage of expressing ourselves in almost any dialect we please. We can speak plain Saxon, heavy German, musical Italian, polished French, or learned Greek; so that in speech we can become all things to all men. "Grumbling" and "Grumbler" are good old words, which, in their very sound, seem to speak their own sense; but still they are not considered very polite, and hence we prefer "criticism" to "grumbling." A grumbler is supposed to be no better than he should be, but, of course, a critic is a learned personage and a gentleman; and yet the words are not very unlike in their signification. To grumble is to find fault, and to find fault is considered one main part of criticism—so much so, indeed, that, if a book is reviewed, without having any part condemned, the writer of the critique generally makes an apology for not having practised this important branch of his avocation.

In England, grumbling, or rather criticism, is practised by everyone. It is no small portion of our Magna Charta. It is quite amusing to see an Englishman enter a train just after he has settled his bill at the hotel where he has spent the last two or three days and nights. He has hardly dismissed the porter who has put his carpet-bag under the seat and touched his hat to him, before he begins:—The charges are most outrageous; the bread was sour; the butter rancid; the ham rusty; the coffee abominable; the tea no better; the eggs addled; the meat spoilt in cooking, or too tough and hard to be eaten; the fowl was twenty years old; the soup nothing but coloured water with some filthy seasoning in it; and the beer, porter, wine, and spirits, no one could drink without being ill; and, as a proof of this, the gentleman himself has been taking physic for the last fortnight, and is not yet recovered from aliments brought on by the horrid food and drink which he had to pay for at so dear a rate. And he now suspects that the drugs he has used were adulterated, or that the stupid chemist gave him the wrong medicine. And, as to going to bed, why you had better stay up than sleep in such miserable and wretched rooms, where either the curtains suffocate you, or the want of them brings on such dreadful attacks of toothache and rheumatism. And as for the beds, they were so soft that you were buried, or so hard that your bones were sore. Our friend has travelled through England and the Continent, and can tell you the most doleful tales, also, about the tortures inflicted by the railway carriages. In the first class you are melted with heat, from the lining and padding; in the second, rubbed raw by the hard boards; and in the third, thrown into a consumption by draughts. On a porter, the other day, asking for a sight of the railway ticket, at Bristol, "That," said an angry gentleman, "is the ninety-ninth time between this and London." Poor John Bull, the whole world sets on him to do him some wrong. He is an Ishmaelite, and has every man's hand against him, and, were it not that he can use his own rather adroitly, would soon be fretted out of his life. His own country has hardly a good thing in it, and in other lands matters are ten times worse.

We can assure our readers that having travelled a little through England and on

the Continent, we have heard not only all the complaints here recorded, but enough to fill volumes ; so that we always expect when we meet with a countryman that we shall hear him find fault. Perhaps some of our readers will be ready to say that the remarks given above are proofs that we—the writer—are no better than others ; and, therefore, we stop to assure them that we pen these observations without one drop of bile in our pens or our temperament. Having for a long time given up all stimulants, we are never bilious, and therefore we have never any gall to pollute our pages with ; and as a proof of this we are first going to show that one of the finest traits in John Bull's character is his disposition to grumble. A Frenchman is too polite to find fault, and bows most gentlemanly to everything and everybody. Politeness is all in all to him. He would rather have his morals, his judgment, his taste, his anything, suspected than his politeness. An American—a real Yankee—has already arrived at perfection ; and to breathe a whisper unfavourable to anything American is to wound him to his inmost heart ; and therefore you never hear Brother Jonathan saying one word in disparagement of himself or his country. There everything and everybody "*goes a-head.*" It is true our brother lays rather hardly on other people, and especially on the "*Britishers,*" but you never find him speaking otherwise than well of himself and the States. Even Slavery, a learned American doctor told us a week or two since, must be treated kindly. We should remember that it is *American,* and, therefore, should not be criticised too severely.

Now, there is nothing at all of this about John Bull. He is so rough, or has, in spite of his impoliteness, so keen a sense of the true, the right, and the beautiful, that he spares nothing, whether foreign or domestic, which in his judgment falls short of perfection. Hence, no man in England expects the least mercy to be shown to his faults and imperfections. Rank, royalty, wealth, literature, art, trades, science, private character, and even religion, are all examined and criticised with the utmost freedom. It is no use to say the thing is English, is home-made, &c., &c. ; those very words would make a real Anglo-Saxon the more severe. Everyone and everything have to go under the ordeal of his critical eye, but none are examined so unmercifully as the English and English productions. A Scotsman will be forgiven ; an Irishman or Welshman may pass without much difficulty ; and a foreigner, notwithstanding John's reputed boorishness, will have many allowances ; at the lofty gait of an American, John Bull laughs aloud, and is too merry to be over severe ; but when he has hold of a real Englishman bred and born, there is no pity. Everything that he says or does is picked to pieces, and the poor victim finds there is no help for him in these critical junctures.

Some may suppose that the result of all this is very *bad,* but, far from this, the nation owes no small degree of its pre-eminence to these grumblings or criticisms. A real Anglo-Saxon, like the Spartan youth, who was bleeding under the scourge, would be ashamed to cry out, to ask for mercy, or even show a distorted look. He imagines that a thing which cannot bear a little rough handling is of too gingerbread a character to last long. It is amusing to find how obsequiously some authors, authoresses, and others, will supplicate for gentle treatment, and their plea is seldom refused, though John is generally wicked enough to remark that as they are too frail to be even looked at, why he will pass them by. Nothing is more amusing to an Englishman than to see the care with which almost everything, in some countries, is protected from public gaze and popular breath. What a delicate

thing is royalty on the Continent, and even Presidents are now getting as tender and frail as kings; they act as if a mere zephyr would blow them all away. Monarchs, nobles, bishops, priests, senators, manufacturers, generals, &c., &c., seem to be made of wax-work in other land, and therefore not a breath must be heard except in their praise. What fragile things the Pope, the King of Prussia, and the Emperors of Austria and Russia must be, if we give credit to their various modes of defence, from even the slightest attack.

Among us, on the contrary, everything which is good has borne the storms of ages. The oak is justly sacred to British hearts. The king of the forest only stands the firmer, and has struck its roots the deeper for having had to endure the blasts of a thousand winters, or the heat of a thousand summers; and whatever among us is based in truth and right, is equally bold and strong. Here monarchy is not squeamish, nor tottering, because it has allowed itself to be examined and freed from its oppressions. Our aristocracy and prelacy also have the advantage of being called to the bar of public opinion, and by timely reform or improvement may secure respect. Our language, science, literature, arts, and religion, make progress because they are every day sent to the national school, and are periodically examined. And this latter operation is no "*little go*," as they say at Cambridge. There is no respect of persons by our grumblers, *alias* critics; but every one who blunders or trips is sure to be plucked.

Now, we owe almost everything to this finding of fault, and these inquisitions of public opinion. Yonder magistrate knows if he does not judge justly and rightly he will be in the pillory of the Press before mid-day to-morrow, and will, perhaps, have to hang there for the next seven, or seventy, or seven hundred years. Jeffries is being gibbeted now, and will be so until time shall end. Being suspended a few hours like Archbishop Leighton's father, or Defoe, is child's play compared with this. What is the reason that yonder lordling has to get his tea or his coffee made more than usually strong this morning, and has taken a glass of brandy to boot? Alas, alas! the *Times* newspaper is lying on the table, along with other journals, and he made a speech yesterday at a public meeting or in Parliament, and it is not only reported, but, ten to one, it is commented upon. The grumblers have been at work. See how the noble senator's colour comes and goes, and yet what is the use of it? He has been in the inquisition and now is in the pillory. "*Litera scripta manet.*" Thousands of copies expose his folly. His logic, his English, his rhetoric, which cost him days and nights of labour, are torn to tatters and scattered to the winds never to be gathered up again. Does he not wish himself a Turk, and bless the empire of Nicolaus of Russia, the Pope, or the President of France, under which the press is gagged? But it is no good; oaths, curses, libels, blustering, letters of explanation, all, all fail, and the only thing left him is to learn a lesson from his folly, and resolve to mend, or to hold his tongue.

One, perhaps, of our most exquisite grumblers or critics is *Punch*. Those who get into his power feel themselves as it were in the grasp of one who, while he professes to tickle, positively tortures, and the more anguish he inflicts the more loudly he laughs, and never more so than when he gets a monarch, a lord, a bishop, or any gentleman in black in his hands. There is a good deal of true John Bullism in all this. For, after all, he means no harm. There is real philanthropy in all. He wants all men, and especially Englishmen, to be perfect in knowledge, manners,

arts, and religion; and hence he can, notwithstanding his seeming cruelty, be as good-natured as an angel to all those who take his advice and learn to excel. What monuments he has erected for Milton, Howard, Newton, and others! England has risen because she has had critics, and has allowed them freedom of speech. But for the men who have pointed out her faults, she would still have been a barbarian nation, and should she ever become so vain or besotted as to silence public opinion, from that hour her sun will go down.

THE ARABS IN SPAIN.

(*Concluded.*)

IMMEDIATELY after the imprisonment of his uncle, Aben Osmin was proclaimed Mohammed IX. by his own partisans. His possession of the Moorish sceptre however, was not long undisputed. Another claimant, whose pretensions were supported by Abdelbar, the hagib of the late king, and a large body of the nobles, appeared in the person of Mohammed ben Ismail. To narrate in detail their contentions for the tottering throne of Granada would be tedious and uninstructive, and would occupy space which may be more agreeably and profitably taken up in this closing sketch of the history of the Mohammedan power in Spain. Alternately aided in their suicidal strife by Juan of Castile, the common enemy of both, they wasted energies which should have been employed in building up the relics of their doomed and fast-falling kingdom. Gradually the party of Aben Ismail gained the ascendancy. Finding that all hopes of successfully continuing the struggle were at an end, Aben Osmin resolved to signalise his fall by an act truly characteristic of a Moorish prince. Under the pretext of consulting the safety of the city, which was closely beset by the forces of his rival, he called together the chief citizens of Granada, such especially as he knew were favourable to the cause of Aben Ismail, and as they successively arrived at the door they were seized and executed by the soldiers of the guard. He then secretly left the city, plunged into the mountains, and was never heard of more.

On the disappearance of the son of Osmin, the gates of Granada were opened to Aben Ismail, who was proclaimed king as Mohammed X. His brief reign of two years was disturbed throughout by the continual irruptions of Enrique IV., the new king of Castile. In vain did the Moorish sovereign apply for a truce, and even offer to hold his narrowed dominions, which were now bounded between the mountains of Elvira and the sea, as a fief of Castile. The additional condition of an annual tribute of twelve thousand pistoles was insisted on, and at this cost was it that he purchased a brief peace before his death, in A.D. 1467.

The days of Moorish power in Spain were numbered in the Book of Fate, and the destined period was fast hastening to a close. Few more fitting instruments could have been found to accomplish the adverse purposes of fate than Ali Muley Abul Hassan, who succeeded his father. The first three years of his reign were passed in comparative peace, but the flames of internal war were again lighted by the revolt of the Governor of Malaga. In vain did Abul Hassan attempt to regain the allegiance which had been transferred to Enrique of Castile. For more than six years he ineffectually carried on a desultory but destructive warfare, which raged almost without intermission, making lamentable havoc among the best soldiers of his kingdom. In A.D. 1474 Enrique died, and was succeeded by Ferdinand and Isabella. From them Abul Hassan obtained a truce, which procured him a temporary tranquillity from without. But, if free from foreign invasion, he was harassed by the scarcely less ruinous discord which reigned within the walls of Granada. The Sultana Zoraya, mother of Abu Abdalla, heir-presumptive of the throne, entertained a deep hatred against another of his wives, a Spanish lady, and mother of two princes. The chief affection of the king was placed on the latter, whose interests and those of her children were espoused by a large number of the Moorish chiefs, whilst a still more numerous but not more influential portion adhered to the cause of Zoraya and her son.*

* In some accounts of the civil wars which arose out of these disputed claims, Zoraya is said to

How fatal these internal disorders proved will soon be seen. In 1478 the truce with Castile expired, and Abul Hassan applied for its renewal. The Christian sovereigns, who were too busily engaged in their own domestic wars with the partisans of the Princess Juana, consented, resolving at the same time to attempt the final overthrow of the Moorish power so soon as the rivalry with Juana had been brought to an end. Aware of this, Abul Hassan paid but little respect to the provisions of the treaty. In 1481 he crossed the frontiers of Andalusia, and arrived before the fortress of Zahara, which he knew to be feebly garrisoned. The opportunity was highly favourable to the assailants. The night was dark, the wind high, and the rain descended in torrents, circumstances which inspired the inhabitants with a fatal security, and thus rendered easy the capture of the fortress. Aided by the darkness, the Moorish soldiers silently approached the walls, which they scaled, and took possession of the place before the surprised Christians could dream of defence. Having placed a strong garrison in the place, and strengthened the fortifications, Abul Hassan returned triumphant to Granada. His joy, however, was of short duration, for a similar and equally successful attack was made by a determined band of Christians upon Alhama, one of the bulwarks of the capital itself, though distant from it about fifteen leagues. The intelligence spread the greatest consternation through Granada. Having assembled a large army, the king marched hastily to recover a place of such importance; but, hearing of the approach of Ferdinand to its relief, he as hastily retired. A second effort was made for its recovery; but Abul Hassan was recalled to Granada, in the middle of his besieging operations, by the intelligence that a conspiracy to dethrone him was active in the capital. On reaching the Alhambra, the king was not surprised to hear that his wife, Zoraya, and his son, Abu Abdalla, were the prime movers of the rebellion. He speedily consigned both to the tower of Comares, one of the atalayas or watch-towers of the Alhambra, and would have saved himself any further trouble from his son, by the summary aid of the executioner, had not Zoraya effected his escape. Having bribed the keepers, she introduced her women into the tower, and, by means of their veils and tunics tied together, lowered the prince in the night from the battlements to the foot of the tower, where a number of trusty horsemen were prepared to receive him. His partisans immediately proclaimed him in the city, amidst loud cries of "Long live the king Abu Abdalla!"

To relate in detail the commotions consequent upon this disastrous rivalry between father and son would only be to weary the reader by a repetition of similar disorders to those which have latterly occupied so much of these papers. An outline of the most prominent facts must suffice. Abu Abdalla seized upon the Alhambra, and compelled his father to retire to Malaga. As might be expected, whilst Granada was thus being torn asunder by the contentions of its rulers, its old hereditary foes were not slow in taking advantage of circumstances so favourable to the invader. Anxious, however, to establish his own power in the capital, Abu Abdalla offered but little opposition to the arms of the Christians, whose irruptions were chiefly repelled by the forces of his father. In two consecutive actions between isolated detachments of Christians and Moors, the latter had the advantage, but in a third Abu Abdalla himself, who had advanced as far as Lucena, to share in the war, was defeated and made prisoner. A heavy ransom, however, soon after obtained his liberation and sent him forward to renew a contest which was to be the last in the history of Granada as a Mohammedan state. In the meantime a third party had arisen, who, dissatisfied with the father because he was infirm with age, and with the son because he was the reputed ally of Ferdinand and Isabella, resolved to exclude them both from the throne. Abul Hassan was easily persuaded to give up a struggle which was fast hastening the downfall of the state. Not so, however, with Abu Abdalla. He declined to surrender his claims upon the Moorish sceptre, and prepared to assert them in opposition to the prince whom the new party had put forward. Their choice had fallen upon Abdalla el Zagal, the wali of Malaga, and brother of the abdicated sovereign. El Zagul was not unqualified for the station to which he was thus unexpectedly raised. By his valour and experience he had successfully defended the frontiers of his province against the Christians, and had obtained some advantages over them in the isolated contests which continually raged between the two people. A vivid idea of the man and of the age may be given by a record

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ave been the Spanish lady, whilst Ayxa la orra is given as the name of the mother Abu Abdalla. The account given above seems be supported by the best authorities. The ere question of name, however, is of little im-ortance.

of the fact, that when he entered Granada a hundred Christian heads hung from the saddlebows of his escort. These he had obtained in his passage through the mountains from Malaga to the capital, where they helped to secure him the boisterous welcome of the mob.

Ferdinand's ready espousal of the cause of Abu Abdalla confirmed the suspicion that the latter had consented to hold Granada as a fief of the united crowns of Aragon and Castile. The Christian monarch took the field in person, under the pretext of succouring his vassal, but in reality for the purpose of securing to himself some of the chief fortresses to the north and west of the capital. In 1486 he caused Ronda, Marbella, Cahir, and Cartama, to be invested at the same time. These important places were speedily reduced, and Moclin, Velez-Malaga, and Loxa, were next besieged. This formidable progress of the Christian arms awakened the alarm of the inhabitants of the capital, who perceived that if the last-mentioned towns were taken little would be left them in that direction beyond the limits of their own ramparts. The two rival kings were reluctantly induced to suspend their shameful contentions, and turn their united arms against the common foe. This they did, however, with little success. El Zagal succeeded in relieving Moclin, but failed in endeavouring to raise the siege of Velez-Malaga, which was compelled to open its gates to the blockading army. On his return to Granada, the inhabitants, incensed at his failure, refused to admit him, and he retired to Guadix. In the meantime Abu Abdalla had thrown himself into Loxa, but was compelled to submit to the general of Ferdinand, by whom he was again received into allegiance, and permitted to revisit Granada. But the walls of that capital now embraced nearly the whole of his kingdom, for Almeria, Guadix, and Baza acknowledged El Zagal, while the Christians successively obtained possession of the fortresses they had invested.

The city of Malaga became the next object against which their victorious arms were directed. Fortified by nature and art, and defended by a strong garrison well supplied with provisions, this coveted stronghold continued for some months to baffle the efforts of Ferdinand in person, and even of Isabella, who repaired to the camp of her husband with the determination of remaining there until the city opened its gates to the besieging army. During the siege an act strikingly in harmony with the Moorish character, was attempted by a Moor named Abrahen Algerbi, who aimed at reviving the Mohammedan cause by the assassination of the two sovereigns. He was a native of Tunis, which he had left to settle in a village near Guadix, where the gravity of his deportment and the austerity of his life had gained him the reputation of a saint. The man himself believed that he was commissioned by heaven to raise the siege of Malaga; and, under the pretence that he had received a direct supernatural injunction to this effect, he induced four hundred men to aid him in the object of his mission. Two hundred of them succeeded in gaining an entrance into the besieged city; the remainder, who ventured to attack the Christian outposts, were cut to pieces. The fanatic Abrahen himself was with the latter division, but was taken alive, and brought before one of the Christian generals. To the questions which were asked him he refused to give any other reply than that he had an important communication for the king and queen, which he would deliver only personally to themselves. Ferdinand had retired for his *siesta* after dinner; and as the Queen refused to see the Moor alone, she ordered him to be removed to an adjoining tent until the king should awake. In the tent to which Algerbi was introduced were a Portuguese nobleman and two ladies. From the magnificence of their dresses and the splendid furniture of the tent, he concluded that he was in the presence of the king and queen; and, instantly drawing a poinard, he mortally wounded the cavalier, and had almost murdered the principal lady when one of the queen's officers entered and disarmed him. Other Castilians hastened to the tent, and the assassin fell beneath their swords. His mangled body was thrown into the city, where, notwithstanding the failure of his enterprise, his remains were reverently washed and interred. Malaga soon after surrendered; the mercenary soldiers, by whom it had been mainly defended, were made slaves: such of the inhabitants as had obstinately opposed the capitulation were expelled from the city, the mosques were immediately purified, and, as usual, converted into Christian temples.

Having now gained possession of the western fortresses of the kingdom, Ferdinand turned his attention to the reduction of the eastern strongholds also. Velez el Rubio, Vera, Mujacar, and several other towns in that part of the Moorish dominions, opened their gates on the first summons; but the Christians failed before Huesca, Baza, and Taberna. In 1489, however, Ferdinand again hastened to the

field at the head of 50,000 foot, and 12,000 horse, resolved to complete the subjugation of the Moorish territories. The better to conceal his designs, he first laid siege to the towns which still held out for El Zagal. Xucar and Baza, the most important of these, were speedily invested and taken; the downfall of the remaining towns followed soon after. Ferdinand generously bestowed ample possessions upon El Zagal; but tired of living privately where he had ruled as a king, in the following year the Moorish prince sold his domains and retired to Africa.

With the retirement of Abdalla El Zagal from the field of rivalry with his nephew, and the consequent accession of the latter to the sole sovereignty of what remained of the kingdom of Granada. opens the last brief act in this historic drama. The Moorish power was now almost literally confined to the walls of the capital, into which Ferdinand summoned his impotent vassal to admit a Christian garrison, and on his refusal he proceeded to invest it with an army of 50,000 foot and 10,000 horse. During the early part of the siege, the Christian host suffered greatly from the sallying parties of the besieged, whom fanaticism and despair had inspired with all but invincible courage. These partial actions proved so injurious to his army, that Ferdinand at length forbade them, and to protect his camp against the daring irruptions of the Moors, he surrounded it with thick walls and deep ditches. Convinced that Ferdinand was now resolute in the reduction of the place, Musa, the Moorish general, a man of great valour and ability, resolved to make a last effort to storm the Christian entrenchments. The besiegers anticipated the purpose of the Moorish troops as they stealthily issued from the gates of Granada, and advanced to meet them in the space between the camp and the city walls. Conscious that they were making a final effort for their faith and liberty, the Moors fought with the desperation of men whose all depended upon victory. But "Allah in his eternal decrees had resolved the destruction of Granada;" the superior numbers and steadier courage of the Christians prevailed, and the Mussulmans were driven back into the city with fearful slaughter. These successes, however, were dearly bought by the troops of Ferdinand, and to prevent the useless loss of soldiers which they involved, he turned the siege into a blockade, resolving to await the inevitable effect of famine. All communication with the mountains, whence the besieged derived their sustenance, was cut off, and the city surrounded by a strong cordon of troops. To convince the inhabitants of Granada of his unalterable determination, and of the fate which awaited their city, he built and fortified the new city of Santa Fe, about two leagues west of Granada, as a permanent camp, and a security for his army and court against the possible despair of the Moors.

The privations to which the besieged were subjected, caused them to murmur, and to threaten their imbecile ruler with destruction. In this emergency, the hapless Abdalla summoned a council of his chiefs, to consider what should be done. They all agreed that resistance was hopeless, and that the condition of the mob rendered it imperative than an attempt should be made to procure favourable terms of capitulation from the Castilian sovereign. The hagib, Abul Cassem, a venerable old man, was forthwith sent to the Christian camp, and on the 25th of November, 1491, the following conditions of surrender were agreed upon:—"That the city should be given up in two months, unless relieved in the interim; that the Moorish king, his wasirs and sheiks, should swear allegiance to Ferdinand and Isabella, and that all the inhabitants should transfer their homage from Abu Abdalla to the victors; that Abu Abdalla should be provided with domains and estates sufficient to support him in becoming splendour; that every Mussulman should have entire liberty, and preserve their present property; that they should be allowed the free exercise of their religion, their mosques, their alfaquis, and even their own laws and judges; that during three years they should be exempted from taxes, and that afterwards they should pay only what they had paid to their own kings; and that they should deliver up five hundred hostages for the faithful performance of these stipulations." When these conditions were laid before the Moorish council, they regarded them with mournful solemnity. The gloomy silence was first broken by Musa, the brave general who had striven so zealously to sustain the courage and hopes of his fellow-citizens during the siege. He raised his voice in earnest expostulation, and advised them rather to perish than surrender the last stronghold of their faith in Europe to the Christian foe. The silence which followed his appeal, told that it had been made in vain. He then left the council-chamber, took his horse and arms, issued from the gate Elvira, plunged into the mountains, and was heard of no more. After his departure, the king and council, with mournful unanimity, agreed to the proposals of Fer-

dinand. The disordered state of the populace, whose fanaticism would probably have buried the city in ruins, compelled the unfortunate Abdalla to entreat Ferdinand to take possession of the city even sooner than had been stipulated. The Christian sovereign readily complied with the request.

On the 4th of January, A.D. 1492, the sun had scarcely forced his first rays over the white summits of the Sierra Nevada, ere the mother and household of the Moorish king issued from Granada, by the *Puerta de los Molinos* (Gate of the Mills); while Abu Abdalla himself, accompanied by an escort of fifty horsemen, rode out to a small Moorish mosque, on the banks of the Xenil, and now converted into the chapel of San Sebastian, where the Castilian sovereigns awaited him to receive the keys of the city. Abul Cassem made a formal surrender of the place in his sovereign's name: the Christians entered, and, for the first time for more than seven centuries, the standards of the Cross waved over the towers of Granada. The fallen prince joined his family, and the mournful *cortege* took the road to the Alpuxavras. Wending their slow and melancholy way across the Vega, they reached the chain of barren and dreary heights which form the skirt of these mountains, and from the summit of one of them, the unfortunate sovereign uttered his last sorrowful exclamation, and took his farewell look at Granada. The place is still called "*El ultimo suspiro del Moro*" (the last sigh of the Moor). As the disconsolate prince turned away his tearful eyes from the magnificent towers which he beheld for the last time, his mother reproached him in the words which history has rendered memorable: "Well mayest thou weep like a woman," said she, scornfully, "over what thou hadst not the courage to defend like a man!" They descended the mountain, and Granada was lost for ever to their view. Abu Abdalla did not remain long in Spain; like El Zagal, he sold his domains, and retired to Africa, where he found death upon the battle-field, defending the throne of his relative, the king of Fez. Thus closed the splendid drama of the Moslem domination in Spain.

Having now, we trust, in some degree redeemed the pledge given to the reader in the first of these papers, we shall close the series with a few brief remarks upon the literature and arts of the remarkable people whose European history we have cursorily sketched.

The glory of the Spanish-Arabian literature appears to have commenced in the 10th century. Up to that time, the early Cordovan sovereigns, whether owing to the novelty of their situation, or to the troubles which frequently distracted their realm, seem to have done little for the advancement of learning. On the accession of Alhakem II., however, an academy was founded in Cordova, and public schools were established in all the great towns of the empire. The most learned men of the age—whether native or foreign—were invited to the Cordovan court, where some were employed in writing the annals of Spain, others in the cultivation of poetry, others in the various branches of literature and science, and all were rewarded with princely liberality. The library collected by this prince is said to have contained 600,000 volumes. The example of Alhakem was worthily imitated by the great Almansor; and, after this general, by the succeeding kings, not only of Cordova, but of the sovereignties which were established on its ruins, so that at the close of the 11th century, Mohammedan Spain could boast of 70 public libraries, of a university in the capital of each province, and of colleges in the other cities of the kingdom. In the year 1126, these libraries contained the works of 150 writers of Cordova, 71 of Murcia, 53 of Malaga, 52 of Almeria, 25 of Portugal, with a great number from Seville, Granada, and Valencia, omitting all mention of the boundless collection of foreign literary treasures which had been amassed. In fact, so great was the literary reputation of the Spanish Arabs, that when the Egyptian caliph desired his splendid library to be arranged, and indexes of them to be made, it was to two individuals of that nation that the difficult task was confided.

At no period were the Mohammedans of the Peninsula eminent for historical composition. In poetry, however, they far excelled all the contemporary nations of Europe taken together. In fact, from the king to the bondsman, this delightful branch of literature was the universal passion. Their compositions were of a light character, such as odes, elegies, epigrams, and satires; the epic or dramatic muses being never invoked. In grammar, oratory, rhetoric, and the severer studies of mathematics, astronomy, and philosophy, whether moral or natural, they equally excelled, and at a time too when many of these sciences were wholly neglected by the other nations of Europe. In their knowledge of botany, medicine, and chemistry, they were not less in advance of their western contemporaries. For their skill in the last-mentioned and then hidden branch of philosophy, they were especially eminent. In mathe-

matics, as we have remarked, and the sciences dependent upon them, they were almost equally distinguished. To them we are indebted for most of the improvements in algebra which have been made since the time of Diophantes, and for the arithmetical computation by numbers. The same may be said of optics, and in a still greater degree of astronomy.

Agriculture, horticulture, plantation, and the other useful arts of life, were no less cultivated by the inhabitants of Mohammedan Spain. "The delicious gardens," says Masden, a Spanish historian, "which Abderahman I. planted in his court; the advantage which the inhabitants of Cordova and Seville derived from the Guadalquiver, whose waters were on every side made to irrigate the soil and preserve in activity the mills; the prodigious amenity and fertility of the gardens of Granada, which contained 130 mills and more than 300 pleasure-houses; the excellent agricultural works composed by our Arabs,—all these are convincing proofs of the affection with which the Moors regarded agriculture after their establishment in the Peninsula." Nor were the mechanical arts and manufactures neglected. Their splendid ornaments of gold and the other metals, both for men and women; their magnificent habits of silks and furs; the abundance of plate in the houses of the rich; the extent to which wool, cotton, and flax were wrought in the loom, prove, beyond dispute, the industry, no less than the ingenuity, of the Spanish Arabs.

It was by them, too, that the use of writing-paper was introduced into Europe. Their historians assign the original invention to the Chinese, from whom the use passed to the Persians, and from them to the Arabians. In the library of the Escurial there are MSS. of linen paper as old as the 11th century. In the fine arts they less excelled; painting was almost unknown, and sculpture was but inconsiderably cultivated. Their skill in architecture, however, is sufficiently attested by the mosque of Cordova, the alcazar of Seville, and the Alhambra of Granada, whose massive towers yet stand as landmarks of other times, proclaiming the skill of founders whose hands have long since forgotten their cunning in the grave.

Such were the Arabs in Spain; a nation whose whole existence is now as a tale that is told, and which forms one of the most anomalous yet splendid episodes in the history of the world. Potent and durable as was their dominion, they have passed away. Their mission is accomplished, and they are gone; yet leaving behind them a thousand records of themselves and of their ministry dimly shadowed forth in the language and character and manners and history of modern Spain. Their career of conquest, says an elegant writer, from the rock of Gibraltar to the cliffs of the Pyrenees, was as rapid and brilliant as the Moslem victories of Syria and Egypt. Nay, had they not been checked on the plains of Tours by the arms of Charles Martel, all France, all Europe might have been overrun with the same facility as the empires of the east, and the crescent might at this day have glittered on the fanes of Paris and of London. Once established in the Peninsula, they loved the land which they considered given them by Allah, and embellished it with everything that could minister to the happiness of man. Laying the foundations of their power in a system of wise and equitable laws, they gradually formed an empire unrivalled for its prosperity by any of the other nations of Christendom, and, in the midnight of mediæval darkness, opened up the light of Oriental learning to the western world. Their cities became the resort of Christian artisans, who crossed the Pyrenees to gain instruction in the useful arts. Their universities held out to the pale student from other lands advantages which none of the other nations of benighted Europe could supply. But severed from their neighbours in the west by the impassable barriers of faith and manners, and separated by seas and deserts from their kindred of the east, they were an isolated people. Their empire was but a brilliant exotic, which took no permanent root in the soil it embellished. Children of the desert, they came from another clime, conquered, ruled, and passed away. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Rule to Guard against Anger.—It is said, concerning Julius Cæsar, that upon any provocation he would repeat the alphabet before he suffered himself to speak, that he might be more just and calm in his resentment. The delay of a few moments has set many seeming affronts in a juster and kinder light; it has often lessened, if not entirely removed, anger and violence.

EIGHT DAYS' RAMBLE IN NORTH WALES.

By John Alfred Langford, Birmingham.

(*Concluded from page* 321).

After breakfast we again buckled to, and set out for *Beddgelert*—a ten miles march. The road for the most part is wild beyond description. Rocks, bare to their very summits, were all around us. There was scarcely any herbage on them; not even enough to feed sheep, for we saw scarcely any during the whole day. It was curious to note what windings the road was sometimes made to take in order to preserve a little patch of cultivable land. And this, wherever it occurred, seemed cultivated with great care. A mile and a half from Beddgelert is *Pont Aberglaslyn*, one of the most glorious scenes in the country. The Pont, or bridge, is of a single arch stretching from rock to rock. Aberglaslyn, or "fall of the blue waters," is a river which runs the whole mile and a half between precipitous rocks of about 700 feet high. Professor Buckland and other geologists have called attention to the nature of these rocks, evidently marking a volcanic origin to the ravine through which the river flows. They are striated, and on both sides exactly correspond. Much of the rock is like pumice-stone, and lava is said to have been obtained here; all of which indicate volcanic action. There are still copper mines here, but, from what we could learn, are worked with little energy or spirit. The walk through this ravine was one of continual pauses, in order to get different points of view, and that we might linger longer in a scene of such exquisite grandeur. On one of the highest points of the rocks an old Welsh bard, with a most unpronounceable name, is said to have sat and composed his songs to the murmurings of the waters below. He had a fine eye for the beautiful and sublime. A finer study it were impossible for man to have. If his songs were not full of the *mens divinior*, the fault was in the man, and not the place. Our friend Lavengro should translate them if still extant; he might perhaps now find a publisher.

On entering Beddgelert, we were struck with its spacious, fashionable, bustling hotel, which we shunned, and sought a more modest domicile for our resting place. We found this in the Saracen's Head, I think it was called, the oldest inn, we were assured, in the place. Nothing can be said of the town itself; like all we had seen, it is a miserable collection of a few stone houses, without order, cleanliness, or beauty. But for its proximity to Snowdon, and its affording an intermediate station to so many places of interest, it would be rarely visited. There are some very beautiful walks here, as well as round every town which we visited in the principality. There is also one object of peculiar interest. In a meadow adjacent to the church, is a rude stone, overhung by a tree, and surrounded by rails; this is Gelert's grave, concerning which is the following legend:—Gelert was the favourite greyhound of Llewellyn the Great, who married Joanna, the daughter of King John, from whom he also received as a gift the hound, which was of great beauty and of a rare breed. Gelert accompanied his master everywhere. In hunting he was always with him; in rambles over his grounds the dog was ever at his side; in a word, he was his inseparable companion. One day, however, as he was going to hunt, he observed Gelert lagging behind. In vain he called him, and used all the terms of endearment to induce obedience; the dog would not come. Llewellyn surprised and angered, rode on, leaving his self-willed favourite behind. On his return Gelert was the first to meet him, and lavished on his master every sign of canine fondness. The prince repulsed his fawnings, and in doing so saw the dog's jaws were covered with blood, and on looking round there was blood on the floor and walls. A wild fear filled Llewellyn's heart, and rushing to the room in which his infant son usually slept, found the cradle overturned, the child gone, and blood flowing on the floor. Without a moment's pause, the prince drew his sword and slew the dog; at the same moment he heard a cry, and turning over the cradle, found his infant child alive and unhurt, playing with the mangled corpse of a dead wolf: the faithful hound had killed the monster and saved the child. His master

was seized with remorse, buried the dog, and erected the monument over his remains, recording his fidelity and trust, that it might for all posterity "point a moral, and adorn a tale."

Of course, modern criticism has proved this a legend, and it remains for each reader to accept or reject the narrative, as he or she may deem fit. For myself, I can only say, that I have stood on Gelert's grave, have seen the stone, and plucked a spray from the tree that overshadows it. If this be not enough to extinguish scepticism, I have only to ask the intelligent reader what is?

From Beddgelert we ascended *Snowdon*, the description of which ascent must be reserved for a separate paper; suffice it that we crossed the summit of the mountain, descending on the Capel Curing side into the beautiful valley of Nant Gwynant; a vale, in point of beauty, yielding to none in Wales. We spent a night at the Pen-y-Grwyd Inn, at the foot of this monarch of Welsh hills, and on the next morning resumed our rambles by turning our faces towards Llanberis. This is a walk of great magnificence; you are right in the midst of the Snowdonian range. On the left you pass the Blaen-y-Nant, the Cwm-glas, and the mighty Mur-Maur. On the right the Llyn-y-Cwm-ffyrmon, the Pont-y-gromlech, and the Tyn-y-ffymron. The pass of Llanberis has ever been celebrated for its wild beauties. It is called *Cwm-glas*, or Blue Vale, and, when we passed, richly deserved its title. The day was of quiet calmness, the sun in one of his mildest moods. The mists were very thick on the mountain tops. On the day before they had been much more so, and these, condensed by their contact with earth, tumble down the bare hills in numberless channels, which at a distance look like silver threads running along the dark mountain sides, forming one of the finest sights on which the eye could dwell. For four miles we were walking amidst such scenes. Miss Costello well describes this walk:—"This part of Wales, indeed, cannot be seen to advantage by persons who merely depend on the wheels of a carriage; and all the time we were in the neighbourhood, I heard, with envy, of excursions on foot to wondrous and glorious scenes, such as I had no means of reaching, and where even the mountain ponies could not safely convey a timid traveller. The lover of wild nature would do well to fix his head-quarters in one of these valleys, and pass a whole summer exploring their beauties at his leisure." Even then methinks he would fail in exhausting them.

Immediately on passing the little place called Llanberis, you reach the first of the two Lakes *Llyn-Peris*, an exquisite scene, at the end of which, on a hill close to the junction of the two lakes, are the ruins of Dolbadarn Castle. It is a single dark tower, and its builder is unknown. It was here that Owen Goch, or the Red, was confined by his brother Llywellyn, the last Welsh prince. The unfortunate man was a prisoner for upwards of twenty years. The cause of his confinement was, that he endeavoured to obtain sole sovereignty of the principality of which they were joint possessors. Had he been successful, there is little doubt but his fate had been Llywellyn's; for in those marauding days *might* became the synoyme of *right*, and the ties of relationship had little weight when power was in the opposite balance. Our occupancy of the ruins was under very different conditions. Three pretty Welsh girls followed us with some specimens of copper ore from the Snowdon and Llanberis mines, which they sold us at a penny and twopence each. After concluding their trade transactions, they informed us that they could sing Welsh and English songs. On having permission to do so, the three little brown-faced, sparkling-eyed children sang in both languages "Hail, smiling morn," followed by a Welsh song, and I must say that, as sung by them, the language seemed much softer and sweeter than we could otherwise have believed. We asked one of them, a girl about ten years of age, which language she liked best? her bright eyes flashed more brightly as she warmly answered, "Oh, Welsh!" On leaving our young songstresses, we crossed the little bridge between the two lakes, and walked along the sides of the beautiful *Llyn Padarn*, on our way to Bangor. This lake is much the larger or the two, and is of great depth. On the right of the smaller is the famous slate quarry Dinorwyg, from which a railway runs within about three miles of Bangor. We walked along

this for some time, then left it to our left. The walk hence to Bangor is very fine. On the right we have the Welsh hills all the way, and on the left the quiet meadow lands, with their sweet hedge-rows, so peculiarly English. The contrast is exceedingly refreshing, and we exclaimed involuntarily, "Oh the sweet hedge-rows of Old England!" We reached Bangor time enough to see the lads dirty their noses in looking through smoked glass at the world-renowned eclipse. That which in other parts proved a complete failure was here a "great fact," as the day was bright and beautiful.

From Bangor we took a cab to *Menai;* the first bit of riding we had had since we left the railway at Chirk; I thus paid my second visit to the wonders of the world, the suspension and tubular bridges. After tea we had a row in the Straits as far as Beaumaris and back; this was a fine conclusion to our day's ramble. The sea, at all times glorious, is to me peculiarly so at that sweet hour when

"In the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away."

Our next and last day from home, was one of riding. We went by steamer to Liverpool, then crossed the Mersey to Birkenhead, came by rail thence *via* Chester and Shrewsbury to Wolverhampton, and reached Birmingham at half-past twelve o'clock on Tuesday night, having been absent eight days, in which time we walked one hundred and sixty-six miles, and visited some of the finest places this beautiful earth has to boast; and the thought of which will be a glory and joy as long as memory endures.

Note.—For the advantage of some of my fellow-workmen who may feel desirous of visiting some of the fair spots of creation, yet are scared at the probable cost, it may not be out of place to give here the table of our expenses. It will then be seen how far a little money may be made to go:—

	£	s.	d.
From Birmingham to Wolverhampton - -	0	1	9
,, Wolverhampton to Chirk - - - -	0	5	0
,, Menai to Liverpool - - - - -	0	2	0
,, Birkenhead to Wolverhampton - - -	0	6	0
,, Wolverhampton to Birmingham - -	0	1	6
Hotels, guide, and all other expenses - - -	2	7	6
Total - -	£3	3	9

On this route there are no temperance houses. Teetotalers, however, will find no difficulty in carrying out the abstinent principle. They can, as we did, order tea with their dinners, and if they need any other liquid, soda-water, lemonade, and pure spring water are to be had *ad libitum.* The way we did, was to have a good meat breakfast before we set out, ramble all day, eat a dry biscuit, and drink from the springs, then have a substantial meal about seven p.m. Thus two meals a day were amply sufficient for all the claims which the stomach made upon our purses. One thing is worthy of note, as showing the way in which railroad companies manage affairs. At the Wolverhampton station were large placards announcing the fare to Llangollen—five shillings, second class. On asking for tickets to Chirk, four miles nearer, the clerk said 6s. 2d.; we took 5s. tickets for Llangollen, and got out at Chirk, thus saving 1s. 2d. Why this is, no reason could be given, but that it was so. A novel mode of making charges, not by the distance, but the place.

Gentleness.—Cultivate gentleness. Offend not the lowly, for it is cowardly to hurt the feelings of those who have no power to resist; offend not the good, for it is shameful to provoke those who deserve your esteem; offend not the bad, for if you rouse their resentment you will incur their hatred and ill-will as long as they live.

JAMES THOMSON.

By Parson Frank.

The first half of the eighteenth century comprises the birth, life, works, and death of James Thomson. Born in its opening year, he had finished the charge allotted to him, and had run the race set before him, in its forty-eighth autumn—meet time of decease for the gentle poet of the seasons. He was thus nearly of the same age with Robert Blair, the author of "The Grave;" and John Dyer, best known by his "Grongar Hill;" and Richard Savage, Johnson's unhappy friend; and David Mallet and William Hamilton, two distinguished Scotchmen, one for "William and Margaret," the other for the pastoral and pathetic "Braes of Yarrow;"—all poets indeed, but none of equal rank with Thomson himself. The impression which he deservedly made upon the world of letters insured him a conspicuous place among the established celebrities of an elder generation of bards—the Popes, Swifts, Gays,—who continued to publish verses contemporaneously with the young genius from the Cheviot-hills. Thus, "The Seasons," or most of them, had the start of Pope's "Dunciad," Swift's witty epitaph on himself, and Gay's "Beggars' Opera," and other productions of renowned Queen Anne's men. The son of a Roxburghshire parish minister, Thomson is said by some to have been intended and educated for the same serious office—but the intention soon came to an end, and the education of Edinburgh University was exchanged for literary adventureship in the great world of London. Dr. Aikin's account of the affair is, that the explanation of a psalm having been required from Thomson as a probationary exercise, he performed it in language so splendid that he was reproved by his professor for employing a diction which it was not likely that any of his future audience could comprehend—which admonition completed the disgust he felt for the profession; and thus, having connected himself with some young men in the university who aspired to literary eminence, he readily listened to the advice of a lady, his mother's friend, at whose suggestion he made a descent—like so many other Scotchmen, on whom the Great Bear of Lichfield played his rough pranks of sarcasm—upon the golden streets and loadstone society of famous London town.

Here, in 1726, he published the winter quarter of his "Seasons," at the instigation of his countryman and ancient crony, David Mallet, who, among other helpful offices, introduced him to the all-influential Pope. He afterwards took a travelling tutorship, his charge being the son of Lord Chancellor Talbot, with whom Thomson visited France and Switzerland, and lingered on the classic ground of Italy; the Tibur of Horace, inspiring content, poetic ease, and rural joy, and the Tusculum of Cicero, and the "fields where Virgil gathered his immortal honey." On his return, the poet was made happy with a sinecure post in connexion with the Court of Chancery, which, however, he lost on the death of the Chancellor, simply, it is asserted, from his lethargic neglect in failing to apply for a continuance of the office. His indolence was, in fact, proverbial. "A literary lady," says Tuckerman, "invited him to pass the summer at her country-seat; but instead of flattering her intellectual propensity by sage conversation, he preferred to sip wine with her husband, and so lost the favour of a countess. He was once seen to bite out the sunny side of a peach with his hands in his pockets. A lover of music, he did not fatigue himself with blowing a flute or flourishing a fiddle-bow, but kept an Æolian harp in his window, and listened to the nightingales. He courted the great for patronage, rather than seek "toilsome gains" by the industrious exercise of his powers. He neglected his private concerns, until want or friendship goaded him to exertion."* He knew all the halls and bowers, the turrets and "passages that led to nothing," of his own Castle of Indolence. His portrait, by Lord Lyttleton, describes him in that poem with candid good nature:—

* Thoughts on the Poets.

"A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems;
Who, void of envy, guile and lust of gain,
On virtue still, and Nature's pleasing themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain:
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat;
Here quaff'd, encircled with the joyous train,
Oft moralising sage; his ditty sweet
He loathèd much to write, ne carèd to repeat." *

You would not gather from the "Seasons" that its author was so susceptible to the charms of good eating and drinking, and could at any time surrender the indulgence of sentiment for that of wine and walnuts. Trust not to seeming. Easily as one of his "Seasons" merges in another, would his graceful morality and sublime meditation glide down into the somewhat greasy track of after-dinner good-fellowship. If he felt pleasure in inditing a panegyric on healthful temperance and personal activity, no less did he in stocking his cellar with Scotch ale and foreign wines, and in sitting on his garden-wall eating its pendant fruit. Dr. Johnson, with his wonted prejudice, seems to have had a strong distaste for Thomson's private character. "He allowed," says Boswell, "high praise to Thomson as a poet; but when one of the company said he was also a very good man, our moralist contested this with great warmth, accusing him of gross sensuality and licentiousness of manners."† Boswell himself says of his illustrious countryman—"My own opinion is, that Thomson was a much coarser man than his friends are willing to acknowledge. His 'Seasons' are indeed full of elegant and pious sentiments; but a rank soil—nay, a dunghill, will produce beautiful flowers."‡ The loss of his situation under the Lord Chancellor might have hindered the morbid development of Thomson's lazy and sociable qualities, and thus forced him to habits of a more industrious and abstemious kind; but Lord Lyttleton procured for him an annual pension of £100 from the heir-apparent to the throne, and soon afterwards he was appointed Surveyor-General of the Leeward Island, a situation which he could discharge by deputy, and the yearly salary of which was the agreeable sum of £300. Thus enriched, Thomson could laugh and grow fat—could emulate Sir Toby Belch's unvirtuous propensity to cakes and ale; and, with Sir Hugh Evans, could anticipate with quiet gusto, during each lengthened repast, the prospect of "pippins and cheese to come." The tragedies he committed to paper were not inspired from any befitting emotions; they had not, like Dante's divine comedy, made him lean for many years. How came such a bard, "more fat than bard beseems," to take up a subject for tragedy already appropriated, in the strictest sense, by Shakspere himself—the story of Coriolanus? His proper theme was the "Castle of Indolence," and great was the glory thereof. It was just the vision to dawn upon the half-closed eyes of the poet in his cozy, well-garnished "rural domain" near Richmond—"the scene of social retirement and lettered ease." Let our readers think of it and him next time they visit that picturesque spot,§ and consciously fulfil the prophecy of Collins:—

"Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest;
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

"And oft as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,‖
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.¶

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* Castle of Indolence, Canto I.

† Life of Johnson, A.D. 1768. ‡ Ibid, 1777.

§ Thomson's Residence was in Kew-lane.

‖ He was buried in Richmond Churchyard.

¶ Ode on the Death of Mr. Thomson.—It may seem too much, at this time of day, to ask Richmond holiday-makers to "weep" for the Druid who lies there. But they can "remember" him and his works.

Unquestionably the "Seasons" is one of England's great poems. Its author came forth with the fresh glowing health and strength of youthful genius—describing things as they appeared to his undistorted vision, following no leader in art, but building up a temple of fame from his own resources. He was the first who attuned his harp to the "large utterance" of any such theme as the rolling year, its seasons forming a harmonious whole,

> "Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
> Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
> Or Winter rises in the blackening east.*

Cowper followed in his wake—asking as he does—

> "What prodigies can power divine perform
> More grand than it produces year by year,
> And all in sight of inattentive man!
> Familiar with the effect, we slight the cause,
> And in the constancy of Nature's course,
> The regular return of genial months,
> And renovation of a faded world,
> See nought to wonder at.
> All we behold is miracle; but seen
> So duly, all is miracle in vain.†

Both these poets read Deity in Nature's progress, striking the key-note of the fugue so elaborately played in later days by William Wordsworth. As Cowper taught that Nature lectures man in heavenly truth, evincing, as she makes the grand transition, that there lives and works a soul in all things, and that soul is God,‡ so Thomson sang that the Seasons as they change are but the varied God. His beauty it is which walketh forth in the pleasing spring; His tenderness and love which flush the fields far and wide; His the glory which lights up the summer months; His the voice of their thunder showers; His the bounty which in autumn spreads a common feast for all that lives; and His the awful majesty of winter's clouds and storms, when, on the whirlwind's wing,

> "Riding sublime, He bids the world adore,
> And humbles nature with His northern blast."

That poem must be great, which, as a great critic says, was the first to paint the rolling mystery of the year: "the idea was original and sublime; and the fulfilment thereof so complete, that some six thousand years having elapsed between the creation of the world and of that poem, some sixty thousand, we prophesy, will elapse between the appearance of that poem and the publication of another equally great, on a subject external to the mind equally magnificent."§ The constitution of the poet was essentially poetical; his eye burned as it gazed with a quiet enthusiasm on hills, and dales, and flowers, which to the Peter Bells of creation had no beauty that they should be desired, no significance teeming with moral suggestion and elevating trains of thought. His was the eye which, as Johnson remarks, is bestowed only on a poet, the eye that distinguishes, in everything presented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind which at once comprehends the vast, and attends to the little. The doctor once said to Boswell, "Everything appeared to Thomson through the medium of his favourite pursuit. He could not have viewed those two candles burning, but with a poetical eye."‖ He was thus fitted for that place which he assuredly occupies in the van of the English poets of nature—in the advanced guard of those who aided and abetted in the re-action from *Popish* practices. Hartley Coleridge, who calls the Dryden school "Legitimates,' and the re-actionary poets "Revolutionists," assigns Thomson a forward post among the latter,¶

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* Hymn on the Seasons.
† Cowper's Task, Book VI. ‡ Ibid.
§ Professor Wilson, in Blackwood, Sep. 1831.
‖ Life of Johnson, A.D. 1763.
¶ H. Coleridge's Essays and Marginalia.

adding that sometimes, to be sure, he took up with the cast finery of the Legitimates; but this was the fault of his age; "He is a perfect reservoir of natural images; a man with Thomson in his pockets, may write pastorals and Georgics within the rules of the Bench. None did more to weaken the sway of legitimacy, though he still continued in nominal subjection to its decrees." This is just and true, although we must add that the "nominal subjection" was real enough to mar many a pretty passage in the "Seasons." Campbell complains with reason that amid the feeling and fancy of this poem, we meet with interruptions of declamation, heavy narrative, and unhappy digression—with a parhelion eloquence that throws a counterfeit glow of expression on common-place ideas; as when he treats us with the solemnly-ridiculous bathing of Musidora; or draws from the classics, instead of Nature; or, after invoking Inspiration from her hermit seat, makes his dedicatory bow to a patronising countess or Speaker of the House of Commons.* Thomson is not himself, at least his better self, when he is apostrophising Miss "Amanda," of the downcast eyes and demure look, and bidding her mark how the fervent bee operates on the flower,

"And, with inserted tube,
Seeks its pure essence, its ethereal soul;"

or when he tells us how, after St. Valentine's-day,

"The bull, deep-scorched, the raging passion feels;"

or how the broad monsters of the foaming deep (may not an oyster be crossed in love?) flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy, or the manner in which the untamed mammalia "growl their horrid loves!" from whose disreputable company he turns to "Lyttleton the friend," courting the muse in a ramble through Hagley-park. Tediously verbose and magniloquent, too, are some of Thomson's descriptions; he might have used the pruning-knife with advantage to the orderly growth and sappy vigour of his "Seasons;" some of the flowers of which are faded and artificial, and the fruitage occasionally flavourless. At an evening party at the house of John Hoole (of Tasso and Ariosto celebrity), Johnson defined Thomson's great fault to consist in sometimes raising such a cloud of words, that the sense can hardly peep through, and related an account of his once reading aloud a large portion of the "Seasons" to a literary gentleman, whom he then asked: Is not this fine? The gentleman having expressed the highest admiration, "Well, Sir," said Johnson, "I have omitted every other line."† Campbell's remark is, that so long as Thomson dwells in the pure contemplation of nature, and appeals to the universal poetry of the human breast, his redundant style comes to us as something venial and adventitious—it is the flowing vesture of the druid, and perhaps to the general experience is rather imposing; but when he returns to the familiar narrations or courtesies of life, the same diction ceases to be the mantle of inspiration, and only strikes us by its unwieldy difference from the common costume of expression.‡ The blank verse of the "Seasons" is easy and fluent—its current of sound moves on without the solemn music of Milton, or the slow dignity of Akenside, or the harmonious rippling of Cowper, or Wordsworth's stately beauty (in his more impressive moods)—but it is pleasant to the ear, and clear to the eye; and only at rare intervals do we come to breaks and locks, that suggest uncomfortable associations with an artificial canal system.

It is not unusual to hear Thomson compared with another of Nature's poet-laureates, William Cowper. If there are points of comparison, there are no less salient ones of contrast or distinction. Coleridge observed that the love of nature seems to have led Thomson to a cheerful religion, and a gloomy religion to have led Cowper to a love of nature:—the one would carry his fellow-men along with him into nature; the other flies to nature from his fellow-men. "In chastity of diction," adds the author of Christabel, "and the harmony of blank verse, Cowper leaves Thomson immeasurably below him; yet, I still feel the latter to have been

* Campbell's British Poetry, Vol. V.
† Life of Johnson.
‡ British Poets, Vol. V.

the born poet." Campbell also contrasts the pomp of Thomson's diction with the manly and idiomatic simplicity of Cowper's—a contrast unfavourable to the former, whose poetry, however, is pervaded by a spirit and feeling more bland and delightful. "Thomson seems to contemplate the creation with an eye of unqualified pleasure and ecstacy, and to love its inhabitants with a lofty and hallowed feeling of religious happiness; Cowper has also his philanthropy, but it is dashed with religious terrors, and with themes of satire, regret, and reprehension. Cowper's image of nature is more curiously distinct and familiar. Thomson carries our associations through a wider circuit of speculation and sympathy. His touches cannot be more faithful than Cowper's, but they are more soft and select, and less disturbed by the intrusion of homely objects."

The best and best-known (not necessarily a tautology, *that,)* of Thomson's other poems, are "Liberty"—(suggested by what he saw and heard during his continental tour—a "poetical vision," wherein we see a comparison of ancient and modern Italy and Greece, republican Rome, and constitutional Britain—rather prolix and discursive, and overdone with a certain pedantic tendency to classical allusion); a few "Odes," of secondary or tertiary merit; and the inspiriting strains of "Rule Britannia." His tragedies, "Sophonisma," "Agamemnon," "Edward and Eleonora," and "Tancred and Sigismunda," obtained (some of them) a trial on the boards of Drury-lane, but suffice it to say that Drury-lane is ignorant now-a-days of their very existence—and that both the frequenters of theatres and the closet-students of dramatic verse have tacitly agreed to consign them to the tomb of all the Capulets. The "Castle of Indolence" is considered by a few to divide honours with the "Seasons," to which it is confessedly superior in polish, taste, and artistic finish. But it is for the "Seasons" that its author is so widely known, so popularly loved. Its popularity is European; yet the cause of it is almost exclusively English, or Anglo-Saxon. The landscapes, the figures, the incidents, the sentiments, the treatment, are English, and appeal to "generous Britons" who "venerate the plough." This is the work of which Coleridge found a tattered copy on the window-sill of a poor man's cottage—whereupon he justly exclaimed, This is true fame! To be studied by the people, till your pages become somewhat dusk and unctuous, and the backbone of your binding gives symptoms of paralytic decay,—what literary glory, O poet, surpasses *that?* Think of Goldsmith's joy at hearing his own ballads sung in the streets of Dublin—of poor Tannahill's (the Paisley weaver), at hearing a peasant lassie in a neighbouring field sing to herself his own bonny verses, "We'll meet beyond the dusky glen, on yon burnside." This is true fame. And there are those living—neither Thomsons, nor Goldsmiths, nor Tannahills, nor anything of the sort—who feel a tiny share of kindred pride, in knowing that *they* too, in their obscure way, find a weekly entrance and perhaps a hearty welcome to the homes of the people, in the form of a Working Man's Friend. There's a peroration, reader!

THE FIRST NIGHT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

From Lamartine's recently published work, "*The French Revolution of 'Forty-Eight,*" we extract the following animated sketch. The fighting is over, and the mob has collected in wild tumult around the doors of the Hotel de Ville, within which the revolutionary leaders have installed themselves.

"A fresh explosion appeared imminent. Men devoted at once to the cause of order and of progress, leaders of the combatants, accredited journalists, municipal officers, mayors of Paris, and students of the schools, strove to restrain and to repress it. The multitude accumulated, retired, or dispersed at their voice, and then, excited afresh by the address of some other orator, rushed again into disorder and returned to the charge, spread through the upper storeys and the corridors, uttering imprecations, breaking the windows, forcing the doors, and vociferously calling for the provisional government, in order to depose and turn them out of the palace. During these hours of confusion and trouble, prodigies of civil courage and physical force were performed in resisting these scattered bands of insurgents, and in forcing them

back to the lower storeys by verbal remonstrance, or by that opposition which the breasts of the small number of defenders of the provisional government incessantly opposed to them.

"Lagrange, who had installed himself as governor of the Hotel de Ville in the name of a section of the insurgents, wandered about with his sword in his hand and with pistols in his belt, amidst the waves of this multitude, undecided as yet as to the nature of the government which he could recognise and cause to be respected. In him they recognised the type of their protracted sufferings, of their triumph, and of their excitement. With the fire of courage in his eye, and the disorder of his thoughts manifested by his extravagant gestures, his dishevelled hair, and his hoarse and hollow voice, he harangued the crowds which surrounded him, like a spectre from a dungeon. In all his addresses, at once impetuous and soothing, he recommended a temporising policy and a truce on the part of the populace, rather than respect to the newly-created government. They saw that, hesitating himself, and on the strength of another commission, he delayed an entire submission. He was rather prepared to see a government established than to obey it. Nevertheless his addresses, and the expression of his countenance, breathed the sentiment of fervent charity for the combatants and pity for the wounded, horror of bloodshed, and a wish for reconciliation between the classes —a kind of apostle of peace with arms in his hand. Thus did Lagrange appear, harangue, and gesticulate, during the night.

"Flocon, incessantly varying from action to address, and from address to action, made generous efforts to calm these suspicions and these ebullitions of fury.

"Indifferent as to the share of the government which would fall to his personal part, provided the republic triumphed, his stoic coolness amidst the turmoil never suffered his eye, thought, or word, to deviate from his object. His iron voice rang with metallic notes, like the butt-ends of muskets on the pavement. His manly paleness, the concentrated firmness of his features, the bearing of his head, which he shook, his connexion with the most undaunted soldiers of the revolution, who had known him under fire, his dress open, torn, and stained with smoke and powder, gave a sovereign ascendancy to his counsels; but now, exhausted by three days and three nights of vigil, fighting, and sickness, his voice was less commanding than his will.

"Louis Blanc, attended by Albert, went about and took his part in haranguing the crowd. At this time his name was extremely popular. He combined in himself the twofold *prestige* of the extreme political party with which his connexion with the *Reforme* invested him, and of his Socialist doctrines on combination. These theories excited the working population to madness, by the prospective advantages which they supposed they should eventually realise from them at the point of their bayonets.

"Albert followed Louis Blanc. A working man himself, he remained silent behind his master; but his determined expression, his pallid countenance, his abrupt gestures, and his quivering lips, strongly expressed a fanatical trust in an untried experiment. Without speaking a word, he was the conductor of that mental electricity with which Louis Blanc wished to charge the people, in order to shatter the old system of labour.

"Louis Blanc and his friends preached to the people neither anger nor bloodshed. Their doctrines and their speeches were, as far as mere expressions were concerned, pacific. Louis Blanc strove with an eloquence replete with images, but cold at heart, like all ideal eloquence, damp on the fire, to disarm the hands of the insurgents by dazzling their imagination. He only insinuated to the people to take pledges of the government by introducing into it their own friends. He meant himself, while he pointed to Albert. He was admired and applauded, rather than obeyed. His diminutive person was engulfed in the crowd. The populace were surprised at so powerful a voice and gesture from so feeble a frame. The multitude, by an irresistible instinct, confounds power and greatness of character and principles with the stature of the speaker. Apostles may be slight of frame; but tribunes of the people must strike the eye with an imposing presence, and be able to govern the public assembly with their brow. The sensual multitude measures men only with their eyes.

"The tumult increased, and the insurrection became aggravated. Repeatedly they thundered at the doors of the apartment in which the provisional government were sitting, threatening to turn them out, and refusing all submission to their decrees. At first Cremieux, and subsequently Marie, had succeeded, by means of firmness, combined with skilful supplications, in driving back these mobs to the outer courts of the palace, and by this conquest had secured afresh the moral authority of the government. Seven times since nightfall Lamartine had dropped his pen, and rushed, followed by a few faithful citizens, into the corridors, to the landings, and even to the staircases of the Hotel de Ville, to meet at the hands of these disorderly masses either obedience or death. Received in each instance with murmurs and curses, he had

ended by forcing aside, right and left, sabres, daggers, and bayonets, brandished by the hands of the intoxicated and the wild; by making a tribune of a window, a balustrade, or a landing; and by causing their weapons to fall, their cries to subside, their applause to burst forth, and tears of enthusiasm and reason to flow.

"The last time, a fortunate expression of cool courage and boldness, which involved a reproach in a jest, saved his life. An irritated throng crowded the avenues of the Hotel de Ville. Reports of musketry against the windows threatened destruction to the feeble posts of volunteers who opposed this new invasion, which was about to fill the palace to suffocation. All voices were wearied to silence, all arms exhausted, and all remonstrances given up in despair. They went in search of Lamartine, who came out once more. He advanced to the landing of the first floor, where a few national guards, with some students of the Polytechnic School, and some intrepid citizens, were struggling hand to hand with the invaders. At the name and appearance of Lamartine the struggle for an instant subsided, and the crowd opened. He saw the steps of the principal staircase covered with combatants, who formed a hedge of steel down to the outer courts and the quadrangle. Some, friendly and respectful, shook him by the hand, and covered him with benedictions; but the greater number, irritated and suspicious, filled with doubt and distrust, received him with threatening gestures and half-uttered expressions of resentment. He feigned not to observe these angry indications, and descended to the level of the great inner court, where the dead bodies had been deposited, and a forest of steel waved over the heads of thousands of armed men. There a wider flight of steps leads down on the left hand towards the great gate of Henry the Fourth, which opens on the Place de Greve, where one half of the populace was engulfed. It was here that the influx of the invaders, meeting the tide of defenders, produced the greatest amount of confusion, tumult, and shouting. 'Lamartine is a traitor!' 'Do not listen to Lamartine!' 'Down with the beguiler!' 'To the lamp-post with traitors!' 'Hang all traitors on the lamp-post!' 'Lamartine's head! Lamartine's head!' cried a number of ruffians, whose arms he elbowed aside as he passed them. Lamartine stopped for a moment on the first step, and looking around on the shouting throng with a steady eye, and a slightly sarcastic, but by no means provoking, smile, said, 'My head, fellow-citizens? Would to God you all had it at this moment on your shoulders! you would be calmer and wiser men, and the work of your revolution would go on far better.' At these words their imprecations were changed into bursts of laughter, and the threats of death into shaking of hands. Lamartine vigorously pushed aside one of the leaders who opposed his addressing the people on the Place de l'Hotel de Ville. 'We know,' said the young man, with a seductive figure and tragic gestures, 'that you are a brave and honourable man. But you are not the man to cope with the people. You would hush their victory to sleep. You are only a lyre: go and sing elsewhere.' 'Leave me alone,' replied Lamartine, without the slightest irritation at this address, 'the people have my head as their hostage. If I betray them, I betray myself first. You shall see whether I have the soul of a poet or a citizen.'

"Violently disengaging the collar of his coat from the hands which detained him, he descended the steps and harangued the people in the square, brought them back to reason, and excited them to enthusiasm. The plaudits from the Place de l'Hotel de Ville reverberated through the arched roofs of the palace. The cheers of ten thousand voices intimidated the insurgents within. They saw clearly that the people were in favour of Lamartine. He returned to the hotel, and re-ascended its staircases amidst the applauses and embraces of the very men who clamoured for his head when he descended."

All was now quiet for a brief space. But after a stormy meeting in the Hall of St. Jean, the crowd, invited by the harangues of some demagogues, again returned to the Hotel de Ville.

"Here, upon a raised *dais*, converted into a tribune, by the light of lamps and lustres, lit up as in the theatre of a real drama, speakers, each surpassing his predecessor in violence, succeeded one to another. They were discussing the question of the choice of government. 'Who,' cried they, 'are these men, unknown to the people, who have just slunk away from a conquered chamber, and placed themselves at the head of a victorious populace? Where are their titles and their wounds? What names do their hands show? Are they blackened with gunpowder like yours? Are they roughened by handling tools like yours, my brave fellow-workmen? By what right do they draw up decrees? In the name of what principle and of what government do they promulgate them? Are they republicans? and if so, to what class do they belong? Are they accomplices of the monarchy in disguise, introduced by it into our ranks

to frustrate our righteous vengeance, and to lead us back reduced and chained to the yoke of their despotic society? Let us send these men back to whence they came. They wear different clothes, speak a different language, and adopt different manners from ourselves. These working-dresses, and these rags of destitution, are the uniform of the people. It is from among ourselves that we should choose our leaders. Let us go and expel those whom a sudden surprise, and perhaps treachery, has forced upon us.' Others, more moderate and more numerous, said, 'Let us hear them before we judge and proscribe them. Let us summon them hither, and allow them to explain their intentions.'

"These opposing motions were answered by indescribable tumults, both within and without the hall. The Hotel de Ville seemed to be threatened with an explosion.

"Already bands detached from the central focus of agitation had rushed to the staircases. They had knocked down the sentinels and trampled them under their feet, driven back the guards, and invaded the narrow corridor which led to the double door of the apartment occupied by the government. A few intrepid citizens, who freely risked their lives for the preservation of order, had anticipated them, and come to apprise the council of a danger which it was impossible to allay. But Garnier Pages, Carnot, Cremieux, Marrast, and Lamartine, assisted by a few secretaries and citizens, among whom figured in the first rank the imperturbable Bastide and the impetuous Ernest Gregoire, barricaded the door. They placed against it sofas and heavy pieces of furniture, in order to increase the resistive force and weight of a number of men who stood upon the chairs and ottomans. All the bystanders set their shoulders against this feeble rampart, in order to sustain the assault and the weight of the assailants.

"Scarcely had these desperate precautions been taken, when they heard the tumult, the vociferations, the clashing of arms, the shouting of names, the imprecations, the noise of footsteps, and the deep sound of the advancing column in the outer corridor. Those who defended it were thrust aside or trampled under foot. The butt-ends of muskets, the hilts of swords, and blows from the fist, echoed against the outer door. The panes of glass above it rattled, broke, and crashed upon the pavement between the two doors. The cracking of wood indicated the irresistible pressure of the throng. The outer door yielded, and was burst into pieces; the inner one was about to be forced in the same way. A low and hurried conversation took place between the assailants and the members of the government. Marie, Cremieux, Garnier Pages their colleagues and friends, obstinately refused to comply with the commands of the invaders. A sort of capitulation was made, and the furniture partly withdrawn. Ernest Gregoire, a man well known by both parties, half opened the door, and announced that Lamartine would come forward immediately to the people, address them, and convince them of the intentions of the government.

"At the name of Lamartine, which at that time had a magic influence over the people, imprecations were changed into acclamations of affection and confidence. Lamartine immediately followed on the steps of Gregoire and Pages, and delivered himself, half-stifled by the crowd, to the ebb and flow of this multitude. It subsided, and its convulsions were gradually stayed as he approached. His tall stature allowed of his head rising above them. They were calmed by the serenity of his countenance. Before his voice and his gesture they opened and drew back; but a counter current set in, and carried him away through the dark, and to him unknown, labyrinth of corridors and staircases down to the hall, where the populace were holding their meeting. The provisional government, thus rescued from a temporary danger, closed their doors, placed guards and sentinels, and fortified themselves against fresh assaults, uncertain whether Lamartine would return to them victorious, or remain vanquished in his struggle between two parties of the populace and two contending governments.

"The hall overflowed with crowds and tumult. A dismal light and rushes of hot air emanated from this human furnace, mingled with shouts, sometimes inarticulate and sometimes vehemently audible. It was long before Lamartine and the group that surrounded him could penetrate the mass. At the entrance he heard the voices of a few speakers, who announced him by name to the multitude. Sometimes these announcements were drowned in applause, and sometimes opposed by expressions of defiance, of anger, or of scorn. 'Yes, yes!' 'No, no!' 'Let us hear Lamartine!' 'Don't hear Lamartine!' 'Lamartine for ever!' 'Down with Lamartine!' These cries, accompanied by the fluctuations and gesticulations of the crowd, with the stamping of feet, and arms raised above their heads, and with the rattle of the butt-ends of muskets on the floor, contributed in about equal proportions to the turmoil of the assembly. Amidst this tumult Lamartine made his way with difficulty across the throng which beset the door. He was carried forward by the arms of some powerful men to the foot of a little flight of steps

which led to a sort of dais, serving as a kind of tribune, from which to address the people. The darkness of the night, partially dissipated by a few lights in the centre of the hall; the smoke of lamps which were lighted beneath his feet, which choked the atmosphere; the fumes of gunpowder from the muskets, which had been firing all day in the streets below, and which had filled the hall through the windows; the species of mist which rose from the feverish respiration and the gasping breath of a thousand men, pervaded the hall, and prevented his clearly discerning, and have ever since obstructed his distinct recollection of this scene. He only remembers that he stood above an agitated crowd, whose countenances, pallid with emotion and blackened with powder, were only rendered visible by the foot-lights, and directed towards himself with varied expressions. With the exception of two, all these countenances were unknown to him. The one was a face deeply marked by resolution—the face of the old aide-de-camp of Lafayette. This was Sarrans, at once the writer, soldier, and orator of liberty. The other was that of Coste, formerly the editor of the journal *Le Temps*, with whom Lamartine had been previously acquainted at Rome. His countenance, after ten years, wore the aspect of an impassioned auditor in a new forum, and below these new rostra. Beyond these front rows of standing spectators, the lights, which became gradually dimmer, only allowed an indistinct glimpse, on the floor below, and on the rising seats towards the walls of the hall, of immeasurable and restless shadows, moving about in the gloomy twilight. The blades of swords, the barrels of muskets and bayonets, which reflected hither and thither, by the polished surface of their metal, the glare of the lamps, flashed like fireworks over the heads of the multitude at every shuddering motion of the auditory.

"Contradictory, feverish, and frantic cries broke forth at every movement of these thousands of mouths. It was a perfect tempest of men, each mental blast of which, pervading the multitude, caused a roar of voices to issue from each succeeding wave.

"Lamartine, thrown as it were upon the raised platform as on a headland in the midst of the surge, looked down upon it uncertain whether it would bear him on its surface or engulf him in its depths. A number of orators crowding around him on his right and left, and even on the steps of this *quasi* tribune, with voice and act strove to oppose his speaking. They addressed to the audience, in a confused manner, brief, hasty, and incendiary ejaculations. Lamartine, however, succeeded in setting aside these competitors by his words, his hands, and his shoulders; and at length appeared isolated and unencumbered before the gaze of the populace. A silence broken by murmurs, vociferations, and bitter apostrophes, was at length established, and he delivered that memorable address, by which he succeeded to re-establish order, and to secure the confidence of the people and the unity of the provisional government."

ACROSTIC.

By H. Driver, Tenderden.

T he man of toil and constant care
H as now a trusty *Friend*,
E ager his hopes and fears to share,

W ishing those fears may end.
O n! hardy sons of toil, no more
R egard yourselves forgot;
K ind hearts there are your state deplore,
I n hope to mend your lot.
N ot now, as heretofore, have you
G reat cause to be in fear;

M uch has been done, more will ensue,
A ll hearts alike to cheer.
N ever, till now, have *Working Men*
S een prospects half so bright;

F ear not, the time is present when
R *are scenes arrest your sight!* *
I NDUSTRY, long our nation's pride,
E ach hardy Briton's boast;
N *ow calls on nations far and wide*,
"**D** ESPISE NOT BRITAIN'S BOAST!"

* In the Great Industrial Exhibition,

PROGRESS—PERFECTION—THE PEOPLE.

One of the sorrowful conclusions invariably arrived at, after a careful and attentive survey of human nature, is, that perfection is not to be found in the world. Some of your cynics, too, just on account of this unfailing deduction, will not lend a helping hand to a falling brother, nor give to the world the benefit of any little observation they may have made. Happily, however, all the world are not cynics; and the progress we have been enabled to make in all the known departments of literature, science, and art, bears witness to the unwearied zeal, the indefatigable industry, the intense application, of their various professors.

Had a persevering spirit not been instilled into the brave teachers of our race, who, like the venerable Copernicus of Thorn, had to struggle against many adverse circumstances—such as opposition from hierarchical power, the sneers of rival professors, and the outrage of an ignorant populace—we should, in this nineteenth century, have been groping about among the superstitions of the darkest ages of the world. Had the discoverer of the power of steam and the inventors of machinery, when they saw their works in embryo, folded their hands complaisantly across their breasts, satisfying themselves they had made discoveries that would, if applied, revolutionise the locomotion and industrial habits of mankind, what would have been our condition now? England would not be, as she is at present, a carrier for all the world—would not, as she now does, stand first on the list of manufacturing producers—her Press would not be, as now, the best in the world, and the boldest and most independent, as well as the fountain-head of civil and religious freedom.

Perfection has not been reached in any department of science or art; but so much progress has been made as compels us to assert that still greater achievements will be ours. Men will never stand still. They desire to be perfect, and progress alone is the way to reach it. New wants are continually arising, and new applications of ingenuity are continually being made to satisfy those wants. New applications of ingenuity are further steps in the path of progress. Progress is the destiny of man. Perfection is the dream of visionists; it may never, it *can* never, be humanity's lot. In perfection, we know, lies true happiness; and the further we get in that direction, by so much do we benefit our own condition and that of our race. It is only by grasping perfection that we attain to a complete state. Nevertheless, in the pursuit of a great end, we must, if in earnest, immensely narrow the chasm between us and it.

Working Men of England! perfection is your goal, how far have you progressed in the way? It is not he who sits idly down by his dim hearth's blaze, and cries out that his single arm is powerless against a destiny so big, but he that pushes obstacles out of his way and knocks impossibilities on the head, whose struggle will add strength to his muscles, whose battle will be short, and whose rest will be sweet. In your aspirations after completeness, remember that Nature alone is perfect and true, and make her your guide and example. If we look abroad on the face of Nature as portrayed on the green fields of our own beautiful England, we see sufficient there to assure us that the inspirations of our Thomsons and our Grays are as full of holy beauty in our times as in theirs—that the lovely aspect of the earth in the different changes and seasons of the year—that the solemn grandeurs of the churchyard and the tomb, are yet rife with the glory of heaven, and beaming with the brightness of the Almighty's eye—that Nature's face is not the evanescent vision of a day, but the everlasting picture of Jehovah—the undying reflex of his own shining abode.

Progress in the arts of peace is as necessary to the happiness of man as progress in other matters. The world in past times has been filled with the terrors of war, and the homes of men, instead of being the abodes of contentment and joy, have been deluged with each other's blood. In time to come, this must be changed. And we have that assurance at the present time. The victories of the men of war will in future be replaced by the victories of the men of peace. In England we have

reared a temple that tells more unerringly the aspects of the times than did the temple of Janus of old. Splendid names have been won, great honours have been gained, illustrious "houses" have been founded, through the "pomp and circumstances" of war. But the Crystal Temple we have dedicated to Peace tells us that in her service mankind have yet to gather their greenest laurels and achieve their most glorious victories.

Both as units and as a class, working men have an immense influence; they are powerful for good; the well-being of the country is in their hands. The ministers of the state, not less than the ministers of God, dwell with anxiety on their actions. Parliament frames its legislation in accordance with their wishes, and bows in deference to their will. For how much, then, are they accountable! What a responsibility is theirs! The PEOPLE! what an embodiment is there in the word! the sinew of the nation! the wealth of the kingdom! In England we call the working classes the people. Some aristocrats disdain the name; others, more wise or more fearful, perceiving the omnipotence of labour, foreseeing that it must ultimately absorb all classes, forsake their *caste*, and beg to be received into the ranks of the people. And the people are not ungenerous; they never turn the applicant from their door; he is hailed with acclamation, and made a pioneer in the work of civilisation. The people are gainers, too; for thus they obtain experienced and influential leaders, their path in progress—the way to perfection—is made more smooth, their toil is diminished, at the same time that it is sweetened.

In the progress of ideas, in the dissemination of opinion, in the battle of life, to conquer a position in the world, by the working man friendless and alone it can seldom be accomplished. But in these days there is no lack of a helping hand. The men of England have a world-wide press, and a literature that penetrates the darkest veil of ignorance and superstition. These are the chief helps of our age. In the humanising work, we have—we hope we may say it without egotism—played no insignificant part. Our aim has been, and still will be, to elevate the mass for whom we write, whose progress we endeavour to assist, whose burdens we labour to lighten, whose homes we strive to make happy, whose social position we wish to elevate, and whose liberty, when these are attained, is sure to be consolidated.

OUR FIRST FAULT.—Our first fault, like all the faults of our after life, produces many seeds. The wind wafts them away, and we know not where they fall, nor where they may rise; but this we know, that they meet us at every step upon the path of life, and strew it with plants of bitterness.

ECONOMY.—Mere parsimony is not economy. Expense, and great expense, may be an essential part in true economy. Economy is a distributive virtue, and consists, not in saving, but in selection.

A MAXIM OF WASHINGTON.—"Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, *conscience*," was one of a series of maxims which Washington framed or copied for his use when a boy. His rigid adherence to principle, his steadfast discharge of duty, his utter abandonment of self, his unreserved devotion to whatever interests were committed to his care, attest the vigilance with which he obeyed that maxim. He kept alive that spark. He made it shine before men. He kindled it into a flame which illumined his whole life. No occasion was so momentous, no circumstances so minute, as to absolve him from following its guiding ray. The marginal explanation in his account-book, in regard to the expenses of his wife's annual visit to the camp during the revolutionary war, with his passing allusion to the "self denial" which the exigencies of his country had cost him, furnishes a charming illustration of his habitual exactness. The fact that every barrel of flour which bore the brand of "George Washington, Mount Vernon," was exempted from the otherwise uniform inspection in the West India ports—that name being regarded as an ample guarantee of the quality and quantity of any article to which it was affixed—supplies a not less striking proof that his exactness was everywhere understood.

INDOLENCE.

Indolent! indolent!—yes, I am indolent:
So is the grass growing tenderly, slowly,—
So is the violet fragrant and lowly,
Drinking in quietness, peace, and content,—
So is the bird on the light branches swinging,
Idly his carol of gratitude singing,
Only on living and loving intent.

Indolent! indolent!—yes, I am indolent:
So is the cloud overhanging the mountain,—
So is the tremulous wave of a fountain,
Uttering softly its eloquent psalm,—
Nerve and sensation in quiet reposing,
Silent as blossoms the night dew is closing,
But the full heart beating strongly and calm.

Indolent! indolent!—yes, I am indolent,
If it be idle to gather my pleasure
Out of creation's uncoveted treasure,
Midnight and morning,—by forest and sea,—
Wild with the tempest's sublime exultation,
Lonely in autumn's forlorn lamentation,
Hopeful and happy with spring and the bee.

Indolent! indolent!—are ye not indolent,
Thralls of the earth and its usages weary,—
Toiling like gnomes where the darkness is dreary,
Toiling, and sinning, to heap up your gold,—
Stifling the heavenward breath of devotion,—
Crushing the freshness of every emotion,—
Hearts like the dead, that are pulseless and cold?

Indolent! indolent!—art thou not indolent,
Thou who art living unloving and lonely,
Wrapped in a pall that will cover thee only,
Shrouded in selfishness, piteous ghost?
Sad eyes behold thee, and angels are weeping
O'er thy forsaken and desolate sleeping;
Art thou not indolent?—Art thou not lost?

A. W. H.